

Tim: Any ideas or comments?

Replaying Genesis in faraway worlds

By BRUCE NICHOLS
United Press International

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HOUSTON — Space engineer Jim Oberg theorizes man one day could remake other planets in Earth's image using a process called terraforming, planetary engineering to create atmospheres, oceans and forests where none now exist.

Oberg said the process might take only 100 years on Mars, which he said is Earth's most promising neighbor.

"On Mars right now the sky is red because of the dust, but there are certain things we might do to turn the sky blue and put our space suits in the closet and walk around in the open air."

He said gravity on Mars, though less than half that on Earth, is adequate to hold human-supporting atmosphere if man can create one. But Mars gets very cold, with temperatures of minus 150 degrees Fahrenheit much of the time.

Terraforming Mars would begin with heating the planet, using giant orbiting mirrors or covering portions of its surface with heat-absorbing materials possibly quarried on Mars' moons, Oberg said.

"The suspicion is there is water frozen in the soil and at the icecaps," he said. "You'd heat it up and it would become an ocean and evaporate into the atmosphere. The atmosphere would become thicker and hold onto natural heat."

The thicker atmosphere would increase surface pressures, now too faint — about one-hundredth of Earth's — to support human life.

"Once you get the thicker atmosphere, mostly water vapor and carbon dioxide, you then have to reek that down into regular oxygen and that's what plants are good for," Oberg said. "They use carbon dioxide and give off oxygen."

The water and carbon dioxide would sup-

port only lichen or algae at first, but Oberg theorizes oxygenation would grow to support higher plants, then insects, then animals, trees and finally humans.

"Oxygen would give you an ozone layer to protect you from ultraviolet radiation," said Oberg, who argued the process eventually could become self-generating, like Earth's ecosystem.

Oberg, a propulsion engineer for a major aerospace company and author of a book tentatively titled "New Earths," said Earth's moon or Venus might also be prospects for terraforming, but he said the moon's lack of water and Venus' high surface temperatures create different problems.

Key questions, not to mention cost, are whether there's enough water on Mars, whether Mars' soil is too salty for Earth's plants, and whether there will be enough energy available.


There also might be ethical or religious doubts.

"We wouldn't be playing God," Oberg said. "We would be replaying Genesis on another world. We'd be following the blueprint. The Earth is the blueprint."

Even if man never achieves the creation of a human-supporting ecosystem on another planet, Oberg said questions raised and answered might help prevent the destruction of Earth's environment.

He said the idea has been nurtured by science fiction writers, including Dr. Jack Williamson who coined the word "terraforming" in 1942, but Oberg wants to move it into the realm of theoretical science.

That's why he helped coordinate a terraforming session that was an unofficial side event to the recent Lunar and Planetary Science Conference at Johnson Space Center.



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The Girl from Gold's Gym

She's getting stronger and stronger and stronger

by Eve Babitz

The girl in Gold's Gym was standing with her face to the mirror and lifting weights. She was small, only about five feet three inches tall, but her arm muscles were perfectly defined, each muscle clearly showing, almost statuelike. Her calves were perhaps just a little too well developed to win a beauty contest. She wore a green workout leotard and a cutoff T-shirt stamped with a rose on the front; her torso was girdled by a wide leather belt, apparently the same kind of belt worn by most of the men there (who greatly outnumbered the women) to prevent their spines from collapsing under the strain.

"Listen," Lisa Lyons said when I came in, "just sit somewhere and watch; I'll be with you in half an hour or so. I can't really talk till I'm through."

So I sat down on the floor, on a green rug. Gold's Gym is near the northwest corner of Second and Broadway in Santa Monica, California. Windows opened to Second Street and were lined outside by an audience of passersby who could not tear themselves from the sight of all those men with all those muscles trying to lift more and more and more. The atmosphere of seriousness inside Gold's Gym came through in spite of continuous rock 'n' roll FM radio blasting away. Everyone was suffering to a rhythm—maybe the wrong one. You couldn't help thinking that Gold's Gym should pipe in some Wagner, which, with its lofty aspirations and blond passions and force, would be so much more suitable.

Lisa Lyons looked adorable.

Her perfect little Bardot-Ronstadt face was framed in curls of chestnut brown caught up in a ponytail. Her brown eyes, edged by unmade-up eyelashes, sparkled, and her white teeth were perfect. Like all the truly serious people working out in Gold's Gym, she wore Nike running shoes.

In the center of the workout room at Gold's Gym were machines for pushing and lifting weights backward and on your knees and in other superhuman positions. All around the walls of the gym were signs saying REPLACE ALL WEIGHTS and low

Eve Babitz, a writer based in Los Angeles, can't move a muscle.



Body builder Lisa Lyons, twenty-six years old, can dead lift 265 pounds.

racks lined with weights and mirrors.

At the end of Lisa's workout, she and her training partner, Jay Silva—who has a transcendently angelic smile above a body packed with wedges of iron muscles and covered with ebony skin—stood in front of a full-length mirror and reviewed what needed work. "Come in here," she said to me when they finished.

I figured we'd go into a dressing room where she'd change into something else so that we could go out for lunch, and indeed she did unbuckle that wide leather belt and take it off, but that was all she took off. She makes a point of wearing her workout clothes wherever she goes; it is her idea of spreading the good word. (To my surprise, I noticed she wasn't sweating even underneath the belt around her waist, and I asked her why. She showed me another pad that encircled her waist underneath her T-shirt. It was designed to stimulate sweat—and it does—but Lisa just doesn't look like she sweats.)

"I started this body building two years ago," she told me while we were still in the



Working out with barbells at Gold's Gym.

gym. "Before that, I studied dancing and kendo—that's Japanese fencing. I wanted to be strong, and when I met Arnold Schwarzenegger, I saw there was potential to do something dramatic with myself." (It seems that everybody who meets Arnold gets their life changed.)

"I'd been an art student, I'd wanted to do medical illustrations, and I loved the suppleness and grace and understanding of power, plus"—she looked around as we were walking out of Gold's Gym—"I fell in love with the scene." And with that, she

laughed this bad-girl laugh and her curls curled more roundly around her face, making her look even more adorable.

Lisa went to University High in L.A. Her father was an oral surgeon; her mother, an interior designer. At UCLA, she was very political and studied criticism in its graduate film school, which, as everyone knows, is where in L.A. Karl Marx resides, at least in spirit. Today, at age twenty-six, she has a job reading and synopsising books and scripts for American International Pictures, a job she can do mostly at home between Gold's Gym workouts.

"I could have gotten a job as story editor, but it's worth four hundred dollars a week to me to have my freedom," she told me. "I could never sit down inside all day like that."

Somehow, out in Santa Monica and even at the elegant Café California, where we went to lunch, Lisa Lyons in her workout clothes, with her sweat shirt tied around her shoulders, looked okay enough not to rock the boat. Except for her sculptured biceps, she might have been simply a tennis



Lisa Lyons poses with her training partner, Jay Silva. "I think women should be able to have a choice in ideals of physical beauty," Lyons explains. "I mean, we're going into the Eighties, and we're headed into androgyny anyway, so why not?"

single from the marina or a runner from the beach. The Café California is not where I thought I'd wind up one day with some lady body builder—I had thought she'd probably want to go to a health food place and drink carrot juice. But now, here she was eating an omelet and drinking café au lait just like a normal person.

"I *am* a normal person," she told me. (By this time, I was feeling that she might indeed actually be a normal person, at least the kind of normal person I usually know—the kind that every so often goes off the deep end into something.) "I mean," she went on, "everybody thinks that to be a body builder you have to be a freak, but I don't think body building is very different from basketball. Except that in body building, the end you're striving for is aesthetic. That's why I think it should be taken seriously.

"Plus, even the most freaked-out, untogetherness person from the street who goes into Gold's, you know, just to see what's happening, well . . . the discipline transforms anybody who tries it. The energy and desire inside that place are so high, and the people are so nice and understanding. I think," she said, "you should feel free to pursue whatever you feel will benefit you. I think women should be able to have a choice in ideals of physical beauty. I mean, we're going into the Eighties, and we're headed into androgyny anyway, so why not? Besides, how many women do you know who can do this, man?" she asked, and suddenly, when no one in the Café California was looking, she flexed her arm, and it turned into a burning-alive map in bas-relief of incredible muscles. Then she flashed me one of those hooky-girl smiles again and said, "It's art. It's living sculpture. Plus I can dead lift two hundred and sixty-five pounds."

"What's 'dead lift'?" I asked.

"That's from the ground."

Lisa and I know all the same people in the movie business and the art world and even in jazz (she knows the piano player who's playing with Art Pepper, who's married to my cousin). But she can dead lift 265 pounds. And she spends as much time as she can in Gold's Gym getting stronger and stronger and stronger.

This year she won the First World Women's Body Building Championship. She wants to be on the President's Council for Physical Fitness. And she means to define the New Beauty for Women. "Since I started doing this," she told me, "I'm happy all the time. You just can't help it."

But she looked out the window impatiently from the Café California into the blue skies over Ocean Park, and I remembered that as she had left Jay Silva, her training partner, she made plans to meet him later at the gym. And I thought she'd be far happier once she was working again at her machine . . . on one knee bending forward as she pulled heavy lead plates . . . with rock 'n' roll blasting overhead . . . back in Gold's Gym. #



If you'd like to know why iron is murderous to whiskey, write us here at the Distillery

FOLKS WHO WORK AT JACK DANIEL'S go out of their way to drink the cool water from our own Cave Spring.

We only have two fountains. But folks could be working at the farthest warehouse and still find an excuse for getting by one of them. So we know our water is good for drinking. We also know it's good for Jack Daniel's. You see, it's completely iron-free — and iron is a natural enemy of good whiskey. A sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, will tell you why we all appreciate our iron-free spring.



Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

THE STORES BEHIND THE MAN

You're the man. Here is what six of America's
best men's shops have in store for you this season

by Rita Hamilton

To the men who shop in them, they feel like private clubs. They're sanctuaries that spare a man's having to walk through the toy department or an acre of furniture displays when he has better things to do.

If you're already known in them, you'll be greeted by name and engaged in conversation before being shown the items known to suit your taste. If you are a new face, chances are you'll be treated like visiting royalty. Some are equipped with a private bar where you'll be offered a complimentary drink. In none of them will you be greeted with that salesclerk's cliché, "Can I help you?"

What they are called depends on where you live or the circles you travel in. Some people call them boutiques. Others call them specialty stores. In plain, simple English, they're men's stores—and there are more than 21,400 of them from coast to coast.

On the next ten pages, *Esquire* presents six of the

country's best men's stores. Unlike department stores, they do not deal with huge volumes of merchandise and massive customer flow. These smaller, special stores focus only on clothing. And they have reached the top of their field by paying more attention to fashion—and to customers—than their competitors do.

Each of these stores has been turned into a several-million-dollar-a-year operation by the independent business people who own them. These are owners who depend only on themselves to call the shots. They decide on their store's fashion direction, buy the clothes, and train their sales staff to treat you as a client.

We asked the heads of these premier men's stores to select some styles for this fall and winter. Each chose looks that represent the unique fashion philosophy that has brought the store success. And each passed along a tip on how you can act like an expert when you go to a men's store—something they are all experts at or you wouldn't be reading about them here.

BEVERLY HILLS

Jerry Magnin

If you're searching for America's legendary streets paved with gold, check out Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Here, the story goes, the fat checkbook meets the ultimate in consumer luxuries. The world of men's fashion is no exception, according to Jerry Magnin, owner of the Rodeo Drive men's store bearing his name.

"Historically, there's always been a luxury customer," says Magnin, a member of the family establishment that gave America the prestigious Joseph and I. Magnin department stores. "Today, that customer is looking for the newest, hottest designer

names. He's the guy we want to please."

Despite the durability of the luxury market in Beverly Hills, Magnin took a considerable gamble on an unknown designer in 1971. His name? Ralph Lauren.

While statusy designer shops were common in New York and Europe, California was still unproved territory when Magnin opened as part of his store the first Polo shop in America and offered only the collection of men's apparel designed by newcomer Lauren.

"I offered Ralph the opportunity to do a total wardrobe package for men at a time when he was designing just suits, shirts, and ties," says Magnin. "He jumped at the chance. We went off to Europe, where he did his first shoes, sweaters, and accessories. And he brought them in exclusively for us at no profit to himself."

The gamble paid off for both men. Today, Lauren is a \$20-million fashion giant designing for men, women, and children. And his Polo shop on Rodeo Drive now

accounts for 40 percent of Magnin's total business.

Magnin's tip: "A man should start out by shopping around, visiting as many stores as possible. He should try on their suits to see how they fit and check out their merchandise, their displays, and their prices until he discovers the right store."



Polo meets the trendiest at Magnin, 323 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.

Rita Hamilton is fashion editor of *Esquire*.

Dangerous Defects in the Draft for a U.N. 'Moon Treaty'

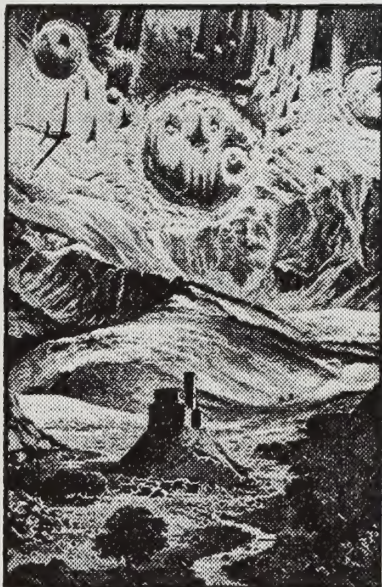
To the Editor:

Edward R. Finch's letter in support of the United Nations "moon treaty" [Sept. 13] passes over several vital issues. These issues have led the L-5 Society, a nonprofit citizens' group interested in space, to oppose the treaty. As it is perhaps the most sweeping agreement ever proposed, this treaty deserves full public debate.

Although called a moon treaty, the treaty would actually mandate the regulation of every nonterrestrial body in the solar system, a resource base believed to be the practical equivalent of a thousand earths. This is no idle concern for the distant future: In the primitive space technology of today, engineers already see the promise of cheap spaceflight, cheap enough to make the space frontier a practical reality within a generation. The prospect is staggering.

Space has been declared the "common province of all mankind," and it promises to play a great role in the human future. A major treaty on the solar system should, at a minimum:

- Protect the rights and liberties of space settlers, to block the spread of oppression into space.
- Protect the right of all people to their share of space resources, to assure the developing nations of their opportunity to expand into space.
- Protect the right of all people to use their share of space resources



Satty

without hindrance, to insure that space resources are developed as soon as possible.

In an attempt to put teeth into arms control agreements, the presently proposed treaty would erode the civil liberties of space settlers by permitting search of homes and other structures without a warrant.

In an attempt to protect the develop-

ing nations' share of space resources, the treaty would set up an international regime empowered to create an OPEC-like monopoly over space resources.

This move destroys people's right of access to their share of resources and, ironically, promises to condemn space settlers to a colonial, share-cropping existence.

In testimony before Congress, Leigh S. Ratiner, past administrator of the Ocean Mining Administration, has described the treaty as "a giveaway of unprecedented proportions for which the U.S. obtains nothing in return." Representative John Breaux states that it "carries grave implications for the long-term economic security of the United States." By hampering the development of space, it would harm the long-term future of the world.

This treaty, drafted by lawyers behind closed doors, clearly deserves close scrutiny. Unless action is taken, the U.N. may casually open this treaty for signature in a matter of weeks.

The fate of the "common province of all mankind," the practical equivalent of a thousand new earths — surely this should be the subject, not of a quick vote, but of a great debate.

K. ERIC DREXLER

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 29, 1979

The writer, a director of the L-5 Society, is affiliated with the M.I.T. Space Systems Laboratory.

L-5 Society
1620 N. Park
Tucson, Arizona 85719
602/622-6351

Dear L-5 Member:

A major emergency has arisen. The United Nations is expected shortly to open for signatures the "Agreement Governing the Activities of States on the Moon and Other Celestial Bodies." President Carter currently plans to sign it. But this treaty is a disaster for those of us who would go into space.

Among other things, the promise of space is a promise of freedom, of frontiers where opportunities await those willing to try; where social experiments as radical as those which gave birth to our country can be tried.

It will probably not surprise you that the centralized authority of governments of the Earth want none of this. This Moon treaty is a major step in limiting the forms of economic systems permitted in space to a single transnational monopoly. It is also a major step in eliminating civil liberties for those who go into space, as one provision of the treaty allows any government to inspect (i.e. search) any object on or in orbit around any celestial body. No warrants are needed. Considering what our own police sometimes do, I doubt a KGB search would leave any air in a habitat!

What can we do? The first step is to try to keep Carter from signing the treaty. Professional lobbying will be necessary, but if we are successful at this stage, it would be a real bargain, costing perhaps as little as \$20,000. This figure has been quoted to us by Leigh Ratiner, the international law expert who has coordinated the Moon treaty opposition to date.

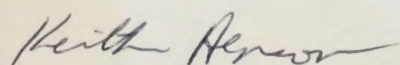
Failing here, we must fight ratification of the treaty in the Senate. That gets expensive, \$75,000 to kill it in committee, \$500,000 if we have to fight it on the floor. Opponents of the Panama Canal Treaty spent millions on their fight.

The consequences of losing are severe. A ratified treaty becomes part of the supreme law of the land. According to space lawyer Art Dula, it would open both private companies and government agencies to suits blocking research on, or investment in the use of extraterrestrial materials.

The L-5 Society is not alone in these concerns. The American Astronautical Society, Future Life and OMNI have already joined forces with us. The National Space Institute, Sunsat Energy Council and Aerospace Industries Association seem likely to follow.

However, it falls to us as the most affected group to spearhead this effort. Please join with me today in this work. Send us your check for \$100, \$50, whatever you can afford in the enclosed business reply envelope. With your help, freedom in space will prevail.

Sincerely,



H. Keith Henson
Chairman, Fundraising
Committee, Moon Treaty

Board of Directors

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Institute for Advanced Study,
Princeton University

Hon. Barry Goldwater, Sr.
U.S. Senator

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science writer,
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Robert A. Heinlein
science fiction author

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Boeing solar power
satellite study manager

Hon. Edward R. Finch, Jr.
L-5 Society delegate
to the United Nations

Harlan Smith
Director, McDonald Observatory

Barbara Marx Hubbard
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Committee for the Future

Konrad K. Dannenberg
former Project Director
Jupiter missile system,
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MDA— The Connoisseur's Choice

For the psychedelic high,
discover the pleasures of
a modern, mind-expanding
chemical stupidly classified
as a dangerous drug



Quick, somebody slip Lenny some MDA.

The consensus of opinion among experienced psychedelic adventurers is that MDA is the finest of the psychedelic drugs. Connoisseurs give it a high rating among psychoactive drugs in general. MDA, taken in the correct manner, at the correct place and time, can illuminate your mind in a truly phenomenal manner. Due to its unique properties, it cannot be counterfeited.

The demand for MDA in the street market has produced numerous attempted fake preparations, however. One is a mixture of Methamphetamine, Dilaudid and "Acid." Another is a mixture of cocaine, heroin and "acid." "Acid," of course, is LSD-25. Authentic MDA, however, is a single semisynthetic substance, 3, 4-Methylenedioxy amphetamine. In its free-base form, it is an alkaline, fishy-smelling liquid which will not dissolve in water. For drug use, it is usually converted into one of its acid-derived salts, such as the Hydrochloride, which is a colorless, crystalline substance easily dissolved in water. When the crystals are small, they appear white. MDA is made indirectly by the chemical

combination of safrole, the characteristic aromatic principle of sassafras oil, with the basic gas, ammonia. It also can be made, using a procedure I developed, from Heliotropin, used in the perfume industry to give the scent of Hyacinths. When highly pure, MDA Hydrochloride has no odor, but white crystalline MDA Hydrochloride in excess of 99% purity may still have a trace of the odor of the organic solvent from which it was crystallized (such as ether or methanol). Some impure preparations of MDA Hydrochloride may smell like sassafras.

Fortunately, a simple "street" test for authentic MDA exists. Carefully place a "matchheat" quantity (2 mg.) of the material being tested directly on the glowing hot area of a burning cigarette (non-mentholated). A whitish smoke will be produced, which should smell like sassafras (root beer), if the sample contains authentic MDA. Under the influence of heat, the MDA chemically reverts to its sassafras origin. If a black char forms on the cigarette where the MDA sample was placed, the MDA was cut with a carbohydrate, such as

Inositol. Cutting is absolutely contra-indicated for MDA, due to its rare and unique properties; it has a subtle high.

The "hot" substance in black pepper, called Piperine, also can be converted into MDA by a different sequence of chemical reactions. It is identical to the MDA prepared from sassafras.

MDA was invented by two German chemists, Mannich and Jacobsohn, who published their results in *Chemische Berichte Gesellschaft* in 1910. It was not until 1932 that the American psychopharmacologist, Gordon Alles, discovered MDA's pharmacological properties. Alles is also credited with the discovery of the drug properties of amphetamine. The Japanese have also done considerable research on MDA, from a chemical, rather than pharmacological, viewpoint.

On September, 20, 1960, the well-known pharmaceutical manufacturer, Smith, Kline and French Laboratories, was issued United States Patent No. 2, 953, 494 for MDA's therapeutic use to produce ataraxia in depressed mental patients. Ataraxia is defined as "perfect peace

or calmness of faculties." On March 7, 1961, S K & F Labs was issued United States Patent No. 2, 974, 148 for the therapeutic use of MDA to produce anorexia in obese patients. "Anorexia" is "suppression of appetite."

S K & F tested MDA, under the name of S K & F No. 5, in 400 human patients at dose rates of up to 300 milligrams per day (average "street" dose is 100 mg. of the uncut hydrochloride salt). "Hallucinations" were not among S K & F's list of side effects of MDA, none of which were considered to be more than mild in nature. Patients under the influence of MDA actually were reported to do better on intelligence tests than normally. In 1967, the well-known amphetamine expert Dr. Alexander Shulgin and others reported in a scientific journal that MDA is not hallucinogenic in man in doses up to 150 mg. Yet, on December 4, 1969, the State of North Carolina became the first jurisdiction in the world to attempt to make MDA illegal by misclassifying it as "a hallucinogenic substance similar to LSD-25." Two months later, a medical school research chemist, was arrested on an MDA manufacturing charge. However, his conviction one year later was reversed by the North Carolina Court of Appeals, on the grounds that the North Carolina Board of Health had not legally found fact that MDA was, indeed, hallucinogenic. Consequently, it could not lawfully have been made illegal. Present Federal law (the 1978 Controlled Substances Act) is equally illogical, classifying MDA as a "Schedule I Controlled Substance," indicating that it has no recognized use in medicine, when it has, in fact, been patented as an anti-depressant in America and England.

The term, "psychedelic," which currently means "mind-expanding", should not be construed to be synonymous with either "hallucinogenic" or "psychotomimetic," the latter meaning "mimicking insanity." MDA essentially is a sensory enhancer with the additional properties of increasing insight, intelligence, empathy, and physical ability. It also enhances illusionary activity in near darkness and hypnogogic imagery, which is what one sees with eyes closed just before sleep. These visual phenomena are what confuse laymen into the misjudgment that hallucinatory activity is present. A true

hallucination is a false sensory perception indistinguishable from reality and is a symptom of psychosis (insanity). True hallucinogenic drugs tend to cause hallucinations of all five senses, not just vision. Hypnogogic imagery, on the other hand, is considered normal. It can be produced by fatigue alone. One should bear in mind, however, that many substances, including aspirin, amphetamine, and, probably, MDA, if used in massively excessive amounts, can produce a dangerous "toxic psychosis" indistinguishable from true psychoses, and true hallucinations may very well result. Researchers should further keep in mind that many psychoactive drugs as well as stressful situations can precipitate an LSD-flashback phenomenon in susceptible subjects, again with the possibility of true hallucinations being manifested. Even marijuana can produce this misleading phenomenon.

MDA has been described as the "Love Drug." Timothy Leary described it as a "Cup of Love." Actually, what is referred to here is the Biblical type of love—brotherly love. MDA greatly enhances empathy, the ability to look at problems from another person's point of view. Often two people who are bitter enemies can take MDA together, work out their antagonisms, and become good friends. MDA would do a lot for world peace, if the leaders of the nations would bring their MDA stash to the UN with them!

Of course, the fact that MDA enhances one's senses and increases one's sexual capacity (as well as other types of physical abilities), does, indeed, enhance the sexual aspects of love. The empathetic feelings also add to the expression of sexual love.

MDA's sensory enhancement intensifies colors and textures, giving things a new beauty not normally perceived. Its enhancement of sound results in a profoundly beautiful new perception of music wherein each individual instrument in a group can be singled out. Tactile stimulation becomes a new area of aesthetic perception. The heightened insight brings about a renewed interest in intellectual pursuits. MDA has been suggested in the scientific literature as an adjunct to problem solving and marriage counseling. It also is used to facilitate religious studies.

MDA is very subtle drug whose psychedelic effects easily can be destroyed by other drugs or even by

an improper attitude of the subject. Many antihistamines and cold remedies cause undesirable cross-tolerances to MDA lasting three days. Alcohol and barbiturates also destroy many of MDA's desirable effects. The ideal dose rate of MDA is approximately seven-tenths of a mg./per lb. of bodyweight for psychedelic experience. MDA also causes a 3-day tolerance to itself, which should discourage its abuse. Ideally, it should not be used more than once every three days.

All medicinal substances have toxicity limits. MDA appears to have a toxicity similar to that of amphetamine. Extrapolating from mouse toxicity data, one might conclude that a fatal dose of MDA Hydrochloride would be around one gram (1,000 mg) with cardiovascular collapse the cause of death. Doses above 250 mg. of the uncut drug should be avoided. **WARNING!** MDA followed by cocaine can be a fatal combination due to cocaine's dangerous property of enhancing the toxicity of other drugs, such as amphetamines or even adrenaline.

Besides the properties already mentioned, MDA has a number of additional therapeutic properties with the important potential of being able to save many lives each year and alleviate much human suffering. Patent applications are currently in progress for the more important areas of its potential therapeutic applications other than those uses already patented. MDA is not a new drug in regard to its approval for human consumption. It was approved for human experimental use by the FDA back in the 1950s. BNDD's prohibition of MDA in the early 1970's by misclassifying it as a hallucinogen certainly is an anomalous reversal of federal policy leading to needless suffering and unnecessary death of our country's citizenry, yet is ominously typical of America's deteriorating medical climate.

To work with MDA in the United States, at this time requires a very stringent federal license which strongly suppresses valid research in this exceedingly important area. Research is, however, proceeding in a number of foreign countries, including the Soviet Union. I predict that within five years, MDA will be placed by the DEA in Schedule II, where it belongs, and you will be able to obtain it on prescription from your family physician. ➡

People



RICHARD MACKSON—SI

Giannoulas as the KGB chicken

The one chicken in every spot at Far West sports and public events is the flappable radio station KGB chicken from San Diego. With its infowable agility to leap and cavort, the chicken clucks up everything from San Diego Padres baseball games to supermarket openings. Feathered by **Ted Giannoulas**, 24, who now earns more than \$50,000 a year for such appearances, the bird has flown as far as New York City with increasing recognition. Now, however, Giannoulas and KGB, which conceived the bird, are tangling over rights. KGB has filed a \$250,000 damage suit claiming ownership of the chicken concept and costume. The station is seeking an injunction to stop Giannoulas' performances. Crowed Giannoulas: "I intend to win this chicken suit."

If this is Friday, that must be **Rosalynn Carter** in Rome, tossing coins into the Trevi Fountain to ensure another trip to the Eternal City. With daughter **Amy** in tow, the First Lady made a whirlwind six-day tour of Geneva and Rome last week, meeting with World Health Organization experts to discuss mental health, and for 35 minutes at the Vatican with **Pope John Paul II**. Leaving the papal study in long dress and veil, the First Lady said: "He's such a wonderful person, it was a great thrill for me." The Pope was obviously moved as well. He gave Mrs. Carter an autographed photograph of himself, which Vatican Pope watchers called an unprece-

ented gift. Later she told Italian political leaders that Husband **Jimmy** will visit Rome after his summit meeting in Vienna next month. If the Trevi coins are potent enough, Rosalynn will go along as well.

There comes a time when even a Vice President would just as soon not demonstrate leadership. As when **Walter Mondale** flew back to Minnesota for the funeral of a longtime political friend. After the church service, Mondale's car shot off toward the Twin Cities airport, where Air Force Two was waiting. Following such a leader, the cortege went where he did. At graveside, confused relatives wondered what had happened to the band of mourners that had filled the church. The misled cortege was finally halted four miles out of town by a sympathetic policeman, who turned the cars around and es-



DIANA WALKER

Former Senator Brooke in Washington with Anne Fleming

corted them back to a post-funeral reception.

Out but not down, former Massachusetts Senator **Edward**

Rosalynn Carter and Daughter Amy with Pope John Paul II



FRUCI

W. Brooke, 59, is now "restructuring my life." Brooke, defeated for a third term last fall largely because of the damaging publicity churned up by a messy divorce, scored a demitriumph as a lobbyist for low-income housing before the same Senate subcommittee on which he once sat. Now Brooke is taking a second wife: **Anne Fleming**, 30, of Saint Martin in the West Indies. Fleming speaks four languages, is a gourmet cook and opera buff. But her husband is obviously as impressed by her political credentials: her great-grandfather, grandfather, father and uncle have all been mayors of French Saint Martin.

On the Record

Robert Byrd, Senate majority leader, receiving a letter from Jimmy Carter to "Senator Bob Byrd": "I wish they'd call me 'Robert' down there."

Midge Costanza, feminist and ex-White House aide, on the British election: "I myself am a liberal, and Margaret Thatcher is conservative. But we've all been run by men whose philosophy we don't agree with. Why not a woman?"

Bishop Abel Muzorewa, new Prime Minister of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia on his election: "I'm quite convinced that it's because of the power of God."

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Gold on the body: the ancient urge that became a tradition.



Gold Jewelry by M & J Savitt

A woman emerges from her bath, towels herself dry and begins her dressing ritual. In the next few minutes she reaches for a golden object—a necklace, a bracelet or a ring—and places it on her body.

It is a simple, unceremonious act yet in one aspect it is utterly remarkable, for it is an act both as ancient as recorded history and as modern as tomorrow. The wearing of gold on the body, beginning as it must have, as a primitive urge, has not only accompanied man through much of his evolution, it may even be his oldest surviving tradition.

One would think that a behavior

so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction is deeply psy-

chological and that it has touched both male and female and in every culture that has ever known the metal.

But it is a world unseeking of theories that has dedicated itself to gold adornment and today it does so on an extraordinary scale. In 1977, it swallowed up almost two-thirds of that year's new gold supply. It also helped support industries of considerable proportions—mining, refining, manufacturing—all the way down to hundreds of thousands of retailers, over 30,000 in the U.S. alone.

It should be noted that although much of the world wears gold, it wears it in different shades—some Europeans, for example, prefer slightly redder golds while in America the choice is often yellower. Karatage, or degree of real gold content, varies, too, from country to country in a variety too extensive to list here.

It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 4,000 years.

Gold, of course, is not the only viable ornamentation for the body. But it is the *only* material known to man that contains in combination the four characteristics of lustrous beauty, virtual indestructibility, extreme rarity, and ease of workability. And somehow this seems to be the magic combination that satisfies the inner calling of the human psyche more than anything else.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to: The Gold Information Center, Department T49, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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The Gold Information Center.

Not everyone wants the Beatles back

HOW TO get the Beatles back together? We asked some *other* gurus of the '60s for their advice on this most pressing matter. But Timothy Leary, famed acid-head, says, "I wouldn't spend a penny to see them" — but (in true '60s hippie spirit) he'd go if he managed to get "free tickets." Leary, now doing a stand-up philosopher act in night clubs, explained: "It's like wanting to see the 1932 Yankees. You could never reunite them. They're too old. The Beatles are middle-aged musicians who need face lifts." Former Chicago 7 member Jerry Rubin, however, hopes to realize a "lifelong dream" to see the Fab Four in person, in the proposed UN-sponsored benefit for the boat people. But as a prime tactician of various '60s movements, Jerry cautions that "not too much pressure

should be put on John Lennon. Maybe the time's not right for him." As for Lennon — currently considered the key hold-out in the reunion plan — William Kunstler, defender of trendy '60s liberal causes, believes that John, in the end, may be "the only Beatle who might do it. He has tried to identify with a lot of causes." For instance, Kunstler recalls, he went to London in 1973 to try to reunite the Beatles for a fundraising tour for "civil rights, women's movements, gay movements, all movements." It didn't work out, but Kunstler says, "It was my understanding John wanted to do it. He always seemed the most liberal." Also, John and Yoko helped finance Kunstler's defense of Michael Mallk, a political prisoner in Trinidad. So what about John? Will he or won't he? Well, for some

real insight into the matter, we consulted The Post's own Dr. Joyce Brothers, who, it turns out, covered the Beatles' first arrival in America and reveals that "I'm probably one of the few people who has a picture with all four of them. One was taking my pulse, another taking off my shoe." But as for a reunion, Joyce isn't optimistic. "It's hard to say," she told us last night. "It's like a divorce. The anger is so great, and the disappointment — it's hard to go back together. Of the couples who divorce and get back together, only one out of 15 make it." Joyce feels "John would be much more willing if Paul weren't around." And she suggests that Paul's success since the Beatles' break-up probably bothers John (originally considered Paul's equal in talent) more than anything else.

National digest



CIA deadline in drug case

WASHINGTON — A federal judge has given the CIA until Oct. 1 to release or reclassify the names of professional people and their institutions who willingly or unwittingly participated in the agency's drug and mind control experiments in the 1950s and 1960s. U.S. District Court Judge Louis Oberdorfer's instruction was made Wednesday on behalf of two associates of consumer advocate Ralph Nader. The order was issued despite an affidavit by CIA Director Stansfield Turner that the names of certain of the researchers and institutions must not be made public as they would compromise the agency's "sources and methods." All were involved in the CIA's top-secret MKULTRA project, which began in the 1950s and ran for more than a decade.

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NITER Y REVIEW

Timothy Leary; Bruce Mahler

(Improvisation; \$5)

"I am not a stand-up comedian, but I have done stand-up philosophy."

With this prelude to his debut at the Improvisation, Timothy Leary went on to confirm the first part of that statement without question and cloud the second part in obfuscation. But it's only fair to report that many in the SRO crowd were laughing at something; perhaps they even understood him.

Sample Learycisms:

"This is the right time and the right place . . . intelligence and freedom are moving in waves from east to west . . .

"The diety code has stacked the cards to win . . . if you have to figure that out, you have to figure that out . . .

"When you move east of La Brea you're moving down in intelligence . . . Buffalo, N.Y., is an intelligence test and you flunked . . .

"There is more acid used today than ever before . . . 31 delicious flavors in L.A. alone . . . I must say for my parole officer that neither Barbara (his wife) nor I take any illegal drugs . . .

"Let's have a cheer for immortality . . . it's dumb to die . . . scratch death from your appointment book . . ."

It would be unfair to take such

statements out of context, if there was a context. But since there was no context, it can not be unfair. Or can it? Leary may be the only one who knows for sure.

All of this, of course, is harmless enough and may even be passable amusement for Leary's legion of followers. His only real mistake of the evening was poking derisive fun at people far more talented than he, including Woody Allen, Jane Fonda, Joan Baez, Richard Burton, William Shakespeare, Ernest Hemingway, etc.

Leary simply lacks the wit or insight for the attacks and it's doubtful any of his targets would spend a moment's bother on his foolish comments.

Leary cues his observations to a slide show and obviously became rattled as the photos continued to show up out of order. It's amazing that a supposedly professional show can foul up something so simple as the order of slides. But since it happens so often, there must be a mystery to it that only stand-up philosophers would understand.

Bruce Mahler followed Leary, returning the Improv to its normal status as a showcase for brilliant young comics. Mahler is simply hilarious, especially with his chicken. *Har.*



VARIETY



VOL. 184 No. 55

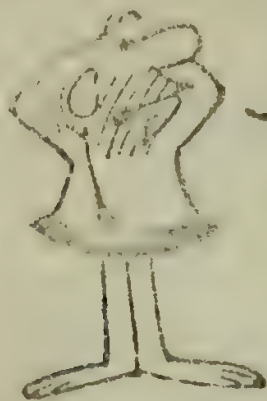
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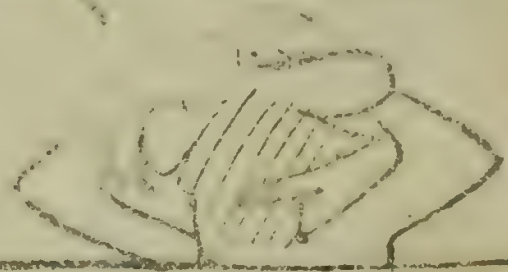
B.C.



WHAT DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
DOING
UP THERE?

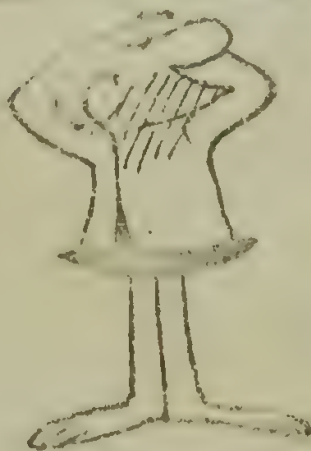


YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
PRETEND YOU DIDN'T JUST
COME OUT OF THAT HOLE
AND WALK HALFWAY UP
THAT WALL, ARE YOU?

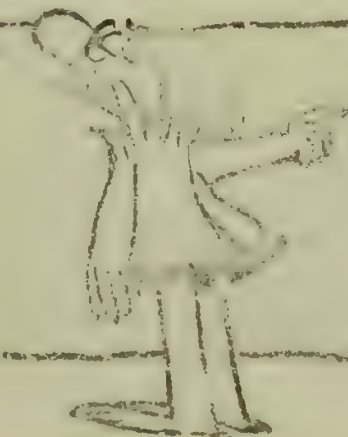


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YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S LAYING ON THE
WALL! ...THAT HAPPENS TO BE A CAVE!



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THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN

Handwritten notes:
Wally
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Wally

Safe Harbor: The Sea as Therapy



BEACH STROLL—Psychiatrist Oscar Janiger and his mate Vijali, both of whom swim daily in the sea, walk on the beach off Pacific Palisades.

Times photo by G. ...

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ANNOUNCEMENTS 1200

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Leary Flight

--'Dope and Dynamite'

Timothy Leary's Weatherman-assisted escape from prison Monday was characterized by Leary's attorney yesterday as representing a "merger of dope and dynamite, flowers and flames."

Attorney Michael Kennedy also termed Leary's trip over the wall at California Men's Colony near San Luis Obispo "a fantastic revolutionary act."

Kennedy and his partner Joseph Rhine have been handling Leary's appeal on a conviction of possession of marijuana since January. The attorneys had just completed a 160-page appeal brief and Rhine had been to see Leary Friday, Kennedy said.

Kennedy compared the signature on a note sent to The Chronicle yesterday with signatures on legal documents in his possession and confirmed that the message was indeed from Leary.

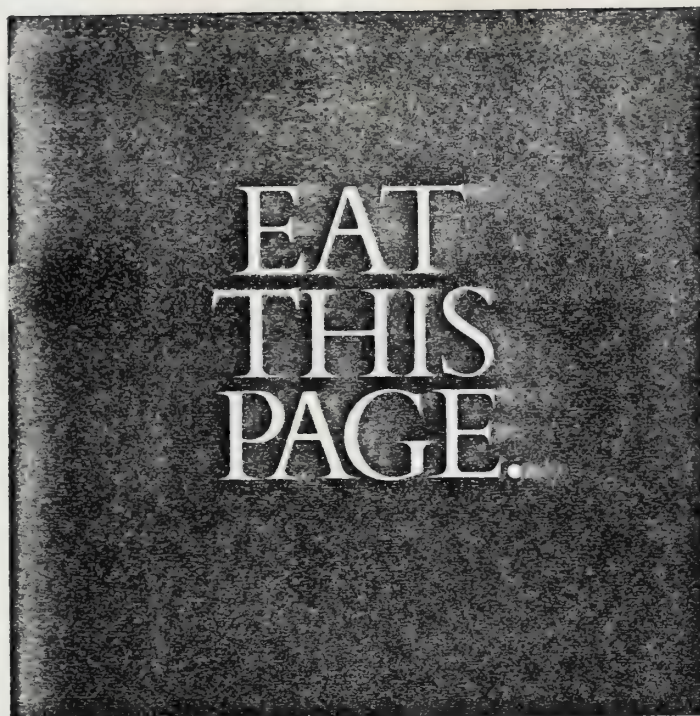
In it, the former Harvard faculty member who turned on to LSD and dropped out to become guru to the flower child phenomenon, said he was helped out of jail by the "Weatherman underground."

"There is the time for peace and the time for war," Leary said in part in his message. "There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grim Shiva. Brothers and sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace. The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. death."

Leary, who has now apparently joined a kind of fugitive elite of the American left that includes such notables as Weatherman Bernadine Dohrn, black leader H. Rap Brown and Communist Angela Davis, was clearly high on revolution in his message from hiding.

"Listen Nixon," he wrote with near nostalgia for days not long past, "we were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

"We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul."



NOTES ON THE ACID RENAISSANCE

BY CHARLIE HAAS

TERRY (NOT HIS REAL NAME) sits cross-legged on a mattress covered with an intricately patterned Indian bedspread, looking around his living room. his alert eyes moving from a sand candle to a strobe light to a map of Middle-earth to a poster of the Milky Way to a hollowed-out television set whose inside is papered with a fluorescent op-art print. Terry explains, with one of his frequent giggles, that the décor “probably has a lot to do with acid.” Terry, who is 30, has taken hundreds of “trips” on LSD (“acid”), a powerful hallucinogenic drug that is the center of a *Hold the goddamn phone!* What is this, *Family Weekly* in 1965?

Well, no; see, the inside joke here is that I was at Terry's

house some months ago, out in that gray moral area between downtown L.A. and Pasadena, and while some of the *objets* around the room are souvenirs, he is not. Or if he is, he has a lot of company. LSD—the scariest and most tantalizing thing you can buy without a prescription, the white hope for instant psychotherapy that became a CIA toy and a bazooka in the Bohemian arsenal, the portable Lourdes that oiled the transition of American youth from Elvis to Elvish and made all those honor students start dressing funny and printing up those unreadable purple-and-aqua posters—that LSD—is as nationally popular now as it was ten years ago, despite the fact that the same media which then could speak of nothing

“... Acid without granny
glasses? Acid without
Vietnam? Acid without the
Strawberry Alarm Clock?
Acid without freakouts?...”

else are now virtually silent on the subject. Among people who swallow it or sell it, or who monitor its use from the vantage point of drug-abuse counseling, there is some sporting disagreement as to whether acid has been enjoying a renaissance for about two years or never went away in the first place, with the former view in the majority. But there is a consensus on at least two points: The bad trips and mental casualties that made such hot copy in the '60s seem to have diminished radically, and the volume of acid changing hands suggests that there are actually more users now than there were a decade ago.

Terry is of the never-went-away persuasion. A purchasing agent for a nonprofit organization, he wears his dirty-blond hair shoulder-long, with a jazzbo chin beard. He first took acid in 1968, when he was a history major at Occidental, and has been doing it regularly ever since. "Let's see," he says, "when was the last time I dropped? Well, we had our big party here—we have it once a year, and there's a punch, and usually 70 to 100 people come, and 30 or 40 will have some punch, and some of them will have a lot. That was the last time I dropped, about six weeks ago. And I'm still amazed each time. I mean, my head goes places it's never gone before, and although it's not *shocking*, it's still extremely pleasant. It's much more recreational now. The first year of tripping, it was . . . theological. But now that I'm older and I've done it hundreds of times, I feel that—no, wait, it's not true, the party wasn't the last time I dropped. There's been another time since then. I did mushrooms for *The Lord of the Rings*."

WHILE TERRY HAS BEEN persistently finding and taking LSD for the past thirteen years, most of the users now in their thirties seem to be people who were taking acid up until the early '70s, stopped for a few years for reasons ranging from decreased availability to career demands to neural fatigue, and have started again within the past year or two. For Susan (not her real name either), a professional psychologist who resumed tripping last year after a four-year layoff, the ability to enjoy acid became the single clearest index of her emotional equilibrium.

"In 1970, '71, at college, I was dropping at least once a week, sometimes twice, doing a ritual kind of thing of driving out to the desert at midnight and doing acid and watching the sun come up. That period of dropping very frequently was brief, but I continued dropping about once a month. Then toward . . . let's see, time is a difficult thing for me to conceptualize . . . well, I continued that lifestyle through my master's program. I got my master's, then got a full-time job with a mental health agency and worked there for a few years. I helped start one of the centers and was in charge of it for a couple of years.

"I'm not sure when, but in '73 or '74, I started having a lot of difficulty with acid. I would be afraid of what was happening to my body. There was some kind of tape loop in my brain—I'd drop some acid, begin to feel stoned, feel the rush, and say, Wow, my body feels different, I wonder what's wrong with it. I feel really tight in my throat, I wonder why, maybe I better go to the hospital. Occasionally I *would* go to the hospital, and nothing would be wrong.

"Looking back, I realize that I was stuck on a developmental level of working through a nonconscious pattern that I didn't understand. I think what was going on was that I'd taken enough acid so that I was open to levels of my unconscious that I hadn't previously been open to, and I

was not in a good psychological health space. I was having trouble with interpersonal relationship stuff, going through heavy questioning of myself and what I was doing—which included the question: Do professional psychologists take LSD?—hassles with the guy I was living with, pressure from my parents to be somebody I wasn't.

"So in '74, after about four of these experiences, I decided to stop for a while and work on myself in therapy. I did that for a long time, constantly questioning whether I could take it again. It was like a test of me as a human being—can I handle it again? I went through a period of using no drugs at all, not even marijuana—I don't believe in prescription drugs, so I wasn't using those anyway—and then I took a lot of drugs, excluding LSD.

"Then, in 1978, I decided I could handle psychedelics again. I did it and liked it, and I feel that whatever was going on with



"... 'I'm still amazed each time. My head goes places it's never gone before, although it's not *shocking*. It's more recreational now'..."

...in 1974, I've worked through. It's interesting: When I do it now I can see in my head, almost like when you're driving down the freeway and you see a sign coming up—I can see that tape of Wow-my-body-feels-different-something's-wrong coming up and I don't plug it into the machine. In fact I now have a *countertape* that says, 'Oh, that's the same old nonsense, I don't need to pay attention to that.'

"I notice some differences since I started again. In the old days, I might have gotten some ideas about what should be done to save the country and I'd want to let people know about it. Now if I have those thoughts it's like, those are nice thoughts, it's nice that I know, but I'm not going to do anything about it."

YES, BUT . . . ACID without granny glasses? Without the Peanut Butter Conspiracy or the Strawberry Alarm Clock? Acid without Vietnam? Acid when the press and the movies have cocaine running relentlessly around their highly collective brain (although *High Times* runs the cover line WELCOME BACK LSD and quotes a nationwide price of \$2 to \$3 a trip)? Acid without freakouts?

Nancy Shannon, an intense, 30-ish woman who speaks as if she has learned to cover a lot of ground in 50 minutes, was, until recently, the clinical director of Do It Now, an eleven-year-old, nonprofit, "nonjudgmental" drug-abuse counseling agency in Hollywood, funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. (She has since started an independent counseling center.)

"In the late '60s," Shannon says, "we were seeing a lot of LSD freakouts. We don't see that anymore. I think a lot of that is cultural change. A lot of freakouts were people responding to propaganda, to a cultural milieu that sent implicit messages that it was not okay to alter your consciousness in that way. A bad-vibe kind of message. What we see now are a lot of people who are doing it and not having any trouble with it."

"The experience generally has changed. I think in the '60s, especially after '66 when it became illegal, there was a sense of defiance—a matter of 'They don't want us to take it and we know it's good and let's do it.' Now it's much more accepted to let on that you've tried LSD, and as a result the sense of community that grew out of that defiance has diminished. It's not

like We Are the Flower Children, but rather I Am Myself, in my own world, doing it for me. I think people still get insights about politics on LSD, but rather than taking that energy and going out with it, they're keeping it to themselves and saying, 'The way I'm going to cope with it in my life is this.' A great many people in the medical and health professions, healers, doctors, psychologists, having gone through their own LSD experiences, have been trying to find out how to do that without the drug, through meditation, Zen, yoga and kundalini."

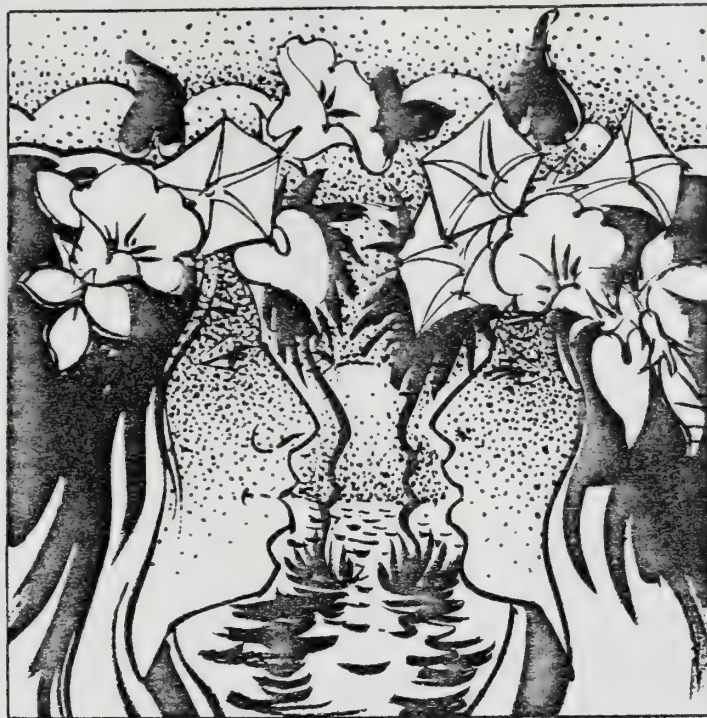
And then there are the great many people who are still doing

it *with* acid, like Terry. "The first time I took it, in '68, absolutely nothing happened," Terry says. "I was terribly disappointed. I had *studied* acid. I was fascinated by Leary, Alpert, Metzner, all those people at Harvard, and I'd been reading *Life* magazine, which had a great special issue on it, with people cringing in the corners looking at their cats—really marvelous stuff; it made me think, 'Boy, I need to have this *right away*.' But, the first time, no effect; and the second time, almost no effect."

"The third time, this friend came down from San Francisco with what he claimed was direct from Owsley. And it was 1,000 mikes, which is more than anyone should ever take, of course. Well, I totally lost it." He giggles at some length. (Street dosages in the '60s generally were between

250 and 500 micrograms. Today, 100 to 200 seems to be the norm.) "There was a strobe light in the room, and I was leaning with my face against it, and my mind was so accelerated and unfixed that when the strobe was on at full speed, it would flash once and I would have a *dozen* hallucinations and I would be surprised when the strobe flashed again. And it was going *toogatoogatoogatooga*, you know."

"The important thing about that first time was the deep-down understanding that Other Things can happen. To suddenly look out of your own eyes and have the world be radically different, although you remember what it looked like yesterday and you're quite sure you know how it will look tomorrow, but right now things are different—that's a revelation over and above the content of the specific revelations I was having. The revelation that you can alter your mechanism. It's—when you're a baby and you see that that thing out there is *your*



“... ‘In around—let’s see, time is a difficult thing for me to conceptualize—in ’73 or ’74, I began having difficulty with acid’...”

because it's already here—it's like TV. TV had a massive effect on people in the late '40s and early '50s, and it continues to have its effect, but it will never have that instantaneous impact again because it's not new.

"I have a nephew who's just turned eighteen. When he was twelve, he came and stayed with me for a while and I gave him half a hit of Sunshine, and we went to the zoo, had a great time. He was here in 1977 with some friends of his, they'd all just graduated high school in New Orleans and one of the things they were doing on this trip was to go to San Francisco so they could walk around the Haight on the tenth anniversary of the Summer of Love. And it boggled me that these kids even *care*. It's the dead past, what possible difference could it make? And yet, to these kids, it was a major thing in the way they thought about themselves. They're not really being nostalgic, and they're not intellectuals either—they're just semibright New Orleans good old boys who happen to like LSD more than bourbon.

"And I don't feel like a stereotype. Some people have walked into this room and said, 'Oh, how '60s,' and I think, 'Am I complimented, or did he just call me an asshole?' But I have 40 close friends, 30 of whom drop regularly. And I'm the least successful person in the group—there are Ph.D.s, M.D.s, psychologists, teachers, authors. Maybe you can stereotype me, but certainly not them. It's an extremely varied group, financially, sexually, philosophically."

IN A WAY, IT'S ENCOURAGING to see all these people taking LSD again, or still. The LSD itself is not the encouraging part (just another drug and their business anyway). What is encouraging is that the people, having been duly notified of a new, 99 percent acid-free order more than five years ago by *Time* and *Newsweek* and the dailies and television, did not get with the program. They read that psychedelics were over with, and all that that entailed, but—contrary little bastards!—they would not do what they were told. They boogied not down; neither would they become account execs that they might afford Peruvian flake. The media could deal with acid okay in the context of funny clothes and light shows, and what

they can deal with in the present context is cocaine, and what they have never liked is the intrusion of messy anomalies. And acid, well, acid is in the anomaly *business*. Its current renaissance is one instance of what you might call cultural disobedience—an idea with which Terry, for one, has always been comfortable:

"When I was real small, I used to watch *M Squad* on television, and I had a fascination for the heroin addicts. *M Squad* had Lee Marvin, back when he was really lean and tough and made Jack Webb look like a sissy. Lee Marvin was just out

there *snarling*, a mean cop who always had to deal with the scum of society, and he ran into junkies a lot. And I could never figure them out, because everyone around them knew that what they were doing was the worst thing for them, that it was making them commit crimes, that they were going to die and that it cost a lot of money. And yet they did it. And I wondered, what can motivate you to do so many self-negating things? It sounded like they must have something there, that somehow it was more important than the ordinary considerations they were running up against. It was like they were martyrs or saints or, I don't know, really dedicated people. And in the real environment of people I ate dinner with and went to school with, I'd never seen a dedicated person in my

life. In fact, I'd never seen anybody that wouldn't do anything for \$10 an hour more.

"So from that point of view, drugs seemed neat to me. I mean, I was eleven, so that's what they seemed: neat. I was sure I was gonna try that, although I didn't know if I'd like it. As it turned out, I don't like downers at all—they're boring, and I can go to sleep by myself. I like cocaine but I can't afford it. Through my job I have access to nitrous oxide, which is just a *marvelous* drug. When done in combination with psychedelics, it's beyond description. Two or three breaths and there you are, talking to the center of existence. You almost never remember what it says, and it really doesn't matter because it doesn't say much anyway. Most of the time it says GNNRRRRRRRR!"

And what do you say back to it, Terry?

"You say, 'Right! Right! Absolutely!'"



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New Age
June '77 issue

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#377 ACUPUNCTURE: A BROAD CLINICAL EVALUATION

Forrest Cioppa, M.D.

What types of disorders respond to acupuncture? Here is a first-hand objective evaluation of results obtained on 134 patients, mostly referred as a last resort by physicians. Dr. Cioppa, director of a clinic, gives a frank appraisal of results obtained and summarizes the most responsive disorders, including some surprising ones which defy explanation. Included are descriptions of techniques, methods of stimulation, classification of results, and his personal evaluation of pulse diagnosis.

#496 WHO ARE THE REALISTS?

Arthur Deikman, M.D.

Dr. Deikman outlines and discusses the different modes involved in human consciousness, and profiles the relationship between visionary and action modes which lead to realistic results. Includes three steps you must follow for meaningful growth, the “cloud of unknowing” associated with growth, and the relationship between learning and objects.

#264 DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VISION AND REALITY

Werner Erhard

The founder of EST explains basic tenets of “what EST is all about,” particularly that which precedes experience. This lecture deals particularly with concepts and abstractions, and the relationship of experience to time, space and form.

#354 TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY: FROM THERAPY TO HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

James Fadiman, Ph. D.

What is transpersonal psychology we hear so much about today? Using practical terms, Fadiman defines, illustrates and describes both its subject matter and origin. He compares the logic of transpersonal and humanistic with behavioristic and psychoanalytic psychologies. Fadiman explains the paradigm change where a major belief system is now shifting in our culture, and indicates why the new paradigms are coming not from psychology, but from physics.

#396 PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY

James Fadiman, Ph. D.

In this thought-provoking address, Dr. Fadiman describes results of recent psychological studies of mental phenomena and indicates how the data challenges traditional theories. Discussed are practical aspects of such techniques as hypnosis on memory, pain control, learning, aging; biofeedback; primal therapies; psychic healing; and subjectology.

#583 NOT IN JEST OR AT RANDOM

James Fadiman, Ph. D.

Taking his cue from “the stuff of the world is mind stuff,” Dr. Fadiman presents an overview of the “whole picture” in today’s psychology. Included are four levels of “delusion” which characterize our approaches to inner viewing; conscious and unconscious; mind and body; self and other; self and everything. Witty, sometimes satirical, this is Fadiman in high form.

#727 INTRODUCTION TO HOLISTIC HEALTH

James Fadiman, Ph. D.

The concepts of modern medicine are being changed in the face of new data on belief systems. Fadiman outlines how changing thought is leading to holistic medicine, how more and more disease processes can be changed by mental intervention. Provided here are fascinating perspectives on so-called “miracles”; energy focusing to maintain health; the roles of symptoms in the body system; and returning healing power to the afflicted person.

#756 HOW TO EDUCATE YOUR DREAMS TO WORK FOR YOU

Clara Flagg, Allen Flagg

“The uninterpreted dream is like an unopened letter from God.” Using the Senoi tribe’s (Malaya) principle and practice of dream interpretation, the Flaggs explain how dream manipulation can help you both physiologically and psychologically. Pointing to the night dream as one of the most creative potentials of our lives, they tell how to recognize dream symbols for what they are, and how to use the daydream, the

-- the experiences, techniques, and practical can be yours to use over and over again!

fantasy, and the re-dream to put dreams to work for positive results. Using dream examples from the audience, the Flaggs identify meanings of such symbols as cars, children, motorcycles, births, and provide guidance on how to handle these energy symbols for ourselves and our children.

#549 MIND-BODY INTERACT IN ILLNESS & HEALING

Jerome D. Frank, M.D.

Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry at John Hopkins School of Medicine, Dr. Frank relates fascinating results of statistical studies which demonstrate effects of mental and emotional change on body health. Includes correlation between stress and illness, emotional states and diseases, and statistical evidence of subjective influences of doctors and hospitals on patient recovery. Dr. Frank points to evidence of a different reality and outlines three areas that warrant investigation.

#484 LEARNING TO LIVE WITHOUT CANCER

Robert F. Gilley, M.A.

The dramatic, first-hand account of a patient, given less than 1% chance of recovery, who turned to techniques of mental imagery as a last resort. Gilley discusses his attitude towards reality, effects of hospital atmospheres, the attitudes and methods of self-responsibility which gave him a second chance to live.

#010 MOTIVATION/ATTITUDE

Jack Holland, Ph. D.

"If you believe you can, or can't, you are absolutely right." Holland points the way to energizing our whole systems through the quality of thoughts and attitudes. Using graphic examples, he substantiates the logic of individual uniqueness, and illustrates the energizing and de-energizing effects of emotional thoughts. Explained are the sequence of mind action, the effects of cosmic energy on astronauts, the key polarizing force for activating one's energy system.

#392 THE UFO EXPERIENCE

J. Allen Hynek, Ph. D.

A recognized scientist in charge of Air Force studies on UFOs shares the evidence that convinced him UFOs represent a real phenomena, and are not just result of overheated imaginations. He discusses patterns of UFO shapes, behavior, locations, along with other common characteristics, and explores the logic of other life in the universe.

#742 ON OWNING OUR POWER

George Leonard

Tracing power to its original meaning of "ableness," Leonard examines the inherent power of the humanistic movement and calls for its use in self transformation and social revolution. Outlined here is a new manner of getting the humanistic message across—communicating our aliveness—and using our power in

a way that it leads neither to social detachment nor personal power for its own sake. Leonard profiles two key factors available in the power of the humanist movement.

#749 CHANGING AMERICAN MYTHS

Rollo May, Ph. D. and John Perry, M.D.

In this joint presentation by two eminent scholars, we find that myths are an integral part of all civilizations as well as value systems of the individual. May and Perry profile the basic nature of myths, the relationship between their symbolic and literal meanings, the functional value of myths to the individual. Explored here are the great American myths, trends in myths and rituals, six myths of our day, and earmarks of our critical cultural change.

#365 PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE FOR THE WHOLE MAN

Roy M. Menninger, M.D.

Integrative medicine involves a co-equality of body and mind. "Very few physicians can say they practice it," says this recognized psychiatrist of a famed clinic. Dr. Menninger analyzes the traditional splits in medicine of mind and body, health and disease, and examines both their causes and the conditions that sustain them. Turning to the movement of self-actualization and human potential, Dr. Menninger warns of the collision course set with that of traditional medicine. With equal criticism for both sides, he provides thought-provoking evidence of obstacles that hinder progress to an integrative approach.

#350 OUTER SPACE TO INNER SPACE

Edgar D. Mitchell, Ph. D.

Astronaut, test pilot, engineer, Capt. Mitchell explores the profound implications of discovering and applying the principles of para-psychology phenomena on human life. Mitchell describes Noetics—the emerging science of consciousness—and points to the evidence from parapsychology which suggests an energy mechanism that cannot be explained in terms of the conventional theory of the four forces in today's physical sciences. Outlined are six areas of crucial research he recommends we should be investigating, with examples of how this new energy force can change our lives within the near future.

#668 HOLISTIC HEALING; FAMILY PRACTICE VIEWPOINT

Irving Oyle, D.O.

Director of a holistic health practice, Dr. Oyle compares practice of conventional medicine with that of holistic health, in which the treatment tries to change disease by changing the patient. Explained here is the correlation between thought and body state, the chain reaction in physical processes which result from different mental states. Dr. Oyle reviews two basic ways of orienting to the universe according to personality type and the resulting correlation with sympa-

thetic and para-sympathetic nervous systems. Included is his step-by-step exercise for treatment of "The Nameless Dreads."

#663 CULTURE AS MEDIANT BETWEEN SENSE AND PERCEPT

Joseph Chilton Pearce

For those interested in the balancing process between the individual and the environment, Pearce traces the development of brain functioning, mind processes and adaptation from infancy to adulthood. Here is an in-depth, penetrating look at both the practical and theoretical aspects of intellect, concepts, semantic vs. non-verbal reality, the homeostasis state, reversibility thinking, roof brain chatter and how anxiety is created in the child.

#420 THE EMERGING PERSON

Carl Rogers, Ph. D.

One of the major phenomenon of our times is often called "the inner revolution," the "new revolution" or what Carl Rogers calls "the potent ferment." Rogers profiles the qualities, characteristics and cultural trends of the emerging person which may reshape our world. Rogers describes seven sources of expected antagonistic resistance which the new movement can expect.

#262 SYNERGIC EDUCATION & SYNERGIC PSYCHOLOGY

Robert Samples

Understanding that each side of the brain is specialized—the right being intuitive for most people, the left side logical—Samples summarizes studies of children's response patterns in problem-solving situations. This address points up the importance of integrative action between the hemispheres, and how social prejudice against use of intuitive hemisphere is self defeating.

#425 EXPLORATION OF MIND/BODY ENERGY

Will Schutz, Ph. D.

What are the interactions between our minds, bodies and energies? William Schutz emphasizes the choices of self realization we all have—we are not at mercy of forces we thought—and the basic steps involved to make it happen. This lecture demonstrates the dynamics among body, mind, tensions and energy. Included are explanations of energy cycles; three character types in bio-energetics; the "Bannister effect" and how beliefs establish our limits.

#426 ALFIE QUESTION (WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?)

Will Schutz, Ph. D.

Which self-realization method is best? Will Schutz compares the principles and methods currently used in major approaches, and suggests a way for deciding which is best for you. Included are explanations and applications of three major principles: Homeopathic,

Karma-Cleaning and Principle of Choice. Invaluable guide for those seeking a clear perspective on confusing variety of current programs.

#529 ROLE OF THE MIND IN CANCER THERAPY

O. Carl Simonton, M.D.

Stephanie Mathews, Therapist

Pioneers in using psychological intervention in cancer management, the speakers provide both objective and subjective evidence of the effects of emotion, value systems, and mental states on the disease. Presentation includes three things that provided logic base for their approach, profile of therapies used (including imaging three times a day), importance of tools for coping with stress, and personality factors characteristic of those responding well to treatment. Their experience provides valuable insights into both possible prevention and treatment of the disease.

#252 THE WAY THINGS ARE

Houston Smith, Ph. D.

What are—and how valid—are our experiential sources for knowing the universe? Smith provides six panoramic pieces in what he calls "the mosaic view of reality." Highlighted are the comparative views of science and the traditional—why a scientific world view is impossible—five parallel points that indicate agreement between scientists and traditionalists, the roles of paradoxes, contradictions and "counter-intuitive characteristics" of nature. Expressed in understandable terms, Smith's perspective offers profound insights in both the scope and limitations of human knowledge.

#351 PSYCHIC RESEARCH: MEASURING CONSCIOUSNESS INDEPENDENTLY OF THE BRAIN

Alan Vaughn

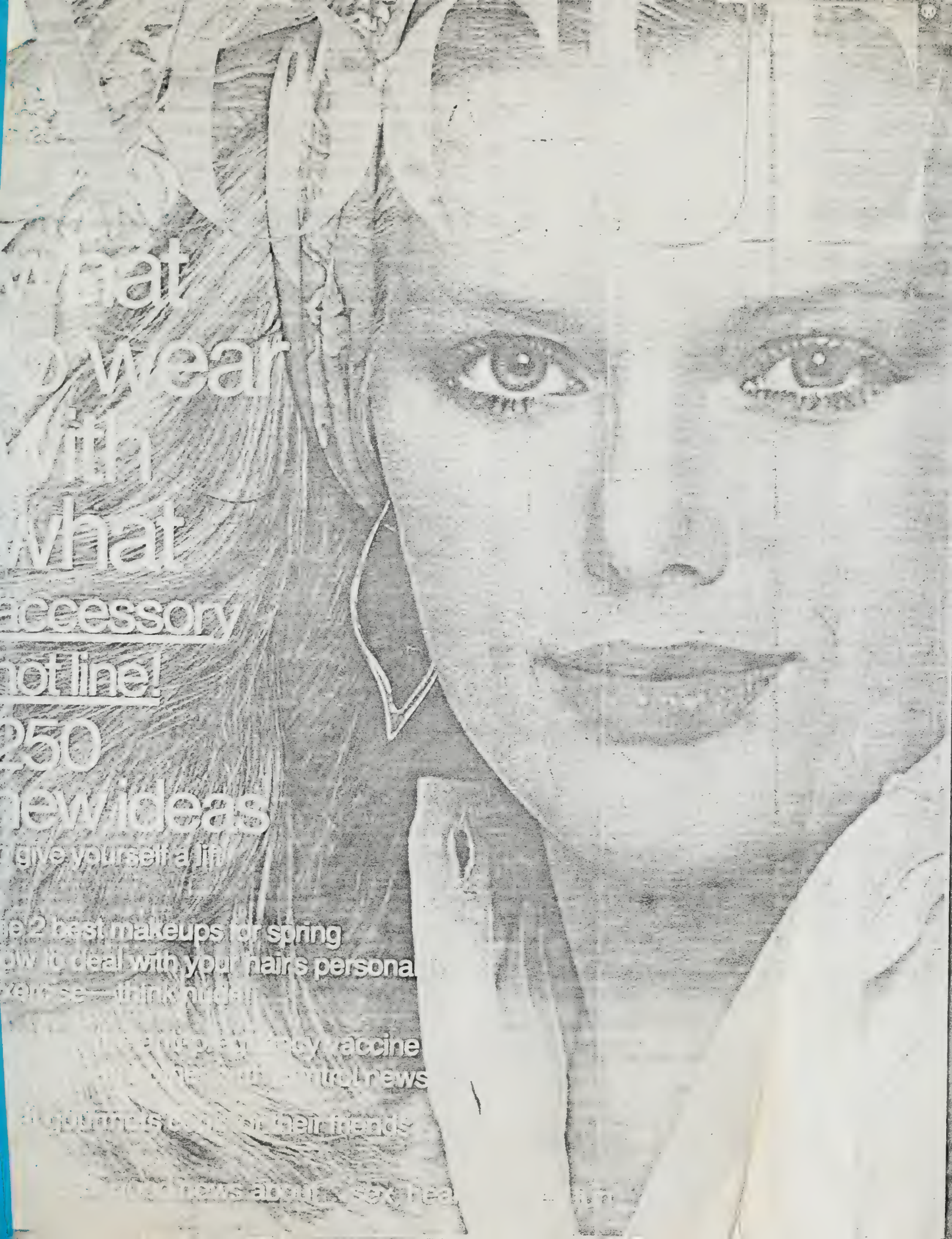
How has psychical research contributed to our understanding of consciousness? Vaughn describes scientific experiments and results—including some at Stanford Research Institute—on such phenomena as telepathy, psychopatic, ESP, psychic surgery and projection of consciousness. Includes evidence that consciousness is not limited to the brain, and can transcend both time and space.

#353 MEDITATION RESEARCH: MEETING OF EASTERN & WESTERN CONSCIOUSNESS

John White, M.A.T.

Speaking to the "Crisis of Consciousness," White profiles the relationship of consciousness to nature's evolution. Presented here is a practical overview of meditation as it is used in Zen, Yoga and Transcendental Meditation—what it is, how it's used in each of these disciplines. In addition, the results of meditation as documented by objective research findings are summarized, including its benefits on counsellors and those interested in self-actualization.

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Gov. Brown stands behind Jane Fonda at meeting of Arts Council.

AP Wirephoto

ACTRESS JOINS IN APPLAUSE

Brown Calls Rejection of Miss Fonda Gutless Act

BY JERRY GILLIAM and W. B. ROOD

Times Staff Writers

SACRAMENTO—With Jane Fonda joining in the applause, Gov. Brown Friday charged California state senators "lacked guts" and were "small-minded" for rejecting his appointment of the Academy Award-winning actress to the state Arts Council.

Miss Fonda then delivered a prepared statement accusing the Senate of "McCarthyism" and left the meeting, refusing to talk to reporters and daubing tears from her eyes.

Brown accompanied Miss Fonda to Friday's meeting of the council, and she sat with the governor and council members, who joined Brown in condemning last week's 28-5 Senate action.

Brown accused the senators of giving more weight to Miss Fonda's political beliefs and her activities in opposing the Vietnam war than to her artistic achievements.

"We're not going to set artistic standards if we become subject to log-rolling, cheap political strategies or partisan bickering. We have to transcend that," the governor said.

"Small-mindedness always has been in conflict with artistic excellence, which is not to be unexpected."

During their floor debate last week, senators attacked a 1972 trip to Hanoi undertaken by Miss Fonda. One Republican member accused her of treason for "giving aid and comfort to the enemy" by broadcasting an appeal to U.S. pilots to halt their bombing.

But Brown, in an impromptu press conference later Friday, declared:

"A number of these senators were afraid for their own election. Some of these senators, some of these big

men, are afraid of Jane Fonda and they felt that her art, her voice, her influence if you will, was too much for them.

"I think these people not only are small, but they lack the guts to at least let her come before the Senate and speak her mind. Let them call her to her face the names they mouthed in the protective cover of their chamber. That really is the disreputable and dishonorable thing about this."

Miss Fonda's statement, which she evidently had rehearsed, closely paralleled an article of hers which appeared in The Times Wednesday. She stuck closely to a prepared text, but glanced only occasionally at the typewritten words before her.

"I think it is shocking that a large majority of our state Senate chose to inject politics into what should have been a discussion of my merits as an artist to represent the arts community in California," she said.

"They excoriated my name and my reputation in the most vicious terms on the floor of the Senate without offering me any opportunity to answer their charges."

She hugged members of the council, then slipped out of the hearing room to a waiting elevator without talking to reporters.

The reporters were anxious to ask her about a report that she had pledged to raise \$3.5 million for Brown's expected presidential campaign.

That report followed the governor's controversial appointment of retired Marine Corps. Col. Edison W. Miller,

Please Turn to Page 24, Col. 1

Leary asks for closing of California prisons

CARY FRIEDMAN
FOLSOM PRISON — At the latest episode in the continuing saga of Dr. Timothy Leary begins to unfold, we find our friendly hope friend furiously filing a federal class-action suit in an apparently serious attempt to challenge the California penal system:

"Timothy Leary, through P.R.O.B.E. (Political Reform Organization for Better Education) brings this action to close the California State Prison because some of the United States places that are not in the Federal Civil Rights."

Assembly and the California Department of Corrections.

In a well-researched legal brief Leary charges Reagan as a key "conspirator" in efforts to deny inmates of their constitutional rights. He further charges that California prisons are "part of a nation-wide network of the Prison Empire that has set up an oligarchical police-state in the United States of America."

To support this action, Leary and the prison-based P.R.O.B.E. group have assembled and introduced a series of letters and legal briefs to the state and federal courts, the state legislature, the state

on the California Department of Corrections and its various facilities.

★ "We are approaching a point where one third of the taxpayers are supporting a second third of the population to control an alienated third of the citizenry

of the state, by directing them to a totally market solution to the inequities of the present penal system. The relief that Leary is asking of the courts includes such ideas as:

★ "Prisoners convicted of

to the state and to the responsibility for self-government and to live a normal life in every respect except to have no bearing on the colony."

Unfortunately, Tim Leary was not available to comment directly



"Timothy Leary, the author of P.E.O.E.E. (Political Education Organization for the Education) brings this act to close the California State Fair because same are the political places that of the Federal Civil

To support this claim, Leary and the principal and P.O.D.M. people have assembled and impressive array of facts and figures. They are all quite correct. The only question is whether they do or do not demonstrate that



★ "Prisoners convicted of homicidal crimes (political or violence) ... be released on condition of stopping and arranging for the release of persons ... transferred by force and violence ... transferred ...

[illegible]

Gate Theater Screens a Psychedelicate Subject

By DAN SULLIVAN

Psychedelic art they call it—the attempt to suggest the psychedelic experience, or even to duplicate it, by using lights, shadows, colors and shapes, and of the so-called consciousness-expanding chemicals like LSD.

More and more psychedelic art—or, as its devotees call it, No-Art—is bound to show up in New York as public curiosity about the LSD experience grows. A current sample—seven short films collectively labeled "Psychedelia"—is available through Tuesday at the Gate Theater, at 162 St. Avenue (between 10th and 11th Streets).

About 200 persons came to Thursday night's show—a full house for the Gate. One reason for the large audience might have been the presence, that night only, of Dr. Ralph Metzner, an associate of Dr. Timothy Leary, the leading figure in the LSD movement.

Dr. Metzner spoke about psychedelic art and LSD. Their purpose, he said, is the same—"To produce an alteration of consciousness in the viewer." Ideally, he said, this alteration helps the viewer "to enlarge his vision of reality." But, "what you do with the effect is up to you."

Successful No-Art, said Dr. Metzner, must have the compelling quality of an LSD experience. Necessary ingredients are a feeling "of constant change and movement," a sense of "interrelated energies," a

sensation that the viewer is being drawn into a "center through which he can move to another dimension."

"You have to let yourself be pulled in," he told his audience. "Like LSD, if you struggle against it, you'll get nothing but the painful sensation of struggle."

Dr. Metzner said that one of the items on the program, Richard Aldcroft's "Infinity Machine," came as close to approximating the psychedelic experience as any No-Art he knew.

"Infinity Machine" is not a film but a kaleidoscopic device that projects an infinite series of changing colors and patterns on a screen. The effect, on one viewer, was that of watching a slow-motion film of a flower—sometimes a particularly poisonous-looking (maybe even carnivorous) flower—bursting sluggishly into bloom; shrinking back to bud; blooming anew with different petals in different colors.

On the Gate's small movie screen, the effect was interest-

ing, but not compelling. Seen with the special goggles that Mr. Aldcroft uses in his studio to focus the viewer's attention completely on the patterns, "Infinity Machine" might produce reactions closer to Dr. Metzner's description.

All of the films on the program were experimental, but not all, perhaps, were as directly related to the psychedelic experience as the billing would have it. The most interesting were Aldo Tambellini's "Black Is" and Storm De Hirsch's "Peyote Queen."

The first was a dazzling succession of black-on-white and white-on-black splotches, dots,

zig-zags and starbursts painted directly on the film. The second was as abstract but more photographically conceived, more varied, longer and in color. Both suggested that action painting may have found, in film, a home that suits it far better than canvas ever did.

The entire evening suggested something else: that psychedelic art demands better technical presentation than it can get at theaters like the Gate, if it is to overwhelm its viewers as it must. When the Cinerama people get hold of it—watch out.

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Dr. Timothy Leary Is Barred By Philadelphia TV Station

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1 (UPI)—Station KYW-TV announced today that it had canceled a scheduled appearance of Dr. Timothy Leary, proponent of the use of LSD, "in the best interests of our viewers."

Dr. Leary, former Harvard professor and founder of the League for Spiritual Discovery, was scheduled to appear on the station's "Contact" program next Thursday. Fred E. Walker, the station's general manager, said the appearance was canceled because teenagers and young adults "may be unduly influenced by Dr. Leary's remarks about his experience with the psychedelic drug."

Last Saturday, a 15-year-old boy leaped to his death from a sixth-floor apartment after tell-

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Last Saturday, a 15-year-old boy leaped to his death from a sixth-floor apartment after telling his mother that he had taken LSD.

Drug Experimenter Posts Bond and Heads for Jail

LAREDO, Tex., Dec. 25 (AP)—Dr. Timothy Leary of Milbrook, N. Y., an experimenter in hallucination drugs, his two children and two associates posted bonds of \$25,000 yesterday and left the Webb County Jail for New York.

Federal customs agent charged the five with possession of marijuana Thursday night after examining their



Depho Shapira

Leary and disciple: Sacramental trips

Two for the Show

Modern man has learned to take his religion wherever—and however—he finds it: on television, in coffeehouses and on the picket line. But even the sophisticates were startled last week at two new attractions that were going under the name of religion. Ex-Harvard psychologist Timothy Leary was offering LSDism, and Episcopal minister Malcolm Boyd trotted out a nightclub act:

Lean, handsome Timothy Leary sat cross-legged and barefoot in a white Hindu shirt and tapered white ducks last week on the stage of lower Manhattan's Village Theater and breathed an introit: "Pray that your minds may open like flowers and receive the message that we send to you in love."

Leary's message was an evangelical pitch for converts to his "League for Spiritual Discovery" (LSD, get it?), a new religion for the psychedelic set using d lysergic acid diethylamide and other "mind-expanding" drugs and plants as sacrament. Leary's league will guide initiates in achieving "chemically induced dialogue with the inner person."

The league's proposed liturgy is simple enough. Candidates need only fill out forms asserting that they have built a home shrine perhaps around a cruci-

RELIGION

ical religious experience by 1970. Our ultimate aim is to change the spiritual level of the U.S. and the world."

Less cosmically the league merely hopes to change current Federal and state laws that prohibit the indiscriminate use of hallucinating drugs. Leary himself is appealing a Federal sentence of 30 years' imprisonment for possessing marijuana in Texas. If the league can gain constitutional immunity as a recognized religion—the status now enjoyed by the peyote-drinking Native American Church—Leary and his LSDists will be free to turn on at will. For the moment, at least, Leary and his fifteen-member board of guides hope to spread the faith through weekly "psychedelic celebrations" without drugs.

Cult: Leary disclaims the role of messiah and, like a test-tube John the Baptist, suggests that "the movement's greatest spokesman may not even be born yet." But he has already discovered his Sadducees in the scientists who would confine LSD experiments to the laboratory and in those clergymen who oppose the "sacramental" use of LSD.

Ironically, however, the LSD cult may get its strongest support from a small group of scientists and theologians who think that LSD may be intimately connected with the chemical changes believed to accompany more orthodox mystical practices. Writing in the current *Journal of Religion and Health*, psychiatrist Walter Pahnke and theologian William Richards argue that it may be "better for a person to have a drug-facilitated experience of mystical consciousness . . . and serve other persons through the greater part of his life" than to pursue the austere life-consuming rites of prayer, fasting and self-denial practiced by conventional monks.

While Pahnke and Richards are sophisticated advocates of better living through chemistry, they—like Leary—fail to realize that orthodox Christian mystics are disciplined by love of a transcendent God, not desire for mystical experience in itself. Like the early Christian Gnostics, Leary spoke frequently during his psychedelic celebration of discovering "the Divine within." God? He rarely mentioned God.

C.L.U. AIDS DR. LEARY IN CHALLENGING RAID

New York Civil Liberties Union Dr. Timothy F. Leary, the experimenter with LSD, is challenging the legality of a police raid on April 17 at Dr. Leary's Castalia Foundation in Millbrook, N. Y.

There were 21 adults and 12 children in the rambling Victorian house when the police raided it on April 17 in search of drugs. Three adults were arrested on charges of possessing marijuana. Dr. Leary himself was arrested and indicted on a charge of possession of marijuana, which he denied.

Dr. Leary, a former psychologist at Harvard, who has gained national attention in connection with the use of LSD and the mind-expanding drugs under certain circumstances, charged for the first time that the women at Millbrook had been stripped naked and examined.

Allen Levine, a Civil Liberties Union lawyer, contended that the Millbrook raid was illegal because the warrant for it did not conform to legal requirements. The law, he said, provides for the issuance of a warrant only on the presentation of sufficient information to establish a basis for believing that a crime has been committed or is about to be committed. He said that Deputy Sheriff Charles Borchers had not submitted sufficient information, and what information he did present was attributed to an unidentified informant.

Mr. Levine said the asserted stripping and examination of the women was conducted by matrons, who were looking for needle marks.

LSD PSYCHOLOGIST ARRESTED AGAIN

Dr. Leary, the Ex-Harvard Teacher, Seized in Raid on Dutchess Mansion

NEW NARCOTICS CHARGE

Sheriff Reports Finding Bit of Marijuana Among the 30 Persons and 64 Rooms

By WILLIAM BORDERS

Special to The New York Times

MILLBROOK, N. Y., April 17 — Dr. Timothy F. Leary, the psychologist who was dismissed from the Harvard University faculty after experimenting with the drug LSD, was arrested on a narcotics charge in a raid on his rented mansion here early today.

He and three others were charged by the Dutchess County Sheriff with possession of marijuana. They were released on bail late this afternoon.

Dr. Leary, who is also free on bail pending an appeal of a 30-year prison term stemming from a Federal narcotics conviction last month in Texas, said that he was "outraged at this midnight invasion of my home." He asserted that he had been unaware that any narcotics were in the house.

The marijuana was said to have been found in an upstairs



Associated Press Wirephoto
Dr. Timothy F. Leary in custody in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

bedroom. Dr. Leary was arrested because he was in possession of the house, law-enforcement

LEARY ARRAIGNED IN NARCOTICS CASE

Released on Bail, He Terms
Raid 'Religious Persecution'

Special to The New York Times

MILLBROOK, N. Y., Dec. 11
Dr. Timothy Leary, the leader of what he calls a new religion based on the use of psychedelic drugs, smilingly surrendered today to the Dutchess County sheriff on narcotics charges.

Dr. Leary, who had just returned from a California honeymoon, wished Sheriff Lawrence M. Quinlan a cheery "Merry Christmas" after Mr. Quinlan read the charges in a surrender "ceremony" at Town Hall. He pleaded not guilty and was released on \$2,500 bail.

The charges stemmed from a raid on Dr. Leary's rented estate last Saturday in which five persons, including Dr. Leary's 18-year-old son, John, were arrested and charged with possession of illegal narcotics.

Dr. Leary was not on the grounds at the time, but he and the owner of the property, William M. Hitchcock, were charged with conspiracy to violate the narcotics provisions of the penal and public health laws and maintaining a public nuisance.

The 28-year-old son of the late Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player, surrendered to the Sheriff in nearby Poughkeepsie, at the county jail. He was also released on bail.

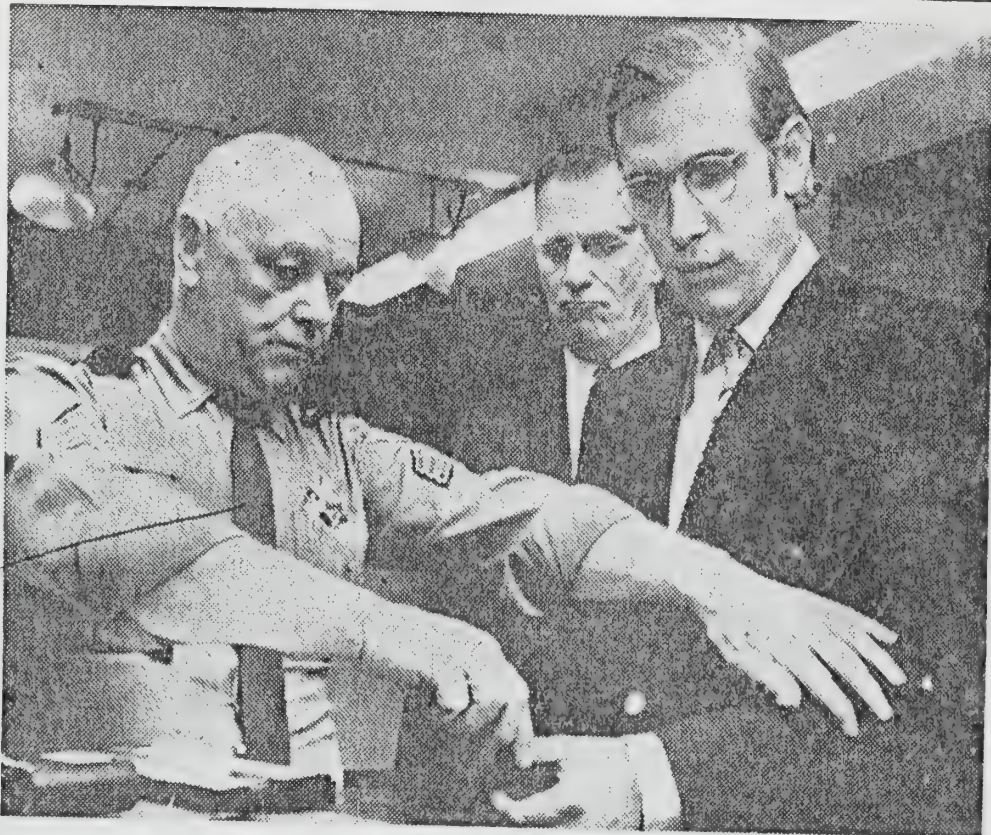
Living in California

A friend of Mr. Hitchcock, who rents the estate to Dr. Leary for a small fee, said Mr. Hitchcock had not been on the 2,500-acre estate in four months and had been living in Sausalito, Calif.

At a news conference following his arraignment, Dr. Leary said the most lamentable thing about the Saturday raid on his headquarters and the arrests was the fact that the police had cut his son's long hair.

Authorities said that according to jail rules, John Leary's hair had to be cut for "sanitary reasons." The youth was freed on \$1,500 bail yesterday.

Dr. Leary renewed his contention that the raids on his estate constituted "religious persecution." He said that the estate was a place of religious freedom.



Associated Press Wirephoto

LEARY'S HOST ACCUSED: William M. Hitchcock, owner of estate used by Dr. Timothy F. Leary, is fingerprinted at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after surrendering on narcotics conspiracy charges. He was released in bail. At rear is Sheriff Lawrence M. Quinlan.

Leary Drug Cult Stirs Millbrook

Peaceful Village Fears Influx of Addicts

By RALPH BLUMENTHAL

Special to The New York Times

MILLBROOK, N. Y., June 13

At the beginning of each school term, the students at Bennett College, a junior college for women here, are treated to a slide show featuring close-ups and pictures of Dr. Timothy Leary walking in the village. Featuring with this man, the students are warned, will mean expulsion. It is a measure of how seriously the people of Millbrook

The Talk are beginning to view the mysterious activities of their controversial neighbor. It will be four years in August since the silver-haired, jet-jawed Dr. Leary moved the headquarters of his psychedelic drug cult to a large private estate a mile outside

the little village of 1,700 nearoughkeepsie. Last September, Dr. Leary announced that he had founded a new religion called the League of Spiritual Discovery, its initials standing for the hallucinogenic chemical LSD [lysergic acid diethylamide] the use of which was to be a "sacrament" of the new religion.

Sentenced in Texas Dr. Leary's use and transportation of LSD as well as marijuana and other illegal substances, have led to several arrests. As a result of his activities, he has received a 30-year prison sentence in Texas, now under review by a Federal appeals court in that state.

Villagers along Millbrook's neat, well-washed main street still smile and say hello to Dr. Leary as he pads through town, barefoot or in sandals, to go shopping or pick up his mail, but their early bemusement with inhabitants of the 2,500-acre Leary compound is giving way to deep concern.

"Eventually," wrote Louise Tompkins, the local historian, in a letter published May 25 in the community newspaper, The Millbrook Round Table, "his protective attitude will draw drug addicts to Millbrook. When their money runs out, they will murder, rob and steal to secure funds with which to satisfy their craving. Then the crime wave will have reached Millbrook."

ON May 18, more than 300 residents—a large turnout by Millbrook standards—showed up at a school board meeting when it became known



The Rev. Malcolm Sawtelle, minister of Grace Episcopal Church, wants to approach the question of Dr. Timothy Leary sensibly—and to see his group leave.



Hamilton Fish Jr., a lawyer whose father was a Republican Congressman, is looking into legal situation.

John E. Kading, news and stationery dealer, joins those who think no one should be ousted unreasonably.

The New York Times (by Edward Hausner)

foot-8 minister of the Grace Episcopal Church and a prominent member of the citizens' steering committee. "But," he added, "I wouldn't be honest if I didn't say the hope is to get them out of town."

but there have been rumors it contained LSD.

In an earlier incident, on April 9, a Millbrook mother told Dutchess County authorities that her 18-year-old son was growing marijuana in flower

Oriental music drifting from the estate. His views were shared by John E. Kading, the news and stationery dealer; Al Maggiacomo, the cleaner, and others.

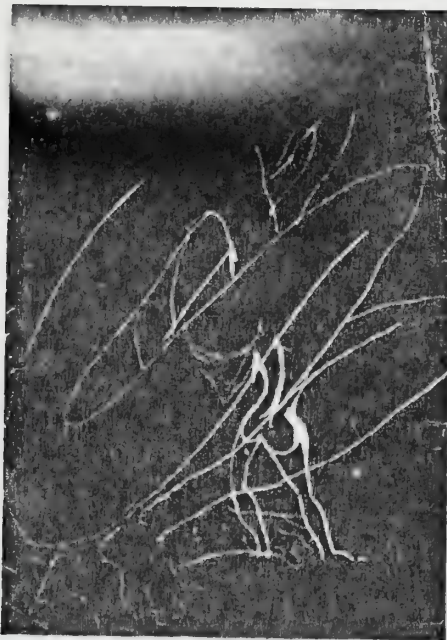
there was never about it. "Nothing make us move," The 46-year-old professor, for his LSD exp



Curious designs embellish Dr. Leary's



SHOW BUSINESS



SLIDE SHOW FROM "DEATH"



GUIDE LEARY

Weirdo, sexo, boffo.

NEW ACTS

Impresario Religioso

THE DEATH OF THE MIND, a psychedelic celebration presented by the League for Spiritual Discovery. At the Village Theater, Manhattan. \$3 (No Smoking.)

THE CAST

The Guide... Dr. Timothy Leary
Harry... Dr. Ralph Metzner

So says the program. As the show starts, guitars throb, drums thrump. On the screen, a bloated slide projection of Harry, the Imprisoned Intellectual, is suddenly swallowed into a great green greasy neon doughnut. "Can you float through the universe of your body?" wonders the Guide.

Obligingly, Harry slithers into a cauldron of bubbling body organs and coiling viscera. Now a gallery of all the women he has ever known flips on and off, on and off, mid-screen. "All girls are yours!" the Guide exclaims. He points to one, saying: "See her stamen trembling for the electric penetration of pollen." Then Harry is rudely thrust back into a dizzying montage. "The Neurological Chess Game" of everyday life. Abruptly he is told: "It's time to play the game of death." Harry reaches for a girl—and compulsively strangles her. A hangman dangles a noose before him, and Harry vaporizes into "the galaxy of the senses." The music stops. The shadow play is over. The special-effects spotlights and the ten slide and movie projectors momentarily cool it.

Parental Wrath. The uninitiated in the nearly full house of 2,500 people are still a little dazed by it all. But the Guide explains, "What we have relived to-

back to teach its truths to the waiting world."

The Guide ought to know. He is Dr. Timothy Leary, former Harvard professor whose experiments with psychedelic drugs aroused such parental wrath that he was dropped from the faculty (TIME, March 29, 1963). Since then, Leary has struck out on a one-man crusade aimed at making LSD and pot as American as apple pie. He is also trying to found a new religion. *Death of the Mind* is billed as the "first public worship service of America's first indigenous religious movement," the League for Spiritual Discovery. (The initials spell LSD, get it?)

As an off-Broadway potboiler, Leary's new show ought to be socko box office, as *Variety* might put it, although nabes in the sticks will be better off running *Tarzan* instead. For acid heads and the impressionable, however, Leary provides all the right production values: religioso gimmicks, weirdo music, sexo fantasy, all boffo. Following a run of twelve weekly performances



in Manhattan, Leary will open his show in California, which manages to be boffo, religioso, weirdo and sexo with or without LSD. The turn may not make psychedelic drug-taking and its kicks comprehensible to the average ticket buyer, but it ought to attract enough attention to pay the nut. That's O.K. as far as Producer-Star Leary is concerned. "Any money that we make," he says, "will be plowed back into the religion."

Leary Goes to Prison on Coast To Start Term of 1 to 10 Years

By STEVEN V. ROBERTS

Special to The New York Times

SANTA ANA, Calif., March 21—Dr. Timothy Leary, who hoped to make the world aware of the unsettling new letters —SD—has gone to prison for from one to 10 years here for possession of marijuana.

Superior Court Judge Byron McMillan, who refused to set bail after sentencing Leary this week, called the former Harvard psychology professor "an invidious menace" to society and a "pleasure-seeking, irresponsible, Madison Avenue advocate of the free use of LSD."

"What's wrong with wanting to be happy?" retorted George Chula, Leary's attorney. "I thought that was the whole basis of life."

LSD, the scientific abbreviation for one of a family of drugs, its proponents contend it expands human consciousness and sensitivity. Its critics believe it can have harmful physical effect and induce mental illness in already unstable personalities.

Leary, whose wife says he is "49 going on 5,000," is in the State Prison at Chino while his lawyers work on appeals and raise money to finance them.

The conviction in Santa Ana, the county seat of Orange County, came about six weeks after a Federal District Judge in Texas had sentenced Leary to 10 years on similar charges of possession of marijuana.

Teas Consecutive

The two sentences are set to run consecutively. Thus Leary faces a maximum of 20 years in all for possession of less than ounce of marijuana in the two cases combined.

The Texas sentence stems from the same incident several years ago in which Leary was given 30 years in jail for importing marijuana from Mexico.

That charge was unanimously thrown out by the Supreme Court in 1968, but Leary was then tried in Texas on charges of possession and convicted again.



Associated Press

Timothy Leary

elders contains very little joy and beauty."

Although he has been one of the prophets of rebellious youth, Leary is trying to close the generation gap, not expand it, his wife insisted.

"We're trying to give peace a chance," Mrs. Leary said, "and not escalate the polarization between the young and the old. We want to create a space in time in which the wisest and the sanest and the most humorous of our people can get together."

Timothy Leary, Drug Advocate, Walks Away From Coast Prison

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif., Sept. 13 (UPI)—Dr. Timothy Leary walked away today from a minimum security prison where he was serving a sentence for marijuana possession.

Leary, 45 years old, disappeared during the night from California Men's Colony West, a prison four miles west of this city midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco near the Pacific Coast.

His prison clothing — blue denim shirt and pants — and one of his socks were found a few days later in a service

seemed to indicate that Leary was met outside the prison by an accomplice after he scaled a 12-foot chain link fence topped by two strands of barbed wire.

Leary was convicted after he, his wife, Rosemary, 34, and his stepson, John, 20, were stopped by a policeman at Laguna Beach on Dec. 26, 1968.

Mrs. Leary, who lives in Berkeley, was convicted of possession of marijuana and LSD and put on five year's probation. John served a three-month sentence on the same charges.

Leary has also been sentenced to 10 years in Federal



Associated Press

SENTENCED IN HOUSTON
Dr. Timothy F. Leary after he received 10-year term in U.S. Court for smuggling marijuana in from Mexico

Leary Is Sentenced To a 10-Year Term In Marijuana Case

HOUSTON, March 2 (AP)—Dr. Timothy Leary was sentenced to 10 years in prison today for smuggling marijuana from Mexico into the United States.

Defense lawyers served notice of appeal. Leary was taken immediately to Santa Ana, Calif., where he faces sentencing for possessing marijuana.

He was sentenced here in United States District Judge Ben C. Connally, who called him a "menace to the court" who "openly advocated violation of the law."

Leary, 50 years old, received the sentence without exception. His 24-year-old wife, Rosemary, then kissed him in a long embrace.

Leary, formerly a Harvard psychology instructor, was convicted Jan. 20 in Laredo on smuggling charges. Earlier he had been sentenced to 10 years in Federal

Dr. Leary Arrested Here for Violating Narcotic Regulation

Dr. Timothy Leary, a leading exponent of the controversial hallucinatory drug LSD, was arrested yesterday at La Guardia Airport on charges of violating a narcotics regulation.

He was accused specifically with failure to register with Customs officials upon his return from Toronto. Any person convicted on a narcotics charge is required to report when he enters this country, and Dr. Leary was convicted of transporting and concealing marijuana in Laredo, Tex., earlier this year. He is appealing the verdict.

Dr. Leary was arraigned in Brooklyn Federal Court before United States Commissioner Max Schiffman and released without bail, pending action by a grand jury. The charge carries a maximum sentence of three years in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

Dr. Leary gave his address as Box 175, Milbrook, N. Y., and occupation as "president of a religious organization." He is the leader of the League of Spiritual Discovery, which is based on the use of LSD, peyote and marijuana.

He expressed concern over restrictions imposed by his arrest, explaining that he had speaking engagements throughout the country. Mr. Schiffman granted him permission to travel, providing he notifies United States Attorney Joseph



Associated Press

ARRESTED ONCE AGAIN:
Dr. Timothy Leary arriving at Brooklyn Federal Court.

Dr. Hoey in Brooklyn.

Dr. Leary faces up to 30 years in prison plus a \$30,000 fine on the Texas conviction.

His other purpose, Dr. Leary says, is to bring about the legalization of psychedelic drugs and marijuana under Constitutional guarantees of freedom of religion. The League will seek a declaratory judgment on the rights of members to use drugs in their "shrines" at home, citing a 1964 ruling by the California Supreme Court, which said that use of peyote in a religious ceremony did not violate state narcotic laws. The court set aside the conviction of three Navajo Indians for using peyote, a psychedelic drug derived from a cactus, because they were members of the Native American Church, an Indian sect that customarily uses the drug in its observances.

The use of psychedelic drugs and marijuana is forbidden under a variety of state and Federal laws. Dr. Leary himself is appealing a marijuana-possession conviction in the Federal courts, for which the sentence could be 30 years plus a fine. (On the other hand,

Dr. Leary says that one of his reasons for formally establishing the League of Spiritual Discovery is to give shape and meaning to the psychedelic experience. With-out such a program of guidance and meditation, he says, the spiritual energies released by the drug are wasted, and the experience becomes more pleasure-seeking than dangerous. (LSD) has in some cases triggered long-term psychotic reactions among borderline schizophrenics, and the possibility of permanent mental derangement and depression among ostensibly normal users remains a major concern).

Aim Is a Guidance Program

At the same time, the use of the drugs, as well as marijuana, which is usually described as a mild hallucinogen, has increased, despite their illegality, among the adventurous young, middle class and professional persons and the artistic and intellectual community.

In the past couple of years for thousands of persons. In the past couple of years descriptions of such "trips" to the inner world of the mind have become a staple of dormitory, coffee house and cocktail party conversation, particularly in the larger cities on the East and West Coasts. Scores of magazine articles and books have already been published on LSD and the other hallucinogenic drugs.

Such pronouncements have been made fairly often by a wide variety of self-proclaimed spiritual leaders. All but a few have been ignored or quickly forgotten. This would probably be Dr. Leary's fate as well, except for one fact: Lysergic acid diethylamide, which along with peyote and marijuana forms the "sacramental substance" of the new religion, has produced enormously pleasurable and seemingly illuminating mental states for thousands of persons.

He did not mention this movement at the first religious ob-

of them, in much the same way that do not seem to be receiving the attention they deserve.

Ousted Lecturer Jailed in Laredo On Drug Charge

LAREDO, Tex., Dec. 25 (UPI) — Dr. Timothy Leary, a lecturer who was dismissed by Harvard University in a controversy over research into hallucinatory drugs, was jailed with his two children and two other persons today on charges of possessing marijuana. Border patrol agents seized Dr. Leary, 45 years old, his son, John, 16, and daughter Susan, 18, as they crossed the border from Mexico. Arrested with them were Mrs. Rosemary Woodruff, 30, who said she was Dr. Leary's associate in a research foundation, and Charles Jaeger, 26.

Officials said two ounces of marijuana had been found in Susan's underclothing. Marijuana sweepings were found in their car, the officials said. United States Commissioner Jacob Hornberger set bail at \$10,000 for Dr. Leary, \$2,500 for his children and \$5,000 for Mrs. Woodruff and Mr. Jaeger. None raised it and they were sent to Webb County Jail pending grand jury action.

Dr. Leary has experimented with lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD, a hallucinatory drug. He and his companions gave Millbrook, N. Y. as their address. A Castalia Foundation operates at Millbrook for research into drugs.

Leary's Marijuana Sentence

THE NEW YORK

Drug Experimenter Posts Bond and Heads for City

LAREDO, Tex., Dec. 25 (AP) — Dr. Timothy Leary, a Millbrook, N. Y., experimenter in hallucination drugs, his two children and two associates posted bonds of \$25,000 yesterday and left the Webb County Jail for New York.

Federal customs agents charged the five with possession of marijuana Thursday night after finding two ounces of the narcotic in a silver snuff box concealed in the underclothes of Dr. Leary's 18-year-old daughter, Susan.

Charged with Dr. Leary are his daughter; a son, John Leary, 15; Charles Jaeger, 26, and Rosemary Woodruff, 30, who identified herself as a research associate of Dr. Leary's in New York.

CHARGES DROPPED AGAINST DR. LEARY

Drugs
LSD Exponent Wins Case
Upstate but Still Faces
Jail in U.S. Conviction

Special to The New York Times

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 23—Narcotics charges were dropped today against Dr. Timothy Leary, a leading exponent of the hallucinatory drug LSD, on the ground that recent court decisions affecting confessions and search warrants made it "extremely unlikely" that he could have been successfully prosecuted.

Indictments against the others arrested with Dr. Leary in April on charges of possession of marijuana were dismissed for the same reasons. The motion to drop the charges was made by Dutchess County District Attorney John R. Heilman Jr.

The three other defendants—Frederick Swain and his wife, Nancy, and Barry Kaplan—were arrested after a sheriff's raid on Dr. Leary's mansion in Millbrook, N. Y.

Center of Controversy

The mansion, used in the past for simulated LSD sessions, has been a storm center of controversy in Dutchess County. As many as 150 followers of Dr. Leary would arrive each week to participate in workshops concerning hallucinatory drugs. But no actual drugs were taken, according to Dr. Leary.

In moving for the dismissals of the indictments, Mr. Heilman told County Judge Raymond C. Baratta that Dr. Leary had agreed to dissolve these activities at Millbrook and "transfer them to New York City."

In an interview later, Mr. Leary said that he had already put an end to "public activities" at Millbrook. He said the decision had nothing to do with the charges and were not a "quid pro quo" for the dismissals. He said, however, that he and the other defendants had agreed not to bring damage suits against the county for the raid and the arrests.

Prosecution Agrees

Mr. Heilman said that the agreement to end public activities at Millbrook was not the basis for the dismissals but that he had asked for the agreement because he was "concerned about the influx of people who are prone to commit crimes."

He said he informed the judge of Dr. Leary's agreement to help him decide whether to permit the dismissals.

There was some dispute as to the basis of the dismissals. The district attorney placed much emphasis on alleged incriminating statements made by Dr. Leary and the others, which he said were now barred

in evidence unless the state was first warned of his intent to remain silent and off legal counsel, if necessary the expense of the state.

The other basis for the dismissals—the probable invalidity of the search and seizure—was the main reason the case was dropped, Mr. Garbus said. In an interview, Mr. Heilman said he thought that the difficulties with the search warrant might have made irrelevant the confession ruling, since if seizures were invalid the confessions were also invalid.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 29 (UPI)—The United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit upheld today a 30-year sentence against Dr. Timothy Leary, a leading exponent of hallucinatory drugs, for importing marijuana. The court said such offenses as importing LSD and marijuana were not necessary to relieve experience was necessary for the practice and that users were not deprived of their jobs when studies. Leary was convicted in a Federal District Court in Houston of illegally importing marijuana. But the sentence was suspended, and she was put on probation until the age of 21. Federal agents said they found about one-half ounce of the drug in Leary's car and on

Educator Arrested on Coast
NOGALES, Ariz., Sept. 29

the person of his daughter Susan, 18 years old. Leary, a former psychology instructor at Harvard University, said he used marijuana for religious purposes. Robert Ainsworth of New Orleans, who wrote the indictment, said there was no evidence that the use of marijuana was necessary for the practice and that users were not deprived of their jobs when studies. Miss Leary was tried separately and convicted of illegally importing marijuana. Also arrested were two students and a teacher at the Custom House. Custom House officers found two ounces of marijuana in their car and on

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1963

HARVARD DEBATES MIND-DRUG 'PERIL'

Psychologists Say Dean Errs
on 'Danger' of Stimulants

By FRED M. HECHINGER

Special to The New York Times

NEW YORK.

Two Harvard psychologists charged that statements made by the dean, in an effort to stop the use of such drugs among undergraduates, were "reckless and inaccurate" from the scientific point of view.

They added that action impeding experimentation at Harvard, other leading universities, medical schools and governmental health agencies had led to a "scientific underground in the United States" to evade social barriers and legal barriers.

Dr. Richard Alpert, assistant professor of clinical psychology and education and associate director of the Laboratory of Human Development, and Dr. Timothy F. Leary, lecturer on clinical psychology, fired back at recent warnings by Dean Monroe that "intellectual promotion" of the "consciousness-expanding" drugs constituted a serious hazard among students. The dean termed the drugs "mind-distorting."

Most prominent among these drugs are mescaline and LSD.

Dean Monroe acted with the full support of Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, director of the Harvard's health services and noted medical authority. The dean said there was "unanimity among our doctors" that these drugs are dangerous and might lead to serious mental illness.

These statements were challenged by the two psychologists in a letter to the Harvard University, which also had published the earlier warnings. They said that the "hysteria" about the effects of "consciousness-expanding" drugs constituted a danger to scientific research.

Held to Be Mild

While conceding that Dean Monroe's administrative responsibility "to pacify worries about undergraduates' activity," the psychologists charged that he was "ill-informed about the effects of these drugs."

Dr. Alpert and Leary described the changes produced in the mind by the "consciousness-expanding" drug as similar to those produced in the mind by the printed word or by the power of suggestion. They said that there was no factual evidence that "consciousness-expanding" drugs are uniquely dangerous. "A considerable evidence that they are safe and beneficial."

A MIND-DRUG LINK TO RELIGION SEEN

Ousted Harvard Aide Tells
Psychologists of Theory

By EMMA HARRISON

Special to The New York Times

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30—

A former psychology lecturer who left Harvard in a controversy over his experiments with the "consciousness-expanding" drugs, described religious experiences induced by these drugs to some Lutheran psychologists here tonight.

Dr. Timothy F. Leary said that the experience could produce a "changed man and a changed life."

He found, he said, that from 40 to 90 per cent of persons taking the drugs Psilocybin and LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) had reported intense religious experiences. This finding, he said, led to extensive consultation with religious leaders on the nature of this phenomenon.

More than 1,000 such "transcendental experiences," he went on, were "arranged" for the subjects, including 69 "full-time religious professionals," 37 of whom professed the Christian or Jewish faith and 32 of whom belonged to Eastern religions.

Dismissed From Harvard

Dr. Leary was dismissed from Harvard this spring when some of his experiments involving students provoked sharp controversy. He now heads the International Foundation for Internal Freedom at Cambridge, Mass.

The Rev. Dr. I. Victor Benson, director of psychological services of the Lutheran Ward of Theological Education, explained Dr. Leary's appearance at the dinner session it sponsored at the Bellevue-Stratton Hotel. He said it was related to the church's "overall interest in the psychological makeup of all of us."

Dr. Leary has often asked churchmen to help him understand the phenomena being observed, said Dr. Benson, who is also a psychologist. He added:

"So we are meeting with him as an interested group. There is certainly something going on here that we ought to know about."

In an interview before the session, Dr. Leary referred obliquely to criticisms of his work that followed the incident at Harvard.

"The generating impulse and the original leadership of I.F. I.F. (his foundation) came from a seminar on the religious experience and this fact may be related to the alarm which I.F. I.F. has aroused in some secular circles," he said.

Experts Puzzled

Dr. Leary said that three

Former Harvard Teacher Sent To Prison on Marijuana Charge

U.S. Jury in Texas Convicts

Dr. Leary, a Psychologist

—Daughter Also Guilty

LAREDO, Tex., March 11 (UPI)—Dr. Timothy F. Leary, a former Harvard psychology lecturer widely known for experiments with hallucination drugs, was convicted today on two marijuana charges and sentenced to a maximum of 30 years in Federal prison.

His 18-year-old daughter, Susan, was ordered sent to a Federal reformatory.

Federal Judge Ben C. Connally also fined the 45-year-old drug experimenter \$30,000. Miss Leary drew an indeterminate term. Both sentences were made subject to change based on psychiatric tests.

Dr. Leary was sentenced to consecutive, rather than concurrent, terms of 20 years for transporting marijuana and 10 years for failing to pay tax on marijuana.

Sentence Explained

In cases where a Federal judge feels he needs guidance from psychiatric tests before final sentence, he is bound to give the maximum sentence. Then, with the test results in hand, he can modify the sentence before it is final.

That was the case in Dr. Leary's trial. The jury determined his guilt and the judge pronounced sentence, subject to whatever the psychiatric tests tell him about Dr. Leary.

Dr. Leary and his daughter remained free under \$2,500 bond. He has said that she hopes some day to get back to the Barlow School, near Millbrook in upstate New York. Miss Leary, a senior, was on Christmas vacation when she and her father were arrested.

The marijuana tax case arises from a Federal law requiring a tax to be paid on marijuana brought across the border. A defense lawyer, John Fitzgibbon, said "Congress seems to be trying to put it out of existence by taxing it."

A jury in this city on the United States-Mexican border deliberated only 45 minutes before finding the former teacher guilty of the charges.

Appeal Is Planned

Defense lawyers said they would appeal.

Judge Connally gave Dr. Leary and his daughter 10 days to wind up their affairs. They planned to return immediately to their home in Millbrook. At the end of 10 days, the judge told Dr. Leary, he must submit to psychiatric examination at a Federal institution.

Miss Leary, who had waived a jury trial, was convicted by the judge of failing to pay a tax on marijuana. She was ordered to report to a Federal institution for psychiatric tests.

Dr. Leary, his daughter, his 16-year-old son, John and his



The New York Times

Dr. Timothy F. Leary

ran the Castalia Foundation in Millbrook. They said the foundation included a 3,000-acre estate with a five-story headquarters.

The foundation experiment with such hallucinogenic drugs as LSD and "sacred" mushrooms from Mexico.

The witnesses said there were religious figures, statues and pictures in almost every room of the Millbrook house. Dr. Leary said he used marijuana in experiments and for religious purposes.

Before the case went to the jury, Judge Connally dismissed a charge of smuggling marijuana against Dr. Leary. He dismissed charges of smuggling and unlawful transportation of marijuana against Miss Leary.

Harvard Recalls Statement

Special to The New York Times

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 11—A spokesman at Harvard University, asked about Dr. Leary's connection with the university, referred today to a statement made by the university's president, Nathan M. Pusey, on May 27, 1963. The statement said:

"On May 6, 1963, the Harvard Corporation voted, because Timothy F. Leary, lecturer on clinical psychology, has failed to keep his classroom appointments and has absented himself from Cambridge without permission, to relieve him from further teaching duty and to terminate his salary as of April 30, 1963."

Author's Extradition Sought

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11 (AP)—The novelist Ken Kesey's attempt to escape prosecution on marijuana charges became an international affair today. The Government moved to extradite him from Mexico.

A Federal warrant was issued charging the 30-year-old author with unlawful flight to escape prosecution.

Dr. Leary, his daughter, his 16-year-old son, John and his

the

Psychedelicatesse

By RICHARD R. LINGEMAN

The generation of Americans under the age of 30 is a mutant species, sharing territory with a dangerous, deviant species (i.e., those over the age of 30 who are addicted to power, control and violence).

—TIMOTHY LEARY, in an article titled "Turn On/Tune In/Drop Out"

RUMBLINGS are audible which suggest that the arrest of Dr. Timothy Leary, a former Harvard professor on two separate occasions for violations of the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 and the New York Narcotics Act, and his conviction, which he is appealing, on the first of these) has provided the small but growing group of potheads, psychedelics and other mutants in this country with a leader who has the charisma though not nearly the following, that the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. has among Negroes.

RICHARD R. LINGEMAN is executive editor of the satirical magazine *Monocle*. He is now working on a social history of the domestic front during World War II.

The focal points of their first foray into social action are the state and Federal laws making possession, transportation or sale of marijuana illegal. Dr. Leary's appeal represents the first major attack on these laws that has a modicum of a chance of succeeding. Whether or not it does succeed, the climate of opinion in the nation seems to be undergoing a gradual change in the direction of the liberalization of these laws. With the passage by the House of Representatives in early June of a bill modifying to a small extent the present Federal law, the first crack in heretofore solid stone has appeared.

There are other signs that Lady Hemp, *Cannabis sativa L.*, alias boo, pot, tea, grass, Mary Jane, greta, mta, reefers, sticks, joints, may be changing her image. Though she is a long way from acquiring respectability, a lot more people in America today are looking at her with a lot more tolerance than they used to.

To the psychedelics, marijuana is a benign consciousness-expanding drug

on the lowest level of a continuum of ecstasy culminating in LSD. To a growing number of medical men and scientists, Lady Hemp is a mild hallucinogen with a few virtues and some possible faults, who is nevertheless not the lurid temptress the moralists have painted her. To a small percentage of college and high-school students,* whether they have sampled her favors or not, and to anti-Establishment rebels, marijuana is a club of rebellion with which to belabor what Dr. Leary has called "the mid-

* Estimates of the extent of the use of hallucinogenic drugs in the New York metropolitan area vary widely. Dr. Louria (see box on facing page), who has suggested a "moratorium" on talk about the problem, says that his information shows that most by college students are exaggerating. He concedes that perhaps 15 per cent of local college students may have experimented with marijuana, but a report just issued by his committee declares: "We doubt that chronic abuse of marijuana [or] hallucinogens . . . in our colleges will be found . . . to exceed 5 per cent to 7 per cent except in isolated faculties, and in the overwhelming majority of our high schools this figure is undoubtedly less than 5 per cent."



A biweekly paper, *The East Village Other*, covers the psychedelic scene. Some of the staff are (on ladder) Walter Bower, publisher, and (clockwise) James Brodey, music critic; Bill Beckman, art director; Eve Babitz, office manager; Peter Leggieri, business manager, and Alan Katzman, managing editor.

dle-class, middle-brow, whisky-drinking people who make the laws in this country," otherwise known as parent or, simply, the Establishment.

To Federal and state narcotics officers, however, marijuana is the same old problem. And to the large majority of adults, whisky-drinking, otherwise, marijuana summons vague memories of movies called "Assassins of Youth" about dop addict, hop-talking jazz musicians seducing young girls, zoot-suited Mexicans and sex orgies in the Village.

What follows is an attempt to turn into the current talk about marijuana LSD and the like. No systematic survey is involved, but I think you find it fairly representative.

The Groove Corps! Sights, S. Cotton Candy, Cold Drinks, E Kool Aid—yes, & Psychedelic and Trips—Midnight til 2 A.M thru Sat., Warner Playhouse No. La Cienega, L.A., Calif.

—AD FOR A PSYCHEDELIC DISC
In the ballroom of the Op.
at 23 St. (Continued on 1)

Photographs by MIKI

Psychic-Drug Testers Living in Retreat

Scientists in LSD Dispute Accepted in Upstate Village

Special to The New York Times

MILLBROOK, N. Y., Dec. 14 — When they moved to this quiet Dutchess County village of 1,700 inhabitants in August, Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert made no splash in the placid waters of its disposition. They were generally regarded as agreeable men of neighborly demeanor and only vaguely of remarkable background.

Most residents did not begin to be fully aware of the men's renown until one after another of the major national magazines (Look, Esquire, Time, The Saturday Evening Post and others) appeared at the village newsstand with long, mostly complimentary, articles on the work the two men have done with hallucinogenic drugs.

Fascination with the effects that such drugs produce in the human consciousness cost them their positions as lecturers at Harvard earlier this year. Dr. Leary attempted to carry on his work by opening a combined resort and psychic drug research center in Mexico. This foundered in June when the Mexican Government expelled him for engaging in activities not permitted to a tourist.

The two psychologists are now living deep inside an enclosed 2,500-acre estate here. They have established another of their "transcendental" multi-family communities, with seven adults, six children, three dogs and seven cats, in a rented 53-room house with 10 baths. Dr. Alpert, 32 years old, is a bachelor, but Dr. Leary, 43, is married and has two children.

Another psychologist, Dr. Ralph Metzner, 27, and his family are working and living with them in a house at the end of a long private roadway lined with raggy old trees on an estate that once employed several dozen gardeners but has not been manured lately.

The house is an old white wood mansion with a wrap-around porch and a red brick chimney running up the front side. A big iron bell and a pumpkin flank the entrances to the porch.

Men Collate Research

The doctors say that they are doing no active research with what they call the "consciousness-expanding drugs." They are having no sessions in



The New York Times
Dr. Richard Alpert, left, and Dr. Timothy Leary chat with Mr. Leary's daughter Susan on a street in Millbrook, N. Y.

want to say when they had last been in a transport by their use.

Dr. Leary and Dr. Alpert are living in retreat from what they regard as the unwarranted hostility of the medical and psychological professions. They are living on savings, income from writing and the contributions of a few supporters. They are consolidating the results of their former very extensive research and are speaking occasionally before college and professional groups.

Dr. Leary has been president of the International Federation for Internal Freedom, but he said it was dissolved yesterday because restrictions on the use of the drugs had made it impossible for the group to set up centers where people could come for sessions.

He said that 500 persons had signed up for sessions in Mexico, but that the government had

drugs involves the right, right now, of thoughtful Americans to change their own consciousness," they say in a paper completed this week. The paper adds:

"The LSD experience is so novel and so powerful that the more you think you know about the mind, the more astounded and even frightened you'll be when your consciousness starts to flip you out of your mind. A new profession of psychedelic guides will inevitably develop to supervise these experiences."

Proponents say that the after benefits include a new understanding of beauty and art, more ability to be oneself, and a greater understanding of human relationships. Some speak of finding new directions for their lives.

Dr. Alpert said they had found that it was not psychiatrists and physicians who

Debate Over Right to Change Normal States Is Pressed

that institution, especially when some of the rebuffed students began to obtain hallucinogenic drugs from bootleggers who came to hawk them near Harvard Yard.

Now the 60-acre campus of Bennett College, a stylish and expensive two-year girls' school, is in walking distance of the former Harvard lecturers' transcendental manor.

"As a precautionary measure," the president, Donald A. Eldridge, has declared the estate "out of bounds" for Bennett's 330 students, who have been made to understand that expulsion might follow any violation of this rule.

There has been a good deal of talk in the village lately but residents have not been shaken in their equanimity. Many seem to regard the men and their work as separate entities; they like the former and are reserved about the latter.

The village newspaper, The Millbrook Round Table, seems to have set the tone of public reaction in an editorial it ran last month under the title, "No Witch Hunt Here."

It commended the men for "a wise and fair decision" in promising to eschew research here and it asked that both they and their families be accepted "solely on the basis of their actions in Millbrook," not by magazine reports.

The Rev. Edwin Daniels, minister of the Federated Church, said that people had been "very curious" and "somewhat concerned" since the magazine articles appeared in late October and early November.

Both men have a good deal of personal charm. They laugh readily and can be very entertaining in conversation.

"Before any of us knew who they were, they came into our stores and they were very, very pleasant people and we got to know them and like them very much," said Edward Maggiamomo, president of the Businessmen's Association.

"When the articles came out in The Saturday Evening Post and Esquire it didn't faze me a bit, nor any of the men. The relationship was exactly the same, just as if the articles were not printed," he said.

John Kading, owner for 20 years of the Corner News Store at the center of the small shop-



GOING NOWHERE FAST

The rat race, more or less

by Lawrence Shainberg

OF ALL THE RUNNERS in this year's New York City Marathon, the most unusual, by any estimate, will be among the group that calls itself "The Robert Wilson Brigade." Named after the esteemed dramatist (*Einstein on the Beach*, *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud*, et cetera), who is known among other things for his interest in "slow motion" and his use of tedium as a dramatic device, the Wilson Brigade is a group of runners who value slowness rather than speed. Like others in the race, they will measure their accomplishment by the time they take to finish, but these iconoclasts, recognizable by their electric-blue T-shirts with the turtle on the chest, will be the only participants for whom more is less and less more. A Wilsoner who runs the 26.2-mile distance in *less* than seven hours will be automatically suspended from the group. Several among their ranks point with pride to ten-hour marathons, and one claims to have used twelve hours, twenty-five minutes, forty-three seconds to complete the Boston Marathon last April.

The brigade was formed by T. Krishna Murphy, a thirty-four-year-old Irish-Indian (Irish father, Indian mother) from Madras. An accomplished distance runner in college, Murphy, or T.M., as he is known to his disciples, turned his attention to

the marathon after graduation and, before his conversion to Slow Distance, had lowered his time to a very respectable 2:23:21 (at Muscle Shoals, in 1972). The revelations that led to Wilsoning came to him in January, 1974, when an interview with Frank Shorter appeared in *Runner's World*. The statement that impressed Murphy was in reply to a question concerning marathon speed. "It may well be," Shorter said, "that a slow marathon takes more out of you than a fast one. Don't forget: the slower your time, the longer you have to endure." T.M. says this statement changed his life, leading him to his now famous theory that speed is a narcotic, a drug we use to escape anxiety. "If slow marathons are harder than fast ones, why do we reward those who run fast? I say it is because speed is an expression of our cultural disease, the embodiment of a technological ethos that makes us rush through our lives as if we can't wait to get them over. Shorter made me understand that the real challenge is to run slow, not fast."

Murphy turned his training pattern inside out. His morning ten-mile run, which three months before had required sixty-three minutes, became a fifteen-miler that took four hours. To eliminate what he calls the "problem" of his long stride, he designed a special belt that he tied to his legs and

shortened gradually until, after nine months, he had brought his stride down from the forty-seven inches his coaches had admired to its present fifteen inches, which he calls "the no-stride" (this belt, incidentally, was marketed last winter by Tao Industries of Northern California under the trademark "Krishnabelt").

His new training was far more difficult, he says, than anything he'd done before. There was less physical pain (any workout that contains physical pain he calls "pathological") but in its place was an insufferable boredom that delighted him. "There are those who fear boredom and devote their energies to avoiding it," he wrote, "but not us, not Wilsoners. We welcome it! Tolerance for boredom is tolerance for anxiety, and that's what we seek to develop. Not leg strength or some brute, macho fantasy of courage, but patience, tranquility, an ability to be present in any given time and space, a freedom from the need for entertainment and distraction. That's why Wilsoners don't go to movies or watch TV. For us such behavior is merely speed in other forms."

Although just forty-seven runners

Lawrence Shainberg is a novelist and the author of *Brain Surgeon: An Intimate View of His World*, published in June by Lipincott.



will compete under the Wilson banner in the New York marathon, the brigade claims a membership of 234 from nineteen countries, including the People's Republic of China and Tibet. Murphy is confident that Wilsoners will become a substantial presence in the world of international athletics. In his view, the brigade is a revolutionary movement, a reaction against widespread disease. "People go out to track meets and cheer the sprinters. Can you imagine? That's like cheering junkies when they shoot up. Speed is the death instinct concretized! The 100-meter dash is psychodrama, an experiment in group psychosis. And the idea of running a marathon against the stopwatch is comparable to measuring sexual capacity by the speed with which you can reach orgasm. What we're after, if you like, is making love as long as possible."

Scientific support has come from Charles "Baba" Limbic, the radical Romanian neurophysiologist whose work with rats confirms most of the hypotheses that led to Wilsoning. Limbic, famous for his work on the "neurology of desire" and "impatience" and especially his identification of the particular cell-bundles in rats' brains that are responsible for "ambition," had discovered Slow Distance independently when he found that rats on slow exercise wheels were "neurologically superior" to those on fast wheels. By "neurological superiority" he meant of course that their "ambition-centers" were smaller and that they were therefore less "anxious" and more "content." Others have questioned this definition, but Limbic claims proof of it through autopsy. Indeed, last winter he published photographs taken by electron microscope that purport to compare the "ambition-centers" of rats from different wheels and to demonstrate conclusively the superiority of "Wilsonian" over "conventional" rats.

THE ULTIMATE MEASURE of Wilsoning's success may lie in the fact that, like all important movements, it has spawned its own dissidents. Three groups that have attracted particular attention are the "Giacomettis," who not only take their name from the great Swiss sculptor but attempt in races to

emulate his work; the "Neurologists," who consider themselves Limbic's disciples; and the "Neurowilsoners," who claim they have joined Murphy's original vision to that of the Neurologists.

Giacomettis believe they have found the ultimate realization of Slow Distance. Says their founder, the Tibetan monk Chogyam Pumaddidas, "If the problem is motion, why indulge it?" For Pumaddidas and his disciples, the true anxiety for a runner lies in "not-running," and the ultimate drug, therefore, is running, slow or fast. Thus, Giacomettis, like other runners, congregate around the starting line at races, but take only one step beyond it, whereupon they freeze in poses similar to Giacometti sculpture. These poses, which Pumaddidas calls "asanas," will be held for lengths of time approximating Wilsonian levels, anywhere from five to twelve hours, during which Giacomettis, in order to maximize their anxiety, attempt to imagine every step of the race they are "not-running." Some are said to be so successful in this enterprise that they suffer injuries comparable to those of conventional runners. Pumaddidas himself came out of last year's Boston Marathon, which he did not run for nine hours, with a case of "runner's knee" and a severe hypoglycemic condition. Injured or not, Giacomettis—or Giacs, as they call themselves—who hold their poses for five hours or more are said to "realize" the race, and they have their own medals with which noncompetitors are honored.

If Giacs have extended Murphy's laws, the Neurologists, according to their spokesman, a Japanese neurochemist who studied with Baba Limbic and has for the past few years called himself "Medullah," have revealed their ultimate absurdity. For Medullah, the problem of speed is the problem of the brain, specifically the universal condition that he calls "Here-There-Aphasia." HTA, as it is known in the vernacular, is the devastating delusion that "here," a function of the right hemisphere, and "there," a function of the left, are different places. In effect, speed is an inevitable symptom of an asymmetrical brain, for once the hemispheres are divided against each other, animals so afflicted will rush desperately from one place to another in search of unification.

Says Medullah (whose English, according to his disciples, is not so much "broken" as "neurologically symmetrical"): "Brain problem, not speed. Not running not enough. Not speed not happen not so quick." After years of work, Medullah devised a series of experiments in Limbic's laboratories that led him to confirmation of his theory and, eventually, to "Neurologizing." Through selective breeding, he developed a species of rat that had a brain as asymmetrical as a human being's, with correspondingly large "desire-bundles" and "ambition-centers." When released on exercise wheels, such rats (called "Olympians" in papers published by Medullah) will run with maximum speed until exhausted. Retaining one group of Olympians for control studies, Medullah strapped another into specially designed harnesses that held them in suspension above the wheel so that, while their bodies remained motionless, their feet were always "racing." The idea of course was to "fool" the rats into thinking they were in motion. "Brain thinking moving," Medullah explains, "but brain mistaking. Thinking 'here!' thinking 'there!' but look! Always here!" Kept in harness throughout their lives, these rats, upon autopsy, were found to have no "desire-bundles" whatsoever. What is more, their brains were so much "of a piece" that no demarcation could be found between the hemispheres.

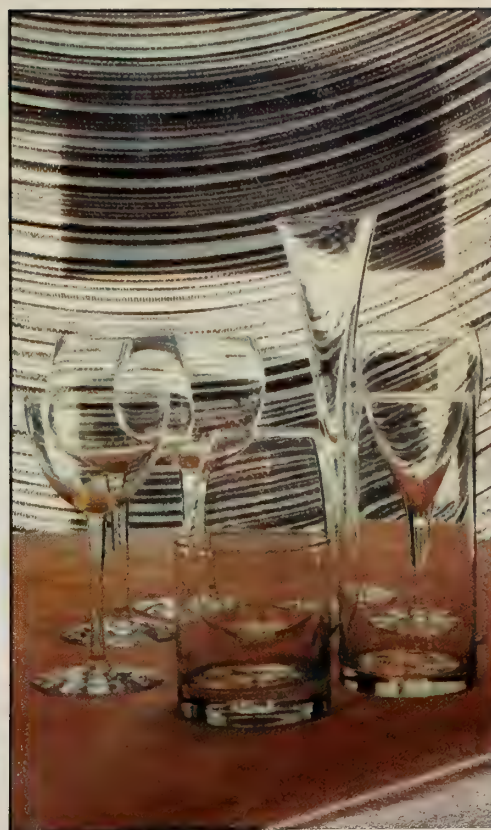
Since the harness was impractical for human beings under normal racing conditions (Medullah has built several, which, used in conjunction with conveyor belts, are featured attractions at the Neurologists' training camp in the Catskills), Medullah devised a method of running that he believes will accomplish the same healing process in the human brain that the harness accomplished in the rats'. Neurologists bring deck chairs to the starting line and sit in them throughout the race. They are trained to keep their eyes closed and to move no part of their bodies except their feet, which, like harnessed rats, they tap softly on the ground as if they're running. According to Medullah, this subtle action has an uncanny effect on the brain, setting the motor regions at war against the reflective centers, exciting in the "here-region" a continuous sense of abandonment, in the



The Four Seasons's decor is so marked by integrity, it's practically *defiant*. Leather, chrome, marble—the real goods abound.

The Bar Room menu, summer of '79

APPETIZERS Pike and Salmon Paté 4.95 Seiche de Bay Scallops 4.25 Chilled Melon 3.75 Shrimp Cocktail 6.75 Little Necks or Cherrystones 4.25 Marinated Salmon 5.95 Chilled Gazpacho 3.95 Summer Vegetable Soup 3.25		ENTREES GRILLED ON CHARCOAL Today's Fish 15.25 Bar Room Burger with Creamed Spinach 9.75 Bay Scallops 13.50 A Skewer of Shrimp and Chipolata Sausage 12.50 Gravlax with Dill Sauce 14.50	
COLD ENTREES Sirloin Tartar 12.75 Bar Room Chef's Salad 9.50 Chicken Salad 12.50 Avocado and Shrimp Salad 13.50 A Platter of Prosciutto and Bänderfleisch 14.50		THE BAR ROOM PAILLARDS: Veal 13.50 Beef 13.50 Chicken 10.50 Lamb 14.50 Thin Cal's Liver with Sage Butter 12.50 Entrecôte with Crisped Onions 13.50 Chopped Lamb Steak with Chutney 10.50	
		SALADS Four Seasons Slaw 2.95 Mixed Greens 2.95 Zucchini with Basil Vinaigrette 3.50	
		DESSERTS Berries with Crème Fraîche 3.95 Bar Room Chocolate Cake 2.50 Bruno's Daily Special 2.50 Today's Sherbets 2.50 Coffee or Espresso 1.00 Cover 1.00	
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Floor-to-ceiling window chains (anodized aluminum) are kept continuously moving by gentle air jets. Dining room accessories were designed by Garth and Ada Louise Huxtable.



The center of power: Requests for reservations are received at this desk. Here, a courteous voice bids you good morning, takes down your name, informs you that you will be called back soon for confirmation. A caller's fate is thus put on hold. Years of hard work are put on ice. You have come to a landing on the stairway to clout. You fidget for a second before returning to work. You put off calling your lunch guest. (Worst comes to worst, there's La Gratiuity down the street—you can *always* get in there.)

It's 11:30 A.M. Do you know where your career is? **HH**



Skylab Falling in Blaze of Predictions

Washington

An eminent British scientist says his government team has a better idea than the Americans of when Skylab will fall. So does an

Indian astrologer. Both say they've been right before.

As of yesterday, the best prediction the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration

could make was that Skylab would re-enter Earth's atmosphere between July 10 and 14, with July 12 the most likely date.

At Farnborough, England, sci-

entists at the British government's Royal Aircraft Establishment predicted Skylab would crash July 14.

Desmond King-Hele, chief scientific officer at Farnborough, told

the British Press Association that as re-entry approaches, he will be able to predict within one hour when it will be.

King-Hele said his group has

been right before about Skylab.

When the 80-ton space laboratory was launched in 1973, the British team said it would have a six-year life span, contradicting American scientists who said it would stay aloft 10 years.

King-Hele said that unlike NASA, the British team took into account sunspot activity, which affects the density of the outer atmosphere and the life span of a satellite — and got its mathematics right.

In India, astrologer Pandit Shiv Kumar Jaitly also was making predictions. He said Skylab would land in Siberia between July 9 and July 13 and cause no damage to life or property. The prediction was reported in a dispatch from Amritsar in the Statesman newspaper, which said the astrologer had forecast correctly former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's defeat in the 1977 general election.

On a hopeful note, it also said Dr. Ramakant Misra, a yoga teacher in Lucknow, has been trying since Monday to move the Skylab out of its orbit with his "inner force," and claims 95 per cent success so far.

In China, which has launched its own satellites, the newspaper People's Daily conveyed little alarm last Friday when it reported the impending breakup of Skylab. It said three-fourths of its orbit is over ocean, and U.S. scientists hope to influence where it falls.

"Since 1957," it said, "thousands of manmade objects already have crashed to earth." It noted, however, that this one is especially large.

In Bangkok, a leading Thai astronomer was less sanguine about space achievements. Professor Ravi



AP Wirephotos

leader of a motorcycle gang (center, in T-shirt) checked the murder scene with police

g Motorcyclists Massacred

found the bodies.

Violence has been a feature

Air Traveler's Crusade to Click Out Cults

By Steve Rubenstein

Mitch Egan, a man to be reckoned with, grabbed a handful of metal frogs yesterday at San Francisco International Airport and launched his war of revenge.

"If God wants a dollar from me, He can ask me for one," said Egan, clicking his frog with passion.

The frogs are actually small noisemakers, the kind handed out at New Year's parties. Egan is giving them away in the hope that fellow travellers who find themselves pestered by religious solicitors will, instead of coughing up money, click their frogs and force a retreat.

"I'm going to stop 'em," said Egan. "I'm half crazy. I'm the number one frog. I'm Froggy One."

Egan, a restaurant consultant who flies frequently on business, said that unsolicited carnations, smile buttons and flags-on-a-toothpick have, of late, put 16 holes in his favorite lapel.

"And those toothpicks," he added, "make big holes."

The final straw came last month in Los Angeles.

There, Egan saw a woman of 20 harassing a 65-year-old woman — who reminded him of his mother — until finally, with a look of complete helplessness, she forked over \$2.

"What would happen if my mother was subjected to that?" he said, with a slight shudder.

The name of Egan's one-day-old group is FROGIE — which stands for Fellowship to Resist Organized Groups Involved in Exploitation.

Egan said it took him a half hour to find words whose first letters would come out spelling FROGIE, but since he had already bought 144 frogs, at \$7.20, he didn't want to blow his investment.

He and three assistants spent most of yesterday passing out frogs and leaflets in the airport's three terminals. Nearly everyone gave them a warm welcome. A gaggle of flight attendants walked by and yelled, "Yay, FROGIE," and airport cops dropped by for friendly chats.

Conspicuously absent were the Hare Krishna disciples themselves, who had shifted their base of operation to the Alameda County fair for the day.

But Krishna spokesman Sri-man Pandit, reached at the sect's Berkeley headquarters, said, "We're just going to have to go out and meet the people with the clickers."

"Some people will resort to anything to get rid of us," he added. "Have a nice day."



By Jerry Telfer

MITCH EGAN WITH A METAL FROG
"If God wants a dollar, He can ask for one"

Gain Still Has Friends at Top

San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein faces a possible showdown with recalcitrant members of the Police Commission if she decides to dump embattled Police Chief Charles Gain.

Police Commission President Richard J. Siggins reiterated his support for Gain yesterday amid published reports that the mayor has already expressed no confidence in the chief and would like to see him resign his stewardship of the dissension-wracked department.

Feinstein, who has issued no public declarations on Gain's fate in the two weeks since her return from China, remained silent yesterday. Her press secretary, Mel Wax, said, "She's making no statement on Gain."

In a situation described by one source as "fluid," attention has increasingly focused on the five-member Police Commission.

The City Charter invests the commission — and not the mayor — with the power to dismiss the chief of police, giving rise to speculation that Feinstein may have to replace the commission if she wants Gain out and the present commissioners don't comply.

That became a real possibility yesterday when Siggins indicated at the commission's sentiments have remained unchanged since its unanimous vote of confidence in

the Police Officers Association's overwhelming vote of no confidence in Gain, which prompted the commission's vote of confidence.

Hot-Spa Deaths Spur Drive for Federal Controls

BY JERRY BELCHER

Times Staff Writer

The strange simultaneous deaths of a Simi Valley husband and wife in their overheated hot spa last spring have stirred up investigations that could result in federal health and safety regulations on the booming hot tub industry.

An investigation of the deaths of the Simi Valley couple was completed this week by the federal Consumer Product Safety Commission, which now also is looking into unconfirmed reports of at least four other fatalities and a near-drowning in hot tubs or spas elsewhere in the country.

A spokesman for the agency in Washington said he could not yet reveal the findings in the Ventura County case, nor could he give any further details on the other unconfirmed hot-tub mishaps.

When the swimsuit clad bodies of 58-year-old Wesley La Roza and his 53-year-old wife, Helen, were found sitting side by side in their backyard spa last May 15, authorities at first suspected possible foul play.

But on May 22, after extensive toxicological tests, the Ventura County coroner's office attributed their deaths to hyperthermia—in effect, heat stroke brought on by the excessively high temperature of the water in the spa—complicated by high blood pressure.

The tragedy was widely reported as the first deaths since the hot-tub fad got under way in California in the early 1970s.

At the time it was reported that there was no indication that either had been drinking.

However, in a "Summary, Statement and Recommendations" just released by the coroner's office, it was revealed that both had been drinking heavily.

The coroner's office said that La Roza's blood alcohol content was .41, his wife's .32, and that both succumbed to a combination of hyperthermia, ethylism (alcohol poisoning) and heart disease.

By generally accepted standards, persons with a blood alcohol concentration of .40 are at or beyond the point of passing out, and death may occur at between .5 and 1.0.

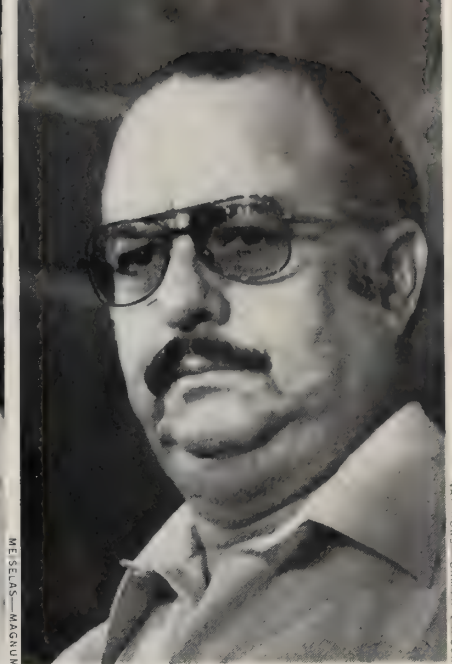
"A reconstruction of the events indicates that the couple had been drinking heavily," according to the summary. "Once in the tub, the temperature of the water progressively increased, the occupants relaxed & fell asleep; the water temperature continued to increase. The tub was turned off (24 hours later, when the bodies were found) by the Fire Department. One hour later, the temperature of the water was measured and found to be 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

"A label, plainly visible on the side of the tub, recommended that the water temperature should be kept below 104 degrees. The tub also was equipped with a thermometer. Pamphlets supplied with the tub advised users to check with their physicians before changing the thermostat and increasing the heat. Examination of the thermostat indicated that it had been readjusted and that if the heat were kept on, the temperature . . . would climb to 130 degrees."

The Ventura County coroner's report made four recommendations:



Sandinista guerrillas behind barricades during battle for control of Esteli



Somoza in Managua

World

NICARAGUA

Somoza on the Brink

As the dictator readies his exit, he leaves behind a ruined land

The question no longer began with an if or a maybe. Last week even his top advisers were asking themselves not whether but on what day President General Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza Debayle would step down; rumor swirled throughout war-torn Nicaragua that his leave-taking was hardly hours away. Finally, Somoza himself spoke. "I am like a tied donkey fighting with a tiger," he said in a subdued voice at week's end, referring to his war with the Sandinista National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.). "Even if I win militarily, I have no future." He thus went ahead and placed his own future with the U.S., allowing Washington to decide the best time for his departure. Indeed, Somoza had already abandoned the ultimate demand that had kept him in Managua for the past two weeks: he no longer required assurances that members of his 12,000-strong national guard would not suffer reprisals once he was gone. He admitted, sadly, that he was "in no position now to impose anything. I am not negotiating."

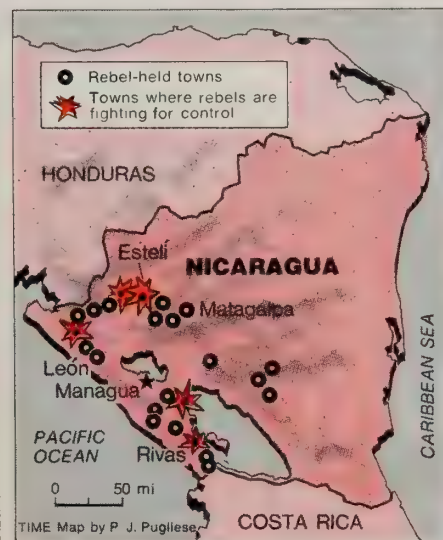
The burly dictator actually had begun the week like a tiger, directing the battle against the Sandinistas from his concrete bunker in the country's ravaged capital of Managua. In effect, he was trying to buy bargaining time with firepower, but without much success. Early in the week, guerrilla forces added the strategic highway town of Sebaco to their growing list of occupied places. They also de-

stroyed the last national guard garrison in Matagalpa and closed in on Chinandega, one of two major cities in northern Nicaragua not controlled by the rebels. In a desperate attempt to break the Sandinista noose that was tightening around Managua, Somoza launched a major attack against Masaya, 20 miles south of the capital; the government offensive included heavy bombing and strafing as well as the deployment of hundreds of troops from the capital.

Farther to the south, rebel forces nearly captured the town of Rivas before So-

moza ordered an additional 300 troops airlifted in from Managua. Rivas, only 22 miles from the Costa Rican border, is of particular importance to the Sandinistas since they favor it as their provisional capital. If they succeeded in seizing the city, 1,000 government troops would be trapped between Rivas and the Costa Rican border, where an equally large contingent of guerrillas is entrenched. At week's end the Sandinistas had also captured the city of Jinotepe, and were battling for control of Esteli and Granada.

Meanwhile, the Carter Administration continued its scramble to devise a political solution that would be acceptable to both Somoza and the Sandinista-sponsored Junta of the Government of National Reconstruction. Washington's major worry about the junta, which set up temporary headquarters in a bungalow in San José, Costa Rica, is that two of its five members are leftists who may want to establish a Cuban-style Marxist regime in Managua. Hoping to ensure a more broad-based, and thus more democratic, future government for Nicaragua, Washington two weeks ago sent its new ambassador, Lawrence Pezzullo, to Managua and a veteran diplomat, William G. Bowdler, to San José with a proposal: Somoza would resign and be replaced by an interim government composed mostly of moderates but including some Sandinistas as well as pro-Somoza conservatives. That plan was rejected by the rebel



The Best Is Yet to Come

No science writer in modern times has done more to capture the excitement and significance of space exploration than British-born Arthur C. Clarke. Author of more than 40 works of fiction and non-fiction (2001: A Space Odyssey, Rendezvous with Rama), the prolific futurist has also had the pleasure of seeing some of his imaginative ideas come true, including the establishment of worldwide communications satellites, which he forecast in 1945. Clarke, who is chancellor at the University of Sri Lanka at Moratuwa, last appeared in the pages of *TIME* a decade ago, when man was about to take his first steps on the moon. Here he assesses the future:



Space fantasy: scene from the movie *2001*

When Neil Armstrong stepped out onto the Sea of Tranquility, the science-fiction writers had already been there for 2,000 years. But history is always more imaginative than any prophet. No one had ever dreamed that the first chapter of lunar exploration would end after only a dozen men had walked upon the moon.

Yet it was not the first time that ambition had outrun technology. In the Antarctic summer of 1911-12, ten men reached the South Pole, and five returned. They used only the most primitive of tools and energy sources—snowshoes, dog sleds, their own muscles. Once the pole had been attained, it was abandoned for nearly half a century. And then, in the 1957-58 International Geophysical Year, men came back with all the resources of modern technology. Aircraft and snow cats carried the new explorers swiftly and safely over the frozen hell where Robert Falcon Scott perished with his companions. For 20 years now, summer and winter, men and women have been living at the South Pole.

So it will be with the moon. When we go there again, it will be in vehicles that will make the Saturn 5—for all its staggering complexity and its 150 million horsepower—look like a clumsy, inefficient dinosaur of the early space age. And this time, we will stay.

In 1969 the giant multistage rocket, discarded piecemeal after a single mission, was the only way of doing the job. That the job should be done was a political decision, made by a handful of men. As William Sims Bainbridge pointed out in his 1976 book *The Spaceflight Revolution; a Sociological Study*, space travel is a technological mutation that should not really have arrived until the 21st century. But thanks to the ambition and genius of Wernher von Braun and Sergei Korolev, and their influence upon individuals as disparate as Kennedy and Khrushchev, the moon—like the South Pole—was reached half a century ahead of time.

We have bequeathed the solar system to our children, not our great-grandchildren, and they will be duly thankful. At the very least, this gift will enable them to look back on such transient crises as energy and material shortages with amused incredulity.

For the resources of the universe that is now opening up are, by all human standards, infinite. There are no limits to growth among the stars. Unfortunately, there is a tragic mismatch between our present needs and our capabilities. The conquest of space will not arrive soon enough to save millions from leading starved and stunted lives.

Thus it is all the more urgent that we exploit to the utmost the marvelous tools that space technology has already given us. Even now, few Americans realize that the skills, materials and instruments their engineers devised on the road to the moon have paid for themselves many times over, both in hard cash and in human welfare.

Never again will hurricanes smite without warning, after building up their strength unnoticed in the open sea. Every storm that moves upon the face of the globe is now watched by meteorological satellites, to which thousands already owe their lives.

Thanks to communications satellites, the "global village" is no longer a figure of speech. Yet the "comsat" revolution has barely begun. In a few decades it will have solved traffic congestion and rotting cities by making possible a world in which people can live anywhere they please, doing 90% of their business electronically, at the speed of light.

From their perches in orbit, Landsats and Seasats allow us to look at our planet with new eyes, surveying instantaneously all its agricultural, mineral and hydrological resources. And, equally important, monitoring their misuse.

The rockets that launched all these systems will soon be replaced by the space shuttle, which will reduce the cost of reaching orbit to a fraction of today's figures. Though the shuttle is only a modest first step, the story of aviation will repeat itself beyond the atmosphere. Many of you now reading these words will be able to buy a ticket to the moon at a price equivalent to a round-the-world jet flight today.

But the moon is only the offshore island of earth. We now know, thanks to our robot explorers, that the other children of the sun are more fantastic places than we had ever dreamed. The Voyager reconnaissance of Jupiter's giant moons has revealed what is virtually a whole new solar system of baffling complexity.

Man has always found a use for new lands, however hostile. A century before Apollo, Secretary of State William Seward was being castigated for wasting \$7.2 million to buy a worthless, frozen wilderness. Today, most Americans would consider Alaska quite a bargain, at 2¢ an acre.

We will not have to buy the planets from anyone. The main expense will be getting to them. And now there has appeared on the horizon an idea that may ultimately make space transport so cheap that if a million people a day want to commute to the moon, they can do so.

It is nothing less (don't laugh) than a space elevator. First conceived by a Leningrad engineer, Yuri Artsutanov in 1960, it was reinvented by a group of American scientists a decade later. There is no doubt that in theory at least it would work.

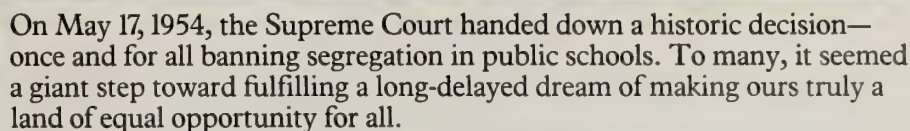
Today's comsats demonstrate how an object can remain poised over a fixed spot on the equator by matching its speed to the turning earth, 22,320 miles below. Now imagine a cable, linking the satellite to the ground. Payloads could be hoisted up it by purely mechanical means, reaching orbit without any use of rocket power. The cost of operations could be reduced to a tiny fraction of today's values.

We could not build such a cable today. But materials that could do the job have been produced, though so far only in microscopic quantities—as were the first samples of penicillin, and of plutonium. When anything is needed badly enough, man finds ways of making it.

Ten years ago, it was my privilege to write the epilogue to Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins' own account of their mission, *First on the Moon*. I would like to repeat now the closing words: "It may be that the old astrologers had the truth exactly reversed, when they believed that the stars controlled the destinies of men. The time may come when men control the destinies of stars."

— Arthur C. Clarke

A large black and white photograph of a crowded march. Many participants are holding signs demanding equal rights, jobs, decent housing, and an end to segregated rules in public schools. The crowd is diverse in age and appearance, and the atmosphere appears energetic.



In a major two-part report, CBS News examines the quality of life for black Americans today, focusing on Mississippi and Philadelphia. Correspondent Ed Bradley presents a powerful, often disturbing in-depth picture of a people in transition—struggling to escape the repression of a tragic past, fighting for the promise of a better tomorrow.

PART I TUESDAY, JULY 24 8PM (EDST)
PART II WEDNESDAY, JULY 25 8PM (EDST)

Sex in the Kremlin's Shadow

The Revolution has not yet reached as far as the bedroom

A despondent husband wonders why his wife fails to respond to him during lovemaking. To his genuine astonishment, he learns from a physician that he was not accomplishing much of anything by stimulating his wife's navel. The naive husband may sound like a caricature concocted at a sex therapists' meeting, but for Mikhail Stern, a dissident Soviet physician now living in France, the story is poignantly symptomatic of the woeful sexual lives of most Soviet citizens.

Though the Kremlin is energetic about publishing statistics on many aspects of Soviet life, one vital area remains terra incognita. The Communist

more than 30 years this Soviet Kinsey was a practicing endocrinologist at a clinic in Vinnitsa, near the Ukrainian city of Kiev, where his patients called upon him for advice on sexual problems.

Such counseling was badly needed. Repression and prudishness have long been a sad fact of Russian life. Long before the Communists, songs and folklore told of heroines suffering at the hands of men, and mothers have traditionally told their daughters, "If he doesn't beat you, he doesn't love you." Indeed, says Stern, sadomasochism and drink often rule the male-female relationship. He writes: "Violence, alcoholism, and sex form an ex-

book boasts that 100% of Soviet men reach orgasm. In fact, says Stern, the men he treated were preoccupied with their manhood. Some complained to him of shrinking or insufficiently large penises. To ease these fears, he often prescribed vitamins—a placebo that some patients believed enhanced size.

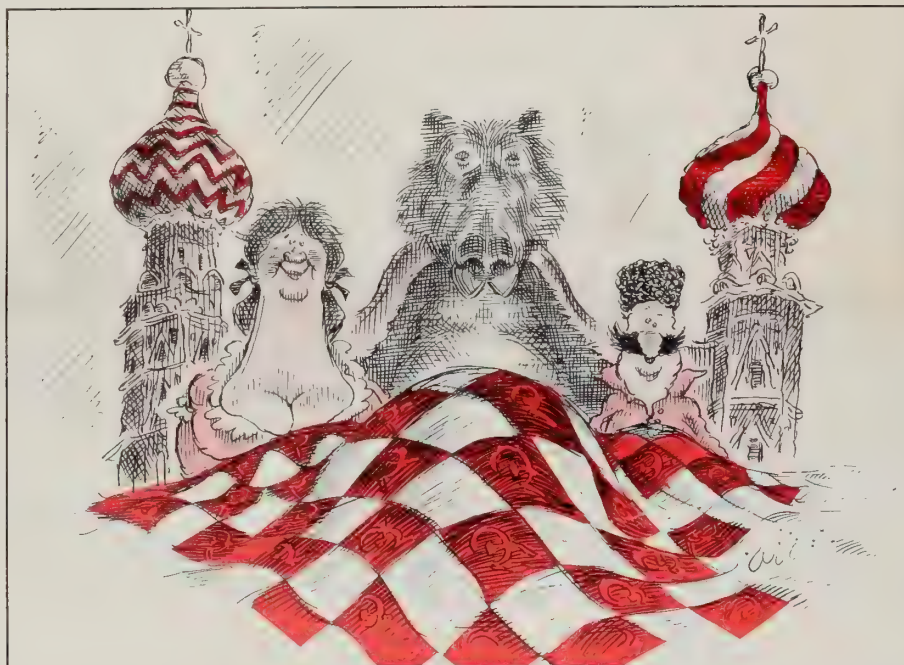
When Soviet couples do make love, says Stern, the union too often is quick, mechanical, riddled with shame and obviously unsatisfying. He writes: "The typical sex act is best done in the dark of night, under the bedclothes, and with the eyes closed." Foreplay, he says, is virtually unheard of. Typically, the female assumes what the Russians call the crayfish position with head and knees touching the bed. Her partner penetrates from the rear, and usually dismounts quickly.

To Soviet men, holding back an ejaculation to satisfy the woman is considered an immoral act with grave physical and psychological consequences. As a result, says Stern, orgasm is "an almost exclusively masculine privilege." Says Stern, "Unaware that the woman possesses any erogenous zones, the man usually imagines that as soon as his penis penetrates her vagina, the woman will be overcome with joy."

Except for prostitution, which continues to flourish in spite of official efforts to wipe it out, the Soviets have no stomach for "deviant" behavior. Pornography is rare. Oral sex is usually performed only with prostitutes (out of male fears of venereal disease). Popular scorn of homosexuality is so intense that it is "simply passed over in silence."

Amid all the restraint, exhibitionism seems a common phenomenon. Stern tells of a group of Muscovite women who regularly compare how many flashers they have encountered in a day; one reported eight. More startling is the Soviet predilection for anonymous sex in such public places as crowded subways and buses. As Stern points out, this requires some gymnastic ability and an adherence to certain unwritten rules: when one man tried to strike up a postcoital acquaintance, the woman turned on him in fury and accused him of "gross immorality."

Some efforts seem to be under way to break away from the stifling past. There is, for instance, a fledgling underground pornographic press called *sexizdat* (after the *samizdat* underground literary movement). Stern also reveals that daring protesters have been dropping pornographic doodles into ballot boxes. Yet in spite of such pathetic signs of rebellion, Stern does not see enlightenment any time soon. Indeed, he fears that sex may become increasingly cold, cynical and impersonal in the U.S.S.R. All of which underscores his basic message: that the Revolution stopped at the bedroom door. ■



leadership regards sex as virtually nonexistent, except to raise the birth rate; whatever figures exist are guarded as closely as the real statistics on defense spending. Stern, who left the U.S.S.R. in 1977, has now lifted that curtain slightly. In a book published in France, *La vie sexuelle en U.R.S.S.* (*Sex in the Soviet Union*), which is to be brought out in the U.S. next spring by Times Books, he offers the most comprehensive description yet of sexual mores in the U.S.S.R.

It is not a picture that one would think of titling *The Joy of Sex*. Deprived of opportunities for intimacy because of overcrowded housing, overwhelmed by long entrenched sexual myths, and ruled by a government that seems to deny the very idea of a sex life, most Soviet citizens, says Stern, lead lives of "sexual misery." For

plosive cocktail, making the line between 'normal life' and criminal pathology extremely fine."

Many women are so physically scarred that they lose interest in sex. While official Soviet statistics say that only 18% of Russian women are frigid, Stern is convinced by his researches that the figure is closer to 45%. Nor is much help available for these women; sex therapy clinics are nonexistent. Women must turn to sympathetic doctors like Stern or to one or two available government manuals that are about as informative as the hygiene texts once used in U.S. junior high schools. One 1974 Soviet sex guide, for example, recommends mineral water douches and vacations in warm climes as cures for frigidity.

The party line on male sexuality is no more convincing. The 1974 sex hand-

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The Dun Emer Press, 1903. Elizabeth Corbet Yeats is at the hand-press, Beatrice Cassidy, standing, is rolling out ink, and Esther Ryan is correcting proofs at the table. The rear wall of the press-room has a mural in pastel by AE

Later called,
Cuala Press

W B. Yeats' sister & her friends publishing
the works of the Irish Literary Renaissance
the revolution in Modern Poetry

and, Bob Clark
+ T.L.

THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

50c

VOL. CCLVII, NO. 49 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1979

ACR secures distribution to 'Zulu Dawn'

By JOHN AUSTIN
International Editor

American Cinema Releasing Corp., a subsidiary of American Communications Industries, has secured the theatrical, nontheatrical, network and ancillary distribution rights to the \$13-million epic, "Zulu Dawn." ACR president David Miller will test-market the film in four or five areas later this year before its general release.

"We have also been thinking of changing the title," said Miller, a former Young & Rubicam account executive. "Twenty-five titles, give or take a few, have been suggested. I believe, however, that its original title will be retained."

"Zulu Dawn," financially backed by Lamitas, the European tax shelter organization, the Samarkand Production was announced at Cannes as being distributed by Orion through Warner Bros. However, that deal was

— continued on page 21

Corman accuses majors of 'squeezing, smashing' indies

By FRANK BARRON

While admitting that his New World Pictures should gross about \$87 million this year in boxoffice receipts, and about \$32 million in film rentals, NWP president Roger Corman is nevertheless accusing the major studios of "freezing out, squeezing and smashing the independent distributors."

Since its inception in 1970, New World has taken in \$149 million in rentals and \$441 million in boxoffice grosses, and until this year had seen its profits rise for eight consecutive seasons. "Last year was almost the same," Corman stated. "Rentals

were \$31 million, while b.o. figures were identical. But film rentals were greater in proportion. I am happy to be holding even."

Corman accused the majors of "grabbing most of the market. They are smashing us, across the country. They have locked in the theatres in the past two years. In the past two years there has been about a 50% cut for independent distributors. We must do better or be out. Some independent art film distributors are already out."

New World, as with several other indies, is into production and distribution.

"The majors are driving us out," he charged, "and blind-bidding is the worst offender. The majors are too big. States must outlaw blind-bidding. (Note: 15 states have already outlawed that practice.) This will help the independent."

Corman, one of the biggest of the
— continued on page 21

'Star Wars' still a hot item; 2,300 playdates in reissue

By ROGER CELS

"Star Wars," which began its second consecutive summer reissue yesterday, has not tarnished with time in terms of its ability to secure playtime even in this most crucial of periods.

The film, which has racked up over \$260 million in worldwide film rentals for distributor 20th Century-Fox, opened yesterday in 690 theatres, with 759 more dates to be added tomorrow night. It will play in waves of three-week limited engagements

covering some 2,300 total playdates, according to Ashley Boone, president of the studio's distribution operation.

Boone claimed that demand from exhibitors for the picture was so strong that availability of prints was the only stumbling block to its being booked into hundreds of more houses.

"If I had another 600 prints I'd have 600 more dates," he remarked.

One interesting aspect of this go-round for "Star Wars" is that prints will include a two-minute trailer promoting "Empire Strikes Back," the sequel to "Star Wars." The trailer will contain actual footage from "Empire," which is scheduled for release next May 21.

Thus begins the selling effort on "Empire," which ultimately will include all types of promotion in the largest marketing campaign ever undertaken by 20th-Fox. Among the selling tools which will be employed is a plan to offer related merchandise such as T-shirts and toys in the lobbies of theatres playing the picture, according to Boone.

MGM to shoot 'Cosmic' next year

"The Amazing Cosmic Connection," a comedy concerning an idealistic alien being and a disenfranchised Santa Monica bus driver, will be brought to the screen by MGM, announced Raymond Wagner, MGM vp for production.

B. Arman Bernstein is writing the screenplay and will coproduce the comedy with Alan Greisman. Filming is planned for sometime next year.

Cartoonist local to remain out despite Diehl

By EUNICE FIELD

Cartoonists Local 839 is going to stay out on strike in spite of a request from IATSE president Walter Diehl asking members to return to work, according to business agent Bud Hester.

"We sent back a telegram to Mr. Diehl."
— continued on page 21

ABC makes last minute changes in its fall lineup

By RICHARD HACK

It's "Detective School" in; "Nobody's Perfect" out, as ABC made several last-minute revisions of its fall season lineup yesterday. "Detective School — One Flight Up," which debuted on July 31 to high Nielsen

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INSIDE

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second anniversary

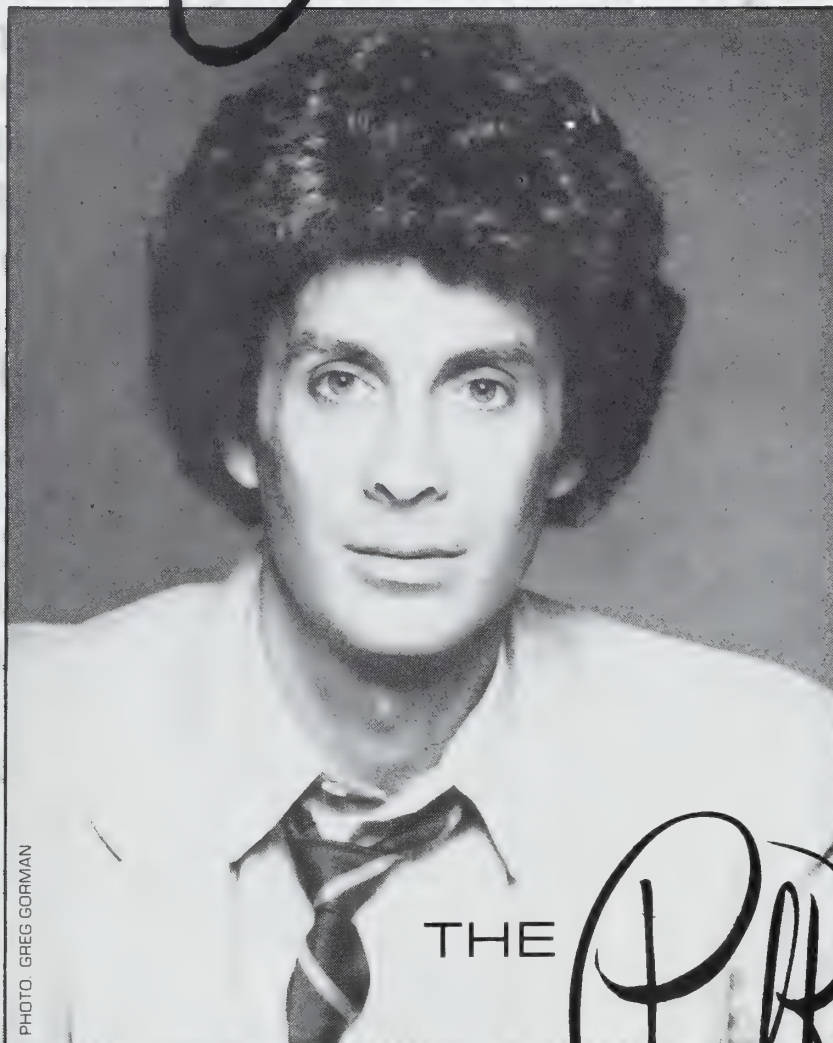


PHOTO: GREG GORMAN

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SYNDICATION INQUIRIES
WILLIAM MORRIS XXX

GRAND MANAGEMENT
GARY RANDALL

Entertainment Stocks

Courtesy of Joe Abdullah

Smith, Barney, Harris, Upham Co.
271-2161

Wednesday, August 15, 1979

Dow Jones Ind. Avg.	885.83	+ 9.13
NYSE Volume	46,130,000	
NYSE Advances	921	
NYSE Declines	517	
NYSE Unchanged	441	

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Stocks—	Sales/100	High	Low	Close	Chg.
AmerBdest	454	46 1/4	46 1/4	46 1/4	+ 1/8
Ampex	1048	18 1/4	17 3/4	18 1/4	+ 1/8
Aveo	1634	28 1/4	26 1/4	28	+ 1/8
Bell&Howell	1560	19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	+ 1 1/4
BerkeyPhoto	55	3 1/4	3 1/4	3 1/4	—
CapCitBdest	130	47 1/4	47	47 1/4	—
ChrisCraft	99	19 1/2	19	19 1/2	+ 1/8
CBS	283	56 1/4	56	56	+ 1/4
ColumbiaPic	241	24 1/4	24 1/2	24 1/2	+ 1/8
CovBdest	3	64	63 1/2	64	+ 1/8
Craig	25	9 1/4	8 1/2	9 3/4	+ 1/8
WaltDisney	639	41 1/4	40 1/4	41 1/4	+ 1
Dun&Bradst	289	39 1/4	38	39 1/4	+ 1 1/8
EastmanKd	1292	57 1/4	56 1/4	57 1/4	+ 1/2
F.M.I.	87	2 1/4	2 1/4	2 1/4	—
Faberge	144	10	9 1/4	10	—
Filmways	491	17	16 1/4	16 1/4	+ 1/8
Fuqua	1191	14 1/4	13 1/4	14 1/4	+ 1/8
GeneralCinema	93	23 1/4	23 1/4	23 1/4	—
General Tire	121	21 1/4	21 1/4	21 1/4	+ 1/8
Gulf+Westn	960	18	17 1/4	17 1/4	+ 1/8
Harrah's	515	26 1/4	24 1/2	26 1/4	+ 1/8
Hilton	193	32 1/4	32 1/4	32 1/4	+ 1/8
LoewsCorp	960	64 1/4	63 1/4	64 1/4	+ 1/4
Mattel	511	10 1/4	10	10 1/4	+ 1/8
MCA	323	43 1/4	43 1/4	43 1/4	—
Metromedia	64	66	64 1/4	66	+ 2
MGM	258	20 1/4	19 1/4	19 1/4	—
NortonSimon	428	16 1/4	16 1/4	16 1/4	—
Playboy	30	16 1/4	16 1/4	16 1/4	—
RCA	3662	25 1/4	24 1/4	25 1/4	+ 1/4
RepublicCorp	102	29 1/4	28 1/4	29	+ 1/4
SanJuanRacing	18	16 1/4	16 1/4	16 1/4	+ 1/8
StorerBdest	189	44 1/4	43 1/4	44	+ 1
Superscope	28	4 1/4	4 1/4	4 1/4	+ 1/8
TaftBdest	72	29 1/4	29	29 1/4	+ 1/8
Technicolor	157	16 1/4	15 1/4	15 1/4	+ 1/8
TelePromTer	584	18 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	+ 1/2
Transamra	1787	20 1/4	19 1/4	20 1/4	+ 1/8
20th-Fox	99	43	42 1/2	42 1/2	+ 1/4
Viacom	291	33 1/4	31 3/4	33 1/4	+ 1 1/8
WarnersCommun	963	38 1/4	38 1/4	38 1/2	+ 1/4
Westinghse	2129	21 1/4	21 1/4	21 1/4	+ 1/8
Wometco	362	22	21 1/4	21 1/4	—
Zenith	159	13 1/4	13 1/4	13 1/4	+ 1/4

AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE

InflightMtPic	14	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4	—
Movielab	15	5 1/4	5 1/4	5 1/4	—
MPOVideo	—	—	—	—	—
NatIPatDev	231	8 1/4	8 1/4	8 1/4	+ 3/8
ReevesBdest	2	4 1/4	4 1/4	4 1/4	—
SonderlingBd	36	25 1/4	25 1/4	25 1/4	+ 1/8
Trans-Lux	117	7	6 1/2	6 1/2	+ 1/8
WratherCorp	32	16	16	16	—

OVER-THE-COUNTER

	Bid	Asked
ABKCO	1 1/2	2 1/2
AirportServices	1/4	1 1/8
American-VarietyInt	1	1 1/4
ArtistsEntertainment	1/4	1/2
CannonGroupInc.	1 1/4	2
Certron	3/4	1 1/4
ChuckBarrisProductions	13 1/2	14 1/2
CompactVideo (common)	9 1/4	10 1/4
CompactVideo (units)	14	14 1/4
CompactVideo (warrants)	4	4 1/2
F&BCeco	1/4	3/4
FirstArtists	5 1/8	5 1/2
FourStar	1	1 1/2
KingInt'lCorp	13 1/2	14 1/2
LinBroadcasting	49	49 1/4
LionCountrySafari	3/4	1 1/4
MJA(ICM)	16 1/4	17
A.C. Nielsen	24 1/4	25 1/4
ScrippsHowardBroadcasting	47	50
21st Cent.Comm	10 1/4	11
UnitedArtistsTheatres	39	41
UnitedCableTV	34	35
VideoCorp.	9	9 1/2
WestworldInc.	4 1/4	4 1/4

These are the last reported prices of listed securities on the last bid and asked prices for OTC securities as of the close of business. The Hollywood Reporter takes no responsibility for the accuracy of these prices as reported by other public media.

THE BUSINESS OF ENTERTAINMENT

Technicolor's 1979 profits up 125% to record \$7.9 million

Technicolor Inc. reported record results for its fiscal year ended June 30.

Net earnings climbed 125% to \$7.9

million, or \$2.70 a share, up from the \$3.5 million, or \$1.20 a share, earned in fiscal 1978. Sales improved by 18% to \$162.6 million from \$137.35 million.

Profits in the fourth quarter surged ahead 90% to \$2.3 million, or 77 cents a share, compared to \$1.2 million, or 41 cents a share, in the year-earlier span. Revenues rose 25% to \$45.3 million versus \$36.2 million.

Technicolor attributed the earnings gain for fiscal 1979 mainly to increased sales activity at the North Hollywood film lab, the acquisition during the year of all the outstanding minority shares of the Vidtronics Co. and a nonrecurring charge to earnings in the prior year of \$2.1 million, or 71 cents a share, from the reappraisal of the carrying value of the company's Italian subsidiary and the closing of an unprofitable film processing operation in Milan.

Technicolor also noted that profits in the prior year and fourth quarter were adversely affected by a six-week strike at its lab in Rome.

Superscope's red ink spreads in 2nd qtr., 6 months

Superscope Inc.'s losses widened in the second quarter and six months ended June 30.

The loss for the quarter came to \$7.3 million, up from the \$4.3 million deficit reported in the year-earlier span. Sales increased by 17.5% to \$47 million versus \$40 million.

This brought red ink for the first half to \$9 million versus a loss of \$5.5 million in the 1978 half. Revenues rose 18% to \$98 million from \$83 million.

Chairman Joseph S. Tushinsky said that \$4.5 million of the loss for the quarter and half is attributable to the writeoff of certain deferred items, a proportionately higher addition to accounts receivable reserves and the phasing out of Vorsetzer production.

The current third quarter is also expected to show a loss, but at a reduced rate, he added.

Discussions with the company's domestic banks for a new loan agreement to restructure domestic bank debt are continuing, the company said.

Superscope recently announced that it had entered into a contract with a private investor for the sale of its headquarters building in Chatsworth, Calif. Proceeds from the sale, which is expected to be consummated by the end of September, will enable the company to reduce outstanding indebtedness a minimum of \$13 million.

Golden Nugget qtr., 6 months off

Las Vegas casino operator Golden Nugget Inc. reported a drop in second quarter and six months earnings, primarily as a result of its planned Atlantic City move.

Net in the quarter declined by 38% to \$692,000, or 12 cents a share, down from the \$1.1 million, or 23 cents a share, posted in the year-ago period. Revenues rose 7% to \$11.7 million from \$10.9 million.

First half profits fell 15.5% to \$1.9 million, or 35 cents a share, versus \$2.25 million, or 46 cents a share, in the 1978 span. Sales increased 10% to \$23.8 million from \$21.6 million.

Harrah's earnings depressed in fiscal year, 4th quarter

Harrah's Corp. reported lower earnings for the fourth quarter and year ended June 30.

Net in the fiscal year slipped by 6% to \$15.9 million, or \$1.92 a share, down from the \$16.9 million, or \$2.36 a share, earned in the prior year. Sales gained by 49% to \$195.55 million versus \$131.4 million.

In the final quarter, profits were off slightly at \$4.16 million, or 49 cents a share, compared to \$4.21 million, or 58 cents a share, in the year-previous period. Revenues rose 7% to \$50.5 million from \$47.3 million.

The company, which operates hotel-casinos in Northern Nevada, attributed the dip in earnings principally to "higher labor and promotional costs caused by increased competition."

Lloyd Dyer, president, said the fourth quarter "suffered from the impact of the gasoline shortage and the United Airlines strike."

Dyer added that Harrah's plans to open another 14,700 square feet of casino space in Reno late next summer.

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Major record labels taking a wait-and-see attitude on price

By CHARLES A. BARRETT

Other major record labels seem in no hurry to create new list price categories for albums, similar to the one revealed by MCA Records a week ago (HR 8/8/79).

Under the MCA plan, which some see as a return to multiple pricing in an industry suffering one of its worst sales years ever, both new and fledgling artists' records, as well as recent releases from already established acts, will be offered for \$5.98. On the average, list prices for LPs are \$7.98.

It's hoped that the move — first to involve MCA's Infinity label — will give slumping sales a boost.

There's pretty much a wait-and-see attitude on behalf of the labels, although some, like RCA, plan to offer some catalogue material (\$7.98) at a reduction.

When contacted, CBS Records indicated that although such a move has been discussed, there are no concrete plans to go ahead with reduced prices of any of its discs. A CBS spokesperson commented, "We haven't got anything to announce at this time. We're always reviewing our

position on matters like this."

"No comment" was the response from both Warner Bros. and EMI-Capitol Records. "I cannot legally discuss prices," said Ed Rosenblatt, a Warner Bros. executive.

At Warner-Elektra-Atlantic, the marketing operation, a key executive remarked, "We did have a meeting on it last week, and there has been talk to rearrange our policy. Multiple pricing has been under consideration for some time. It's sad it takes adversity to spur action, though. Some feel multiple pricing is dumb. It can mean giving away, for a lower price, some of your top product."

The WEA official added, "This is one of the first times the economy has had a real negative effect on the record industry. Films are doing well, but records are suffering this time."

He called for record industry self-examination, particularly in the area of spending and product return. "We're taking a hard look, just like everybody else is."

One of the country's chief distributors, Sid Talmadge, who heads Los Angeles-based Record Merchandising, had this to say, "I think multiple pricing is a bad idea. There are enough problems in the industry now without creating new ones. If a record's got it, then it will sell. It won't make it by lowering the price. Cheap product doesn't make a good artist. If it's a hit, it's a hit. I'm not a believer in reducing prices on new acts."

He did say that lowering prices on established catalogue items could be a good move, however. "That makes sense, people will buy them."

Disco Rollers in 'Skatetown, USA'

Roller skaters are having a field day, between feature films and TV properties (HR 8/9/79), and now comes the newest group to find fairly consistent work in films, Jerry Nista and the Jerry Nista Disco Rollers.

The group currently is being used in "Skatetown, USA," the Rastar film for Columbia release. Just completed are appearances on the "Dinah" show, the Bobby Vinton Special, NBC-TV's "Olympathon '79," "A.M. Los Angeles" and "Mid Morning, L.A.," as well as at the opening of Filmex.

The Nista Rollers also are used for record company promotions, music festivals, various commercials and on-air promos for NBC-TV.

Nista, in fact, was the choreographer and roller skating instructor to Erik Estrada of "CHiPs" for the special two-hour debut episode called "Roller Disco."

The Jerry Nista Disco Rollers are represented by Pen Dennis at (213) 651-1700.

•RON PENNINGTON• CURTAIN CALLS

TIMOTHY LEARY, WHOSE ADVOCACY OF THE USE of LSD and other mind-expanding drugs in a search for self-realization made him one of the most controversial figures of the '60s, is renewing the quest that elevated him to cult hero status during that turbulent decade. Now, however, instead of assailing the "establishment" from the hallowed halls of Harvard University, he is preparing to launch a new attack from the stage of Budd Friedman's Improvisation, where he will be presented in seven performances on Aug. 20 and 26 and Sept. 3 and 10. . . . Timothy Leary as stand-up comedian? Actually, the idea is not that far-fetched because satirical humor has always been an effective tool for debunking myths and prodding change, although Leary prefers the label of "stand-up philosopher" in regard to his Improvisation gig. . . . During an interview last week, Leary talked about his upcoming engagement — which is titled "How To Joyfully and Profitably Survive the Total Collapse of Civilization in the 1980s" or "Roasting the Sacred Cows of the Sober 1970s" — and what he hopes to accomplish by appearing in a Hollywood showroom. . . . "During the 1960s, the place to start changing culture was Harvard University, but in the 1980s that place will be the Sunset Strip. I feel the direction of the future will come from Hollywood, not Washington, Teheran or Bombay," he explained. "If I can influence people in the record, movie and TV industries, then I can help factuate the myths and the images of the '80s." . . . At Harvard, he said he learned right away that the old guard, the deans, could not be changed, so he did his work with graduate students. "Now, Hollywood is to me very much like Harvard was in the '60s," he continued. "But I don't want to take over Hollywood any more than I wanted to be a tenure professor at Harvard. I just wanted the graduate students to move out with something more, with the freedom to criticize, to outrage, to excite or whatever."

"I HOPE TO INFLUENCE A SMALL NUMBER OF intelligent creative people as I did in the '60s and to ridicule and outrage the establishment that has been preaching conformity," Leary emphasized. "If I'm lucky, I will be able to influence 200-300 young talented media people or at least inject into their blood systems some jokes against the Lew Wassermans and the Jane Fondas. I want to teach these people how to outrage and ridicule the sacred cows and to suggest ways of writing positive, self-confident themes." . . . Among the people Leary said he intends to "roast" (each evening is devoted to a different set of people and topics) is William Shakespeare. "All of his dramas hinge on someone making a stupid mistake at some point in the play," he explained, adding that "Romeo should have smoked a joint, gotten drunk or shot heroin. Then Juliet could have woken up, put him in a methadone program and they would have lived happily ever after." . . . Leary went on to say that his particular "sacred cows" are Hemingway and Fitzgerald, calling them "humdrum losers. They especially glorified losers and suffering and failure, which all adds up to a pessimistic depreciation of self-consciousness," he exclaimed. "We need intelligence, and more positive images, but movies today provide no models for young people. Everything is based on the Judeo-Christian myth of suffering and sacrifice."

"THE 1980s, IN GENERAL, SHOULD BE PEOPLE refusing to cooperate with the political-cultural establishment," Leary continued. To illustrate his point, he noted that a recent survey revealed that about 78% of the American public has lost faith with the American government. "But in private life, they feel comfortable about themselves and they are able to cope with life on a personal level," he emphasized. "So we are seeing a move toward individuality and away from the sacred cows." . . . On a more humorous note, he interjected that he thinks the San Andreas Fault is misnamed. "It's really the San Andreas Opportunity," he exclaimed, "because when the great quake comes, California will rise upward and the rest of the country will go down. And this is based on geological fact." . . . Leary has been doing about 30-40 college lectures a year, but he said the Improvisation performances will differ in that they will focus on the media. "I use a lot of humor, although it is based on fact and not just one-liners. And behind the humor, it is all very serious, and I use slides and charts to substantiate the facts. Hollywood is the nose cone of the time step," he concluded, "and the theme of what I am trying to do is increased intelligence."

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Anthony Newley to Las Vegas.

Joan Rivers to Las Vegas.

Tony Messina from Las Vegas.

Frank Van der Veer and Barry Nolan to London.

Jim Bailey to Pittsburgh.

Moola to N.Y.

Chris Robinson to Gila River, Ariz.

Abe Mandell from N.Y.

Joey Travolta to London.

Frankie Slater to N.Y.

Spain festival films chosen

SAN SEBASTIAN, Spain — This year's film festival to be held here from September 8-19 will feature films from the U.S., "Alien," "Apocalypse Now" and "Manhattan." From the U.K., "Quadrophenia" and from Italy, "Le Rosi di Danzica."

Further films will be announced over the next several weeks.

A special screening of Bertolucci's "La Luna" is expected and an out-of-competition screening of Rossi's "Eboli" and Fellini's "Provo d' Orchestra" will be featured.

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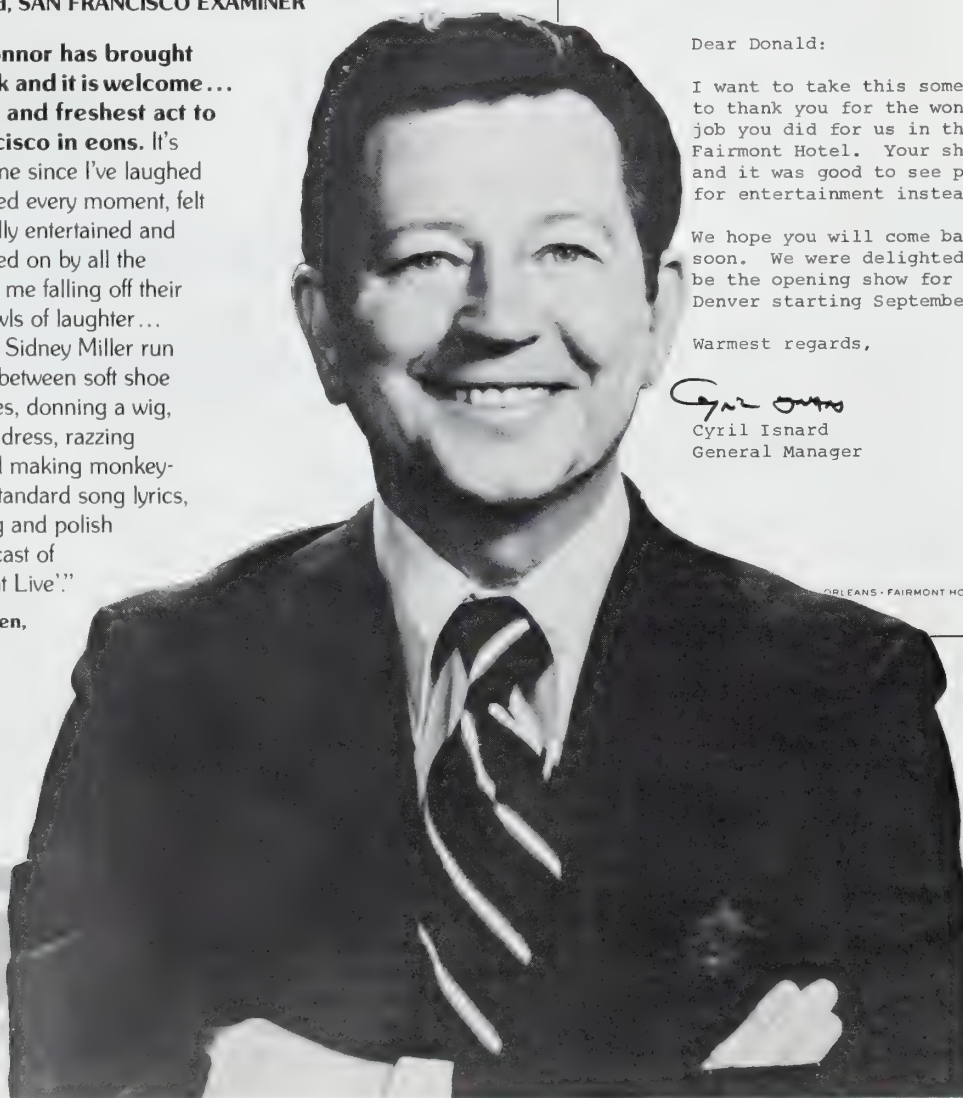
they lost their hearts in San Francisco...to **DONALD O'CONNOR**

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—Philip Elwood, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

"Donald O'Connor has brought laughter back and it is welcome... The funniest and freshest act to hit San Francisco in eons. It's been a long time since I've laughed so hard, relished every moment, felt I had been really entertained and got totally turned on by all the people around me falling off their chairs with howls of laughter... O'Connor and Sidney Miller run gags past you between soft shoe and tap routines, donning a wig, slipping into a dress, razzing each other and making monkey-shines out of standard song lyrics, with the pacing and polish of a two-man cast of 'Saturday Night Live'."

—Barbara Bladen,
SAN MATEO
TIMES



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OFFICE OF THE GENERAL MANAGER

August 3, 1979

Dear Donald:

I want to take this somewhat belated opportunity to thank you for the wonderful and successful job you did for us in the Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel. Your show was a total delight and it was good to see people waiting in line for entertainment instead of gasoline.

We hope you will come back to the Venetian Room soon. We were delighted to know that you will be the opening show for the Fairmont Hotel in Denver starting September 10th.

Warmest regards,

Cyril Isnard
Cyril Isnard
General Manager

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POINTS WEST

Effects On Growth, Disco Market

Disco artists have the capacity to develop images, too, and that's why it's crucial that labels utilize their every resource to promote an artist. It means involvement at every level."

Caviano believes that disco is more than a fad, but does he feel the industry is making a commitment to disco as fast as it could? "I see a higher awareness beginning to set in, but right now we're faced with the task of selling more than just records," he said. "We've got to concentrate on making responsible decisions in areas like artist development and tour support. But first we've got to expand these one-man disco departments, because later on it will be like trying to put your finger in a dike, trying hard to catch up."

Disco Airwaves

In disco radio, he says, programmers must proceed with caution if they are to enjoy the success achieved by stations such as WKTU. "The disco airwaves must be sensibly managed. It is possible to program a station with a dance-floor consciousness and still play a melodic piece of music. That's responsible programming. We've got to look to long-term planning, which means adding more non-disco music the same way Top 40 has got to learn to add more disco to its playlists."

"The liability in the disco field isn't as great as it is in the rock area," he said. "I can sign an act at a reasonable rate and not give away the candy store, so that I still have room for a marketing budget. When you give away a lot of dollars to a performer, you're somewhat hesitant about your marketing investment. In disco, it's possible to keep your costs in sync."

"Disco's greatest challenge in the '80s means striving to keep the music fresh," he concluded. "It means stimulating the retail community to a greater degree as well as maintaining your credibility at radio. Our promo team has a terrific understanding of the market that they're dealing with, which immediately enhances the chance for your product to succeed. Disco is not a dirty word."

Peterson & Eldridge Form New ECS Label

LOS ANGELES — Eldridge & Peterson Associates, a talent management firm, has formed ECS Records, a Las Vegas-based label. Pete Peterson will be president of the new label, which will include product from Bettye Swan and The Soul Connection, and Peggy Eldridge, vice president of Peterson & Eldridge, will head up the management firm.

Queen & Cars Get Gold

LOS ANGELES — Two Elektra/Asylum LPs, "Live Killers" by Queen and "Candy-O" by the Cars, have been certified gold by the RIAA.

(Continued from page 16)

support act? Contact Future Presentations in L.A. and try and get **Timothy Leary**. The counter-cultural priest wowed a big crowd at the Scottish Rite Auditorium last month and he's bound to stimulate any audience... Jem-distributed **Virgin International's Magazine** is playing the club circuit, including the Whisky in L.A. Aug. 30-Sept. 1.

ON THE TUBE — CBS-TV has a **Cheap Trick** special based on the upcoming "Dream Police" album set for October. So don't look for the album, which has been in the can for months, to be released before then... After their current tour, **The Cars** will host "Midnight Special," with a lineup of guests the group will choose itself... On July 30, a special 90-minute "Dinah!" airs. The show's theme is nuclear safety, and the **Doobie Brothers**, **Jackson Browne**, and **Bonnie Raitt** guest... CBS-TV has completed filming on "The Eleventh Victim," starring **Eric Burdon** as a faded rock star... The authorized **John Wayne** biography, "Shooting Star," is set to become a TV movie, with an unknown playing the Duke... The **Dixie Dregs** taped "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert" last week.

FILM NEWS — Two years in the making, **The Clash** movie "Rude Boy" is nearing completion in London. The humorous look at the British punk scene is being produced by **Michael White**... **Meat Loaf** has signed to star with **Richard Benjamin** and **Ruth Gordon** in "Scavenger Hunt"... Universal has **Olivia Newton-John** set to appear in a musical fantasy called "Xanadu"... **Eddie Money** has written the main theme for "Americathon." The soundtrack will also include a pair of **Elvis Costello** cuts not found on his U.S. LPs... Director **Hal Ashby's** "The Hamster Of Happiness" will feature a score by **Willis Allen Ramsay**.

COMING RELEASES — The **Rolling Stones** are wrapping their next album in Paris, set for fall release. Tentative title: "Another Fine Mess You've Got Me Into, Ronnie"... **Michael Jackson's** first solo LP in five years, "Off The Wall," is due any day and features songs written for him by **Stevie Wonder** and **Paul McCartney**... **Randy Newman** has cancelled all tour plans, but his "Born Again" album should be out soon... "Faster," **George Harrison's** English single dedicated to late auto racer **Gunnar Nilsson**, will not be released in the U.S.... **Billy Preston's** first Motown solo album, "Late At Night," is hitting the stores any day... Upcoming E/P/A releases include a pair of \$8.98s, **Dan Fogelberg** and a hits package from **Jeff Beck**, and LPs from **Johnny Paycheck**, **Rick Nelson**, **The Jacksons**, **Andy Pratt** and **Ellen Foley**... The soundtrack for "Apocalypse Now!" on Elektra/Asylum features all 11½ minutes of the **Doors'** classic "The End"... Fantasy is putting out a two-LP live album from the **Bread & Roses Festival of Acoustic Music**. Artists will include **Joan Baez**, **Jackson Browne**, **Arl Guthrie**, **Maria Muldaur**, **Buffy Sainte-Marie** and **Jesse Colin Young**... **Chanson's** "Together We Stand" is due Aug. 13.

STUDIO TRACKS — **Daryl "The Captain" Dragon** plans to open a new \$1.5 million recording studio in the west San Fernando Valley in August... 3rd Ear Recording Studios is expanding its offices, recording and rehearsal studios to a second Hollywood location, 1227 Wilton Pl.... At Quadrafonic Sound Studios in Nashville: **Jimmy Buffett** is mixing his new MCA LP, recorded in the West Indies; **Leo Kottke** is working on his next for Chrysalis; **Steve Forbert** is cutting his second Nemperor LP with producer **John Simon** and Warner Bros.' **Etc.** is working with producer/engineer **Gene Eichelberger**... At Cherokee in Hollywood: **Jean-Luc Ponty** is producing himself for Atlantic; **Jeff Baxter** is producing **Livingston Taylor** for Epic and co-producing **Four On The Floor** with **Al Kooper**... **Ann-Margaret** is recording a new single at Filmways/Heider in Hollywood... At F/H in San Francisco, **Michael McDonald** is adding vocals to some tracks on **Alex Call's** project, being produced by **Keith Knudsen** and **Allen Toussaint** is producing **Jorge Santana's** next for Apple... **John McVie** is producing former **Grass Roots** member **Rob Grill**.

NEW SIGNINGS — **The Dukes**, featuring former **Wings** member **Jimmy McCulloch**, has pacted with Warner Bros. A single is due soon, with an LP set for September... **Gary Borman** Management has signed **Kittyhawk**, a jazz band featuring the Chapman stick, a new 10-string electric instrument... **Eric Doctorow**, former director of marketing services at ABC Records, has signed on as a partner with **Shelly Heber** and **Leanne Meyers** at Image Marketing & Media... **Bill Yaryan** has been named associate publisher at GPI Publication. GPI publishes "Guitar Player," "Contemporary Keyboard" and "Frets." Yaryan has worked for Atlantic and MCA Records.

SHORT TAKES — **Midge Ure** has joined **Thin Lizzy** as temporary replacement for **Gary Moore**, who split with the group during its current tour. Ure will join **Ultravox** after the tour. Moore's solo LP on Jet, "Back On The Streets," is due in late August... The **Tom Robinson Band** has broken up... **FCC's** "Baby I Want You" may become a collector's item. A new cover is being designed for the album adding a new member... AGAC's August ASKAPRO lineup includes Chappell Music's **Glenn Friedman**, Aug. 2; Screen Gems' **Geri Duryea**, Aug. 9; American Song Festival's **Flip Black**, Aug. 16; songwriter **Peter McCann**, Aug. 18; jingle writer **Randy Van Horn**, Aug. 23 and **Carol Cassano** of April/Blackwood, Aug. 30. For info call 462-1108... The Philadelphia Phillies' bat boy July 24 at Dodger Stadium was lifelong Phillie fan **Bruce Wendell**, Capitol's vice president of promotion... "How To Be A Music Publisher" by **Walter Hurst** is coming out in paperback on Seven Arts Press.

joey berlin



T DISCO IN TOWN" — Butterfly Records recently signed: Gene Froelich, MCA, Inc. vice president; George Albert, president and publisher. Cash

POINTS WEST



Y FOR THE MOTELS — Capitol recording group The Motels, currently at debut LP, took time off to play four SRO shows at The Whisky in Los Angeles town following. Pictured seated backstage are (l-r), "Fretts" Ferrari, Martha Glascock, Martin Life Jourard and Michael Goodroe, The Motels. Shown (r): Ken Fritz, Ken Fritz Management; Rupert Perry, Capitol vice president of white, Capitol vice president of marketing; Dan Davis, Capitol vice president of services/merchandising & advertising/press & artists relations/film & video; Bruce E. Garfield, Capitol national director of talent acquisition, and Ken Fritz Management.

K. Independents Distribution Deal

A&M Records and the In-
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Couttolenc Duties

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Paul Opens Music Business Institute

NEW YORK — Mert Paul, former vice presi-
dent of marketing, southeastern region for
CBS Records, has opened the Music
Business Institute in Atlanta, Georgia.

The Institute plans to offer intensive
three-month instruction programs in
various aspects of the music industry, in-
cluding studio production, promotion,
retailing, artist representation and
copyright law. Classes are scheduled to
begin September 17.

The Institute's Board of Advisers, still be-
ing formed, currently includes Joe Cohen,
executive vice president of NARM;
promoter Alex Cooley; Tony Dalesandro,
president of MS Distributing Company; Vic
Faraci, executive vice president of WEA;
Sydney Silverman, president of United
Record and Tape Industries, Inc.; Stan Syn-
der, vice president of Cleveland Inter-
national Records; Fred Traub, vice presi-
dent of purchasing for Record Bar; Scott
Young, vice president of retailing for
Pickwick International; and Frank Mooney,
vice president of marketing branch dis-
tribution for CBS Records.

The Music Business Institute is located at
2970 Peachtree Road, N.W. Buckhead
Towers, Suite 400, Atlanta, Georgia. The
phone number is 404-231-3303.

Johnson Elected To MSMA Presidency

LOS ANGELES — Muscle Shoals Sound
Studios president Jimmy Johnson has
been elected president of the Muscle
Shoals Music Association for 1979-80. The
election took place at the 18-member
board's July meeting. Rich Hall of Fame
Studios had been president for the past
three years. MSMA conducts monthly
songwriter workshops, produces annual
songwriter showcases and sponsors an in-
ternational producers seminar every year.

Carr Starts Own Firm

LOS ANGELES — Budd Carr has formed a
management firm to represent recording
artists Kansas, Heatwave, Henry Gross and
Ray Gomez. Carr had been with BNB
Associates prior to this. He will be assisted
by Michael T. Flynn and Valerie Taylor. Of-
fices are located at 9200 Sunset Boulevard
in West Hollywood.

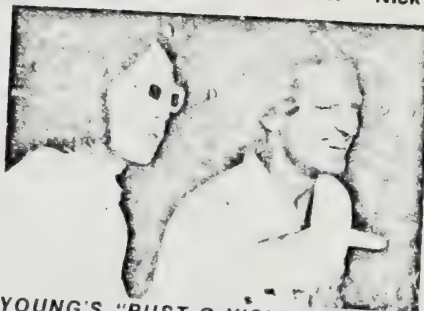
'Good Times' Gold

NEW YORK — "Good Times," the current
single by the Atlantic group Chic, has been
certified gold by the RIAA.

IS THIS GUY FOR REAL? — The 79-year-old **Ayatollah Khomeini**, spiritual leader of Iran who has already banned nightclubs, cabarets, liquor and most Western music, has now demanded that music be banned from Iranian TV and radio. "A youth spends his time listening to music can no longer appreciate realities, just as a drug addict cannot," said Khomeini last week. "Like opium, music also stupefies people. Listening to it and makes their brains inactive and frivolous. Music is something everybody is attracted to naturally, but it takes them out of reality to a futile and livelihood." The director of the state radio station later said music would be banned during the upcoming holy month, and music was still being broadcast the day after Ayatollah's comments.

MEANWHILE, BACK HOME — The musical blacklist in Burbank is not quite as bad as in Iran, but it has led to the cancellation of a series of concerts at the Starlight Bowl in response to Councilman **James Richmond's** description of rock music fans as "a credible combination of horrors." **Patti Smith** has issued a statement condemning the action. Citing the pledge of allegiance to the flag, Patti commented, "It is hard to believe that in America the use of a public facility for a performance can be denied on grounds of the personal prejudices of a few city councilmen. Who will be the next to be banned? Does it start with this audience and then move on to racial and ethnic groups? Who will determine? This is a dangerous precedent and contrary to the essence of this country. I do not wish to be labeled as anything except as an American artist and allowed to present my work to whomever wishes to come and experience it. I am saddened that because of the bigotry and prejudice of a few, I will not be able to perform for the people of Burbank." Instead, Patti's fans saw her perform last weekend at the Hollywood Palladium.

POLICE (OVER?) PROTECTION — **Nick Gilder** was playing in San Francisco's Union Square recently when a policeman stopped the show, pulled Gilder's placard and handed him a summons for disturbing the peace. But Gilder was unimpressed by this show of authority. He waited for the cop to leave, turned the equipment back on and continued his performance. Another over-enthusiastic law enforcer had the folks at the Jet Records' office in L.A. quite worried last week. It seems that a customs inspector in New York thought that a new **ELO** video featuring the group's new single "Don't Bring Me Down" was a porn film. While Jet staffers worried that the video was lost, customs was holding it for review. After viewing it, the loss was quickly forwarded to a relieved Jet staff.



YOUNG'S "RUST-O-VISION" — Warner/Reprise recording artist Neil Young (l) sports "rust-o-vision" glasses at the post-premiere party for his new film "Rust Never Sleeps," held at Bundy "Rent-A-Wreck" in Westwood, Calif. Shown with Young is Steve Linder of KNXT-TV in Los Angeles.

his battle against alcoholism will be omitted, **Allice Cooper's** latest LP "From The Inside" will be the basis of a new Marvel comic book. Marvel is also talking about making Alice a regular character. "I've always felt like I stepped out of a comic book," says Alice. "Now it seems as if I've stepped into one." Alice has also had some bad luck recently. His Indian art store in Arizona was firebombed last week, with damages estimated at \$200,000.

MESSAGES FROM MOON, BLIPS FROM FRIPP — Capitol's **Moon Martin** visited the west coast office of **Cash Box** recently to chat about his latest disc, "Escape From Domination." The easy-going Martin, who penned such striking cuts as "Cadillac Walk," covered by **Mink DeVille**, and "Bad Case Of Loving You," a very hot single for Island's **Robert Palmer**, spoke admiringly of the artists and their treatments of his songs, but added "Then again, I thought those tunes sounded like hits when I recorded them." As for the cryptic title to his new LP, Martin said that it could "signify an alternative to the types of music you might normally hear on the radio, but the interpretation is open to just about anything." The erudite **Robert Fripp**, founding father of British Prog-rock, U.S., said that the original purpose of his LP, "Exposure," and tour of such unlikely venues as record stores and hotel rooms was to "produce 'ambient' music to support (producer/artist **Brian**) **Eno's** venture and give the idea of ambient music a measure of credibility." Future plans and/or possibilities include "Music for Palaces, Music for Sports and Music for Kitchens" based on tapes generated from live performances at The Kitchen in New York and other stops on his mini-tour. Fripp added that his spontaneous performances are a form of "active meditation." "I work intuitively and instinctively so I'm able to present what I do in very simple terms," said Fripp of his improvised playing style. He also added that he and Eno are considering cutting a third Fripp-Eno album in September, to follow "No Pussyfooting" and "Evening Star."

THE LOCAL SCENE — Owner **Budd Friedman**, along with TV stars **Andy Kaufman** and **Robin Williams** (whose debut album is #29 bullet this week), will co-host the reopening of the Improvisation Aug. 13. The main showroom of the showcase club has been closed since March when it was damaged by fire. Upstairs at Humperdinks, the new disco/supper club in Santa Monica, the L.A. Circuit is featuring live entertainment. Last weekend's headliner was **Maureen McGovern**; this week **Mary Travers** is due in Aug. 24. There'll be klieg lights, clowns, Union Jack posters and stilt walkers escorting lions down Sunset Blvd. when **Long John Baldry** plays the Whisky Aug. 9. Baldry's fresh from two years in an asylum and expects lots of old pals to show up at the date. **Dick Clark** brings his "Good Ol' Rock 'n' Roll Revue" to Knott's Berry Farm Aug. 3-4, with three nightly shows featuring **Bo Diddley**, **Freddie Cannon** and the **Shirelles**. Coming this month to the Hong Kong Cafe: **Dead Kennedy's**, **Pure Hell**, **D.O.A.**, **Zeros** and **X**. Looks like negativity is in.

ON THE ROAD — It'll be 10 years since her last non-benefit concert, but **Barbra Streisand** is planning a worldwide tour for late 1980 or early 1981. **Shaun Cassidy** began his first national tour last week in Sacramento and will be on the road until Sept. 2. **Bram Tchaikovsky** will open for **Foreigner's** west coast dates on the group's upcoming tour. **KC and the Sunshine Band** began their summer tour in Canada last week, winding up back home in Miami Sept. 8. **Tim Curry** will be out behind his "Fearless" LP most of the summer, including a probable date at the Pantages in Hollywood Aug. 25. **Paul Anka** grossed a record \$320,000 during eight shows at the Places Des Arts in Montreal recently. Looking for a fun, provocative and intelligent

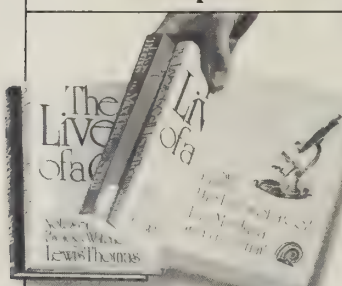
(continued on page 39)

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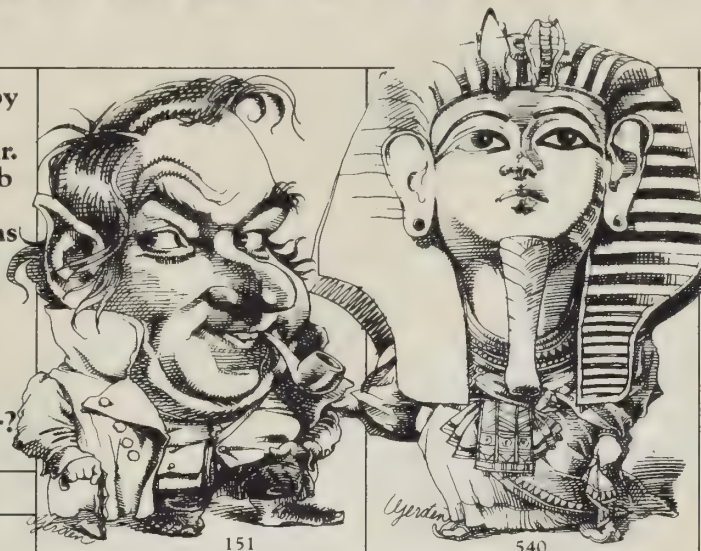
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THE EASY CHAIR

and indecision, Richard II believed himself omnipotent. He imagined that spiders and heavy-gaited toads would rise up to strike down Bolingbroke's rebellion. What was so hideous about his humiliation was the fact that the indignities of hunger, politics, and death routinely visited upon lesser human beings could in turn be visited upon the majesty of an anointed king.

So also the American gentry, who still believe that they command the tides. They cannot bear to blame the cost of gasoline on their changed circumstances or the shift of the political balance in the world, and so they blame their own lack of attention. This is much more flattering and allows them to preserve the illusion that the rest of the world plays a supporting role in the melodrama of the American self.

Blame

Arabs, big government, the press

A nominally egalitarian society sustains itself by trading in both the market of expectation and the market of blame. Politicians and automobile salesmen announce that everybody is created free and equal, deserving of wealth and redemption. Every citizen is a king. Neither the government nor the business interests can make good on this claim, and none of the propagandists can come up with a satisfactory explanation for the unequal division of the spoils. If so many people fail to achieve their heart's desire, then to what or to whom can these unnatural events be attributed? Who cheats so many people out of the life, love, and happiness to which they are entitled under the terms of the social contract? Obviously the fault cannot be found with the individual citizen, and so it must be found elsewhere, preferably within the labyrinths of an unknown abstraction. President Carter blames the American people and dismisses five of his Cabinet secretaries; Philip Roth blames his mother and writes *Portnoy's Complaint*. The more goods that a man has inherited, the larger the number of causes to which he can assign the blame. An owner of a gas station might castigate the Arabs and the oil companies, but a Wall Street lawyer, much more discriminating and refined, blames the House Ways and Means Committee, the Federal Reserve Board, and the tax code.

Catastrophes

Punishments inflicted on people toward whom the speaker feels envy and resentment. The political and literary classes talk about inflation, disarmament, and the energy shortage in the same way they talked about the toy revolutions of the 1960s. They talk at prophetic length, but they do nothing to forestall what they announce as imminent doom. This allows for two possible interpretations. Either they believe that the catastrophe really isn't going to take place, in which event it isn't necessary to construct bomb shelters or design automobiles with four-cylinder engines, or, more probably, they look upon the catastrophe as a form of revenge. Bankers who make speeches about the effects of inflation give the impression that they expect to be in Barbados when the world ends.

Death

A usurper. Over the past twenty years the American bourgeoisie has noticed that otherwise profitable or patriotic acts have unpleasant or unforeseen consequences. The corporations prosper, and the arms merchants sell their goods to illiterate tyrants, but the whales languish, and somebody always gets killed or sent out to sea in a boat. This disturbs people who do not wish to have anything to do with killing, or, to put it more precisely, who like to think that any killing done on their behalf remains safely in the past—buried with the glorious dead who paid their debts to the future at Concord, Gettysburg, Château-Thierry, and Guadalcanal.

The resistance to risks of all kinds and degrees testifies to the much-magnified fear of death. The national obsession with health (cf. the princely sums spent on jogging and diets as well as in the hospitals and research laboratories) reflects the refined sensibility of people grown too delicate for the world.

The prompters of the public alarm observe that with enough effort it is possible to avoid a specific risk (death by asbestos poisoning, say, or lung cancer caused by cigarettes), and so they go on to assume that with even greater and more expensive efforts they can escape all risks and death itself will be denied credit at the better

department stores. Thus the country squanders fortunes on quack doctors and federal safety regulations. Sooner or later a lady with a charge account at Bloomingdale's will bring a lawsuit against the sun.

Public-opinion polls

They perform the function of oracles and Catholic priests. Politicians depend on the polls in the same way that neurotic patients depend on their psychiatrists. The politician puts the question "Did I do right? Am I good boy?" Having been rigged by the politician's pollsters, the statistics offer justification and reassurance. During the Vietnam war President Johnson got into the habit of walking around with sheaves of polls in his pockets. When he felt threatened by self-doubt he would wave the papers in the faces of his attendant reporters, saying that the polls proved that the American people still loved him, that they absolved him of the killing in Indochina. Soon after President Carter told his sad story about the crisis of confidence in the hearts of his countrymen, his office put out the news that he had received 39,000 letters, 77 percent of them favorable.

Oil prices, the Soviet arsenal, the law's delay

Conspiracies, or acts of God. It never occurs to the heirs of the American fortune that if they neglect to save their money, then the miracle of their unearned income must necessarily fade and diminish. Nor does it occur to them that if they shrug off the burden of political power, which entails the cost and nuisance of maintaining fleets and armies, then they will be unable to buy goods in the world market below the prices paid by Ecuador. They complain about the insensitive delay of the bureaucracy in Washington, but it never occurs to them that the government moves so slowly because it has been asked to do so much.

Betrayal

The reason for all our troubles. Like President Carter, the poets of despair remain perpetually innocent. Nothing is ever their fault. They discover themselves betrayed by circumstance or a



This Christmas, give your friends the "joy of being out of step," month after month.

It's said that Albert Einstein was unable to talk—or read—at the usual age.

Is it possible that Einstein was simply too "polite" to do so?

Who cannot remember, as a child, certain faint pressures to *masquerade* as a child?

Who can forget the high school teacher who spotted you for what you were: an overly polite but emerging non-conformist?

If you were the first person in the world to advance the unwelcome notion that the earth was not flat, exactly how long would you have held out?

The really odious thing about thought control is that it stifles not only the innovator but also the innovator's audience. Einstein (and his audience) were treated to indifference, persecution, scorn and consuming flattery.

The reason I am bringing all this up is not to commiserate over the well-known resistance to fresh thinking, but to invite you, and your friends, to personally be present at the time such thinking is first made public.

I am convinced that as a reader of this magazine, you have an interest in fresh, often unpopular, sometimes painful points of view; and I also believe you have the stomach for it.

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crisis of confidence, by their parents, their brokers, and the collision of oil tankers off the coast of Trinidad. They fall into error because they have been wickedly misled or misinformed, and this allows them to feel justifiably sorry for themselves. President Carter says that when he was a boy in school he was taught that the United States had never fought an unjust war. His ignorance is the fault of his teachers.

Individualism

The last, best hope of people who feel themselves superfluous. The other day I had a letter from a reader who said that everybody had become small. This was the trouble with modernism and the twentieth century. No matter what the form or pretension of governments—democratic, totalitarian, oligarchic, revolutionary—the imperatives of state reduced people in size. The dwindling effect accounted for the absence of art and literature. The reader chided me for failing to notice that I was living among dwarfs. How could very small people write large-minded books? Even as recently as the nineteenth century, he said, giants still bestrode the earth. The educated aristocracy commissioned works of art from Beethoven and Ingres; Tolstoy, himself a nobleman and the owner of a thousand serfs, conceived of dramas on a scale commensurate with his lands and estates. But the aristocracies, alas, had been dispossessed, and with them had vanished all hope of enlightened patronage. The tiny victims of the modern state, living in tiny tract houses and thinking tiny thoughts, could write nothing but diaries in which they kept notes of their tiny defeats.

The sense of human possibility expands and contracts like the beating of the human heart. The nineteenth century took pride in the march of learning and the advance of the intellect; the twentieth century shrinks from these campaigns because the vanguard keeps sending back reports of weird monsters and deadly amoebas. The exaggerated claims of the early 1960s give way to exaggerated doubts; absurd confidence relapses into absurd cowardice. In 1962 everybody had power; in 1979 nobody has power. The feverish market in stocks, which reflects a belief in a limitless future, gives way to the feverish market in

gold, which reflects a belief in imminent ruin.

To the extent that men feel themselves small they seek to enlarge the notion of themselves as consumers. They surround themselves with objects and make loud noises at one another through the masks of grinning celebrity; perhaps the spectacle of self will confer upon them the sense of large identity. In the nineteenth century even a rich man could buy relatively few things with which to bolster up his egotism. He could squander his inheritance on women, gambling, furniture, and horses. For his other amusements he had recourse to nothing except his ambition and the largeness of his mind. In the twentieth century small has become beautiful, and so the citizen who would be king orders the miniatures of greatness from the department store catalogue.

Windmills

Symbols representing the loss of childhood. A civilization either looks forward into the future or backward into the past. If the political and literary classes cannot understand the mathematics of a computer or the physics of a nuclear reaction, then how can they think of the future as anything but a terrible darkness? President Carter promises to make the world go away, and the leading political theorists of the age suggest that governments should be made small, more or less along the lines of medieval France or Massachusetts in the eighteenth century.

The dream of Arcadia corresponds to the adoration of youth. Nobody assumes that age can also signify strength. Only the young have power; the old cannot play at immortality.

The dirge of the intellectuals

As the universities come to depend more heavily on the patronage of the federal government and the charitable foundations, so also the professors of the humanities come to resemble minor clerics who have been granted livings and sees and benefices. They get paid to celebrate the mortifications of the spirit, and their woeful pronouncements have the sound of liturgical chants.

Together with the huge sums dis-

tributed through the National Endowments and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the money given to the universities constitutes a donative to the upper middle class. The subsidies correspond to the welfare payments made to the poor. The exegesis of the so-called high culture provides sinecures for the younger sons of the capitalist nobility, for the *nouveaux littéraires*, and for the ladies or gentlemen too refined for commerce and trade.

When I listen to academics talk about the prospects of social upheaval I think of Erwin Chargaff coming across a notice posted on a bulletin board in a German university during the tenure of the Weimar Republic: "In case of rain, the revolution will take place in the hall."

Leaders

All, alas, defunct. The newsmagazines send reporters to Phoenix and Omaha with instructions to look for people resembling the gods and heroes of ancient Greece. The reporters fail to find anybody who fits the description of Odysseus or who can be seen in broad daylight holding a bronze shield and spear.

Because nothing is their fault, and because it is always a Gorgon who puts them at risk, the poets of despair assume that only heroes can restore them to a state of solvency and grace. If we are weak, so the lamentation runs, then somebody else must be strong—either the analyst, the polls, the Arabs, the government, God, or John Connally. The heirs to comfortable fortunes believe that if they make their grief eloquent or obvious enough, if they drive cars at 100 m.p.h. and make drunken spectacles of themselves at debutante dances, then Daddy or the family trustee will, at long last, take pity on them. This is the story of God, but it is also the hope of John Connally's campaign for the Presidency.

In New York, people concede that Mr. Connally is a man of little or no principle, but this, they say, is what is wanted in a world inhabited by thieves and governed not by principle but by force. The only way to deal with desperadoes is to hire a desperado of one's own. □

East Coast

CRUISE

THE DEATH OF KINGS

Prose translations from the poetry of despair

by Lewis H. Lapham

...of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and
epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with
rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the
earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of
wills; . . .
For God's sake, let us sit upon the
ground,
And tell sad stories of the death
of kings . . . —Richard II

JUDGING BY what I can read of the public record, this fall the American gentry has become enthralled with the romance of failure. President Carter drags himself around the country like a dying king in an old play, weighed down with grief, blaming himself (as well as the oil companies, the American people, his Cabinet secretaries, the Arabs, and the weather) for the misfortunes that have befallen the Republic. The press plays the part of hired mourner, cherishing the wounds in the American body politic as if they were the stigmata of the murdered Christ. Washington columnists compete with professors of diplomatic history for the honor of delivering the funeral oration at the bier of Teddy Roosevelt.

The peasantry in Iowa produce record harvests of corn and soybeans, but on suburban lawns in California and Connecticut the capitalist nobility walk solemnly to and fro with glasses of iced gin in their hands, gesturing vigorously in the direction of the yacht club, bemoaning the ruin of the currency and worrying about the lack of leadership among their public and domestic servants. Nothing works anymore, they say; the world has gone

awry. The Russians have acquired a more impressive collection of weapons than the one purchased by the curators at the Pentagon; in the Third World, ruffians leap and dance; at Burning Tree the caddies have raised their fees.

The more I listen to these sorrowful recitations the more I think of heirs to comfortable fortunes who delight in the display of their weakness. The eloquence of their self-pity sometimes makes it difficult to know what, in fact, they mean to say. The lamentation is likely to persist and wax more piteous during the next twelve months of the Presidential campaigns, and for the convenience of readers who might not be familiar with the poetry of sweet despair, I offer a few translations from the original tear-stained texts.

*Failure of nerve, crisis of confidence,
loss of will.*

Phrases of flattery. Self-blame constitutes an exquisite and expensive form of self-praise. No matter how severe the adjectives, the conversation remains fixed on the subject of supreme interest and importance.

The American press never asks, "How do the Germans and the Japanese manage their economies? What can we learn from their example?" Such questions would distract the attention from the American self. During the present debate on the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty nobody mentions the difficulties confronting the Soviet Union—its prisons, its dwindling oil reserves and inadequate production of wheat, the unhappiness of its citizens and the chance of nationalist uprising among the many peoples

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

yoked together by a frayed ideology.

For the past eighty years all the best people have complained of neurotic disorders. The doctrines of modernism substitute art for religion, and the lives of the saints (Joyce, Pound, Van Gogh, et alii) demonstrate the relation between neurosis and genius. The acknowledgement of weakness therefore becomes a proof of spiritual refinement, something comparable to a house on the beach at East Hampton or a feather boa bought at an auction on behalf of public television. The neurosis distinguishes its possessor from the anonymous crowd of stolid and capable citizens who endure their lives with a minimum of self-dramatization. Who pays attention to people who don't make piteous cries? Who wants to pay \$100,000 for the movie rights to their chronicles of marriage and divorce? Who bothers to take their photograph for *Vogue*?

It is the fear of not being noticed that prompts so many people (among them President Carter) to make so fatuous a show of their defects. Mr. Carter puts his whole heart into proving himself weak and effeminate, and by so doing he seeks to make himself charming. His weeping confessions aspire to the romance of fan magazines. Like the frequently divorced lady met in a bar at Palm Beach, who whispers the secrets of her self-indulgence and her depravity as if these confidences enfolded her in the cloak of the Queen of the Night, Mr. Carter imagines himself so glorious that anything that impairs his perfection must be thought of as monstrous.

Even when he had been deprived of his kingdom, which he had let fall into disorder by reason of his extravagance

and upheaval. It's no wonder that some people like Lasch and Peter Marin who perceive change so narrowly become hysterical or unhinged at the prospects. But to pin so much negativity upon "narcissism" when, in fact, it may be one of the saving graces of our century (Zweig referred to Narcissus as a "tutelary god") is just too truncated and unbalanced a view.

SOL KORT
Centre for Continuing Education
The University of British Columbia
Vancouver, Canada

Babes at arms

I think Alexander Theroux, for all his experience of candy ["Matters of Taste," August], doesn't realize that Red Hots and Necco Wafers were never intended to be eaten. (Their flavor underscores this.) They are ammunition, perfectly weighted and shaped for tossing across classrooms while teachers write on chalkboards or step outside for a smoke. It is im-

possible to ignore being hit by a Red Hot, as I or any number of my fellows-in-arms can attest.

This matériel is sold as candy because sugar is cheap (so the munitions-makers prosper handsomely). Also, few school boards are enlightened enough to allow ammunition dispensers on campus if marketed as such.

If the candy-makers' role in student warfare distresses you, however, I might note that a friend of my sister used Neccos to rehearse for her First Communion, the wafers being of similar size.

DALE NELSON
Seaside, Oreg.

Never say die

The article by Ed Zuckerman, "Hiding From the Bomb—Again" [August], would have us give up, which is precisely what our adversaries want us to do.

Mr. Zuckerman quotes Paul Warnke as saying that "No rational leadership

could subject its country to the unexampled devastation that would be punishment for the monstrous crime of initiating a strategic nuclear war." Was Khrushchev rational when he sent his warships toward our shores during the Cuban crisis? He reversed only because we stood up to him. We do not live in a rational world, so leadership often acts without reason. And nuclear terrorism is a new threat.

We who believe in the defense of our nation and who work in civil defense are neither hawks nor doves. We know the hazards of radiation from whatever cause; and most of all we believe in defending ourselves and others who, without love of country, in spite of belittling and trying to destroy, would be trying to save themselves and their families in the face of threat, just as Mr. Zuckerman would.

DOROTHY MERRIAM
County Director/Coordinator
Municipal Civil Defense
and Disaster Services
Primghar, Iowa

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1979



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Who Are the Nation's Leaders Today?

TIME asked a variety of historians, writers, businessmen and others in public life, "What living American leaders have been most effective in changing things for the better?" Reflecting the continuing problem of leadership in the White House, no one named Gerald Ford, Richard Nixon or Jimmy Carter. The great diversity of the people chosen mirrors the fragmentation of American society, one of the problems for leaders. The nominees ranged from relatively predictable to almost shocking:

WILLIAM BUCKLEY, conservative columnist and editor (*National Review*): There's no one that I know of who has the potential grip on the imagination of the American people that would be conclusive enough to cause everybody to say "there is a leader" in the sense, for instance, that F.D.R. was, like him or loathe him. There is no American leader of anything like the stature or potential influence of Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Now there are a lot of mini-leaders. Irving Kristol is the acknowledged godfather of the [neoconservative] movement. But he probably couldn't persuade a Boy Scout troop to make a right turn, even if you gave him quadruphonous sound. So in that sense he's not a leader at all.

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS, historian (Williams College): Very few widely known living Americans meet my rather exacting criteria of leaders who transform. John Sawyer was such a leader as president of Williams College during the 1960s, when he led the college in achieving badly needed social and educational reforms. Nationally, Cesar Chavez may be such a leader today.

KENNETH CLARK, educator: There are no transcendent leaders, but on a lower level there is Gloria Steinem, an articulate

and thoughtful representative of the women's movement. Andy Young has stirred up controversy; if you're not getting into trouble, you're not breaking new ground or asking people to rethink old notions.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, historian (Amherst College): Linus Pauling has provided leadership in an almost 18th century fashion by combining great distinction in scientific inquiry and in the moral arena. The second figure who has steadily, over a long and distinguished career, held up to our people a spectacle of greatness is Archibald MacLeish. He has inspired generations of Americans to a love of literature and of philosophy.

LEE A. DuBRIDGE, former president of Caltech: Carl Sagan has an influence on science far beyond the television tube. He is introducing people to the many aspects of science. Frank Press (scientific adviser to Carter) has persuaded the President of the importance of basic research, developed some of the technical aspects of SALT II, and remains an important link in explaining the treaty to the scientific community. Bruce Murray, director of the Jet Propulsion Lab, reflects and influences the objectives and hopes of the entire scientific community.

FRANCES FITZGERALD, writer (*Fire in the Lake*): Barry Commoner, Ralph Nader and Cesar Chavez are possibilities. Nader and Chavez are leaders on a grand scale. Their thinking is original and they have the ability to make things happen. It is characteristic of American society today that the antiwar movement, women's movement, antinukes have a collective leadership.

JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN, historian: We are too much inclined to view history from the standpoint of great men. This I think

is a dangerous exercise. Blacks, in particular, have been caught up in what I call the Booker T. Washington syndrome, the idea that there is someone who speaks for the black man.

DOUGLAS FRASER, U.A.W. president: I can't think of any leaders. Isn't this sad? God, that's what's wrong with this country! That's exactly what's wrong.

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT, former Senator: Anybody who takes issue with the government of Israel is taking his life in his own hands. The one man who has done this and written very well is George Ball. He has advocated an equitable or balanced policy toward Israel and her neighbors that I think is very constructive.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, economist: On health care, on industrial concentration, on foreign policy, arms control and refugee matters, I don't think anyone strikes as many sparks and brings along as many people as Edward Kennedy.

JAMES GAVIN, retired Army general and executive: I just can't find any outstanding leaders. Connally, but there's the milk scandal. Kennedy, but there's Chappaquiddick. The academic and business worlds are limited in their views. David Rockefeller is really good but strictly narrow in the application of his skills. There's George Ball, who has shown great versatility, but he doesn't have national stature.

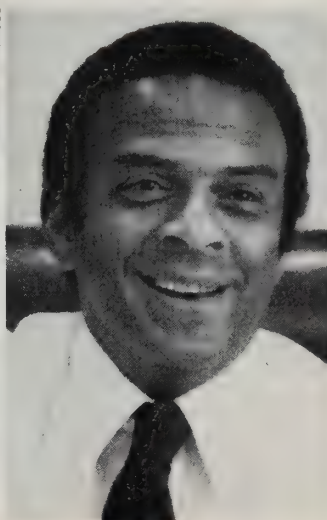
BILLY GRAHAM, evangelist: I believe that the living American leaders who continue, year after year, to do the most to change things for the better are the countless mothers and fathers who have committed themselves to love and to train the next generation.



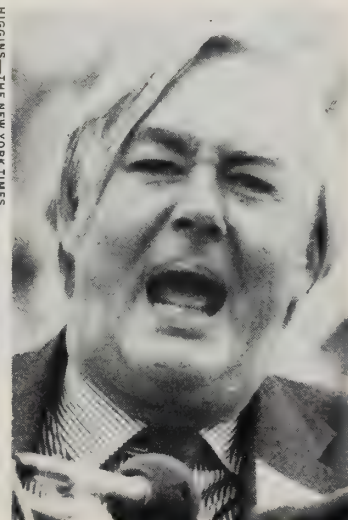
Henry Kissinger



Ralph Nader



Andrew Young



Daniel Patrick Moynihan

SETTLE—THE NEW YORK TIMES

BRACK—BLACK STAR

HIGGINS—THE NEW YORK TIMES



HOWARD JARVIS, tax-revolt crusader: Alexander Haig, for his understanding of Soviet and European military capabilities; William Clements the new Governor of Texas, for his program to try to rebuild free enterprise in his state; William Simon for his important book, *A Time for Truth*; and Comedian George Burns, who at 83 is proving that all of the sugar in life is in the bottom of the cup.

CORETTA SCOTT KING, civil rights activist: In terms of impacting the crucial foreign policy issues we face, I believe Andrew Young deserves special recognition. For the first time in American history, the people of the developing nations have a highly committed spokesman to represent their interests to the President and the American people.

IRVING KRISTOL, neoconservative writer: There's no question that Henry Kissinger elevated the discussion of American foreign policy. There aren't many individuals—George Kennan in his prime was one—who apply mind to foreign policy as against just opinion, and Kissinger is certainly one.

LOUIS MASOTTI, political scientist (Northwestern): Ralph Nader. Recalls, product guarantees, truth in packaging, truth in lending, almost all these things were a spillover of the challenge of this one person. Another is Barry Commoner. He has raised our consciousness about the environment and ecological system. I might have chosen Jerry Brown, if he had turned out to be more consistent and positive.

DAVID RIESMAN, sociologist: Richard Lyman of Stanford University is one of the few college presidents who is a real leader. He had the courage to fire a radical professor at the cost of dividing his faculty. Dan Evans was an inventive Governor of Washington. He developed an independent VISTA program. Terry Sanford [former Governor of North Caroli-

na] is really a great leader. He developed projects for multiracial groups that influenced the educational programs of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank: John McCloy [lawyer and banker] and Henry Kissinger for their leadership in world affairs; Andrew Wyeth for his leadership in bringing the arts to a wider public; Rockefeller University President and Nobel Winner Joshua Lederberg for his leadership in the scientific community; General Electric's Reginald Jones for his business leadership; and Patrick Haggerty [general director of Texas Instruments] for his business leadership and his role in helping maintain America's technological leadership.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR., historian (City University of New York): I don't see around the kind of people who constituted leadership when I was younger. Everything looked better when people like Franklin Roosevelt, Reinhold Niebuhr and the like were alive.

GLORIA STEINEM, editor and feminist organizer: Bella Abzug and Andrew Young are the only two leaders of our time who have successfully transposed social movements into the electoral system. Cesar Chavez and Carolyn Reed [director of the National Committee on Household Employment] have redefined work and taken forward the movement to organize the lowest, least paid in the working force. And John Kenneth Galbraith is almost the only link between economic knowledge and the public.

EDWARD TELLER, scientist: Biologist Norman Borlaug, who with his colleagues developed a strain of wheat that is helping to feed the world. The most important man who brought refugees to this country, from Hungarians to Indochinese, is Leo Cherne, executive director of the Re-

search Institute of America. Dixy Lee Ray, the Governor of Washington, is a politician and a scientist who pulled the Atomic Energy Commission out of a deep mire by reorganizing the agency. She made many enemies, and had no support, but became the Governor of a state.

THEODORE WHITE, author: Senator Pat Moynihan in the sense that he led an internal revolt against the dominant, the liberal tradition of the U.S. And Ralph Nader is a leader. He called the corporations to account. Ben Bradlee has been the supreme iconoclast of American journalists. He'd expose his own mother. He and Abe Rosenthal [executive editor of the *New York Times*] changed the course of American journalism. I'd also add CBS Producer Don Hewitt (*60 Minutes*) because he made reality exciting.

WILLIAM WINPISINGER, Machinists Union president: I think the country is crazy for a leader. That's the problem with the little fink we've got for a President now. It is still possible to call [AFL-CIO boss] George Meany a leader, but I happen to think he epitomizes negative leadership, characterized by inaction, immobility and stultified thinking. To me, Ted Kennedy has the skills to be a leader. He's charming; his staff has brains. Cleveland Mayor Dennis Kucinich took on the utility company and the interlocking directorates. He told them baloney. So far no one has proved him wrong. Ralph Nader takes on issues intelligently and honestly.

HOWARD ZINN, historian: One of my criticisms of history, culture and education in the U.S. is the heavy emphasis on leaders and the lack of emphasis on social movements. But if I were to pick one or two who have had some impact on our society it would be people like Dick Gregory. He could have had a comfortable career as a comedian but he has shown a willingness to sacrifice himself in his fight on racism, war, the nuclear questions. ■



Archibald MacLeish



Gloria Steinem



Cesar Chavez



John Kenneth Galbraith

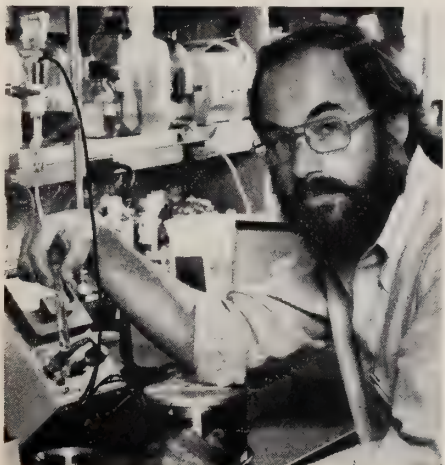
Onward and Upward

A week after he appeared on TIME's list of 200, M.I.T. Microbiologist David Baltimore was back in the news. In an act of bold leadership, he called on fellow scientists to examine the potential "biohazards" of genetic research. He was one of the prominent signers of a published letter in which DNA researchers pledged to halt certain types of experiments that might create novel and dangerous microorganisms or cancer-causing viruses. The scientists asked others around the world to join them in "voluntarily deferring" the dangerous work on recombinant DNA. The letter caused an uproar—scientists fear any limitation on their freedom of action—but it led to the establishment of guidelines for such experiments by the National Institutes of Health.

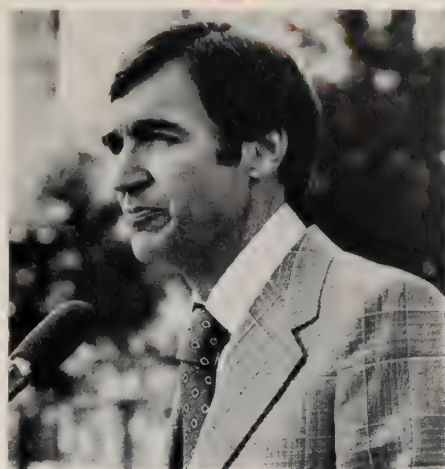
A year after the letter, Baltimore was thrust into even greater prominence: he won the 1975 Nobel Prize for Medicine. The prize, shared with two others, was for the discovery that a cancer-causing virus had an enzyme able to reverse the normal pathway of information flow in all other biological systems. The discovery helped the study of whether viruses play a role in causing human cancer.

Baltimore, who is married to a microbiologist, spends most of his working hours engaged in basic research. He also serves on the national committee that oversees guidelines for recombinant DNA research and advises the director of the NIH. Although he has expressed his fear of conducting genetic experiments without ironclad safeguards, he does not want them curbed by badly drawn government regulations. When the Cambridge city council considered banning certain recombinant DNA experiments at M.I.T. and Harvard, he spoke in protest.

Says he: "My life is dedicated to increasing knowledge. We need no more justification for scientific research than that. My motivating force is not that I will find a 'cure' for cancer. There may never be a cure as such. I work because I want to understand."



David Baltimore



John Sawhill

Back to School

When John Sawhill was profiled five years ago, he had already made a career switch from the business world, where he was a \$100,000-a-year senior vice president of the Commercial Credit Co., to the Federal Government. He took a \$60,000 salary cut in 1973 to become an associate director of the Office of Management and Budget. Within a year, he was head of the Federal Energy Office, forerunner of the Department of Energy.

Sawhill proposed then radical methods of cutting fuel consumption, like setting thermostats at 78° F in the summer. Bicycling to a *Face the Nation* interview was one of the ways he dramatized the need for conservation. He also advocated a 10¢- to 30¢-per-gal. increase in the gasoline tax to cut consumption. The move displeased President Ford, who encouraged him to resign in 1974.

The next year Sawhill switched careers again, becoming president of New York University, where he had earned a Ph.D. in economics. When Sawhill arrived, the nation's largest private university was in financial trouble. Sawhill has so far raised more than \$50 million, slashed budgets, restructured the university's investments and managed to erase the projected \$9 million budget deficit he inherited. He is now working to improve the quality of undergraduate education, and, as an example of how the university should concentrate its resources, is strengthening its research and teaching programs in cell biology. Sawhill also likes to pull on an old sweatshirt and jog around the N.Y.U. campus, stopping occasionally to pick up trash.

Sawhill was one of the leaders invited to Camp David for the series of conferences to discuss energy and Carter's leadership problems. The starting point of leadership in any area, Sawhill says, "is to set priority goals—a few, a very few, overarching goals—that cover many of the competing and conflicting issues. That's the only way to gain a consensus."

The Fall of Troy

He was a tough, burly, street-smart politician, with a promising future and a flair for the spectacular. When New York City Mayor John V. Lindsay ordered the flag atop city hall lowered as a gesture of protest against the Viet Nam War, Matthew J. Troy Jr. appeared on the roof, coat flapping in the breeze, and put the flag back up. Said he: "That's where it belongs."

Troy was also the master of the smoke-filled back room. Not only was he a New York City councilman, but he was Democratic leader of the huge borough of Queens (pop. 1.9 million). What toppled Troy was a matter of finances—the city's and his own.

As head of the council finance committee, Troy challenged Mayor Abe Beame's proposed budget. The mayor counterattacked by ousting him from his party post in Queens. On the same day, Sept. 19, 1974, federal investigators paid Troy a call, bringing along a request for his tax records. He was subsequently charged with, and pleaded guilty to, filing false income tax returns and withdrawing money from estates he managed as an attorney.

Troy spent two months in jail while retaining his council seat. But the voters of Queens, who once backed him by margins as high as 3-1, ended his grip on politics at the next election. Looking back, Troy feels the ordeal did have one benefit. "The family [including nine children] kept together with all the trouble. Of course, I am sorry for the embarrassment it caused them. My son has the same name—he'll have to live it down—and he wants to be a lawyer. I have a feeling he wants to vindicate everything."

As executive director of the Long Island Gasoline Retailers Association, Troy finds himself in the middle of another minefield. He professes to like his present work. "I don't have to run for re-election," he says. "I enjoy it more than politics. In politics, you're always at the mercy of the people."



Matthew Troy



50 Faces for America's Future

It has become an almost universal complaint that the tribe of leaders has died out. That is true in one sense: those Olympian figures who dominated earlier decades of the century are gone. But leadership has not vanished; its character has changed. So have the styles and opportunities of leaders, along with the perspectives, needs and expectations of the led.

Despite new hazards and constraints, there is no shortage of talent; leaders are continuing to emerge across the U.S. Here and on the following pages, TIME identifies some of them. The 200 young leaders of five years ago were all 45 years old or younger. This time the age limit remains the same. But only 50 leaders were sought, not because of a diminished pool of talent but because many of the previous 200 would once again qualify—they still have not reached 45.

In May, TIME correspondents and editors began gathering suggestions from Congressmen, religious leaders, educators, politicians and prominent citizens in every part of the nation. TIME tried especially to find leaders on the local and regional levels. As North Carolina Governor James B. Hunt remarked: "I think we've got the attitude in this country that Government has to do everything for people. My whole approach is 'Let's try to do it for ourselves on the local level.'" The magazine sought figures of integrity who have exerted a significant social or civic impact, regardless of politics or ideology. Boston College President J. Donald

Monan expressed an instructive distinction: "Most of the leaders I am acquainted with are not technicians. They have large souls and a sense of values."

TIME's portfolio of promise is more a sampler of outstanding leadership than an effort to pick the 50 who obviously and definitively lead all the rest. There were too many excellent candidates to make any such specific claim; inevitably, the choices were in part subjective. Some of the 50 were picked more for potential than for present accomplishments; they are just starting out, but TIME's editors liked where they are heading. The list does not include many outstanding Americans who lead in the arts. The visionary architect, the composer, the actor, for example, may all make distinguished contributions to the quality of American life. But TIME was looking for people whose effect upon the society was—and will be—more tangible and direct.

Our search found a diverse and exciting group: educators, politicians, administrators, scientists. More than half are only in their 30s—which is an encouraging sign. The list shows how times have changed; women and minorities are better represented than they were five years ago. All those on the list share one characteristic, the sense of boldness that remains the prime prerequisite for leadership in any era.

Herewith, TIME presents 50 faces for the future.

1. David Aaron, 39. At the first meeting of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. SALT negotiators nearly ten years ago in Helsinki, the atmosphere was frosty until a U.S. representative impulsively struck a match to light a cigarette for a Soviet negotiator. The tension eased, and Aaron, then a junior aide, has been making sparks ever since. Now, as deputy to National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, he exercises powerful influence in the White House. A moderate on U.S.-Soviet affairs, he is one of the top American experts on arms control, and has played a key role in the SALT II negotiations. After graduating from Princeton University, Aaron became a State Department officer and later was a protégé of then Senator Walter Mondale. Says Aaron: "I chose government because I felt it offered the most opportunity to participate in history."

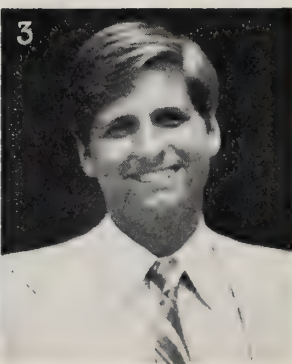
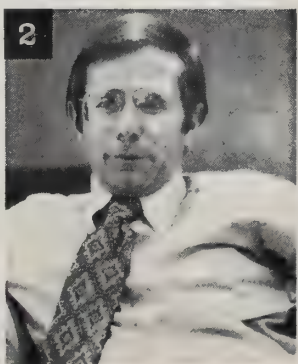
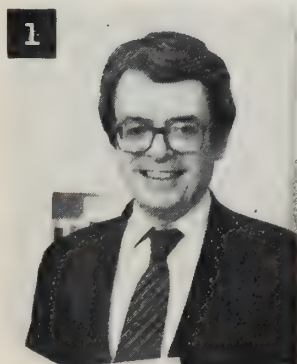
2. William M. Agee, 41, wasted little time imposing his style of leadership on the giant Bendix Corp. (1978 sales: \$3.6 billion). Short-

ly after he succeeded Michael Blumenthal as chairman and chief executive officer in 1977, Agee began instituting his theories of "participatory management." He expanded the top decision-making group, encouraged free-wheeling discussions on corporate objectives, and sought to loosen the hierarchy with a series of gambits: opening up the executive dining room, tossing the intimidating teak table out of the conference room and abolishing the pecking order in the parking lot. Born in Boise, Agee attended the University of Idaho, and was at first turned down before being admitted by the Harvard Business School. He signed on with Boise Cascade, rose to become chief financial officer, and then joined Bendix in 1972 at the age of 34. He believes in young leaders. Says he: "I think a person my age can be a constructive agent of change."

3. Dr. Joseph C. Avellone, 30, is on the threshold of a promising career in a brand-new field: helping, he says, "to bridge the gap

between those who make health policy and those who practice medicine. The decision makers don't know enough medicine, and the medical profession doesn't know enough economics and management." A surgeon, Avellone interrupted his medical studies to get a master's degree in public administration from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. Last year he wrote a report, published in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, that analyzed how a probe by the Federal Trade Commission would hamper the medical profession's power to set standards and to pass on a doctor's qualifications. Now practicing in New Hampshire, where he is also planning a study of the state's system for handling trauma victims, Avellone hopes eventually to work as a policymaker for federal health programs. Says Boston's noted surgeon Francis D. Moore: "Avellone is a pioneer."

4. Marion S. Barry Jr., 43, the mayor of Washington, D.C., holds the highest elected post attained by any of the black activists of the turbulent '60s. Son of a Mississippi sharecropper, Barry abandoned work on a doctorate in chemistry at the University of Tennessee to join the civil rights movement. As the first national chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, he was often jailed for taking part in protests. In Washington, D.C., he founded Pride, Inc., a job-training organization for young people, and turned into a skillful politician working as a member of the city council and chairman of the school board. The city's black and white middle class swept the former militant into the mayor's office last year. Barry admits his role has changed with the times. "I always knew it was better to make policy than to in-



fluence policy," he says. "I think integrity is the most important quality for a leader. People have to believe you won't sell them out."

5. Mikhail Baryshnikov, 31, is a man of *grands jetés*. His first leap was his 1974 defection from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet to the American Ballet Theater. Baryshnikov, who is becoming a U.S. citizen, is a classical dancer of genius. He performed more than 26 roles with the A.B.T. and choreographed two successful productions of *The Nutcracker* and *Don Quixote*. He soared as ballet's sexy superstar when he won an Oscar nomination for his role in the movie *The Turning Point*. In 1978 Baryshnikov joined George Balanchine's New York City Ballet, a company that emphasizes its ensemble, not its stars. But in 1980 he will jump again, returning to the A.B.T. as its artistic director and leading dancer. Baryshnikov is expected to inject new energy and choreography into the company. Says A.B.T. Executive Director Herman Krawitz: "He has the mind of a leader in an intellectual and poetic sense, and he also has a long-range corporate understanding."



6. Carol Bellamy, 37. Colleagues joke that she has never had an anxiety attack, and, indeed, Bellamy has brought calm self-confidence, efficiency and integrity to every job she has tackled, from three terms as a New York Democratic state senator to her present position as president of the New York City Council. Bellamy has taken a rather insignificant office and turned it into a position of substance by directing investigations of citizen complaints about utility costs, sanitation services and real estate abuses. In her collateral position on the city's main budget-making body, the Board of Estimate, she has pressed Mayor Edward Koch for deeper cuts and even wrested precise figures from his office by filing for them under a freedom-of-information law. Born in New Jersey and educated at Gettysburg College and New York University Law School, Bellamy seems to have her sights set on the Governor's mansion in Albany, where the incumbent is a fan of hers. Says Governor Hugh Carey: "She improves daily."

7. Mary Frances Berry, 41, HEW's Assistant Secretary for Education and acting commissioner of education, is a champion of educational opportunity for what she calls the "underserved." Berry fought Carter's budget cutters this year and got a \$263 million increase in funds for the disadvantaged, including \$15 million in fellowships for members of minorities and women who want to go to graduate school. Born in Nashville and a graduate

of Howard University, Berry holds both a Ph.D. in history and a law degree from the University of Michigan. She has written several books on the Constitution and civil rights law. Formerly chancellor of the University of Colorado, the highest major university post ever held by a black woman, Berry is a candidate for a top job if Congress creates a Department of Education. Known for her accessibility, Berry says: "The various publics who have an interest in what you're doing have a right to tell you how they feel about it."

8. David L. Boren, 38, was the youngest Governor in Oklahoma's history (33) and the youngest Senator (37). The industrious, chubby Democrat is already impressing his colleagues as what he calls a "maverick conservative," backing tax cuts and proposing streamlined reforms of the regulatory agencies, welfare and health care. Son of a Congressman from Oklahoma, Boren graduated from Yale and went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar before getting his law degree from the University of Oklahoma. He has a knack for country-style campaigning: while running for Governor, he flourished a broom, vowing to sweep the "Old Guard" out of state government. He also spurned campaign contributions from organizations. An early Carter backer, Boren, who is also a born-again Christian, has since become disillusioned with the President's energy policies; the Senator from the oil state would like to deregulate gasoline prices and is strongly opposed to the Administration's windfall profits tax proposal. But the single most important problem that the country faces, cautions Boren, "is overregulation and the fact that the regulators have no accountability to the American public."

9. Leon Botstein, 32, is one of the nation's most forceful advocates of an often neglected cause: the small liberal arts college. Although he attended the University of Chicago and Harvard, Botstein believes that in an increasingly complex world the traditional college can provide a vital educational function quite different from that of large, research-oriented universities. He has buttressed his argument with an impressive performance. In 1970, at the age of 23, he became one of the youngest college presidents in American history when he took over and briefly revived New Hampshire's failing and nonaccredited Franconia College. At 28, Botstein, the son of two Polish refugee doctors, became president of Bard College in New York's Hudson Valley. In addition to expanding the curriculum,

Botstein intends to turn Bard into a valley cultural center. An accomplished violinist, Botstein has occasionally been invited to conduct the Hudson Valley Philharmonic.

10. Arvin Brown, 39, was fresh out of the Yale University School of Drama and just 24 in 1965 when he helped start the Long Wharf Theater in a converted warehouse in New Haven, Conn. Becoming artistic director in 1967, he set about making the Long Wharf one of the best and boldest regional theaters in the nation. Broadway dares not take many chances, but Brown does, and the result is a series of plays staged first in New Haven and then moving on to New York: *The Changing Room*, *Streamers*, *The Shadow Box*, *The Gin Game* and a revival of *Ah, Wilderness!* Brown, who has already branched out into television and is planning to go into movies, is not talking idly when he says: "We've become equally proficient with Broadway in overall quality." A year ago the Long Wharf won a Tony Award for its "extraordinarily high level of performance and aspiration."

11. J. Hyatt Brown, 42. While he plotted the coup that would make him speaker of the Florida house of representatives, Brown kept a clipping of the Israeli lightning raid on Entebbe pinned to his office wall to remind him of the value of surprise. Surprise he did. While the incumbent speaker and supporters were feasting at a dinner, Brown's cohorts, known as "the dirty dozen," collected legislators' signatures on a petition that changed the house's voting rules and enabled Brown to call for an immediate vote that gave him the gavel. Since then the Republican, a former insurance salesman from Daytona Beach, has reformed the ramshackle procedures of the house, cut school taxes and held down prop-



erty taxes. Brown, who stands for efficiency and economy in government, is a likely contender for Governor or U.S. Senator in the early 1980s.

12. Jane M. Byrne, 45, shocked Chicago when she defeated Mayor Michael B. Blandin and the Democratic machine in a primary and then went on last April to become mayor of the city where she had been born and raised. A protégée of late Mayor Richard Daley, Byrne had spent ten years as Chicago's commissioner of consumer sales and served one year as co-chairman of the powerful Cook County Democratic Central Committee. She is a scrappy reformer who is out to rechannel the Democratic machine's energies into delivering services for Chicago's neglected neighborhoods, especially for the blacks and latinos who supported her. Her tough stand in suspending city supervisors who fail to show up for work has pleased taxpayers and set the city bureaucracy on nervous edge. Yet her use of patronage powers in appointing people of unquestioned loyalty—while firing holdovers from the previous administration—has made her the target of criticism. Says Byrne: "I dedicate this administration to bringing a new renaissance of neighborhood life and community spirit."



13. Joan B. Claybrook, 42, spent seven years as a Nader Raider before Carter put her into the driver's seat of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. During the past two years, she has ordered a record 15.6 million automobiles recalled for safety checks and changes. Her biggest victory: forcing Firestone to take back 8.7 million "500" radial tires, a move that so far has cost the company \$147 million. She has also established tough fuel economy standards (27 m.p.g. by 1984) and stuck to them despite protests from manufacturers. Some of her former consumer-rights colleagues claim Claybrook was too lenient in postponing the deadline for airbags; Ralph Nader has called her an "accommodator" and demanded her resignation. Detroit wants her to go for other reasons: the Georgetown-trained lawyer is known in the industry as the Dragon Lady. Says Claybrook: "I think that having critics is just a part of accomplishing something. It is also part of democracy."

14. William J. Clinton, 32, is sometimes lampooned in political cartoons in Arkansas as a brat furiously pedaling a tricycle. No one, however, can deny that the nation's youngest Governor is making progress on an uphill path. Instead of cutting taxes, like everyone else,

Democrat Clinton persuaded the assembly to raise them by \$47 million. With the funds, Clinton will give the public schools their largest rise in state aid in history (20%), increase teachers' salaries (now among the nation's lowest), and improve care for the elderly. A Georgetown and Yale Law School graduate and a Rhodes scholar, Clinton has also regained power for the Governor's office that had been usurped by the legislature. Limited by law to two terms, Clinton is expected eventually to run for Congress.

15. Philippe de Montebello, 43, was born into an artistic Parisian family. When his family moved to the U.S., de Montebello studied art history at Harvard and took up painting. "You have talent but not genius," his father told him. So in 1963, de Montebello joined the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a curatorial assistant. He was tapped for the directorship of Houston's Museum of Fine Arts in 1969, and in four years built up the museum's reputation and staff and amassed a \$2 million endowment for acquisitions. A naturalized citizen, de Montebello returned to the Met in 1973 and worked on some of the blockbuster shows ("Treasures from the Kremlin," "Monet at Giverny"). Named director of the Met in May 1978, de Montebello plans to downplay the role of special events and make the museum's treasures more routinely accessible. Says he: "I want people to get used to the idea of dropping in to see familiar objects they love."

16. Alan M. Dershowitz, 40. The student editors of the Harvard Law School *Bulletin* seldom lavish praise on the faculty, but for Dershowitz they made an exception. As

the *Bulletin* put it, "He energetically attacks discrimination, represents criminals and defends the rights of others to defend themselves." The onetime boy wonder from Brooklyn (he was a full professor at Harvard at 28) admits to being "an extremist" on civil liberties. His credo: "If there is discrimination against anybody, there is discrimination against everybody." He has fought for the rights of American Nazis to speak and assemble, and successfully defended Actor Harry Reems, the lead in *Deep Throat*, against obscenity charges. Though a Jew and an ardent Zionist, Dershowitz has criticized Israel for establishing settlements on the West Bank. For that, he says, "my mother really gave me hell."

17. Robert Embry, 41, successfully guided Baltimore's redevelopment program from 1968 to the mid-1970s—using low-interest mortgages to attract middle-income residents to downtown and turning the blighted inner harbor area into a showplace of refurbished row houses and new businesses. He caught the eye of Carter, who appointed him Assistant Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. As the Administration's point man on urban distress, one of the toughest jobs in town, Embry created the Urban Development Action Grant program that is helping to save 327 distressed urban areas by encouraging private investment. To qualify for UDAG, a mayor must prove that his proposal has local business support and will create jobs. In the past two years, HUD has paid out \$700 million in seed money that in turn has generated an investment of \$4.1 billion in private funds. An unflappable official, the Baltimore born and bred Embry plans to return to local govern-



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1980 CHEVY CITATION



ment after HUD. Says he: "The oldest cities may be the newest frontier."

18. Martin Feldstein, 40, his colleagues predict, is some day bound to reach the pinnacle of their profession: chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. A *summa cum laude* graduate of Harvard, Feldstein is already perhaps the most influential young economist in the nation, the leader of a group of "new conservatives" who are arguing that the Government should meddle less in the economy. Feldstein heads the National Bureau of Economic Research in Cambridge, a private organization financed by grants from foundations and corporations, highly respected in the profession for its study of economic cycles. The cure for what ails the American economy, argues Feldstein, is more capital investment, helped by tax incentives. He believes the Government should lower Social Security taxes to encourage private savings and make unemployment benefits taxable to remove incentives for remaining jobless. Notes Feldstein: "Government policy has not only failed to eliminate the problems that it was designed to solve, but has also frequently exacerbated those very problems."

19. Wallace C. Ford, 29, is executive vice president of Amistad Dot Venture Capital Inc., a Washington, D.C.-based investment company, backed by black private capital, that helps set up small businesses run by members of minorities. Although former Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton is chief executive officer of the fledgling company, founded in March, Ford is responsible for much of the daily operations. A graduate of Dartmouth and Harvard Law School, Ford at 27 became the youngest president of the Harlem Lawyers' Association. Onetime

speechwriter for Sutton, Congressman Charles Rangel and Richard Hatcher, mayor of Gary, Ind., Ford commutes between Washington and New York City, where he is head of NOVA (New Opportunities for Voter Action), aimed at harnessing political clout for blacks. Says Sutton: "Ford has poise, balance, intelligence and is 'relevant' ... He's a comer."

20. A. Bartlett Giamatti, 41. The Yale faculty cheered last spring when a humanist was chosen to lead the institution during its days of austerity. A man who loves the Red Sox and Renaissance literature, Giamatti is a true blue (class of '60 and teacher since '66). The youngest president of Yale in 200 years, Giamatti faces the challenge of reducing a \$19 million deficit without sacrificing the quality of education. So far, he has begun a complete review of operating costs and instituted stiff

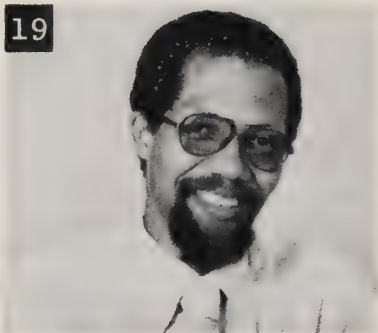


cutbacks in the nonacademic staff. "I hope to see a Yale College with fewer students, a curriculum with fewer courses and more structured breadth, and a college seminar system that engages retired faculty so that their dignity and wisdom and expertise are not lost to us all," says Giamatti. Another main concern: the stifling Government interference that accompanies financial aid and research grants. Notes Giamatti: "Private institutions will be forced to become more adept at pressuring for their principles."

21. Marcia Ann Gillespie, 35, went for a job interview at *Essence* magazine in 1970 and ended up being hired as managing editor. She took the floundering publication for black women and gave it an audience, ad revenues and an editorial *raison d'être*. Serious service

articles on health and careers replaced slick travel and fashion pieces. One of her big victories: persuading advertisers to use black models in ads for black consumers. "I wanted to show what black women really are: beautiful, courageous and incredibly vital people," says Gillespie. Born in Rockville Centre, N.Y., and schooled at Lake Forest College, Gillespie, now editor in chief, is in demand as a speaker about the aspirations of black women, and *Essence*, with a circulation of 600,000, has set a high standard of editorial quality.

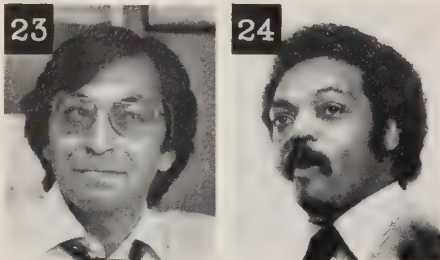
22. Gary Hart, 41, relishes the role of maverick. Says the Democratic Senator from Colorado: "It is difficult to put me in a category. I strike out on my own." In his first term, Hart is already an influential member of three key committees: armed forces, environment and budget. An independent on most issues, he



strongly supports SALT II and favors tighter federal control over nuclear power plants. But he also favors less federal control and regulation of the economy. Says he: "If you want the Government off your back, get your hand out of the Government's pocket." Handsome, lean and angular, Hart received a bachelor's degree from the Yale Divinity School, plus a Yale law degree. The role that brought him political attention, if not success, was directing Senator George McGovern's presidential campaign in 1972. Today he is gaining favor in the Senate. Says conservative Senator Barry Goldwater of Hart: "You can disagree with him politically, but I have never met a man who is more honest and more moral."

23. William Hensley, 38, an Eskimo, grew up in northwest Alaska living as a nomad. After catching the attention of teachers in the town of Kotzebue, he boldly set out for the nation's capital, where he got a degree in political science from George Washington University. In 1966 Hensley returned to Alaska to lead the struggle for native rights. As a state legislator, he flew to Washington more than 100 times to help keep the land claims issue before Congress. In 1971 Congress passed the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act that gave Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts nearly \$1 billion and 40 million acres of land. Hensley now heads the influential development arm of the Northwest Alaska Native Association (NANA), one of 13 regional corporations created by the act to manage Alaskan native assets. Under his tenure, NANA has built rural





schools, offices, rescue stations and even owns a reindeer herd of 4,200 head to provide meat to northwest natives. Hensley, who speaks English, Russian and Inupiaq (an Eskimo language in western Alaska), lost a bid for his state's sole House seat in 1974, but is often introduced by Alaskans as "our next Senator."

24. The Rev. Jesse L. Jackson, 37. "Down with dope! Up with hope!" shouts Jackson to a crowd of 10,000 enthusiastic teenagers. His mission is to inspire ghetto youngsters to change their lives by studying hard. A former aide to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Jackson has spent the past three years taking his Chicago-based PUSH-EXCEL program to schools across the country. PUSH-EXCEL requires teachers to assign homework, students to study two hours a night, and parents to provide support. Follow-up programs are sometimes weak and the long-range effectiveness remains to be seen, but some PUSH-EXCEL programs have produced lower absentee rates and higher morale. Says Jackson: "Affirmative action is a moot question if you don't learn to read and write." And at graduation, he wants voter registration cards handed out with diplomas.

25. Hamilton Jordan, 34, wrote a shrewd, sensitive 72-page memo sketching out in brilliant detail in 1972 the course Candidate Jimmy Carter had to follow from Plains, Ga., to the White House. Carter seldom wavered from Jordan's plans. Ever since, Jordan has been the President's top political strategist, and this month was officially named White House Chief of Staff—even though critics claim Jordan embodied some of the Administration's most serious managerial flaws. Jordan has a swift, conceptual mind, reads political moods and trends skillfully, and

although he is personally disorganized is highly imaginative. Jordan looks and sometimes acts like a fraternity boy—though he has lately switched from khakis and boots to pinstripe suits—and in the past his inattention to administrative detail has tarnished his image. He is now determined to bring discipline to his creativity. Says Jordan: "One of my strengths is that I know my weaknesses." Both are formidable.

26. Amalya Kearse, 42, the daughter of a postmaster and a doctor, graduated from Wellesley College and edited the law review at the University of Michigan, where a professor called her "the best student, male or female, to come down the pike." In 1970 she

ern problems facing private liberal arts schools: overtowered faculty, inflation and increasing government regulation. Her main mission, though, is to maintain an academic environment that will produce women of competence and confidence. To help keep women's colleges in the vanguard of educational opportunity, she favors continuing education for older women and professional internships. Says she: "Mount Holyoke was founded in the uncompromising belief that women could do anything they wanted."

28. Charles F. Knight, 43. "Public responsibility goes with my job and position," says the chairman and chief executive officer of Emerson Electric Co., a St. Louis electron-



became the first black woman partner of Hughes, Hubbard & Reed, a major Wall Street law firm. Praised by her colleagues for her analytical abilities, Kearse handles antitrust, stockholder and merger cases. An expert bridge player, Kearse edited the most recent volume of the *Official Encyclopedia of Bridge*. Last month Carter named her to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second District in New York, often considered to be the most important court below the Supreme Court.

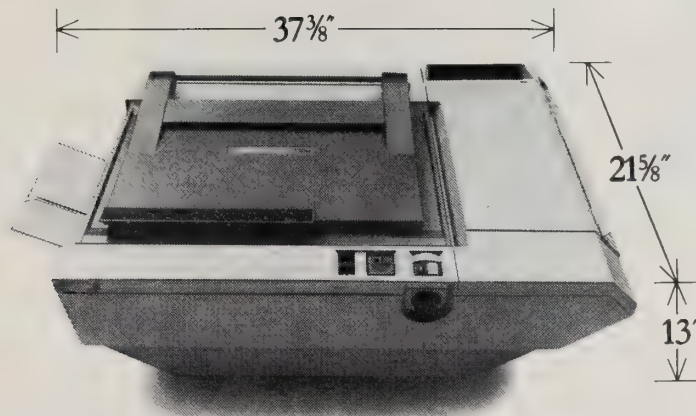
27. Elizabeth T. Kennan, 41. "Women have become important in America because of women's colleges," insists Kennan, who last fall completed the chain of female command in the Seven Sisters colleges by becoming president of Mount Holyoke, her alma mater. A medieval scholar with degrees from Oxford and the University of Washington, Kennan has spent her first year fielding all the mod-

ics firm that ranks 137 on the FORTUNE 500 list. As an executive, Knight is a rigorous cost cutter who has shut plants and furloughed workers in order to maintain acceptable profits. As a citizen, he has acted boldly to solve community problems. Three years ago when he learned from his children that St. Louis was going to cancel its athletic programs because of a budget deficit, Knight—a former football end at Cornell—organized a fund-raising drive that brought in \$250,000 to save high school sports. This year Knight helped stop a divisive school strike by raising \$600,000 from the business community to guarantee the city's first-year commitment to teachers' raises—and the children's return to the classroom.

29. Fred J. Kroll, 43, was working at 15 "at all kinds of lousy jobs," but his labors have made him president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks (B.R.A.C.) and enabled him to become the youngest member of the AFL-CIO's ruling executive council. In 1977, after Kroll edged out the son of retiring B.R.A.C. President C.L. ("Les") Dennis for the union leadership, young Dennis and his cronies beat him up so severely that he was hospitalized. Since taking over the 200,000-member union, Kroll, the son of a Philadelphia factory worker, has been trying to make the labor movement more attractive for younger workers by encouraging greater initiative at local levels. Says Kroll: "We have to get away from the image of the baseball bat, T shirt and tattoo." He says he has "the greatest respect" for George Meany, 84, the autocratic AFL-CIO president, but that "maybe the leadership is not in touch with younger people."



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30. Vilma Martinez, 35, the daughter of a San Antonio carpenter, worked her way through the University of Texas and Columbia Law School. After concentrating on civil rights for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund and the New York State division of human rights, she moved to San Francisco in 1973 to become the president and general counsel of the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund. There she has fought skillfully for the rights of 8 million Mexican Americans. Martinez, who herself grew up in a Spanish-speaking household, won a 1974 case before the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals that guaranteed the controversial right of bilingual education to all non-English-speaking children in public schools.

31. Carole McClellan, 39, is something of a lone star among big-city mayors. A former civics teacher and school district trustee, she oversees not only the 353,400 people and 120 sq. mi. of her home town of Austin but also a household of four sons, aged eleven to 16. McClellan starts the morning with a dawn breakfast followed by car-pool duty to get the children to school, works all day with Austin's city manager and six-member council, and hurries home to cook dinner for her chil-



wanted," he says. "My job is to cut out the waste and the junk, and to be a leader of the programs that work well."

33. Sister Elizabeth Morancy, 38, wore the traditional black habit of the Sisters of Mercy and taught government in a parochial school until a few years ago. Last fall she was elected by a landslide to the Rhode Island state legislature from her home town of Providence. A graduate of Salve Regina College in Newport, R.I., she represents the Spanish-speaking, black, Laotian and blue-collar

35. Mark Ptashne, 39. In 1967 the Harvard molecular biologist detected a molecule, called a "repressor," that regulates the way a gene functions, possibly a key in the study of cancer. Ptashne was majoring in philosophy at Reed College in Portland, Ore., when he became fascinated by a theory about repressor molecules and switched to chemistry in his senior year. During the Viet Nam War, Ptashne was deeply involved in antiwar politics at Harvard and went to the extent of lecturing at the University of Hanoi. But he became disillusioned with leftist politics in 1976 when some radicals and others tried, unsuccessfully, to force the Cambridge, Mass., city council to deny Harvard and M.I.T. the right to conduct recombinant DNA experiments. Ptashne helped lead the campaign to allow the experiments to take place.



dren (she is a divorcee). She then returns to city hall for more paper work. Since taking office in 1977, McClellan has got voter approval of bond issues totaling \$141 million for remodeling the city and continuing Austin's participation in a nuclear-power venture. She is persuasive: she won the nuclear-power bond issue by 53% just ten days after the Three Mile Island incident.

32. Anthony Toby Moffett, 34. "What happens when a Nader Raider comes to Congress?" mused the Connecticut Democrat in 1975, shortly after his election. Four years later, Moffett admits: "I'm trying to find the fine line between screaming all the time and being a member of the club." Last January he outmaneuvered three senior Representatives to win the chairmanship of the powerful Subcommittee on Environment, Energy and Natural Resources. A second-generation American with Lebanese grandparents, Moffett, who studied government at Syracuse University and Boston College, is a longtime defender of consumer rights. He has spoken out against high energy costs and opposes President Carter's decontrol of domestic oil prices, despite arguments from those who feel that Americans will waste gasoline until prices go up. "Government programs are still

white residents of the city's 18th district, which includes a dilapidated, arson-scorched section where she directs a community center. Since taking office she has pushed through the Rhode Island house two housing bills designed to cut down on arson and evictions. Well before Three Mile Island, she initiated legislation that would outlaw nuclear power plants in Rhode Island until waste disposal problems are solved. Says Morancy: "Issues involving the quality of people's lives affect generation after generation."

34. Robert Muller, 34, was an idealistic undergraduate at New York's Hofstra University when he enlisted in the Marines and went to Viet Nam as a lieutenant. In 1969 he was shot in the spine and left paralyzed from the waist down. The disillusioning war and shabby treatment accorded the men who fought it turned him into a crusader. As executive director of the Vietnam Veterans of America, Muller is fighting for jobs, better benefits and respect for the 3 million Americans who served in Southeast Asia. Now a lawyer, he is a moving orator when addressing Americans about the war: "Your guilt, your hang-ups, your uneasiness made it socially unacceptable to mention the fact that we were Viet Nam veterans. We fought hard and we fought well."

36. Frank Shorter, 31, has often set the pace. At the 1972 Munich Olympics, the Yale graduate became the first American in more than 50 years to win the marathon, and the attention he received helped quicken interest in the running boom. In 1976 Shorter came back to win a silver medal in Montreal. His 140-mile training weeks left him little opportunity to support himself as a lawyer, however, so he challenged the Amateur Athletic Union's rules prohibiting sports-related income. In a precedent-setting case that has helped other athletes, Shorter convinced the A.A.U. that his manufacturing of running gear should not affect his amateur status. Shorter is also drumming up corporate support for amateur athletes. "In the old days the A.A.U. required that an athlete build his name and then retire to reap what benefits he could," says Shorter. That is obviously not his plan: Shorter is training hard to make the 1980 U.S. Olympic team.



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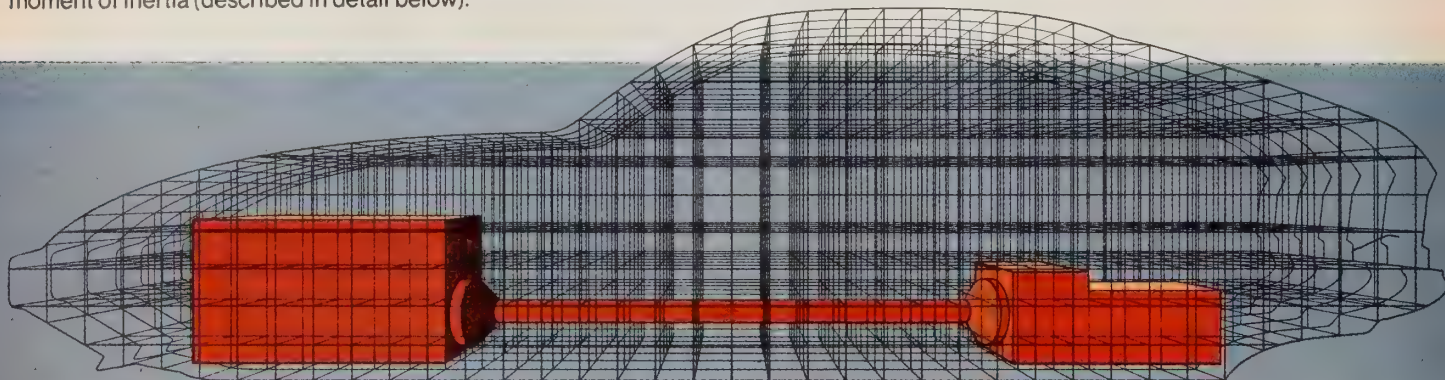


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52% Spacing the two main mechanical masses far apart also results in a high polar moment of inertia.

The fundamental dynamic advantages of the 924's design are:

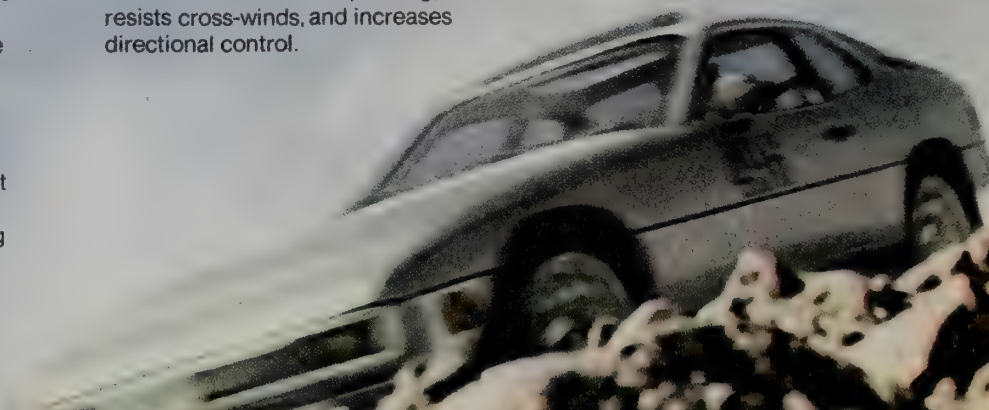
1. Increased Traction. The forces that propel and guide a car are limited by the friction of its tires. By placing the 924's greater mass above its rear drive wheels, the tires have extra friction or tractive force for acceleration and controllability.

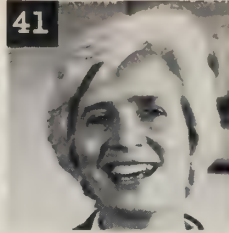
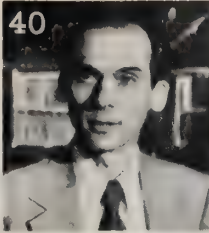
2. Balanced Braking. During braking, inertia transfers weight from the rear to the front, placing a disproportionate burden on the front wheels. The 924's rear weight-bias tends to offset this transfer so that braking effort is more evenly distributed between the front and rear wheels.

3. Improved Cornering. The 924's balanced weight distribution allows it to generate a lateral acceleration of 0.85 g with virtually neutral handling characteristics.

4. High Polar Moment of Inertia. The higher the moment of inertia, the greater the force required to rotate a vehicle about its vertical axis. By spacing the 924's main masses apart at the ends of a 170-cm steel tube, a polar moment of inertia of 1219 ft-lb/sec² is achieved. This reduces pitching, resists cross-winds, and increases directional control.

At Porsche, our philosophy is to design, create, improve, and produce. The 924's transaxle illustrates this point. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche first introduced a similar design for a Grand Prix racing car in 1928. Through over 50 years of constant development and testing, the transaxle has become a proven competition technique. Today, even further refined for everyday driving, it is the engineering hallmark of the Porsche 924.





37. Eleanor Smeal, 39, took charge of the National Organization for Women (NOW) in 1977, doubled the membership to 100,000 and raised dues and contributions from \$700,000 annually to \$2.6 million. The first housewife to head NOW, as well as its first full-time paid president, Smeal is a native of Erie, Pa., and a Phi Beta Kappa from Duke University. She discovered feminism through reading works of the early suffragists. In 1970 she helped form a NOW chapter in Pittsburgh and led the fight to get equal opportunity in scholastic sports and physical education for girls in Pennsylvania. In 1978 Smeal headed a successful effort to get Congress to extend the time limit for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. She has also directed campaigns that prevented ten states that had passed the ERA from rescinding their positions, and is organizing grass-roots efforts in the down-to-the-wire fight to pass the amendment in three more states. Says Smeal: "The ERA is primarily an economic issue—of security for the homemaker and jobs for the average woman."

38. David A. Stockman, 32, has in three years earned a reputation on Capitol Hill for effectively delivering his moderate to conservative views. One device: sending detailed letters to colleagues, including one that helped defeat Carter's standby gas rationing plan ("It doesn't do what you think, but it does a lot you never imagined"). The bachelor Republican, who was graduated from Michigan State University and attended Harvard Divinity School, is known in his southern Michigan district for opposing excessive regulation of the auto industry. Last year he helped defeat Carter's complex hospital cost-containment bill because he felt it was "a cure worse than the disease." Stockman's main goal is to reduce the role of the Government in society and to chip away at "the social pork barrel—the tremendous pressure of parochial, narrowly defined interests."

39. Brandon Stoddard, 41, is the Ivy League whiz kid who proved that networks can do better-quality programming and get high ratings at the same time. A senior vice president at ABC, Stoddard invented the miniseries back in 1974 with his presentation of *QB VII*. Since then, Stoddard has pulled good Nielsen with topical and historical programs: *Friendly Fire*; *Rich Man, Poor Man*; *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*; and, of course, *Roots*, the most watched program in television history. "We are trying to offer something unique and compelling. True events are rare these days," says Stoddard, who will also begin making films to be shown in theaters. On

such subjects as civil rights and Viet Nam, Stoddard's shows have had a substantial impact on mass opinion.

40. Edward Stone, 43, is the chief scientist for the highly successful Voyager 2 space probe that last month sent back invaluable data on the ring around Jupiter. A cosmic ray physicist born in Iowa and educated at the University of Chicago, Stone teaches at Caltech and directs 100 scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. He is now working on a 1983 "solar-polar" mission that will orbit two satellites in opposite directions around the sun's poles. The aim: to learn more about how energy flows from the sun and affects the earth's environment. Says Dr. Bruce Murray, director of the J.P.L.: "It's hard to say where we'll be in 1986, but Ed Stone will be one of the key people in the leadership."

41. Barbara Boyle Sullivan, 42, criticizes the affirmative-action policies of corpo-



rations—and they pay her for it. Her consulting firm, Boyle/Kirkman Associates, which she founded with Colleague Sharon Kirkman Donegan in 1972, originally specialized in locating patterns of discrimination against women in large companies. Since then the firm has focused on affirmative action in general: recruiting and developing the talents of women, minorities, youth and the aged. "Companies have hired women and minorities in entry level jobs, and now it is a question of solving the upward mobility problems," says Sullivan. A Philadelphia native who lives in California, Sullivan spends three weeks out of four traveling. Although Boyle/Kirkman now has yearly revenues of more than \$1 million and 45 clients, the majority of which are FORTUNE 500 companies, affirmative action is progressing slowly. Observes Sullivan: "This is not just a sprint—this is a marathon."

42. Paul E. Tsongas, 38, a cool, darkly handsome man with an unruly shock of hair, has a touch of Kennedy about him. Indeed, it was John F. Kennedy who inspired Tsongas (pronounced *Song-as*) to spend two years in the Peace Corps in Ethiopia before getting his law degree at Yale. Tsongas opened his practice in his home town of Lowell, Mass., where his Greek emigrant grandfather had settled, and won his first election to Congress in 1974, by defeating Republican Edward Brooke. Considered to be one of the party's rising young liberals, Tsongas has strongly supported the Kennedy-Waxman national health plan and has sharply criticized both Carter and the Congress for failing to develop an adequate energy program. Says Tsongas: "The U.S. is going to have to make serious attitudinal adjustments toward lifestyle on the energy issue, and it will not do so without leadership."

43. Ted Turner, 40, acts as boldly as he talks, which is saying a great deal. As the brash owner of the Atlanta Braves, Turner was once formally reprimanded by National League President Charles Feeney; he has irritated the game's purists with several of his promotional ploys. In 1977 he took on the gentlemen of the yachting world and earned the chance to defend the America's Cup. Turner and *Courageous* won. His latest target: the nation's major television networks. His "superstation," WTCT in Atlanta, now reaches 4 million households in 46 states by broadcasting via satel-

lite. Now the three major networks are trying to force the FCC to limit retransmission consent. Turner is spoiling for the fight. "The networks have had 30 years to upgrade television and haven't done it yet," he says. "They need competition to make them better." His plans include educational shows, limited commercial time and a news program with Daniel Schorr as anchor. He hopes to reach 7 million homes by 1980. Turner's newest yacht: *Tenacious*.

44. R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., 35, has established himself as one of the most irreverent pundits of the new right. Back in 1966 when radicals briefly took over Indiana University's Bloomington campus, Tyrrell, then a graduate student, launched a paper called the *Alternative* ("to mainstream liberalism and the radical movement"). With a burgeoning list



of contributors that included William F. Buckley Jr., and Irving Kristol, the iconoclastic monthly went national in 1970, changed its name to the *American Spectator*, acquired 22,000 subscribers and earned a reputation among intellectuals for good writing and biting humor. In his latest book, *Public Nuisances*, a collection of his editorials, Tyrrell fulminates against such targets as Jimmy Carter ("a grinning dunce") and women's lib ("the most successful pestilence since Prohibition").

45. Richard A. Viguerie, 45, a prime mover of neoconservatism, has rediscovered an old means of communication to further his causes: direct mail. Viguerie circumvents the media with his two IBM computers and a treasure of mailing lists, including a 5,000-name "hit list" that can produce, almost overnight, \$115,000 in contributions for conservative causes. He can flood a Senator, Representative or state Governor with 50,000 letters in a single delivery. Viguerie helped lead the heated battle against the Panama Canal Treaties, anathema to many middle-of-the-roads —and lost narrowly. Now he is cranking up a major effort against the ratification of SALT II. Viguerie, who studied political science at the University of Houston in his home town, is a dedicated conservative who helps shape the movement's strategy. "We're still a bit on the sidelines," he says, "but our time will come."

46. Jim Wallis, 31. "If there ever was a time when the radical nature of the Bible needs to be lived out courageously, it is now," says Wallis, a Protestant religious leader and the editor of an evangelical magazine. A Detroit native and a graduate of the University of Michigan, Wallis was active in the civil rights

and antiwar movements a decade ago. Then he turned to religion. After studying at the Trinity Evangelical Divinity School in Deerfield, Ill., Wallis founded Sojourners in 1975, a religious community now totaling 60 people who live together in a poor section of Washington, D.C. Sojourners runs day care centers, shelters for the indigent and a free clinic, and publishes a monthly magazine with 40,000 subscribers. Says Wallis, who spends nearly half his time lecturing throughout the country and abroad: "We're trying to live our vision."

47. Sarah Weddington, 34. "I want to see to it that women are not cut off from power positions," says Carter's special assistant on women's issues. A graduate of the University of Texas Law School and a Texas state leg-

islator for five years, Attorney Weddington worked to reform the state's sexual abuse laws and equalize commercial credit requirements for women. In 1973, at the age of 28, she won the landmark U.S. Supreme Court case that affirmed a woman's right to choose to have an abortion. Since Weddington replaced Midge Costanza last November, Carter has increased the number of women in top Administration spots; former Attorney General Griffin Bell raised female federal judgeships from 6% to 17%. "My purpose is to put women into the mainstream of life," says Weddington, which is precisely where she is.

49. Mark Willes, 38, is the youngest of the Federal Reserve's twelve regional bank presidents. He is also the most independent and outspoken. As chief of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, which oversees the



48. Eliot Wigginton, 36, began in 1966 with 140 children and \$440 in donations from the residents of Rabun Gap in the north Georgia mountains. Wigginton, who grew up in Georgia and was educated at Cornell, wanted to teach young people about the glories of the area's independent mountain folk. He named

North Central states, Willes has frequently been at odds with the other Fed regional presidents and the Fed's former chairman G. William Miller. A Utah-born Mormon who attended Columbia University, Willes argues that forecasts about the impact of new economic policies are so imprecise that the Fed should resist trying to make constant short-term adjustments by changing the money supply. Instead he advocates a new hands-off approach known as the theory of "rational expectations," which contends that long-term, stable monetary policies encourage public confidence and hence lead to increased economic growth. Though Willes has had little influence on the Fed's thinking, his arguments are reaching businessmen and commercial bankers.

50. Garry Wills, 45, is a writer and columnist who defies tidy labeling. He carefully disengages himself from the right wing in America, which he claims is simply an "amalgam" of individualism in economic affairs. He is skeptical that the political system can produce beneficial change and looks instead to forces "from the principled minority." Wills, who spent six years in a Catholic seminary, says that "the Gospel's concerns are the ones that seem to me to be conservative in the right sense: concern for the poor, concern for peace, concern for social harmony." A humanities professor at Johns Hopkins and a classics scholar, Wills has written scathingly of Richard Nixon (*Nixon Agonistes*) and brilliantly of Thomas Jefferson (*Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence*). His latest work: *Confessions of a Conservative*. Wills' column appears in 70 newspapers.





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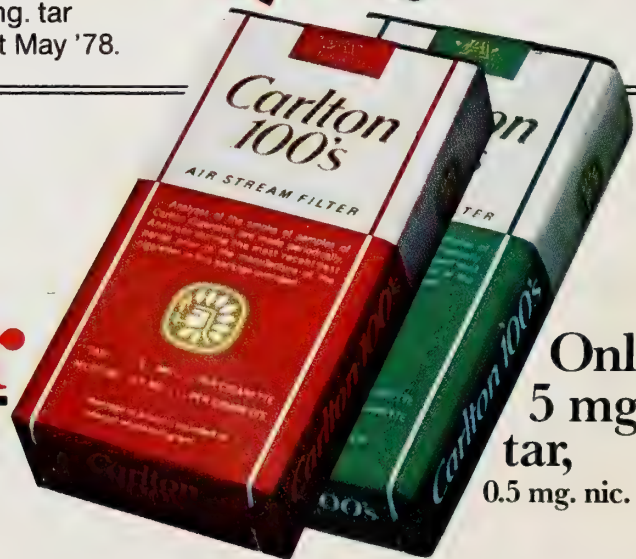
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The Spin of the Proton

When two protons collide, the outcome depends on which way the particles are spinning. The effect seen in violent collisions suggests there are objects in the proton that spin very rapidly

by Alan D. Krisch

MAKE THIS [12 PICA]

^{36 pt} All the fundamental particles of matter—the proton, the neutron and the electron—seem to be spinning perpetually. The spinning is much like that of a top, with one significant difference: there is no need for the particles to be wound up. Rotation is one of their intrinsic properties. Each particle has a fixed spin angular momentum in the same way that it has a definite mass and electric charge.

When two spinning particles collide, the outcome often depends on how they are spinning. For example, the path taken by a proton after a collision can be affected by the proton's spin just as the "english" applied to a billiard ball can alter the ball's trajectory. It has long been thought, however, that the influence of spin should decline as the energy of the collision increases. The reasoning behind this assumption is simple: the energy associated with a proton's spin is constant, and so it becomes an ever smaller fraction of the total energy as the collision becomes more violent. At a sufficiently high collision energy it should make no difference whether two colliding protons are spinning the same way or in opposite directions.

Only in the past few years have experimental techniques been devised for testing this assumption. It has turned out to be quite wrong. The influence of spin does not diminish as the energy of a collision increases; on the contrary, spin seems to become more important as the collision becomes more violent. A recent series of experiments has shown that protons spinning in the same direction are much more likely to rebound violently than protons spinning in opposite directions. Protons with opposite spins often seem to pass through each other without interacting at all.

The interpretation of these experiments is still uncertain. They seem to imply that inside the proton there are some smaller objects that carry most of the particle's spin angular momentum. The objects must be spinning very rapidly. Some years before these results were

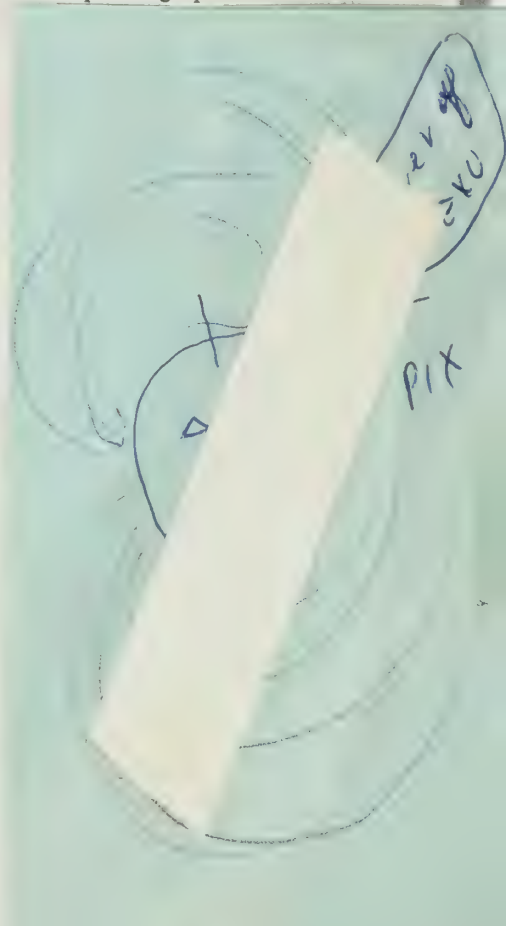
known it had already been proposed that the proton has an internal structure. One model suggested that each proton has a small, dense core. A theory popular today supposes every proton is made up of three of the small entities called quarks. Independent evidence has accumulated in support of the quark hypothesis. On the other hand, recent experiments suggest that the internal constituents of the proton have properties associated with their spin that are somewhat different from the properties predicted by the quark hypothesis. The differences are not easily reconciled.

^{18 pt} The angular momentum of an object is proportional to its rotational velocity and is also influenced by the distribution of its mass. An elementary particle can have two kinds of angular momentum: orbital angular momentum and spin. Orbital angular momentum is most easily visualized in the planetary model of the atom proposed by Niels Bohr in 1913. The orbital angular momentum of an electron in such an atom is proportional to the velocity with which it revolves around the nucleus and to the radius of its orbit and to its mass. Orbital angular momentum also appears in any glancing collision between particles; even if the particles never complete a full circle, they still briefly revolve around their common center of mass.

Spin angular momentum measures the rotation of a single particle about its own internal axis. In quantum mechanics spin differs in a fundamental way from orbital angular momentum. A particle can gain or lose orbital angular momentum depending on its circumstances, as when an electron in an atom jumps from one energy level to another and hence from one orbit to another. Spin angular momentum, on the other hand, is a fixed property of each particle. The magnitude of the spin can be changed only by altering the identity of the particle itself.

Spin angular momentum is usually

described as a vector, a quantity that has both a magnitude and a direction. The spin vector can be represented as an arrow parallel to the axis of rotation and with a length proportional to the magnitude of the spin. The direction of the arrow is defined by the arbitrary convention called the right-hand rule. If the fingers of the right hand are wrapped around the particle in the direction in which it is rotating, then the thumb indicates the direction of the spin vector. According to this convention, the spin angular momentum of the earth could be represented by a vector at the North Pole pointing up.



THE DAY AFTER SUPERMAN DIED

NEAL CASSADY WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.
THE DAY AFTER HE DIED WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY
DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The 1960s was a period of literary rebellion and turmoil that seems, in retrospect, to have occurred in two stages: the beat generation of the late 1950s spilling over into the early 1960s, followed by the psychedelic movement. Both of the literary gangs that dominated the time—Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* hipsters and Ken Kesey's "Merry Pranksters"—had their own cast of characters, celebrated (usually under disguised names) in poem and novel. But it's an odd fact that one man, Neal Cassady, played a central role in both clans.

Neal Cassady. Also known as "Superman," the "Fastest man alive," "The Holy Goof." He appears as "Houlihan" in this story. In John Clellon Holmes's novel *Go*, he's called "Hart Kennedy." But his most famous fictional incarnation is as "Dean Moriarty," the central figure and driving force in Kerouac's *On the Road*—the novel that in 1957 first told most of us about the beat generation. Cassady is called "Cody Pomeray" in Kerouac's subsequent series of novels, his fictional autobiography that is actually a more or less accurate chronicle of literary figures of the time—William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Robert Duncan, and the other poets and personalities of the "San Francisco Renaissance."

Cassady was involved with them all, but he actually wrote little himself—although a small autobiographical book, *The First Third*, was published by the City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco and Cassady's letters are said to be the inspiration for the subject and style of *On the Road*.

He had been in and out of jail often as a car thief in his youth and did a spell in San Quentin later in his life. Cassady seldom had any money or held a job for long. Nevertheless, by all accounts—and by now there are many—he was an extraordinary man.

His essence was acceleration: He drove

automobiles recklessly but very well. He had incredible vitality and seemed never to need sleep. He had affairs with countless women—and with Allen Ginsberg and a few other men, apparently on a sort of experimental basis. Girls are said to have found themselves bedded within an hour of meeting him. Kerouac was involved with several of these women, often at Cassady's instigation. One of Cassady's three wives, Carolyn, has written her account of the triangular relationship she had with Neal and Jack. Called *Heart Beat*, it is being made into a movie, with Nick Nolte playing Cassady.

In 1959, Ken Kesey was a fellow in the creative writing department at Stanford University, but he was also working part time in a nearby veterans' hospital and on a novel that was to become *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. At the hospital, Kesey had volunteered for experiments with what were then called "psychotomimetic" drugs and took some of the drugs back to his friends and neighbors on Perry Lane, in Palo Alto, the bohemian housing area adjacent to Stanford. That was the beginning of the psychedelic movement on the West Coast. Many of Kesey's friends followed him to a small farm he took at La Honda, and they formed the group that came to be known as the "Merry Pranksters," organizing so-called acid tests—huge gatherings of young people using LSD at which the Pranksters introduced the strobe lighting that has since become such a familiar accompaniment of rock music.

When the Pranksters voyaged east in 1964 in their famous psychedelic bus, Cassady was "the legendary driver" at the wheel. Later, when Kesey fled to Mexico to avoid a jail sentence on drug charges, Cassady joined him there. Some of their adventures in Mexico are set forth in the form of a crazy dialogue in Kesey's curious big scrapbook, *Kesey's Garage Sale*, where he gives a sample of Cassady's "rap"—the fast-talking tale-telling with which he fascinated everyone. Although for

**LEFT: SUPERMAN; KEROUAC'S HERO AND
KESEY'S HERO, NEAL CASSADY (1926-1968).**

dramatic purposes, this story is set in 1969, Cassady actually died on the railroad tracks in Mexico in February of 1968. Kerouac, who thought Kesey had ruined Cassady, died in Florida in 1969.

There was a kind of Zen "indifference to the ends of action" in Cassady's life. The words, as quoted, are from the end of Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers*, winner of the National Book Award in 1974. Stone had been at Stanford with Kesey, was often at La Honda with the Pranksters, and visited Kesey when he was in hiding in Mexico. Stone knew Cassady from all this and clearly had him in mind when he drew the character of "Hicks" in *Dog Soldiers*, the fast and compulsive ex-Marine samurai figure. When Hicks dies, he's walking railroad tracks and, "out of spite, out of pride," begins counting the crossties aloud. *Dog Soldiers* was made into the movie *Who'll Stop the Rain*, starring Nick Nolte as Hicks, of course. Trivial to mention, perhaps, but this may represent the ultimate tribute our popular culture can extend to such a man as Cassady: that Nick Nolte should be playing him *twice*, although Nolte probably never even knew he was doing it the first time around.

Besides Houlihan-Cassady, there are other disguised figures in this story: "Lars Dolf" is modeled on the poet Philip Whalen, the Merry Pranksters are called the "Animal Friends," and Kesey calls himself "Devlin Deborée." But we should remember to read this as fiction as well as memoir and not get too involved in secret keys to the characters in the work—especially when the story itself is as strong and compelling as this.

—Rust Hills



Strung out and shaking he was, pacing distractedly about the clutter of his office upstairs in the barn, poking among the books and bottles and cobwebs and dirt-dauber nests, trying to remember what he had done with his colored glasses.

His special glasses. He needed them. Since before noon he had been putting off the walk to the ditch out in the field because the air was clogged with an evil eye-smiting smoke. Since the first smudge of dawn, long before his eyes had started smarting and his sinuses had begun to throb, and even before the hassle he'd just had with those hitchhikers down in the yard, he had been telling himself that this dreary day was going to be one real bastard without some rose-colored armor. Those glasses, he had been telling himself, would surely ease the day's sting.

As he paced past his window, he heard the heartbroken bleating of the mother sheep start up again, baffled and insistent, twisted by the hot distance. He pushed the curtain back from the sunlight and looked out over his yard into the field, shading his eyes. He couldn't see the lamb because of the thistle and Queen Anne's lace, but the three ravens still marked the spot. They eddied above the ditch, arguing over the first morsels. Farther away, in the ash grove, he could see the ewe bleating against her rope and, farther still, past the fence, the backs of the two hitchhikers. Little was visible beyond that. Mount Nebo was only a dim line drawn into the hanging smoke. The merest suggestion. It made him think of Japanese wash painting, a solitary mountain form stroked hazily into a gray paper with a slightly grayer ink.

The Oregon farm was uncommonly quiet for this hour. The usual midafternoon sounds seemed held in one of those tense stillnesses that ordinarily prompt the peacock to scream. One New Year's Eve, the big bird had called steadily during the half minute of burning fuse before Buddy's cannon went off, and last week, it had screamed horribly within seconds of the first lightning that **THE WANDERING BEATS GATHER AT CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE, IN SAN FRANCISCO. LEFT TO RIGHT: BOB DONLIN, NEAL CASSADY, PETER ORLOVSKY, ROBERT LA VIGNE, LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI.**

cracked the iron sky into a tumultuous thunderstorm.

A storm would be a relief now, Deborée thought. Even the peacock's horrible squawk would be welcome. But nothing. Only the little clock radio on his desk. He'd left it on for the news, but it was Barbra Streisand singing "on a clear day, etc." *Terrific*, he thought. Then, above the music and the distant grieving of the sheep, he heard another sound. A high, tortured whine. Certainly no relief, whatever it was. At length he was able to make out the source. Squinting down the road toward the highway, he saw a little pink car coming, fast and erratic, one of those new compacts with a name he couldn't remember. Some animal. A Cobra, or a Mink, or a Wildcat, with transmission trouble, whatever the beast was. It squealed around the corner past the Olson farm and the Burch place and came boring on through the smoky afternoon with a whine so piercing and a heading so whimsical and wild that the hitchhikers were forced from the shoulder of the road into the snake-grass. The blond gave it the finger and the blackbeard hurled some curse at its passing. It screamed on past the barn, out of sight and, finally, hearing. Deborée left the window and began again his distracted search.

"I'm certain they're up here someplace," he said, certain of no such thing.

Deborée's eyes fell on his dog-eared rolling box, and he took it from the shelf. He gazed in at the seeds and stems: maybe enough could be cleaned for one now, but unlikely enough for one now and one later both. *Better save it for later. Need it more later. And just as well*, he thought, looking at the box in his hands. The little brown seeds were rattling all over the place. He was still trembling too violently with the surge of adrenaline to have managed the chore of rolling. As he returned the box to its niche in the shelf, he recalled an old phrase his father used to use:

"Shakin' like a dog shittin' peach pits."

He had been up two days, grassing and speeding and ransacking his mental library (or was it three?) for an answer to his agent's call about the fresh material he had promised his editor and to his wife's query about the fresh cash needed by the loan office at the bank. Mainly, since Thursday's mail, for an answer to Larry McMurtry's letter.

Larry was an old literary friend from Texas. They had met at a graduate writing seminar at Stanford and had immediately disagreed about most of the important issues of the day—beatniks, politics, ethics, and, especially, psychedelics—in fact about everything except for their mutual fondness and respect for writing and each other. It was a friendship that flourished during many midnight debates over bourbon and booklore, with neither the right nor the left side of the issues ever gaining much ground. Over the years since Stanford, they had tried to keep up the argument by correspondence—Larry defending the traditional and Deborée championing the radical—but without the shared bourbon the letters had naturally lessened. The letter from Larry on Thursday was the first in a year. Nevertheless it went straight back at the issue, claiming conservative advances, listing the victories of the



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THE BANKERS LIFE

A CENTURY OF GROWTH THROUGH SERVICE 1879-1979



righteous right, and pointing out the retreats and mistakes made by certain left-wing luminaries, especially Charles Manson, whom DeBoree had known slightly. The letter ended by asking, in the closing paragraph, "So. What has the Good Old Revolution been doing lately?"

DeBoree's research had yielded up no satisfactory answer. After hours of trial and chemistry before the typewriter, he had pecked out one meager page of print, but the victories he had listed on his side were largely mundane achievements: "Claude and Blanche had another kid . . . Rampage and I finally got cut loose from our three-year probation . . ." Certainly no great score for the left wing of the ledger. But that was all he could think of: one puny page to show for forty hours of prowling around in the lonely library of what he used to call "The Movement." Forty hours of thinking, drinking, and peeing in a milk bottle, with no break except that ten-minute trip downstairs to deal with those pilgriming prickheads. And now, back upstairs and still badly shaken, even that feeble page was missing; the typed yellow sheet of paper was as misplaced as his colored glasses.

"Pox on both houses," he moaned aloud, rubbing his irritated eyes with his wrists. "On Oregon field burners poisoning the air for weed-free profit and on California flower children gone to seed and thorn!"

He rubbed until the sockets filled with sparks; then he lowered his fists and held both arms tight against his sides in an attempt to calm himself by standing straight and breathing steady. His chest was still choked with adrenaline. Those California goddamned clowns, both smelling of patchouli oil, and cheap sweet wine, and an angry festering vindictiveness. Of threat, really. They reeked of threat. The older of the two, the blackbeard, had stopped the barking of M'kehla's pair of Great Danes with only a word. "Shut!" he had hissed, the sound slicing out from the side of his mouth. The dogs had immediately turned tail back to their bus.

DeBoree hadn't wanted to front the pair from the moment he saw them come sauntering in, all long hair and dust and multi-patched Levis, but Betsy was away with the kids up Fall Creek and it was either go down and meet them in the yard or let them saunter right on into the house. They had called him brother when he came down to greet them—an endearment that always made him watch out for his wallet—and the younger one had lit a stick of incense to wave around while they told their tale. They were brothers of the sun. They were on their way back to the Haight, coming from the big doings in Woodstock, and had decided they'd meet the famous Devlin DeBoree before going on south:

"Rest a little, rap a little, maybe riff a little. Y'know what I'm saying, bro?"

As DeBoree listened, nodding, Stewart had trotted up carrying the broken bean pole.

"Don't go for Stewart's stick, by the way." He addressed the

younger of the pair, a blond-bearded boy with a gleaming milk-fed smile and new motorcycle boots. "Stewart's like an old drunk with his sticks. The more you throw it, the more lushed out he gets."

The dog dropped the stick between the new boots and looked eagerly into the boy's face.

"For years I tried to break him of the habit. But he just can't help it when he sees certain strangers. I finally realized it was easier training the stick throwers than the stick chasers. So just ignore it, okay? Tell him no dice. Pretty soon he goes away."

"Whatever," the boy had answered, smiling. "You heard the man, Stewart: no dice."

The boy had kicked the stick away, but the dog had snagged it from the air and planted himself again before the boots. The boy did try to ignore it. He continued his description of the great scene at Woodstock, telling dreamily what a groove it had been, how high, how happy, how everybody there had been looking for Devlin DeBoree:

"You shoulda made it, man. A stone primo groove . . ."

The dog grew impatient and picked up his stick and carried it to the other man, who was squatting in the grass on one lean haunch.

"Just tell him no dice," DeBoree said to the side of the man's head. "Beat it, Stewart. Don't pester the tourists."

The other man smiled down at the dog without speaking. His beard was long and black and extremely thick, with the salt of age beginning to sprinkle around the mouth and ears. As his profile smiled, DeBoree watched two long incisors grow from the black bramble of his mouth. The teeth were as yellow and broken as the boy's were perfect. This dude, DeBoree remembered, had kept his face averted while they were shaking hands. He wondered if this was because he was self-conscious about his breath like a lot of people with bad teeth.

"Well, anyway, what's happening, man? What's doing? All this?" Blondboy was beaming about at his surroundings. "Boss place you got here, this garden and trees and shit. I can see you are into the land. That's good, that's good. We're getting it together to get a little place outside of Petaluma soon as Bob here's old lady dies. Be good for the soul. Lot of work, though, right? Watering and feeding and taking care of all this shit?"

"It keeps you occupied," DeBoree had ventured.

"Just the same," the boy rambled on, "you shoulda made it back there to Woodstock. Primo, that's the only word. Acres and acres of bare titty and good weed and outa sight music. *Vibes*, you get me?"

"So I've heard," DeBoree answered, nodding pleasantly at the boy. But he couldn't take his mind off the other hitchhiker. Blackbeard shifted his weight to the other haunch, the movement deliberate and restrained, careful not to disturb the dust that covered him. His face was deeply tanned and his hair tied back so the leathery cords in his neck could be seen working as he followed the dog's imploring little tosses of the stick. He was without clothes from the waist up but not unadorned. He wore a string of eucalyptus berries around his neck and tooled leather wristbands on each long arm. A jail tattoo—made, DeBoree recognized, by two sewing needles lashed parallel at the end of a matchstick and dipped in india ink—covered his left hand: it was a blue-black spider with legs extending down all five fingers to their ragged nails. At his hip he carried a bone-handled skinning knife in a beaded sheath, and across his knotted belly a long scar ran diagonally down out of sight into his Levis. Grinning, the man watched Stewart prance up and down with the three-foot length of broken bean stake dripping in his mouth.

"Back off, Stewart," DeBoree commanded. "Leave this guy alone!"

"Stewart don't bother me," the man said, his voice soft from the side of his mouth. "Everything gotta have its own trip."

Encouraged by the soft voice, Stewart sank to his rump before

"FURTHER" WAS THE HIPSTERS' ROLLING DRUG THEATER, A CONVERTED BUS "FULL OF SPEED AND PLANS AND HAMMERING HEARTS."



GINSEBERG COLLECTION



NEAL CASSADY, KEN KESEY, AND THE OTHER MERRY PRANKSTERS BEGAN THE PSYCHEDELIC MOVEMENT ON THE WEST COAST IN THE SIXTIES WITH STROBES, ROCK, AND ACID TESTS.

the man. This pair of motorcycle boots were old and scuffed. Unlike his partner's, these boots had tromped many a bike to life. Even now, dusty and still, they itched to kick. That itch hung in the air like the peacock's unsounded cry.

Blondboy had become aware of the tenseness of the situation at last. He smiled and broke his incense and threw the smoking half into the quince bush. "Anyhow, you shoulda dug it," he said. "Half a million freaks in the mud and the music." He was beaming impishly from one participant to the other, from Deboree, to his partner, to the prancing dog, as he picked at his wide grin with the dyed end of the incense. "Half a million *beautiful* people . . ."

They had all sensed it coming. Deboree had tried once more to avert it. "Don't pay him any mind, man. Just an old stick junkie," but it had been a halfhearted try, and Stewart was already dropping the stick. It had barely touched the dusty boot before the squatting man scooped it up and in the same motion sidearmed it into the grape arbor. Stewart bounded after it.

"Come on, man," Deboree had pleaded. "Don't throw it for him. He goes through wire and thorns and gets all cut up."

"Whatever you say," Blackbeard had replied, his face averted as he watched Stewart trotting back with the retrieved stake held high. "Whatever's right." Then had thrown it again as soon as Stewart dropped it, catching and slinging it all in one motion so fast and smooth that Deboree wondered if he hadn't been a professional athlete at a younger time, baseball or maybe boxing.

This time the stick landed in the pigpen. Stewart flew between the top two strands of barbed wire and had the stick before it stopped cartwheeling. It was too long for him to jump back through the wire with. He circled the pigs lying in the shade of their shelter and jumped the wooden gate at the far end of the pen.

"But, I mean, everything has got to have its trip, don't you agree?"

Deboree had not responded. He was already feeling the adrenaline burn in his throat. Besides, there was no more to say. Blackbeard stood up. Blondboy stepped close to his companion and whispered something at the hairy ear. All Devlin could make out

was "Be cool, Bob. Remember what happened in Boise, Bob . . ." "Everything gotta live," Blackbeard had answered. "And everything gotta give."

Stewart skidded to a halt in the gravel. Blackbeard grabbed one end of the stick before the dog could release it, wrenching it viciously from the animal's teeth. This time Deboree, moving with all the speed the adrenaline could wring from his weary limbs, had stepped in front of the hitchhiker and grabbed the other end of the stick before it could be thrown.

"I *said* don't throw it."

This time there was no averting the grin; the man looked straight at him. And Deboree had guessed right about the breath; it hissed out of the jagged mouth like a rotten wind:

"I heard what you *said*, fagbutt."

Then they had looked at each other, over the stick grasped at each end between them. Deboree forced himself to match the other man's grinning glare with his own steady smile, but he knew it was only a temporary steadiness. He wasn't in shape for encounters of this caliber. There was a seething accusation burning from the man's eyes, unspecified, undirected, but so furious that Deboree felt his will withering before it. Through the bean stake he felt that fury assail his very cells. It was like holding a high-voltage terminal.

"Everything gotta try," the man had said through his ragged grin, shuffling to get a better grip on his end of the stake with both leathery hands. "And everything gotta—" He didn't finish. Deboree had brought his free fist down, sudden and hard, and had chopped the stake in twain. Then, before the man could react, Deboree had turned abruptly from him and swatted Stewart on the rump. The dog had yelped in surprise and run beneath the barn.

It had been a dramatic and successful maneuver. Both hitchhikers were impressed. Before they could recover, Deboree had pointed across the yard with the jagged end of his piece and told them, "There's the trail to the Haight-Ashbury, guys. Vibe central."

"Come on, Bob," Blondboy had said, sneering at Deboree. "Let's hit it. Forget him. He's gangrened. Like Leary and Lennon. All those high-rolling creeps. Gangrened. A power tripper."

Blackbeard had looked at his end. It had broken off *some* inches shorter than Deboree's. He finally muttered, "Whatever's shakin'," and turned on his heel.

As he sauntered back the way he had come into the yard, he drew his knife. The blond boy hurried to take up his saunter beside his partner, already murmuring and giggling up to him. Blackbeard stripped a long curving sliver of wood from his end of the stick with the blade of his knife as he walked. Another sliver followed, fluttering like a feather.

Devlin had stood, hands on his hips, watching the chips fall from the broken stick. He had glared after them with raw eyes until they were well off the property. That was when he had hurried back up to his office to resume the search for his sunglasses.

He heard the whine again, returning, growing louder. He opened his eyes and walked back to the window and parted the tie-dye curtains. The pink

car had turned around and was coming back. Entranced, he watched it pass the driveway again, but this time it squealed to a stop, backed up, and turned in. It came keening and bouncing down the dirt road toward the barn. Finally he blinked, jerked the curtain closed, and sat heavily in his swivel chair.

The car whirled to a stop in the gravel and mercifully cut its engine. He didn't move. Somebody got out, and a voice from the past shouted up at his office: "Dev?" He'd let the curtain close too late. "Devlinnnnn?" it shouted. "Hey, you, Devlin Deboreeeee?" A sound half hysterical and half humorous, like that chick who lost her marbles in Mexico used to make, that Sandy Pawku.

"Dev? I've got news. About Houlihan. Bad news. He's dead. Houlihan's dead."

He tipped back in his chair and closed his eyes. He didn't question the announcement. The loss seemed natural, in keeping with the season and the situation, comfortable even, and then he thought, *That's it! That's what the revolution has been doing lately to be honest. Losing!*

"Dev, are you up there? It's me, Sandy..."

He pushed himself standing and walked to the window and drew back the curtain. He wiped his eyes and stuck his head into the blighted afternoon. Hazy as it was, the sunlight nevertheless seemed to be sharper than usual, harsher. The chrome of the little car gleamed viciously. Like the knife blade.

"Houlihan," he said, blinking. The dust raised by the car was reaching the barn on its own small breeze. He felt it bring an actual chill. "Houlihan dead?" he said to the pink face lifted to him.

"Of exposure," the voice rasped.

"When? Recently?"

"Yesterday. I just heard. I was in the airport in Oakland this morning when I ran into this little hippy chicky who knew me from Mountain View. She came up to the bar and advised me that the great Houlihan is now the late great. Yesterday, I guess. Chicky Little had just got off the plane from Puerto Sancto, where Houlihan had been staying with her and a bunch of her buddies. At a villa right down the road from where we lived. Apparently the poor maniac was drinking and taking downers and walking around at night alone, miles from nowhere. He passed out on a railroad track between Sancto and Manzanillo, where he got fatal-

ly chilled from the desert dew. Well, you know, Dev, how cold it can get down there after sunset..."

It was Sandy Pawku all right, but what a change! Her once long brown hair had been cropped and chromed, plated with the rusty glint of the car's grill. She had put heavy eye makeup and rouge and lipstick on her face and, over the rest of her, had put on, he guessed, at least a hundred pounds.

"Dead our hero of the Sixties is, Devvy, baby. Dead, dead, dead. Of downers and drunk and the foggy, foggy dew. O Hooly, Hooly, Hooly, you maniac. You goon. What did Kerouac call him in that book? The glorious goon?"

"No. The Holy Goof."

"I was flying to my aunt's cottage in Seattle for a little R and R, rest and writing, you dig? But that news in Oakland—I thought:

'Wonder if Dev and the Animal Friends have heard? Probably not.' So when the plane stopped in Eugene, I remember about this commune I hear you all got and I decide, 'Sandy, Old Man Deboree would want to know.' So Sandy, she cashes in the rest of her ticket and rents a car and here she is, thanks to Mr. Master Charge, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Avis. Say, is one supposed to drive these damn tricks in D1, D2, or L? Isn't L for driving in the light and D for driving in the dark?"

"You drove that thing all the way here from the airport in low gear?"

"Might have." She laughed, slapping the flimsy hood with a hand full of jeweled fingers. "Right in amongst those log trucks and eighteen-wheelers, me and my pinkster, roaring with the loudest of them."

"I'll bet."

"When it started to smoke, I compromised with D1. God-damn it, I mean them damn manufacturers—but listen to me rationalizing. I probably wrecked it, didn't I? To tell the truth? Be honest, Sandy. Christ knows you could use a little honesty." She rubbed the back



GINSBERG COLLECTION

NEAL CASSADY, AROUND TWENTY YEARS BEFORE HE WAS "DONE IN BY DOWNERS AND A DARE."

of her neck and looked away from him, back the way she had come. "Oh God, what is happening? Houlihan kacked. Pigpen killed by a chicken shit liver; Terry the Tramp snuffed by spades. Ol' Sandy herself nearly down for the count a dozen times." She began walking to and fro in the gravel. "Man, I have been going in circles, bummer nowhere circles, you know what I mean? Weird shit. I mean, hey: I just wasted a dog on the road back there!"

He knew he must have responded, said, "Oh?" or "Is that right?" or something, because she had kept talking.

"Old bitch it was, with a yardful of pups. Whammed her good."

Sandy came around the front of the car and opened the right door. She tipped the pink seat forward and began hauling matching luggage out of the back and arranging it on the gravel, all the while relating vividly how she had come around a bend and run over a dog sleeping in the road. *Right in the road.* A farmwife had come out of her house at the commotion and had dragged the broken animal out of the culvert where it had crawled howling. The farmwife had felt its spine and then sentenced it to be put out of its misery. At her repeated

—Text continued on page 49

commands her teenage son had finally fetched the shotgun from the house.

"The kid was carrying on such a weeping and wailing, he missed twice. The third time, he let go with both barrels and blew bitch bits all over the lawn. The only thing they wanted from me was six bits apiece for the bullets. I asked if they took credit cards." She laughed. "When I left, goddamn me if the pups weren't playing with the pieces."

She laughed again. He remembered hearing the shots. He knew the family and the dog, a deaf spaniel, but he didn't say anything. Shading his eyes, he watched this swollen new version of the skinny Sandy of his past bustle around the luggage below him, laughing. Even her breath seemed to have gained weight, husking out of her throat with an effort. Swollen. Her neck where she had rubbed it, her wrists, her back, all swollen. But her weight actually rode lightly, defiantly, like a chip on her shoulder. In her colored shoes and stretch pants and a silk Hawaiian shirt pulled over her paunch, she looked like a Laguna Beach roller derby queen, he thought, just arriving at the rink. She looks primed, he thought. Like the hitchhiker: an argument rigged to go off at the slightest touch. The thought of another confrontation left him weak and nauseous.

M'kehla's Great Danes discovered her in the yard and came barking. Sandy sliced at them with her pink plastic handbag. "Get away from me, you big suckers. You smell that other mutt on my wheels? You want the same treatment? Damn, they are big, aren't they? Get them back, can't you?"

"Their big is worse than their bite," he told her and shouted at the dogs to go home to their bus. They paid no attention.

"What the shit, Deboree?" She sliced and swung. "Can't you get your animals to mind?"

"They aren't mine," he explained over the din. "M'kehla left them here while he went gallivantin' to Woodstock with everybody else."

"Goddamn you suckers, *back off!*" Sandy roared. The dogs hesitated, and she roared louder. "*Off! Off! Clear off!*" They shrunk back. Sandy hooted gleefully and kicked gravel after them until they broke into a terrified dash. Sandy gave chase, hooting their retreat all the way to the bus, out of his view.

The ravens were flying again. The sun was still slicing a way through the impacted smoke. The radio was playing "Good Vibrations," by The Beach Boys. Back in the yard below, at her luggage, Sandy was humming along, her hysteria calmed by her victory over the dogs. She found the bag she had been searching for, the smallest in a six-piece set that looked brand-new. She opened it and took out a bottle of pills. Deboree watched as she shook out at least a dozen. She threw the whole handful into her mouth and began digging again into the case for something to wash them down with.

"Ol' Thandy'th been platheth and then thingth thinth Mexico," she told him, trying to keep all the pills in her mouth and bring him up to date at the same time. Seen lots of water under the bridges, she let him know, sometimes too much. Bridges washed out. Washed out herself a time or two, she told him. Got pretty mucked up. Even locked up. But with the help of some ritzy doctors and her rich daddy, she'd finally got bailed out and got set up being half owner of a bar in San Juan Capistrano; then become a drunk, then a junkie, then a blues singer *nonprofessional*; found Jesus, and Love, and Another Husband—"Minithter of the Univerthal Church of Latterday Thonthabitcheth!"—then got p.g., got an abortion, got disowned by her family, and got divorced; then got depressed, as he could well understand, and put on a little weight, as he could see; then—Sunday; *now*—was looking for a place where a gal might lie back for a while.

"A plathe to read and write and take a few barbt to mellow out," she said through the pills.

"A few!" he said, remembering her old barbiturate habit. "That's no 'few.'" The thought of having more than one carcass to dispose of alarmed him finally into protest. "Damn you, Sandy,

if you up and O.D. on me now so help me—"

She held up her hand. "Vitamin theeth. Croth my heart." Pawing through a boil of lingerie, she at last had found the silver flask she had been seeking. She unscrewed the lid and threw back her head. He watched her neck heave as the pills washed down. She wiped her mouth with her forearm and laughed up at him.

"Don't worry, Granny," she said. "Just some innocent little vitamins. Even the dandy Sandy of old never took *that* many downers at once. She might someday though. Never can tell. Who the hell knows what anybody's gonna do this year? It's the year of the downer, you know, so, who knows? Just let it roll by . . ." She returned the flask to the suitcase and snapped it shut. Rayon and Or-lon scalloped out all around like a piecrust to be trimmed. "Now. Where does Sandy take a wee-wee and wash out her Kotex?"

He pointed, and she went humming off to the corner of the barn. The big dogs came to the door of their bus and growled after her. Deboree watched as she ducked under the clothesline and turned the corner. He heard the door slam behind her.

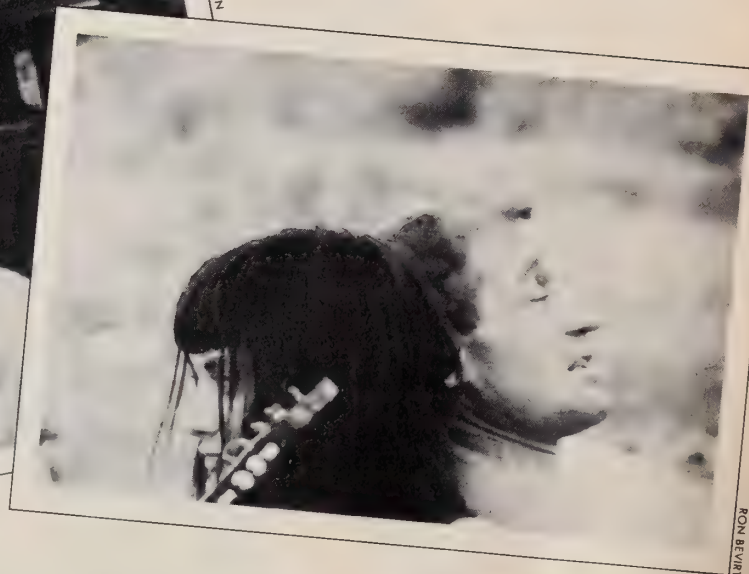
He stayed at the window, feeling there was more to be revealed. Everything was so tense and restrained. The wash hung tense in the smoky air, like strips of jerky. The peacock, his glorious fan molted to a dingy remnant of his springtime elegance, stepped out of the quince bush where he had been visiting his mate and flew to the top of one of the clothesline poles. Deboree thought the bird would make his cry when he reached the top, but he didn't. He perched atop the pole and bobbed his head this way and that at the end of his long neck, as though gauging the tension. After watching the peacock for a while, he let the curtain close and moved from the window back to his desk; he too found he could be content to let it roll by without resolution.

Over the radio The Doors were demanding that it be brought "on through to the other side." Wasn't Morrison dead? He couldn't remember. All he could be sure of was that it was 1969 and the valley was filled to the foothills with smoke as 300,000 acres of stubble were burned so lawn-seed buyers in subdivisions in California wouldn't have to weed a single interloper from their yards. Tremendous.

The bathroom door slammed again. He heard the plastic heels crunch past below; one of M'kehla's dogs followed, barking tentatively. The dog followed the steps around the other corner, barking in a subdued and civilized voice. The bitch Great Dane, he recognized. Pedigreed. She had barked last night, too. Out in the field. Betsy had got out of bed and shouted up the stairs at him to go check what was the matter out there. He hadn't gone. Was that



CASSADY POSES IN A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH WITH FRIEND JACK KEROUAC, EIGHT YEARS BEFORE ON THE ROAD MADE CASSADY A LEGEND.



CASSADY'S APPEAL TO WOMEN WAS PROFOUND, AND HIS SEDUCTIONS WERE LEGION. AT LEFT, HE REGARDS HIS WIFE, CAROLYN; HE LEANS AGAINST A FLOWER CHILD AT RIGHT.

what offed the lamb? One of M'kehla's Great Danes? He liked to think so. It made him pleasantly angry to think so. Just like a Marin County spade to own two blond Great Danes and go off and leave them marooned. Too many strays. Somebody should go down to that bus and boot some pedigreed ass. But he remained seated, seeking fortification behind his desk, and turned up the music against the noise. Once he heard a yelping as Sandy ran the bitch back to the bus. Sometimes a little breeze would open the curtain and he could see the peacock still sitting on the clothesline pole, silently bobbing his head. Eventually he heard the steps return, enter the barn below, and find the wooden stairs. They mounted briskly and crossed the floor of the loft. Sandy came through his door without knocking.

"Some great place, Dev," she said. "Funky but great. Sandy gave herself the tour. You got places for everything, don't you? For pigs and chickens and everything. Places to wee-wee, places to eat, places to write letters."

Deboree saw the pitch coming but couldn't stop her chatter.

"Look, I blew the last of my airplane ticket to Seattle renting that pink panther because I knew you'd want Sandy to bring you the sad news in person. No, that's all right, save the thanksies. No need. She *does* need, though, a little place to write some letters. Seriously, Dev, I saw a cabin down by the pond with paper and envelopes and everything. How about Sandy uses that cabin a day or so? To write a letter to her dear mother and her dear probation officer and her dear ex et cetera. Also maybe catch up on her journal. Hey, I'm writing up our Mexico campaign for a rock 'n' roll rag. Are you ready for *that*?"

He tried to explain to her that the pond cabin was a meditation chapel, not some Camp David for old campaigners to compile their memoirs. Besides, he had planned to use it tonight. She laughed, told him not to worry.

"I'll find me a harbor for tonight. Then we'll see."

He stayed at his desk. Chattering away, Sandy prowled his office until she found the shoe box and proceeded to clean and roll the last of his grass. He still didn't want to smoke; not until he was finished dealing with that dead lamb. When he shook his head at the offered joint, she shrugged and smoked it all, explaining in detail how she would refill his box to overflowing with the scams she had cooking in town this afternoon, meeting so-and-so at such and such to barter this and that. He couldn't follow it. He felt flattened before her steamrolling energy. Even when she dropped the still-lit roach from the window to the dry grass below, he was unable to make any but the feeblest protest.

"Careful of fire around the barn?" She whooped, bending over him. "Why, Mistah Deboree, if you ain't getting to be the fussy

little farmer." She clomped to the door and opened it. "So. Sandy's making a run. Anything you need from town? A new typewriter? A better radio—how can you listen to good music on that Jap junk? A super Swiss Army? Ho ho. Just tell Sandy Claus. Anything?"

She stood in the opened door, waiting. He swiveled in his chair, but he didn't get up. He looked at her fat grin. He knew what she was waiting for. The question. He also knew better than to ask it. Better to let it slide than encourage any relationship by seeming curious. But he was curious, and she was waiting, grinning at him, and he finally had to ask it:

"Did he, uh, *say* anything, Sandy?" His voice was thick in his throat.

The black eyes glistened at him from the doorway. "You mean, don'cha, were there any, uh, *last words*? Any *sentences commuted*, any *parting wisdoms*? Why, as a matter of fact, in the hospital, it seems; before he went into a coma, he did rally a moment and now wait, let me see . . ."

She was gloating. His asking had laid his desperation naked. She grinned. There he sat, Deboree, the Guru Gung Ho with his eyes raw, begging for some banner to carry on with, some comforter of last-minute truth quilted by old Holy Goof Houlihan, a wrap against the chilly chaos to come.

"Well yep our little hippy chick did mention that he said a few words before he died on that Mexican mattress," she said. "And isn't that irony for you? It's that same ratty Puerto Sancto clinic where Behema had her kid and Mickey had his broken leg where—in our dear Hooly died, of pneumonia and exposure and downers. Come on! Don'cha think that is pretty stinking ironic?"

"What were they?"

The eyes glistened. The grin wriggled in its nest of fat. "He said—if Sandy's memory serves—said, I think it was: 'Sixty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.' Quite a legacy, don'cha think? A number, a stinking number!" She hooted, slapping her hips. "Sixty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight! Sixty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight! The complete cooked-down essence of the absolute burned-out speed freak: sixty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight! *Huhwoow woow wow!*"

She left without closing the door, laughing, clacking down the steps and across the gravel. The injured machine whined pitifully as she forced it back out the drive.



BECAUSE only rare European Oak has the character to gentle and mature our Chardonnay, we are cradling our Chardonnay in these handmade casks until the day the winemaker judges it ready for release. Every step we take, we take with care because **THE WINE REMEMBERS**

THE WINERY OF ERNEST & JULIO GALLO



Expected release Spring 1991

TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS

Best taste.
Low tar.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

So now observe him, after the lengthy preparation just documented (it had been actually three days and was going on four nights), finally confronting his task in the field: Old Man Deborée, desperate and dreary, with his eyes naked to the smoky sun, striding across the unbroken ground behind a red wheelbarrow. Face bent earthward, he watches the field pass beneath his shoes and nothing else, trusting the one-wheeled machine to lead him to his destination.

Like Sandy's neck, he fancies himself swollen with an unspecified anger, a great smoldering of unlaidd blame that longed to bloom to a great blaze. Could he but fix it on a suitable culprit. Searching for some target large enough to take his fiery blame, he fixes again on California. *That's* where it comes from, he decides. Like those two weirdo prickhikers, and Sandy Pawku, and the Oakland hippy chick who must have been one of that Oakland bunch of pillheads who lured Houlihan back down to Mexico last month . . . all from California! It all started in California, went haywire in California, and now spreads out from California like a crazy tumor under the hide of the whole continent. Woodstock. Big time. Crazyiness waxing fat. Crazyiness surviving and prospering and gaining momentum while the Fastestmanalive downs himself dead without any legacy left behind but a psycho's cipher. Even those Great Danes—from California!

The wheelbarrow reaches the ditch. He raises his head. He still cannot see the carcass. Turning down into the ditch, he pushes on toward the place where the three ravens whirl, cursing in and out of the tall weeds.

"Afternoon, gents. Sorry about the interruption."

The birds circle, railing at his approach. The wheel of the barrow is almost on top of the lamb before Deborée sees it. He is amazed at the elegance of the thing lying before him: a rich garment, not black at all, not nearly, more the reddish brown of *devil's* food cake. A little chocolate lambie cake, served for some little prince's birthday on a tray of purple vetch, garlanded with clover blossoms, decorated with elegant swirls and loops of red ant trails and twinkling all over with yellow jackets, like little candles. He blows them out with a wave of his hat. The three ravens swoop away to take up positions on the three nearest fence posts. Black wings outspread, they watch in imperious silence as Deborée flaps the ants away and bends to inspect the carcass:

"What got him, gents? Any ideas?" Betsy was right; not a tooth mark to be found. Maybe the dogs were running him and he tripped in the ditch and broke his neck. "He looks too healthy to just up and die, don't you birds think?"

The ravens rock from foot to foot and advance no theories. They are so righteously disgruntled that Deborée has to smile at them. He considers leaving the carcass where it is on the ground, to be attended to by the ravens and bees and ants and the rest of Nature's undertakers. Then he hears the mother bleating again from the ash grove where Betsy tethered her.

"I guess not. No sense in agony for ecology's sake. I'm gonna have to bury him, boys, to get him off his mom's mind. You can sympathize . . ."

Not in the slightest, the ravens make it clear as soon as they see their rightful spoils being lifted into the wheelbarrow. They rise from their separate posts, beating the air with their wings and calling. They flap into a circling formation above the wheelbarrow, calling together in perfect cadence as they follow all the way through the pasture to the swamp at the other end of the seventy acres. Sometimes the circle rises higher than the cottonwood tops, so their continual rain of abuse sounds almost musical in the distance. Other times they circle close enough that Deborée could have swatted them with the spade.

He picks a shady spot under an overhanging oak and sticks the spade into the dirt. It's clay: mud in winter, baked concrete in summer. It would be easier digging up by the pond, but he likes it here. It's hidden and cool. The arms of the old scrub oak are ceremoniously draped with long gray-green shrouds of Spanish moss.

**SOMEWHERE BETWEEN RARE AND APOCALYPTIC
WAS THIS ENCOUNTER ON THE BUS BETWEEN
DR. TIMOTHY LEARY AND NEAL CASSADY.**

The pinched, dry oak leaves are motionless. Even the ravens have abandoned their raucous tirade and are watching in silence from a branch in the tallest of the cottonwoods.

He hangs his hat on an oak stub and sets to digging, furiously now that he has chosen the site, hacking and stamping and chopping at the mat of clay and roots until his lungs wheeze and the dust runs off his face in gullies of sweat. He finally wipes his eyes with the hem of his shirt and stands back from the simple black basin. "Ought to be deeper if we want to keep the foxes from smelling it and digging it up." He looks down into the hole, panting and shaking so violently that he has to support himself with the shovel. "But then, on the other hand," he decides, "it's deep enough for folk music, as they say," and tips the corpse into the hole. To make it fit he has to bend the front legs back against the chest and force the hind legs together. It looks actually cute this way, he concedes, a kid's woolly doll. Hardly used. Just have to sew on a couple of bright new buttons for eyes, be good as new.

Then the trembling starts to get worse. *This must be how they begin*, he thinks. Freak-outs. Breakdowns. Crack-ups. Eventually shut-ins and finally cross-offs. But first the cover-up must be observed.

He spoons the earth back into the hole over the little animal much slower than he had dug it out. He can feel that he has blis-tered both hands. He wishes he'd remembered to bring his gloves. He wishes Sandy hadn't smoked his last joint. He wishes he had his glasses. Most of all, he wishes he'd thought to bring some liquid relief. His throat is on fire. There is water back up at the stock tub, a short walk away, but water isn't enough. There are fires in more than the throat that need attention. And no hope in the house. Why hadn't he driven to the liquor store in Creswell before he started this flight? Always good to have a parachute. Never know when something unexpected might pop up, throw the best flier into a tailspin. He closes his eyes and frowns, examining the possibilities. No alcohol. No downers, no tranquilizers, no prescription pain-killers even. All went with the main troops on the Woodstock campaign. Not even any Burgundy left at the house and Betsy still off with the only working vehicle.

In short, no parachutes nowhere.

He begins to shudder uncontrollably, his teeth chattering. He's afraid he is having a stroke or a seizure. They run in the family, fits. Uncle Nathan Whittier had a seizure slopping the hogs in Arkansas, fell into the sty, and the hogs ate him. No hogs here, just those ravens up there and these still oaks and, over there, in another little glade only a dozen yards deeper into the swamp, atop a stump in a beam of smoky sunlight, by the Grace of God, a gallon of red wine? Burgundy? From the heavens a bottle of Burgundy?

He drops the spade and reels through the branches and banners of moss until he has the bottle in his hands. It is a wine bottle, cheap Gallo to be sure but still half full and cool in the shady bottom air. He unscrews the top and upends the bottle and drinks in



NEAL CASSADY WAS ONSTAGE BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A GOOD CAR; "THE BIGGER, THE BOATIER, THE MORE AMERICAN, THE BETTER."

any easy chair. He settles into his nest, arranging the leaves in front of his face so he can easily see out without having to touch the vines, and takes another long drink of the sweet wine.

The shadows climb slowly up the tree trunks. The ravens desert, squawking off to their respective roosts after a disappointing day. The air turns a deeper red as the sun, dropping to the horizon, has even more smoke to penetrate. The wine goes down as the Checkered Demon and Mr. Natural and the Furry Freak Brothers flip past his eyes. At last there is only an inch left and the Kerouac book. He's read it three times. Years ago. Before heading off to California. Hoping to sign on in some way, to join that joyous voyage, like thousands of other volunteers inspired by the same book, and its vision, and, of course, its incomparable hero.

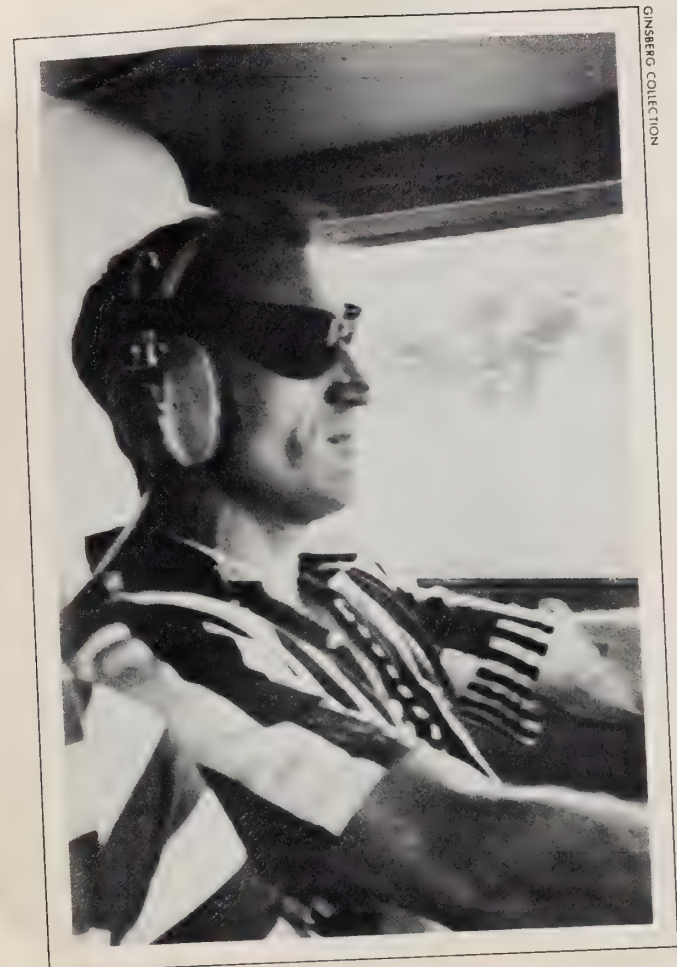
Like all the other young candidates for beatitude, he had prowled North Beach's famous hangouts—City Lights, The Place, The Coffee Gallery, The Bagel Shop—hoping to catch a glimpse of that lightning-minded character that Kerouac had called Dean Moriarty in *On the Road* and that John Clellon Holmes had named Hart Kennedy in *Go*, maybe even to eavesdrop on one of his high-octane hipalogues, perhaps even get a chance to be a big-eyed passenger on one of his wild rapping runs around the high spots of magic San Francisco. But he had never imagined much more, certainly not the jackpot of associations that followed, the trips, the adventures, the near disasters, and, worse danger, the near successes that almost put Houlihan onstage. Houlihan was Lenny Bruce, Jonathan Winters, and Lord Buckley all together just for starters. He couldn't have helped but been a hit. But a nightclub format would have pinched his free-flying mind, and no stage in the world could have really accommodated his art—his hurtling, careening, corner-squealing commentary on the cosmos—except the stage he built about himself the moment he slid all quick and sinewy under the steering wheel of a good car; the bigger, the boatier, the more American, the better. The glow of the dash was his footlights, the slash of oncoming sealed beams was his spots. And now, and now, and now the act is over. No more would that rolling theater ever come bouncing and steaming and blaring rhythm and blues and Houlihan hoopla up the drive all full of speed and plans and hammering hearts.

For now, now, now, the son of a bitch is dead!

And, with the last inch of wine lifted in a salute before finishing it, Deboree begins to weep. It is not a sweet grief, but bitter and bleak. He tries to stop it. He opens the familiar Kerouac paperback, looking for some passage that will wash out that bitter burn, but the tears won't let him focus. It's getting dark. He closes the book and his eyes both and enters again the library of his memory, looking under H. Looking for Houlihan, Hero, High Priest of the Highway, Hammer-tosser, Head-twister, Hoper Springing Eternally. Or maybe not so. Now it is the disciple, looking and hoping, hoping to ward off the circling heralds of desolation with some kind of gallant scarecrow stuffed with the records showing just who this wondrous Houlihan was, what his frenetic life had meant, stood for, died for. Hoping to stave off the mockery of his hero's senseless death and to buttress himself against those bleak digits (64,928!) by checking out a collection of inspirational Houlihan aphorisms (Six four nine two eight: the complete works of another one of those Best Minds of Their Generation!), anecdotes, anything!

But the section is empty. The H shelf has been stripped. The works all recalled, out of print, confiscated as invalid in the light of Latest Findings. Deboree laughs aloud at his library metaphor and finds his throat dried almost hard. He drinks the last of the wine as though he is fighting a brush fire. "Year of the downer," he says, speaking up through the little arch of berry vines, watching the last rays of the rusty sun fade from the tops of the cottonwoods, staring until the last smolder has drifted away and the wine has carried him back into the forlorn stacks and shelves of his memory. This time he finds a slim volume—not under H at all but under L—about the time Houlihan the famous Fastestmanalive met the renowned Stanford

—Text continued on page 59



long swallows until he loses his equilibrium and has to lower his head. He turns around and sits on the stump until he catches his balance, then tips his head back for the bottle again. He doesn't stop swallowing until his lungs demand it. There is less than a fourth remaining after his unbroken guzzle, and he can feel the liquid already spreading through his body's knotted thoroughfares, already bringing relief.

It's only then that he notices that it is not a light, dry 12-percent Burgundy after all but a syrupy sweet 18-percent wino port with a bouquet just like he'd smelled out of Blackbeard's mouth a couple of hours back. He looks around and sees two raggedy bedrolls, a World War I shoulder pack, and the remains of a small fire. There is a dog-eared pile of underground comics beside one bedroll and a copy of *On the Road*. In the other bedroll's area lies a pile of shavings, idly whittled slivers, some as thin as the fallen cottonwood leaves.

"So this is why they were up the road from this direction, not down from the highway direction like every other pilgrim. Asshole, bum . . ."

But there is no heat in the curse. He tips up the bottle again, more thoughtfully now, and somewhat curious. Maybe they're more than bums.

"Team," he says to the ravens, "I think we ought to put a stake-out on these assholes."

The birds don't disagree. They seem to have already begun the vigil, hunching their heads deep into their black breasts and settling down on their limbs in the smoky air. Deboree picks up the paperback and the stack of comics and retreats to the wheelbarrow, his finger still hooked in the gallon's glass handle. He selects a blackberry patch about twenty steps from the camp and bores into the brambles from behind, using the wheelbarrow as a plow and the spade like a machete until he has cleared a comfortable observation post in the center of the thorny vines. He tilts the wheelbarrow up and packs it with the Spanish moss from an overhanging oak limb until the rusty old bucket is as comfortable as

Strongman, Lars Dolf, and lost to Dolf in man-to-man charismatic warfare. Under L, for losing . . .

During the late Fifties and early Sixties, these two giants had towered over the budding Bay Area revolutionaries. Both men were titans of their own special and singular philosophies. Owing to his appearance as a hero in a number of nationally distributed novels, Houlihan's rep was the greater, the more widespread. But in his own area, Lars Dolf was Houlihan's equal. Everybody that had any touch with the hip life on the peninsula had heard of Lars. And because of his Bay Area proselytizing for a Buddhist seminary, many had met him personally and all were in awe of his soft-spoken power.

One spring partying evening, Lars Dolf had dropped into the Deboree house, across the street from the Stanford golf course. Dolf claimed he had heard of Devlin, and he wanted to meet him, and he was open to invitations, especially concerning wine. Deboree saw immediately that they were due to argue—it was in the way the man placed his feet—and passed him the bottle.

It was first over art. Lars was an unknown painter, and Deboree could match him that in the field of writing. Then over philosophy. Lars was a graying, wine-torn Zen beatnik champ, and young Devlin was a psychedelic challenger with a higher-than-wine insinuation. And, eventually, naturally, over the much more ancient and basic issue: physical prowess. This category happened to be Devlin's strong point during that time. He was driving three times a week to The Olympic Club in San Francisco, hoping to represent the United States in freestyle wrestling in the upcoming Olympics. Lars was also the bearer of such laurels: the All-American Stanford linebacker dropout Kraut. Tales about him were many. The most memorable and oft repeated described him taking on a truckful of Mexican artichoke pickers at a Columbus Day picnic in Pescadero and fighting them to their own national stand-off; when local deputies stopped the battle and an ambulance driver examined Lars, the broken points of three Tijuana switchblades were found sticking out of his great round shoulders.

Deboree can't remember who started the contests that day on the Lane. Probably he himself, with one of the trick feats he had learned from his father, probably going through the broom so supplely that Lars Dolf didn't even uncross his legs to try. Then, as he recalls it, the spotlight was wrested from Devlin by his brother Bud, who was down from Oregon for some culture. Buddy went through the broom both forward and backward, which Devlin never had been able to do. It was Buddy who started the Indian wrestling.

Standing palm to palm and instep to instep, Buddy flipped through one after the other of the gang of awkward grad students, besting them each so easily that he became embarrassed with his one-sided victories and was about to turn the center ring back to Deboree (who hadn't challenged him; the Indian-wrestling issue had long before and many times been decided between the brothers; Devlin was heavier and older and longer reached) when Lars Dolf spoke from his lotus position near the wine:

"Ex-cuse me. May . . . I . . . try?"

He remembers the way Lars spoke, deliberately slow and simple. He always addressed a listener in odd, singsong phrases that might have seemed retarded but for the twinkle behind his tiny eyes. That and the fact that he had been an honor student in mathematics before he left the Leland Stanford Jr. Farm for North Beach.

Now, observe Buddy and Buddha standing there in the middle of a 1962 beer-and-bongos council ring. Observe Buddy, blushing and grinning, enjoying his prowess at the game not out of any sense of competitiveness but out of playfulness, playing only, as all their family had been raised to play, for fun; win, lose, or chicken out. And now see standing opposite Buddy this opponent of entirely different breed, hardly seeming part of the same species, in fact seeming more mechanical than animal, with legs like pistons, chest like a boiler, close-cropped head like a pink cannonball set with two twinkling bluesteel bearings, planting a bare foot beside Buddy's and offering a chubby doll-pink hand:

"Shall . . . we . . . try?"

Buddy took the hand. They braced, waited the unspoken length of decorum, then Buddy heaved. The squat form didn't budge. Buddy heaved the opposite direction. Still no movement. Buddy drew a quick breath for another heave but instead found himself sailing across the room, into the wall, leaving the impression of his shoulder and head in the particle board.

Lars Dolf had not seemed to move. He stood, grinning, as inert and immobile and, despite the expression on his round face, as humorless as a fireplug. Buddy stood up, shaking his head.

"Dang," he marveled. "That was something."

"Care to try . . . again?"

And again his brother was sent flying to the wall, and again and again, each time getting up and coming back to take the pink hand without any kind of anger or chagrin or hurt pride but with Buddy's usual curiosity. Any marvel of the physical world interested Buddy, and this squat mystery tossing him to and fro absolutely fascinated him.

"Dang. Something else. Let me try that again . . ."

What the mystery was, Deboree couldn't see. Squat or not, Dolf still probably outweighed Buddy by close to a hundred pounds.

"He's just got too much meat and muscle on you, Bud," Deboree had said, his voice testy. He didn't like the way his little brother was being tossed around.

"It isn't the weight," Buddy answered, panting a little as he got up to take his stance before Dolf again. "And it isn't the muscle, exactly . . ."

"It's where a man . . . thinks from," Dolf explained, grinning back at Buddy. There didn't seem to be any hostility coming from him, or any cruelty, but Deboree wished they would stop. "When a man thinks from . . . *here*"—incredibly sudden the pink hand shot out, one bullet-blunt finger extended. It stopped less than a quarter inch from poking a hole between Buddy's eyes—"instead of *here*"—his other hand came forward from the hip in a hard fist, right at Buddy's belt buckle, this time stopping even nearer and opening, like a gentle flower, to spread over Buddy's solar plexus—"he is of course . . . unbalanced. Like a Coca-Cola bottle . . . balanced mouth-to-mouth with another Coke bottle: too much weight *above* . . . and *below* . . . and no connection in the middle. See . . . what I mean? A man must have balance, like a haiku."

It had been too pompous for Deboree to let pass. "What I see is less like poetry and more like ninety pounds Buddy is giving away."

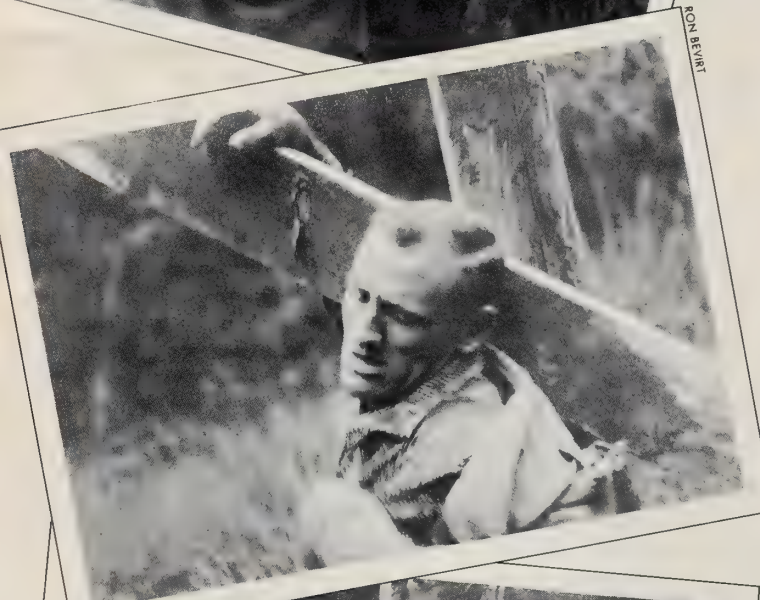
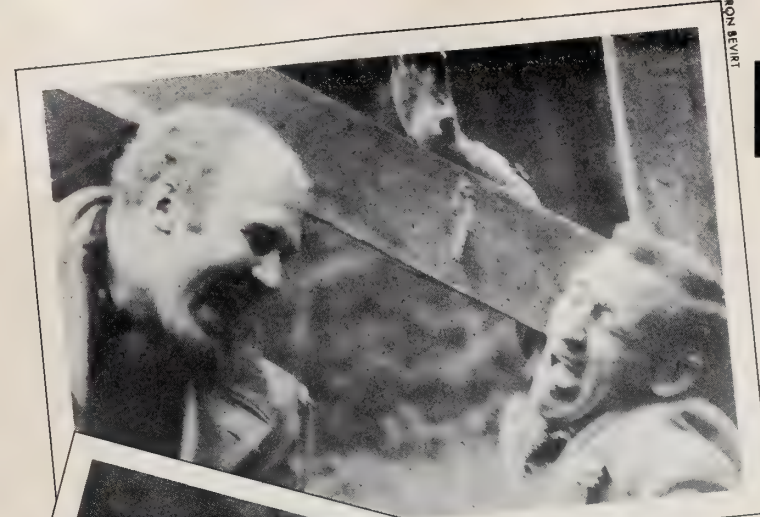
"Then you try him," Buddy had challenged. "I'm curious to see how you do, hotshot, giving away only maybe a third of that."

The moment he took Lars Dolf's hand he had understood Buddy's curiosity. Though he knew the round little form still had the advantage by perhaps two dozen pounds, he could feel immediately that the difference was not one of weight. Nor was it speed; during his last three seasons on the Oregon team, Deboree had been able to tell within the first few seconds of the opening round whether his opponent had the jump on him. And this man's reactions were almost slothlike compared to those of a collegiate wrestler. The difference was in a kind of ungodly strength. He remembers thinking, as Dolf snatched him from the floor with a flick of his forearm and hurled him through the air into a crowd of awe-struck undergraduates watching from the daybed, bongos mute in their laps, that this was what it would be like to Indian-wrestle a 250-pound ant.

Like his brother, Deboree had risen and returned to battle without any sense of shame or defeat. To take the hand, to be thrown again and again and return again and again, more out of amazement and curiosity than any sense of masculine combativeness.

"It's where you think from, do you begin to see? The eye that seeks the lotus . . . never sees the lotus. Only the search can it see. The eye that searches for nothing . . . finds . . . the garden in full bloom. Desire in the head . . . makes a hollow in the center . . . makes a man . . . *ahm!*"—as he threw Deboree into the particle board wall, with its growing array of dents and craters—"unbalanced."

When Lars Dolf left after that evening, he took three of the undergraduates back to the city with him—two psychology majors and a frat boy who had not yet settled on a field—to enroll them



**ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1964, KEN KESEY
MOCKINGLY CRUCIFIED NEAL CASSADY; KESEY
REFERRED TO NEAL AS HIS COMRADE "IN
ADVENTURE AND ESCAPE AND REVOLUTION."**

in the Buddhist seminary on Jackson Street, never mind that spring term at Stanford was only two weeks short of over. Deboree himself was so impressed that he was half considering such a transfer until Lars informed him that the sutra classes began at four in the morning six days a week. He decided to stick it out at the writing seminar instead, which met only three times a week, and at three in the afternoon, and over coffee and cookies. But, like his brother and everyone else, he had been awestruck. And Lars Dolf had reigned as the undisputed phenomenon of the peninsula until the next fall, when a Willys Jeep with a transmission blown from driving it too far too fierce too fast had brought Houlihan into his yard and his life.

The famous Houlihan. With his bony Irish face dancing continually and simultaneously, through a dozen expressions, his sky-blue eyes flirting up from under long lashes, and with his reputation and his unstoppable rap, Houlihan became a sensation around the Stanford bongo circuit before the tortured Jeep had hardly stopped steaming. He was a curiosity easily equal to Lars Dolf in charisma and character and, without the heavy-handed oriental dogma, a lot more fun to be around.

There were, in fact, no real similarities between the two men. But comparisons could not be avoided. As fast as Dolf was phlegmatic, as sinewy and animated as Dolf was thick and stolid, poor Houlihan was matched with the Buddhist Bull before he was even aware of an opponent's existence. By mid-fall term, all the talk in the hip Palo Alto coffeehouses was about the latest Houlihan blitz: how he had climbed on stage during Allen Ginsberg's reading in Dinkelspiel Auditorium, without a shirt or shoes, carrying a flashlight in one hand and a flyswatter in the other, to stalk invisible scurriers about the podium: "Maybe so, Ginsy, but I saw the best mice of *my* generation destroyed by good ol' American grit *there's* one take that you rodent you oop only winged 'em there he goes anyhow you were saying? Don't let *me* interrupt"; how he had talked the San Mateo deputy sheriff into giving his stalled sedan a jump start instead of a speeding ticket after being pulled over on Bayshore, and, so persuasive and brain-boggling was Houlihan's rap, got away with the cop's cables in the bargain; how he had seduced the lady psychiatrist who had been sent by a distraught and wealthy Atherton mother to save a daughter deranged by five days living in the back of the family's station wagon with this maniac, *and* the mother who had sent her when they all got back to Atherton, *and* the nurse the family had hired to protect the daughter from further derangement. Usually, eventually, these coffeehouse tales of Houlihan's heroics were followed by conjecture about future feats and finally, inevitably, about the meeting of the two heroes:

"Wonder if Houlihan'll be able to mess with Lars Dolf's mind like that? Should they ever lock horns, I mean . . ."

Deboree saw the historic encounter. It took place in the driveway of a tall, dark-browed, spectral law student named Felix Rommel, who claimed to be the grandson of the famous German general. No one had given much credence to the claim until a huge crate arrived from Frankfort containing—Felix had announced—his grandfather's Mercedes. Lars Dolf had been phoned to find out if he would like to see this classic relic from his fatherland. He arrived on a bicycle. There was a champagne party on Felix's wide San Mateo lawn while the car was ceremoniously uncrated and rolled backward into the garage under the lights, gray and gleaming. Lars looked it over carefully, smiling at the double-headed eagle still perched on the radiator cap and some of the Desert Fox's maps and scrawled messages Felix showed him in the glove compartment. "It is a beaut," he told everybody.

The car had been carefully preserved, unscratched except for the right side of the front bumper, which had been bent in shipping and was crimped against the tire. Felix even started the engine with a jump from Deboree's panel. Everybody drank champagne in the yard while the big engine idled in the garage. Felix

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asked Dolf if he would like to drive it when the bumper got straightened, that there might be a chauffeur's job open as soon as the California bar exams allowed Felix to practice. Felix said he couldn't legally drive it himself for another nine months because of a DUIL, and his wife wouldn't drive it because she was Jewish: "So I need somebody."

Dolf was politely thanking the couple for the offer but was saying he would probably stick with his old Schwinn—"For my German vehicle"—when into the drive came a steaming, lurching '53 Chevy with a noisy rod about to blow under the hood and noisier driver already blowing wild behind the wheel. Houlihan was out the door and into the startled yard before the signal from the ignition had reached the poor motor, shirtless and sweating and jabbering, zooming around to open the other doors for his usual entourage of shell-shocked passengers, introducing each to everybody, digressing between introductions about the day's events, the trip down from the city, the bad rod, the good tires, the lack of gas, and grass, and ass, and of course the need for speed—"Anybody? Anybody? With the well-known leapers? Bennies? Dexies? Uh? Preludens even? Oops? I say something wrong?"—admonishing himself for his manners and his hectic habits, complimenting Felix on his idling heirloom, kicking the tires, clicking his heels and saluting the two-headed hood ornament, starting all over again, introducing his bedraggled crew again only with the names all different . . . a typical Houlihan entrance that might have gone on uninterrupted until his departure minutes or hours later, if Felix hadn't distracted him with a huge joint that he drew out of his vest pocket as though he'd been saving it for this very occasion. And while Houlihan was holding the first vein-popping lungful of smoke, Felix led him by the elbow to the little cement bench in the shadow of the acacia where Lars Dolf had retreated to sit in full lotus and watch. Without speaking, Dolf had slowly untwined his legs and stood to take Houlihan's hand, Houlihan had resumed his chatter, the words spilling out as irrepressible as the smoke:

"Dolf? Dolf? Didn't I, yass I did hear tell of a fella supposed to have confiscated all the switchblades in Ensenada—or was it Juárez?—went by that name Lars Dolf, also by the nick of 'Snub,' Snub Dolf the sportswriters called him, used to be a footballer, all something, all-defensive something of the something, forsook future with the 49ers for meditation, which, the way I see it, correct me if I'm wrong, is mainly the exchange of one coach and his philosophy for another coach and another game plan—same game—single wing 'stead of double—this meditation practice probably just as beneficial as tackling practice—rather beat off, myself, personally, if it's for spiritual purposes we are considering . . ."

And on and on, in a fashion best left inimitable, until the round, grinning face and the ominously unblinking eyes began to affect Houlihan in a manner none of the fans had ever witnessed before. In the face of Dolf's deliberate silence, Houlihan began to stammer. His rap began to rattle and run down. Finally, with his brow creased over the same mystery that Buddy and Deboree had encountered Indian wrestling, Houlihan stuttered to a rare stop. Dolf continued to smile, holding on to Houlihan's hand, watching him fidget in his unaccustomed silence and humiliation. Nobody broke the silence as the moment of victory and defeat was wordlessly accepted and formalized. When the victor felt that his power had been sufficiently acknowledged by this silence, Dolf let go the hand and said, softly:

"That is the way . . . you see it, Mr. Houlihan."

Houlihan could not retort. He was buffaloe. The dozen-or-so spectators smiled inside and congratulated themselves on being present during the decisive settling of this historic duel. They had all known it all along. When it comes right down to it, the mouth is no match for the muscle. Houlihan turned away from the grinning puzzle, seeking some route of escape. His eyes fell again on the idling Mercedes.

"Well on the other hand hey, what say, Felix, that we take 'er for a little turn?" He was already opening the right side door to

climb behind the steering wheel. "Just round the block . . ."

"'Fraid it would have to be one way around," Felix said, casually, hands in his pockets as he followed around the front of the car after Houlihan. He took him by a naked arm and drew him back out of the car. He pointed at the bent bumper with his long chin. "Until we get that straightened, the best you could do is keep going in circles."

"Ah, cocksuck," Houlihan grunted, looking down at the wedged tire in disappointment. It was the first time Deboree had ever heard him use the word. On the contrary, Houlihan was often heard correcting others for cursing; he claimed it was spiritual sloth to allow oneself to stoop to obscenity. But this didn't sound like sloth to Deboree. It sounded more like desperation.

"Cock suck," he said again and started to walk away. But Dolf wasn't finished rubbing it in:

"You don't have to . . . keep going in . . . circles." Dolf was coming into the garage, walking around the grill, smiling his merciless little Zen smile. "You just have to be . . . strong enough . . . to straighten the problem out."

And while everybody's eyes popped, the little chubby hands reached down and hooked on each side of the bumper, and the back bulged in the ragged turtleneck, and as smoothly and inexorably as some kind of powerful hydraulic device intended for this very work, pulled the heavy metal away from the tire and back into proper place: Gawking, jawhanging, Houlihan couldn't even curse. He left, muttering something about needing to crash, maybe at an ex-wife's digs in Santa Clara, someplace alone, his crew abandoned on the lawn.

In the years of association that followed, as they became close comrades in adventure and escapade and revolution (yes, damn it, revolution! as surely as Fidel and Che had been comrades, against the same oppressor and the same tyranny of inertia, in the same guerrilla war that was being fought, as Burroughs put it, in "the space between our cells"), Deboree often saw Houlihan at a loss for words, or, more specifically, at an emptiness of words after days of speeding and driving and talking nonstop had left the dancing Irish voice raw and blistered and the enormous assets of cocky self-made intellect momentarily overdrawn, but never again so completely stymied. At least not so blatantly stymied. For Houlihan had a trick of filling the lapses with meaningless numbers—"Hey you dig just then that lovely little loop-the-loop cutie doin' the ol' four five seventy-seven jive back thar on the corner Grant and Green, or was it eighty-seven?"—until his stream of consciousness commenced to trickle again and he got back on the track. Nonsense numbers to fill the gaps. An obvious trick, but none of his audience ever saw it as something to cover a failure. It was just noise to keep the rhythm going, just rebop until he found the groove again. And he always seemed to. "Keep rollin' and you'll always eventually cross your line again." And that faith that saw him through his lapses had become a faith for everybody that knew him, a mighty bridge, to see them across their own chasms. Now the bridge was washed out. Now, at long last, it did seem that he had lost it for good, in terminal nonsense and purposeless, meaningless numbers of nothing. Forever.

Worse! That it had *all* been a trick, that he had never known purpose, that for all the sound and fury, those grand flights, those tootings, had all, always, at bottom, been only rebop, only the rattle of insects in the dry places of Eliot, signifying nothing.

Forever and ever amen.



So. Strung out and distracted and drunk in the dark, Deboree starts awake in his nest of moss in the wheelbarrow in the blackberry bush. Through the darkness he hears again the twang made when fence wire is strained, its barbs plunking through the staples as the barrier is breached by a head of stock forcing its way through, where no breach is intended, or by a foot climbing over. The twang is followed by a curse and a chorus of giggles and the crashing of sticks. He leans forward in his nest far enough to see a battery-powered lantern wheeling through the shadows of the cottonwoods that line the border of his swamp and his neighbor Hock's pasture. Followed by more crashings and cursing, the light comes

NEAL CASSADY DEMONSTRATES WHY HE WAS CALLED BOTH SUPERMAN AND THE HOLY GOOF.

toward him, erratically, until it breaks into the clearing around the stump and is hung from a branch. It is the two hitchhikers loaded with packages and sacks, followed by Sandy Pawku. Sandy is carrying an enormous stuffed teddy bear. So loudly is she cursing and staggering about with the bear, that the blond puts down his load and turns back to hush her:

"Cool it, huh? You want that old fart and his dogs down here?"

"I don't want that old fart and his dogs at *all*," Sandy answers. "You two farts will do, to share . . . for Sandy and her bear."

Fascinated, Deboree watches from the brambles as Sandy waltzes in a slow circle, then leans the huge doll against the stump and sits in its lap. "Give us a hand," she says, picking at the button of the collar taut across her throat, "an' a drink." Blackbeard draws a half gallon of wine from one of the grocery sacks. He uncorks it and drinks beneath the gently swinging light, his eyes on the fat woman and the doll. He lowers the bottle and takes a big summer sausage from the other sack and begins to chew the plastic wrapping away. Blondboy kneels beside Sandy, giggling, to help with the buttons of her blouse. Blackbeard watches, and Deboree. The ten:ten toots past at the Nebo junction. The shadows rock. The fumbling fingers have the garment off one shoulder when, abruptly, Sandy's head falls back to the bear's shoulder and she begins to snore. The giggle bubbles louder over the healthy teeth as Blondboy hefts the bra strap up and down.

"What kinda credit card got you these, mama?"

Sandy sags and snores louder. The boy tries to reach behind her sleeping back to find the clasp. Blackbeard is going through her shopping bag. He takes out a little transistor radio and turns it on. He leans against the oak tree, gnawing the sausage and tuning the radio as he watches his partner wrestle with the sleeping woman's brassiere. At last, Deboree has to close his eyes to the spectacle, and the dark swirls over him. His head is ringing. He hears the radio dial travel on until it finds The Beach Boys' hit. The harmony softens Sandy's snores and grunts and covers the crunch of twigs. Deboree can barely hear any of it. It comes from a long way off, through a twining, leafy tunnel. The tunnel has almost twined shut when he hears Blackbeard ask:

"What did she say he was doing out there on the railroad tracks? Counting?"

"The ties," Blondboy answers. "Counting the ties between Puerto Sancto and the next village. Thirty miles away. Counting the railroad ties. They got him doped up and dared him and he did it, didn't he, hee hee?"

"Houlihan," says Blackbeard's voice, gentler. "The great Houlihan. Done in by downers and a dare." Blackbeard sounded honestly grieved, and Deboree found himself suddenly liking him. "I can't believe it . . ."

"Don't let it bother you, bro. He was fried, you know? Gangrened. But c'mere and check this. I bet this makes you take that wienie outta your mouth . . ."

Deboree tries to lift his eyes open, but the tunnel is twining too fast. Let it close, he tells himself happily. Who's afraid of the dark now? Houlihan wasn't merely making noise—he was *counting*. He didn't lose it. We didn't lose it. We were all counting.

The dark space about him is suddenly filled with faces, winking off and on. Deboree watches them twinkle, feeling warm and befriended, equally fond of all the countenances, those close, those far, those known, those never met, those dead, those never dead. Hello faces. Come back. Come on back all of you even LBJ with your Texas cheeks eroded by compromises come back. Khrushchev, fearless beyond peasant ignorance, healthy beside Eisenhower, come back both of you. James Dean all picked apart and Tab Hunter all put together, Michael Rennie in your silver suit the day the earth stood still for peace, come back all of you.

Now go away and leave me.

Now come back.

Come back Vaughn Monroe, Ethel Waters, Krazy Kat, Lou

Costello, Harpo Marx, Adlai Stevenson, Ernest Hemingway, Herbert Hoover, Harry Belafonte, Timothy Leary, Ron Boise, Jerry Lee Lewis, Lee Harvey Oswald, Chou En-lai, Ludwig Erhard, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Mandy Rice-Davies, General Curtis LeMay and Gordon Cooper, John O'Hara and Liz Taylor, Estes Kefauver and Governor Scranton, The Invisible Man and The Lonely Crowd, The True Believer and The Emerging Nations, the Hungarian Freedom Fighters, Elsa Maxwell, Dinah Washington, Jean Cocteau, William Edward Burghardt Du Bois, Jimmy Hatlo, Aldous Huxley, Edith Piaf, Zasu Pitts, Seymour Glass, Big Daddy Nord, Grandma Whittier, Grandpa Deboree, Pretty Boy Floyd, Big Boy Williams, Boyo Behan, Mickey Rooney, Mickey Mantle, Mickey McGee, Mickey Mouse, come back, go away, come on back.

That summer sweet Frisco with flowers in your hair come back. Now go away.

Cleaver, come back. Abbie, come back. And you that never left come back anew, Joan Baez, Bob Kaufmann, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gordon Lish, Gordon Fraser, Gregory Corso, Ira Sandperl, Fritz Perls, swine pearls and even you black bus Charlie Manson asshole come back afresh you know now go away now come back.

We are being summoned. We get a reprieve, not just rebop. He wasn't just riffing; he was counting. Appear and testify.

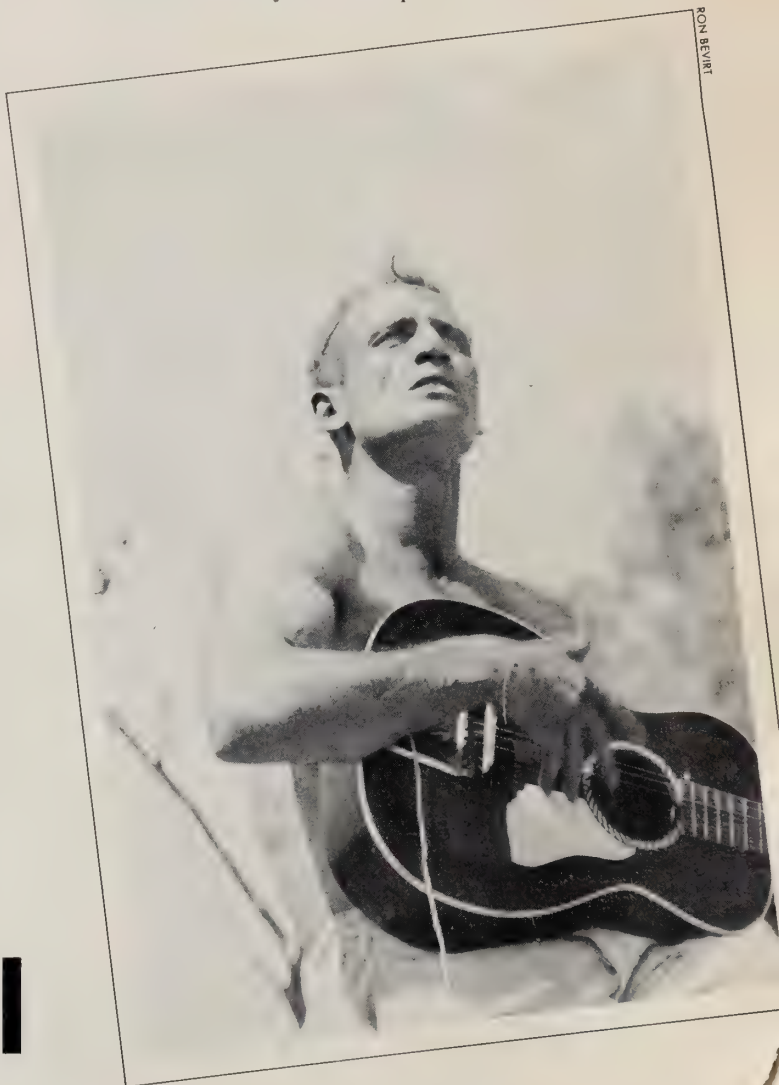
Young Cassius Clay.

Young Mailer.

Young Miller.

Young Jack Kerouac before you fractured your football career at Columbia and popped your hernia in Esquire. Young Sandy without your credit card bare. Young Devlin. Young Dylan. Young Lennon. Young lovers wherever you are. Come back and remember and go away and come back.

Attendance mandatory but not required. ##



CASSADY, NOT A MUSICIAN, NOT REALLY A WRITER, NEVERTHELESS STRUCK THE CHORD FOR A GENERATION. IN THE END, HE "WASN'T MERELY MAKING NOISE—HE WAS COUNTING."

DEWAR'S® PROFILE

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GERSHOM CHAN

BORN: Kwangtung, China, 1945

HOME: Oil City, Pennsylvania

TITLE: Food Service Director, Oil City Hospital

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: A menu that reads like a three-star restaurant... and a different one each day.

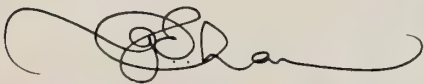
QUOTE: "Hospital patients should not have to suffer at suppertime."

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SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"® and water. "A delightful habit I acquired during my days in Hong Kong."



Dewar's never varies.



[State Line Road, 1•18•79]

[New Pine Creek school bus, 1•18•79]

To the left is State Line Road in New Pine Creek, Oregon, and/or New Pine Creek, California, two adjacent towns which straddle the border near U.S. 395. New Pine Creek is not without its problems. The children on the Oregon side must board a school bus to be driven fifteen miles to Lakeview, Oregon, rather than walk to the school in New Pine Creek, California, a



[James Cloutier, 1•17•79]

block away. This is a rare instance in which Oregon citizens want to travel into California; mostly, they want Californians to stay away. A man named James Clou-

tier (left) has developed quite a cottage industry by marketing devices designed to convince Californians to leave Oregon alone. The burden of his remarks is that Oregon is so cold, rainy and generally uninhabitable that the state flower is algae, the state rock is the sponge, the state animal is the slug, and so on. By this it may be seen that the state Oregon most closely borders is Smugness.

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TOP LEFT: How do directors overcome technical difficulties like photographing a dancer Singin' in the Rain?
LEFT: What are today's films saying about the changing rules of love, marriage, fidelity, friendship?
TOP RIGHT: Is merchandising of spinoffs more important to commercial success than the film itself?

(Warner Bros., Inc.)

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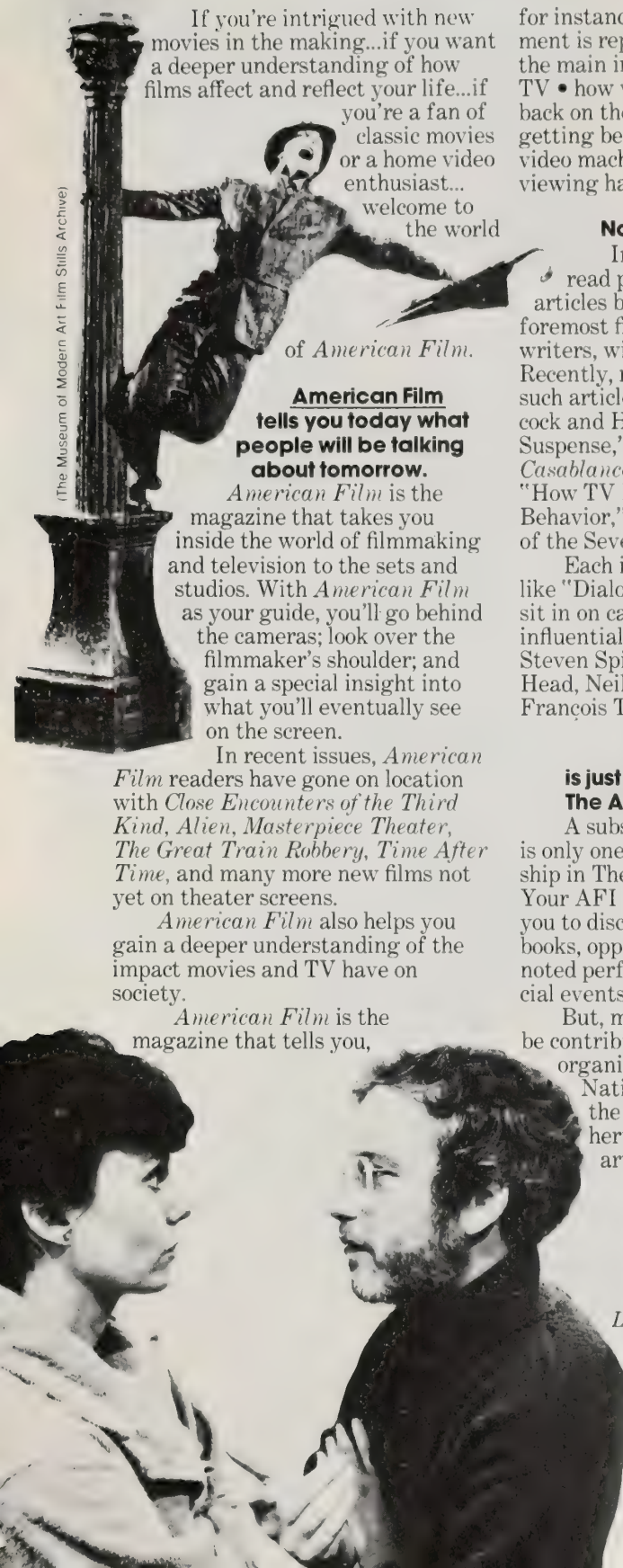
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Jerry Brown

*The California governor talks of limits
and dreams, energy conservation and expanded space exploration.
But none of it seems inconsistent, the way he sees it.*

JERRY Brown had come straight to Dulles Airport outside Washington from a White House session on California's gas shortage. It had been an extraordinary minisummit between Brown and Jimmy Carter, the man he was thinking of challenging for the 1980 Democratic presidential nomination. The administration had belatedly invited a cast of dozens—the mayor of Los Angeles and the California congressional delegation—to join the meeting and fuzz up any image of the president being called to task by the “cage-rattling” Western governor. But it still seemed to be a Brown-Carter confrontation, and in front of the cameras afterwards, Brown politely left the impression that it was Carter who had blinked.

Privately, and less politely, the Brown people were stunned by the meeting. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger seemingly did not understand his own gasoline allocation system. Carter himself appeared to be reciting by rote from briefing cards, whether or not the material was relevant to the issues under discussion. When the president finally promised to provide more gas, he did not explain exactly how. Still Brown took him at his word. If Carter kept the promise, Brown could reap the credit for forcing him to act. And Brown could blame the administration if the pledge were broken; indeed it would be another reason for running against the incumbent president.

(Two days later, Schlesinger declared the “moral equivalent of war” on California: the state, he said, would actually receive only “a trickle” of additional gas. The statement hit with a cold slap in California and renewed the popular suspicion that the state was being punished for Brown's challenge to Carter, despite its 45 electoral votes. An incredulous Brown adviser observed “Schlesinger must still be working for Reagan”—his first choice in 1976. The Republican front-runner for 1980 would perhaps find it easier to carry angry, gas-short Californians who felt betrayed.)

After American Airlines flight 75 to Los Angeles left Dulles, Brown was reminded of the antinuclear demonstration in Washington he had attended a few weeks earlier. At the protest, he had inspired a scattering of boos among the applause, but Brown said he didn't hear the disapproval. In fact, he has a hard time thinking of any mistake to admit during his public career, which began in 1968 when he led the insurgent slate for Eugene McCarthy in the California primary while his father, the former governor, was at the top of the Johnson-Humphrey delegation. Many commentators assumed it was a mistake to trek across Africa this spring with star Linda Ronstadt, and

some of his closest associates regard his support for a balanced budget constitutional amendment as a mistake—“wrong on the merits and wrong politically,” as one of them puts it. They worry that it could make liberal Democrats more dubious than ever about Brown, just when they are more anxious than ever to revolt against Carter.

Liberal easterners are a group Brown regards with bemused interest, and if they return the bemusement, they also tend to miss the truth that he is their kind of candidate on many other issues, ranging from affirmative action to solar power. On foreign affairs, too, he often leans leftward. He favors cutting defense budget increases below the inflation rate. Yet he resists conventional categories and terms. He is fiscally conservative after Proposition 13, but at the other end of the spectrum on affirmative action and nuclear energy.

Brown resents the charge that he is too nimble politically, but he clearly has no thirst for liberal martyrdom. He believes that a politician can't lead where the people refuse to follow. So he often “zigzags,” Arthur Schlesinger's wry description of Franklin Roosevelt's political philosophy. He pushes forward where possible, then yields where necessary. And he counts on his powerful public sense of himself to hold it all together. On this day, at least, it was holding together very well.

As the plane landed in Los Angeles, the captain announced that he was proud to have had Governor Brown on board. The passengers burst into sustained applause, a rare reaction for any officeholder in this antipolitical era. As Brown disembarked, another crowd around the gate cheered. While he gave television interviews to welcoming local reporters, Sander Vanocur of ABC news commented with professional admiration: “He's giving catechism to television.”

Like Edward Kennedy, Jerry Brown transcends any ideological identity. To the passengers on flight 75 and at the airport, Brown has the quality that John Kennedy led Americans to expect—and his successors have led many to yearn for again in a president—charisma. Later that night, at Lucy's El Adobe, a Los Angeles Mexican restaurant that is Brown's kitchen away from home, he ate rice and beans and watched flattering TV reports on his journey to Washington. With satisfaction, he settled back into his booth. Looking beyond Carter to what may become the real Democratic struggle in 1980, he said with a smile: “I think I can beat Kennedy.”

This *Politics Today* interview was conducted May 16 on flight 75 by National Editor Robert Shrum.

POLITICS TODAY: *How was Carter?*

BROWN: Carter was—presiding.

PT: *Do you think that the administration has been neglectful in energy policy?*

BROWN: Well, certainly the president made a strong statement about it back in '77. But whatever the reasons, other issues loomed larger and energy tended to drop down a bit. It would be fair to say that the follow-through after the "moral equivalent of war" speech did not measure up to the intensity of the rhetoric with which it was introduced.

PT: *Do you relate well to Carter? When you are sitting and talking with him, do you find it comfortable?*

BROWN: I don't know. That's a difficult question to answer. I'd rather not talk about it. I've met him on a number of occasions relatively briefly.

PT: *What do you say about the charge that you change your mind to suit the political convenience of the moment, that you go too much with the flow?*

BROWN: I would say that that is an assumption without supporting evidence.

PT: *Proposition 13 is one piece of evidence that's cited.*

BROWN: I don't count that as any evidence. Voters embedded a mandate in the California Constitution, which I took an oath of office to uphold and enforce, and I have done precisely that.

PT: *How do you think the impression got about that you're flexible and adaptive?*

BROWN: It probably relates, some of it, to 13; some of it relates to the balanced budget; some of it relates to some of the things that I have said or done. But I still get back to the point, the assertion that there is some kind of inconsistency or flip-flop or lack of reliability; I don't think there is any analysis to support that. Judged according to the standard by which political representatives are judged, I would say that my action in politics has been extraordinarily consistent. In fact, it might be a little more appropriate to ask why I didn't support Proposition 13 in the first place.

PT: *Okay, why not?*

BROWN: Because I thought it was excessive, and I thought it was more revenue than the public could afford to lose. The proof is not in on that yet.

PT: *Do you think the state will be driven back to higher taxes in a recession, since you have to balance the budget?*

BROWN: I think we can avoid it for a period of time, if we are prepared to make the restrictions on government growth, government spending. But that gets very unpopular, because it hits into health, welfare, education, and highway spending. All these budgets have to be restrained, yet they all operate with pow-

erful and very legitimate constituencies. **PT:** *What public positions do you believe in so firmly that it wouldn't matter how the electorate voted?*

BROWN: There are a lot of those. The electorate in California was clearly pronuclear power. And I opposed the San Onofre plant. The Senate tried to overrule that decision. The big newspapers and the labor unions were against me on that.

PT: *Any others?*

BROWN: Capital punishment is another; so is affirmative action. Unlike that assertion that I change with the wind, I have been consistent since the day I walked into government on the L.A. Junior College Board. And in the year 1969, you will find the same consistent themes that you will find in the year 1979. I opposed excessive spending; I supported child care; I was strong for minority participation. The same themes: trying to assimilate and integrate minorities into our culture, advancing the cause of women, questioning assumptions, and holding the line on spending. Those have been relatively consistent themes. When I ran for president four years ago, I talked about an era of limits. I talked about preserving the resource base—that the true wealth of this country lay in its soil, in its water, in its air—and that those things have to be respected. I think that the appointments I have made, the anti-redlining legislation, the lifeline legislation, the farm labor bill, the affirmative action efforts and laws, coastal protection and antinuclear laws; all those are consistent themes.

The only item that some of the folks, often outside of California, can point to is that after 13 passed, I vigorously carried it out. Now I suppose one option, since I had to carry it out, or be impeached, was that I should have had sackcloth and ashes and gone around asking for forgiveness because I had opposed it. But I'm not given to that kind of behavior, especially when there is no need for it.

PT: *So you made a virtue out of necessity and got Howard Jarvis's endorsement for reelection as governor.*

BROWN: But why should I make a vice out of necessity, or a failure out of necessity? It was the law; Democrats as well as Republicans voted for 13. I tried to avoid layoffs. We have maintained affirmative action. I think my conduct made sense.

Now, as to the balanced budget, I am in a long line of Democratic politicians, from Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman on, who have all advocated balanced budgets.

PT: *But they never did it. Roosevelt tried it in 1937 and the country went back into the Depression.*

BROWN: I think we're in a different position now. The capital stock depletion has been rebuilt; I think we have been expanding the money supply rather rapidly; and what is required are savings, investment both by government and the private sector to create the kind of technological advance that will sustain our historical standard of living. And if we don't generate adequate investment in new technologies—and along with that, environmental resource management and investment in human beings and their skill development—then I think we face serious economic stagnation through the '80s.

PT: *What do you say to the economists who argue that if we have to balance the budget consistently, we will be driven into a recession that we will have a very hard time getting out of?*

BROWN: I will just say that we are heading for a recession now—and we have consistently unbalanced the budget, so that argument doesn't prove very much. I would also say that there has to be some flexibility in a balanced budget. What I am trying to do is generate the political will to exercise a fiscal discipline in the country that has been absent in the past. I think that the overheated economy, consumption driven by private and public debt, is running up against a resistance that will only be overcome by technological innovation, by better managing our environmental resources, by adequate affirmative action, and by running a steadier fiscal program that looks to a longer-term buildup in the economy.

PT: *So you are talking about balancing the budget over the business cycle?*

BROWN: I haven't really specified precisely. But I think there has to be some flexibility, because it often is hard to predict what the next year will bring. What I am saying is that we ought to have a mandate to require a balanced budget, with some flexibility. I think that if we start trying to run some surpluses, that will be good for the economy. I think the present situation is devaluing the currency; it is eroding security and expectations for the future. We are now riding a tiger that is going to be painful to get off of. People are buying things because they think that the object will be worth more later. We have to get off that escalator; it involves the risk of economic havoc. In order to avoid that, we need a steadier economic growth, not as much of this "boom and bust" psychology which is still very much a part of the inflation.

PT: *Let's talk about the pains of steadier government spending for a minute. Jerome Lackner, your former Health Department director, wrote recently: "When*

Jerry Brown talks about lowering expectations, he is really talking about lowering them for the poor, the mentally ill, and the disadvantaged."

BROWN: Well, I don't agree with that. Lackner was a very blithe spirit and a good person, but he had a very difficult time managing that department and giving it leadership. He complained about the lack of funding. The fact of the matter is California is at the top of state spending in almost every category of social welfare and income maintenance. So, judged by our peers, the other 49 states, California is in the forefront of social concern. Judged against some utopian ideal, we have a long way to go, as does the United States and most of the other countries of the world.

PT: *What federal programs would you cut to move to a balanced budget?*

BROWN: I would limit the growth in almost all of them—Defense, HEW, LEAA, revenue sharing.

PT: *Let's take HEW. Is there anything in HEW that you would cut?*

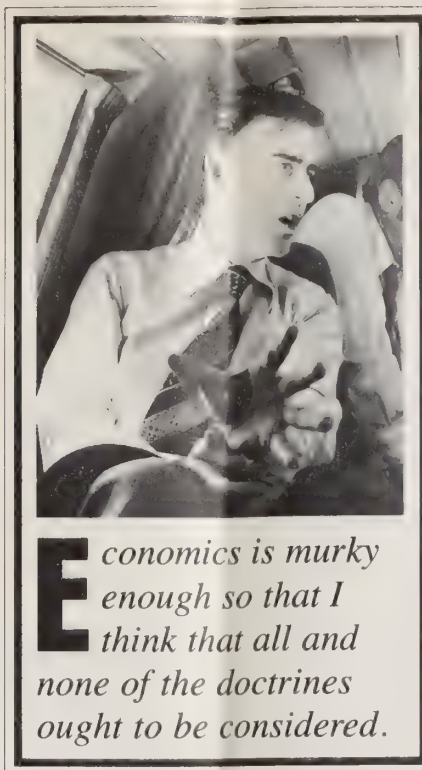
BROWN: I would slow their growth down. They are growing about 10 percent a year—that is \$20 billion.

PT: *Would you just put a cap on it?*

BROWN: I'd put on a hiring freeze—for a while. You could limit the growth of payments to health providers—hospitals, nursing homes, the medical industry. These things are escalating far faster than the rate of inflation. The government through Medicaid and Medicare is paying 50 percent of the bill for hospitals. Now I think that people can be taken care of, without any diminution of quality, with a containment on rising costs. Carter is trying to do that, and I am trying to do that in California. But so far the hospital industry has prevailed. I think that very soon labor and business will join with public interest groups to restrain costs through an adequate cost containment program.

PT: *Do you think deficits cause inflation?*

BROWN: I think there is no doubt about it. I don't say that they are the only cause. There is a variety of factors that even the economists can't figure out. They list oligopolies, OPEC, this problem, that problem, the lack of productivity. But when at the peak of the business cycle, the government runs a \$40 billion deficit, and then the Federal Reserve Board in effect increases the money supply to finance that deficit, that is adding more dollars chasing the same amount of goods and services. That is the classic definition of inflation. We are expanding the tickets to obtain goods and services at a rate faster than the capacity to produce those goods and services. Deficits are not



the only cause. They are a contributing factor—and one that is not trivial. The political behavior that will be able to control federal deficits will be associated with a fiscal discipline that will be very salutary for the country. What I am saying is that the neo-Keynesian demand management of the economy is not working. We are pumping money into the system, through public deficits, through the expansion of the money supply. The consumption is there, but it is not translating into the fundamental work of society.

PT: *If you should by accident or circumstance find yourself in the White House at some point in the near future, would you be as resistant to wage and price controls as a way to break the inflationary psychology as the incumbent is?*

BROWN: Most of the people that I talk to say that wage and price controls distort the economy.

PT: *But most people you talk to about economics you don't believe anyway?*

BROWN: Right.

PT: *So do you believe them about wage and price controls?*

BROWN: I don't really know.

PT: *You wouldn't rule them out?*

BROWN: The art—or I should say practice—of economics is murky enough so that I think that all and none of the doctrines ought to be considered.

PT: *Would you as president like to try to encourage a shift in national priorities?*

BROWN: Well, I think such a shift is going to occur.

PT: *No matter who's president?*

BROWN: It has to in order for the country

to survive. There are people out there buying 13 million cars and we don't have enough gasoline to put in them. And the whole political pressure is for freeways. I just don't believe that can continue. At some point, there is going to have to be a shift to rapid transit. There is going to have to be a shift to investment in more secure energy supplies and that money has got to come from somewhere. We only have so much capital. We have to have a shift in priorities, and some of the easy spending of both the public and private sector is going to get squeezed. As a nation, for our survival, we have to start investing in the absolute essentials, one of which is going to be energy.

PT: *Would you like to be president?*

BROWN: I wouldn't mind it; I am certainly thinking about it.

PT: *Would you prefer now or later?*

BROWN: That's a problem, because some people think that the next business cycle will be a real wipeout—and that should take place around '83.

PT: *So you are not sure you want to preside over that?*

BROWN: Maybe we can avoid it. I don't know what those cycles all mean. Jay Forrester from MIT has this national economic model; he is one of the persons who worked with D.L. and D.H. Meadows, who wrote *Limits To Growth*. The basic theory is that the Depression and World War II deferred a good deal of capital investment. Then in the '50s and '60s, we built up our shopping centers, our suburbs, our freeways, our hospitals, our schools, our steel mills, our automobile factories. They are all built now. And there isn't this pent-up demand, because we've now worked it down, and it may take another 10 or 15 years before we need another great growth period of the kind that we have seen in the post-World War II period. If that is true, it is what you call a secular wave, not subject to cyclical manipulation.

I don't know if that's true. But it is an interesting thought. Another view is that our technologies follow an S curve: they start out, and they rise quickly, and they begin to level off. If you look at our major technologies, they are already at that plateau point or near it in almost every field. To try to build a new shopping center today is very difficult: you have environmental restrictions; now we have gasoline restrictions; it is very hard to get freeways in place. If you think of the San Fernando Valley, how it developed and how the roads went out and then the housing tracts, the shopping centers, the light manufacturing, new cars, second cars, third cars in a family, tremendous

growth, all interacting with airplanes and war industries in the '50s and '60s. Now it's running up against resistance. We're getting caught in a lot of limits. A lot of people don't like all the growth. You ask me do I want to be president. Obviously I have an interest. But the future is uncertain. Perhaps one of my qualities is the ability to live in the midst of uncertainty with a certain degree of. . .

PT: *Equanimity.*

BROWN: Yes, and I think the ability to try new things. We are going to have to try to make some changes, and it's going to take a pretty good articulation of what has got to be done in order to get it done.

PT: *One possibility is that if you give people the choice of the priorities, and articulate them, they will respond. The other is that people with their accumulation of private capital will spend it on pleasure rather than on productivity.*

BROWN: We have to spend it on a photo-voltaic factory, or a synthetic gas factory, or reforestation, or training black youths from Harlem. Will people vote for that? That's what's got to happen. I think there is going to have to be a discipline in the future that we haven't had for a while. It's inevitable. It is going to take some leadership to achieve a new allocation of priorities, to change ways that we have grown accustomed to. And I am perfectly prepared to make the hard choices and try to articulate them. But I have never said the government shouldn't have a strong measure of authority and responsibility. No one would ever characterize California government as being a wallflower when it comes to imposing regulations. In fact, it is just the opposite.

PT: *Do you think that Kennedy could supply the kind of articulation that you are talking about?*

BROWN: I don't know. He certainly is a very popular man and a lot of people look toward him.

PT: *What do you think?*

BROWN: I am impressed with his strength in the Democratic party—and I don't have any real cogent comments to make.

PT: *If you decided to run and were doing well in the early primaries, and Kennedy suddenly entered, you wouldn't necessarily leave the race?*

BROWN: I don't think there is any chance of my doing that. Before I entered the race I would obviously have already taken that into account. Assuming this race is wide open, and that this is what I want to do, I think I can do it in a reasonably successful manner.

PT: *Do you regard the Carter administration, as one of your fellow speakers charged in the antinuclear rally, as a pronuclear force?*

BROWN: Schlesinger is.

PT: *Is the president?*

BROWN: He has supported the bill to speed up reactor permits. There is a clear difference between us: I have said we ought to forget about nuclear power for the future and Carter says we ought to make it safe and go ahead.

PT: *Some people charge that you have been wishy-washy on the nuclear issue, because you didn't support the nuclear initiative in 1976 to ban all nuclear power in California.*

BROWN: I thought it was a little too much at that time; I wasn't prepared to go that far. But I helped get the three nuclear bills through. [They imposed rigid conditions—so rigid that no nuclear plants have been built in California since.]

PT: *Does the state effectively have a moratorium on nuclear power?*

BROWN: Yes. There is a law that says that you can't build a nuclear power plant unless the federal government guarantees a way to get rid of the waste, and there is no guarantee coming until the late '80s. In addition to that, I have just written the NRC [Nuclear Regulatory Commission] a letter and told them not to open the Diablo Canyon nuclear plant.

PT: *What would you do about nuclear power if you were president right now?*

BROWN: I would set forth a policy of no more nuclear power and evaluate the plants that are in existence, that are in various stages of licensing, to make the best judgment that I could as to which ones ought to come on line. I would try to create a reasonable balance between existing nuclear power and the alternatives. Depending upon the will of the people, we can lessen our dependency on nuclear, but that takes commitment, and investment, and short-term conservation, and longer-term alternatives.

PT: *Would you look toward phasing nuclear power out altogether?*

BROWN: I think at some point that probably is going to happen. The phasing out of nuclear power is hooked very closely to the availability of adequate sources of energy to maintain the standard of living that people have. The willingness to buy into those alternative energies is connected to people's desire, at least in part, to avoid the nuclear option. Conservation has very major payoffs in the short term. By conservation I mean retrofitting factories, homes, and commercial establishments; I mean energy audits, time-of-day pricing, flexible work hours, more rapid transit, a turnoff of air conditioners for a brief period in the peak load hours. There's a tremendous amount of conservation available in the alternative energies. Coal still has solid poten-

tial; you have coal gasification, geothermal, cogeneration.

PT: *What about the argument that many of those involve an amount of pollution that will kill more people than will lose their lives because of nuclear power?*

BROWN: That's not clear yet. If Three Mile Island were a little worse, you could have had very substantial problems. And it is a lurking fear; it is really a disease; it is a plague; and the impact on the collective psyche will be such that people will not tolerate nuclear power.

PT: *At the antinuclear rally you spoke about the unborn, and someone yelled out: "What about abortion?" You have favored public funds to finance abortion. What about the unborn?*

BROWN: I don't think that theological premises should be introduced into the secular law and enforced by criminal sanction. And that's in effect what people are trying to do. So I have left this pretty much to the individual conscience. Certainly, I am not trying to encourage anybody to get abortions, but I don't know that society will hang together very well if those who are morally and theologically opposed to abortion try to impose the criminal sanction on those who see this as some form of reproductive freedom that the Constitution gives them. We live in a pluralistic society. I think we have to have due regard for the difference in values. There is a limit to the police power of the state; and I think in this case, I think we ought to limit it.

PT: *If I can rephrase it, you're saying we don't have a consensus on abortion.*

BROWN: That is not quite what I am saying. I don't think you make morality by consensus. Most people like capital punishment, and I don't.

PT: *But you wouldn't march with the right to life people?*

BROWN: I haven't. I understand their point of view. I don't think what they want is about to occur, and I have not joined up with them.

PT: *There is a move now to bring back the draft. How do you feel about this?*

BROWN: That's another one I will have to give more thought to. There is one threshold problem with the draft. If you have a draft in today's world—ERA and all—that means women as well as men. What about the rights of the disabled? They have to be treated the same. The rights of minorities, the rights of everyone to be part of the great American scene. To be fair, it means everyone, and that could cost over \$100 billion a year.

Also you have to have some alternative service. The idea of the CCC (California Conservation Corps) and the Peace Corps—those ought to be given

equivalent status. It seems to me that service for peace, service for our cities, service to protect our environment, rate just as high as warmaking and defense.

PT: *But what about universal national service if it is going to cost \$40 to \$100 billion a year?*

BROWN: That is why I think a more modest proposal would be a service corps, such as we have in California, a CCC on a very small level, but building it up and testing it out, to see if people respond. Probably it should start out voluntary. I like the idea of national service, but the economics of it and the compulsion of it I think are stumbling blocks.

PT: *Do you have any thoughts about the SALT treaty at this point?*

BROWN: My general view is that limits are going to be the order of the '80s—in the environment, in spending, and I would hope in arms.

PT: *Would you cut the defense budget?*

BROWN: I'm not really prepared to talk in great detail about defense at this point, but I do think we can have a very strong defense and yet find savings in the defense area just like we do anywhere else.

PT: *Savings over what we spend now?*

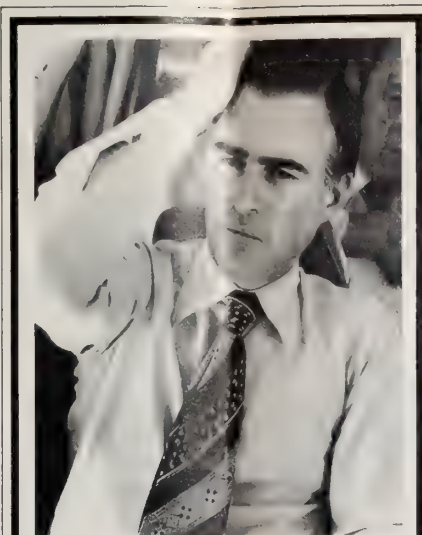
BROWN: Savings over what the growth would be if you just let inflation operate. A lot of the spending is in salaries and in pensions—and there have to be areas there where we can economize. I don't think we have any choice.

I think that the domestic needs of energy development and building adequate public transit, and other areas to keep up our technology leadership, are going to require capital. That capital is either coming from government or it is going into the private sector with accelerated depreciation, tax credits, which in effect cost money, too. So, since I think we have got to balance our budget, probably run a modest surplus, and spend all this money, we have to get it from somewhere, and certainly the defense department is not going to be immune.

I think our security is more jeopardized by losing our technological leadership, by continuing our energy dependence, than it is by just giving in to every new weapons system that people can invent. I would try to push for whatever limits one could get—and I realize that's not easy.

PT: *The administration has been widely criticized for being weak in foreign policy. Do you share that view—for example, that we didn't do anything about Iran, just let Iran go?*

BROWN: Iran was not ours to begin with. And my own view is that the emphasis is going to be on North America. And I've even called it America first—North



I don't think there is any chance of my leaving the race if Kennedy entered. Before I entered, I would obviously already have taken that into account.

America first. While we have to maintain our international responsibilities, I don't think we have to feel that we're the policemen of the world, that we have to square off against other powers for every piece of real estate. I think we have to build up our own North American hemisphere, develop what I call a common market in energy with Canada and Mexico, and become more secure at home. Then I think we'll have more flexibility abroad.

We have a role in the world; we are the leading country; we have to exercise our international responsibilities. But I see the paramount weakness right now in our energy dependency and our flagging technological leadership. I would put primary emphasis in those areas. And that means capital directed toward bolstering those two fronts.

PT: *When you look back on your public career in the last ten years, have you ever made a big mistake?*

BROWN: I don't know; I guess probably not. If I have, it hasn't been so big. I guess not. I obviously think that what I do can be questioned and argued with. I could have done it another way a number of times. I could have supported 13, and said: "Yes, it has got problems, but we will take care of them after the election." Instead, I said: "No, we shouldn't have it." And then after it went in, I tried to

make it work. I could have done different things different ways. Who knows?

PT: *Do you worry very much about decisions that you make?*

BROWN: Generally, by the time I make a decision, it's pretty well weighed, and I have lived with it for awhile. I don't know. You would have to give me an example. I can't think—I don't like to say that I haven't made any big mistakes. I just feel that all human beings make big mistakes. But either I haven't made any, or I haven't suffered any particularly adverse consequences from them.

The Greeks have a saying: "You can't tell whether a person is blessed until after he is dead." Then you see his whole life and you can look at the whole thing. During the course of it, you don't know whether he is blessed or not. So I think that might apply to mistakes. Sometimes, what looks to you like a mistake may turn out to be a benefit.

PT: *Do you know what you want to do with the presidency?*

BROWN: What I see, what I would want to do, is to put the priority on the rebuilding of domestic independence through fostering conservation, alternative energy, retention of resources, emphasis on technological leadership, emphasis on space, electronics and other areas where America excels, so that throughout the rest of the century, America as a very unique place is consistent with its resources, and in its development with the particular skills of its people.

I think people do want dreams. I think they want a sense of the future. I don't think they want to feel that things are running down. Very few are ready for political entropy.

PT: *Sometimes you sound as if you're talking a contradiction—that people have to keep dreaming, yet we are being closed in. How do you tell people that there are limits, but that there are no limits?*

BROWN: There are possibilities: space is one; we can reforest half of California. We can create alternative energies. The reason why I emphasize space is because I think space is the next frontier. I think it is essential to our own self-esteem, to our own position in the world, that we not yield that technology to others, rather that we expand it as part of our own collective destiny. We can have breakthroughs in a number of scientific fields which will renew our own confidence in the ability to continue going forward—at least in some metaphoric sense.

PT: *And do voters know what you are talking about?*

BROWN: I don't know. People seem to respond. ●

Will Reagan's Age Stop the Reagan Era?

He would be the oldest president ever—if he were elected.

by Peter Stoler

STRIDING out onto a stage to cheers and enthusiastic applause, the man who would be president looks . . . well, great. His face, so weathered and wrinkled that cartoonists persist in depicting him as a sort of animated prune, is tanned and looks like the visage of the classic Californian who lives well and spends a lot of time outdoors. His hair is, as former President Gerald Ford once described it, "prematurely orange," but whatever its color, it is still thick and obviously his own. His body is trim and looks, in his well-tailored clothes, as fit as it did when he appeared in dozens of movies as a football player, a cowboy or the likable best friend who somehow always seemed to finish second in the race to get the girl. But thirty years later, like him or not, Ronald Reagan no longer looks—and acts—like someone who finishes second. Now he comes on like a winner.

And why shouldn't he? In the marathon race for the Republican presidential nomination, Reagan, former movie actor, former governor of California, former contender for his party's nomination, enjoys the same position that, say, Bill Rodgers held before the start of the last Boston Marathon. He is, in the considered judgment of friend and foe alike, the Republican that any, no, every, other aspirant for the nomination must beat if he is to win the race. And this time he is not trying to take the nomination from an incumbent in his own party. (In 1980 that problem faces the other California governor.) One New York GOP official—a liberal who talks, perhaps emptily, of bolting the party if the conservative Californian should win the nomination—estimates that Reagan now has a solid base

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of 30 percent of the party's convention delegates. Others think he may have even more.

Like many marathon racers, some politicians feel that being a front-runner has its disadvantages, and they may have a point, considering the disasters that have befallen such early leaders of the past as Republican George Romney in 1968 and Democrat Edmund Muskie in 1972. But others would love to have the same problems. Reagan's front-runner status, along with the experience he picked up in his 1976 bid for the nomination, both help to open the wallets of the party's angels, which means that his campaign should be more than adequately financed. Nor is his obvious lead likely to discourage potential political workers; in fact, Reagan's national organization is already bigger and better coordinated than those of any of his rivals. So his experience has its uses.

Photograph by David E. Schenkel



BUT there is one area in which Reagan is the leader and might wish he were not. Reagan, who is now 68, is the oldest man in the race. Howard Baker and George Bush are striplings of 53 and 54 respectively. John Connally is 62. No other conceivable candidate is more senior. (Harold Stassen, at 72, is not conceivable.) If Reagan were to win the nomination and then the election, he would turn 70 three weeks after he showed up at the White House to take occupancy. He would, in fact, be the oldest man ever to become president of the United States. (The current record-holder, William Henry Harrison, a Whig, was 68; he caught cold during his rainy inaugural, at which he gave one of the longest addresses ever, and died one month after taking office, the shortest term ever.)

So far, at least, Reagan's age has not been used openly

against him by his opponents. But it is just below the surface. An aide to Howard Baker gently alluded to the issue earlier this year when he quipped following a Reagan-Baker meeting that the two had had a "father and son talk." A few quiet comments about Reagan's age have also been made behind the scenes by aides to other candidates for the GOP nomination. The public does not yet seem particularly aware of the age question; but when they are asked directly about it, an ABC/Harris poll found that 61% of a national sample consider his age a serious liability. Johnny Carson has even started testing the issue's recognizable risibility. Reagan's age should not matter, deadpanned Carson. "I hear he can do the minuet all night."

SMALL jokes and slight gibes may never hurt him. But there might also be some bone-breaking sticks and stones in the issue. And it seems certain that just as John F. Kennedy had to deal directly with his Roman Catholicism, Reagan will have to face questions about his age. How important are Reagan's years as a factor in his quest for the presidency? Is he too old to run? Too old to serve and discharge the demanding duties of the chief executive?

The answers to these questions vary, according to the angle from which they are considered. Legally, of course, age is no barrier to the presidency. The Constitution specifies a minimum age for the country's chief executive; its framers did not presume to set any upper limit.

Politically, however, Reagan's age might prove to be an impediment. Starting particularly with JFK, presidents themselves have made much of the demands placed on them by the "world's most difficult job" and have stressed the sheer physical, not to mention emotional or psychological, demands it makes on those who hold it. Their message has made an impression on the American public, which seems to feel that a president must be as well conditioned as an athlete if he is to meet these demands and do a good job running the national and worldwide interests of the US government. "That's no job for an old man," says one middle-aged Boston insurance executive when queried about Reagan's ability to handle the presidency at age 70. "The pressures are enough to break the health of a younger man. They could kill an older man."

Is he right? The answer, according to informed medical opinion, is a firm no. Doctors are almost unanimous in agreeing that chronological age should be no criterion of fitness for office. An individual's ability to withstand the rigors of the presidency may be somewhat influenced by the accumulation of years. But, doctors insist, it will be influenced to a far greater degree by a person's general state of health, and that depends on a lot more than age. "I've seen men of 50 who couldn't handle the tension of clerking in a hardware store," says Manhattan gerontologist Paul Weissberg, "and men of 70 who can still perform neurosurgery. We've got to judge people by their ability, not by age."

This does not, of course, mean that age should be ignored. Certain physical changes do take place over the years, and certain systems are more likely to malfunction in the elderly than they are in the young and middle-aged. The cardiovascular system is the most obvious example. But medical men insist that these systems do not break down or wear out on

regular schedules like automobile transmissions or aircraft engines. To assume that they do, and to set arbitrary ages at which individuals are considered unfit for any activity is scientifically unsound, say doctors.

Many judges, in fact, have taken note of and acted on this medical fact by overturning laws requiring individuals to retire at a mandatory age. Twenty years ago, the Appellate Court of Illinois ruled rather categorically that a man could not be forced to retire simply because he had reached the age of 70.

Doctors almost unanimously agree that age should be no criterion of fitness for office.

"The common law," said the court, "has never held that a man attaining 70 has absolutely lost his status in being a man and, as a matter of law, has become a disabled shell of his former self so that he was deemed incapable of performing the functions he had been performing for 69 years."

The court, gerontologists agree, is right. In rural societies, people have long continued to perform useful, valuable and often physically demanding work well into their seventies and eighties. In some areas, such as the Caucasus of the USSR, the mountains of Peru and the hill country of the Himalaya, people continue to function well at even older ages.

FARMERS and mountain tribesmen may be one thing, says the common cynic, but what about people whose work is more cerebral than physical? They do equally well, as Dr. Robert N. Butler noted several years ago in his landmark study, *Why Survive? Being Old in America*. "The capacity for curiosity, creativity, surprise and change does not invariably decline with age," he wrote. Human beings lose brain cells all through their lives, but the rate of loss does not increase with age. And except for catastrophic events, the total loss is well under 1 million cells—an insignificant portion of the 10 billion cells each person starts with. Dr. Alex Comfort, who is an acknowledged expert on aging (though more famous for his book, *The Joy of Sex*), puts the matter bluntly: "The idea that people become mentally incompetent by virtue of age alone is simply bullshit. People become mentally incompetent when they're old either because they're ill or because they always were mentally incompetent. Nor do politicians suddenly become intellectually inconsistent just because of age. If we say that a politician's arteries are hardening, it usually means that he was a reactionary all his life and he's just as reactionary now as always—only now we say it's because he's old." After all, socialist Norman Thomas, who died at 84, and American Civil Liberties Union founder Roger Baldwin, who is now 95, are both known for having pressed their vigorously liberal views all their lives.

Certainly the list of people who have displayed unusual creativity well into old age is almost endless and includes such names as Sophocles, Michelangelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Cervantes, Voltaire, Goethe, Tennyson, Verdi, Tolstoi, Shaw and

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR



A lone Reagan riding the range at his ranch in '76.

Freud. The late dame Agatha Christie wrote her mystery novels well into her eighties. Octogenarian Andres Segovia, married to a woman half his age and father of a young boy, still performs a rigorous schedule of guitar concerts. Bob Hope, 76, doesn't look his age; George Burns, 83, doesn't act his. Nonagenarian Eubie Blake still plays a mean ragtime piano. And Margaret Mead maintained her idiosyncratic and provocative views of life until her death at 77.

The list of politicians who have held—and wielded—power in their seventies and eighties is equally impressive. John Quincy Adams was 62 when he finished his term as president and headed into retirement in 1829. He remained retired for only a year. In 1830, a wave of anti-Jacksonian sentiment swept the former president into Congress, where he remained until his death in 1848 at the age of 81. Fabled speakers of the house Joe Cannon and Sam Rayburn could crack the whip with no diminution of snap that any errant congressman could notice; Cannon retired at 87. Rayburn died in office at 79. The late Charles de Gaulle was 68 when he became president of France in 1958. He held office—and a firm grip on the reins of government—until he resigned in 1969 at the age of 79. The late Konrad Adenauer ran the West German government while in his 80s and relished the respectful nickname of *Der Alte* (the Old Man). Chairman Mao Zedong died in office at 82. Leonid Brezhnev, ailing but apparently still in control, runs the USSR at age 72. And Yugoslavia's President Josip Broz Tito turned an exuberant 87 a few months ago. There is no reason, say aging experts, why any American, including Ronald Reagan, could not serve equally effectively at age 70.

DOES this then mean that a candidate's age is unimportant? No, says Comfort. "Any man of 70 obviously has a higher risk of dying at some time during a presidential term than does a man of 40 or 50. This is a fact." Actuarial charts say that 8 percent of men over 70 will die each year, while the rate is 5 percent for men of 50 to 54. That is a difference, but perhaps not so large a difference compared to questions about the candidate's ideas or policies. "We've got to learn to separate considerations of age from the more important considerations of health, mental attitude and culture," said Margaret Mead in an interview a few months before her death. "To say that someone who is otherwise in perfect health, in full possession of his mental faculties, is 'too old' for anything is simple prejudice. Nothing else."

The elderly, who now comprise some 10 percent of the total US population (and nearly 20 percent of the electorate in the last general election) certainly share that outlook—but not necessarily to Reagan's advantage. "I'm interested in what any candidate will do for the elderly, not how old he is himself," said a spokeswoman for the Gray Panthers when asked about her organization's views on the age question. "Reagan never showed much interest in the elderly when he was governor of California; maybe he'll change his attitude when he realizes what a large constituency we represent."

Maybe. But unless he shows a previously uncharacteristic interest in the elderly, the conservative Republican is likely to lose them to the Democrats, who have tended to be responsible for such programs as exist to assist old people. And the candidate seems well aware of that sort of reality. In fact, Reagan thus far seems more anxious to avoid being tagged as ultraconservative than as too old. Back in February when he breezed smoothly through a series of visits with congressional Republicans in Washington, he made a great effort to play down his conservatism, emphasizing his similarity to others in the Republican mainstream. His fellow conservative, Sen. Paul Laxalt of Nevada, stressed that the actor-turned-politician

was a "responsible conservative," not "some right-wing nut with horns." More important, Iowa's moderate Congressman James Leach also seemed impressed. "He tried to show us that he was in tune with other people," said Leach. "He appeared very reasonable."

Reagan over the next year will also have to appear fully vigorous next to the Bush, Baker and Connally image makers. Regardless of what he does or says, he is unlikely to avoid the age issue entirely. Reagan's competitors, both in his own party and outside it, will be carefully noting how the apparently healthy ex-governor handles the grueling schedule of speeches, rubber chicken dinners, ribbon cuttings and other political appearances that stand between him and the nominating convention. And they will certainly raise—or arrange to

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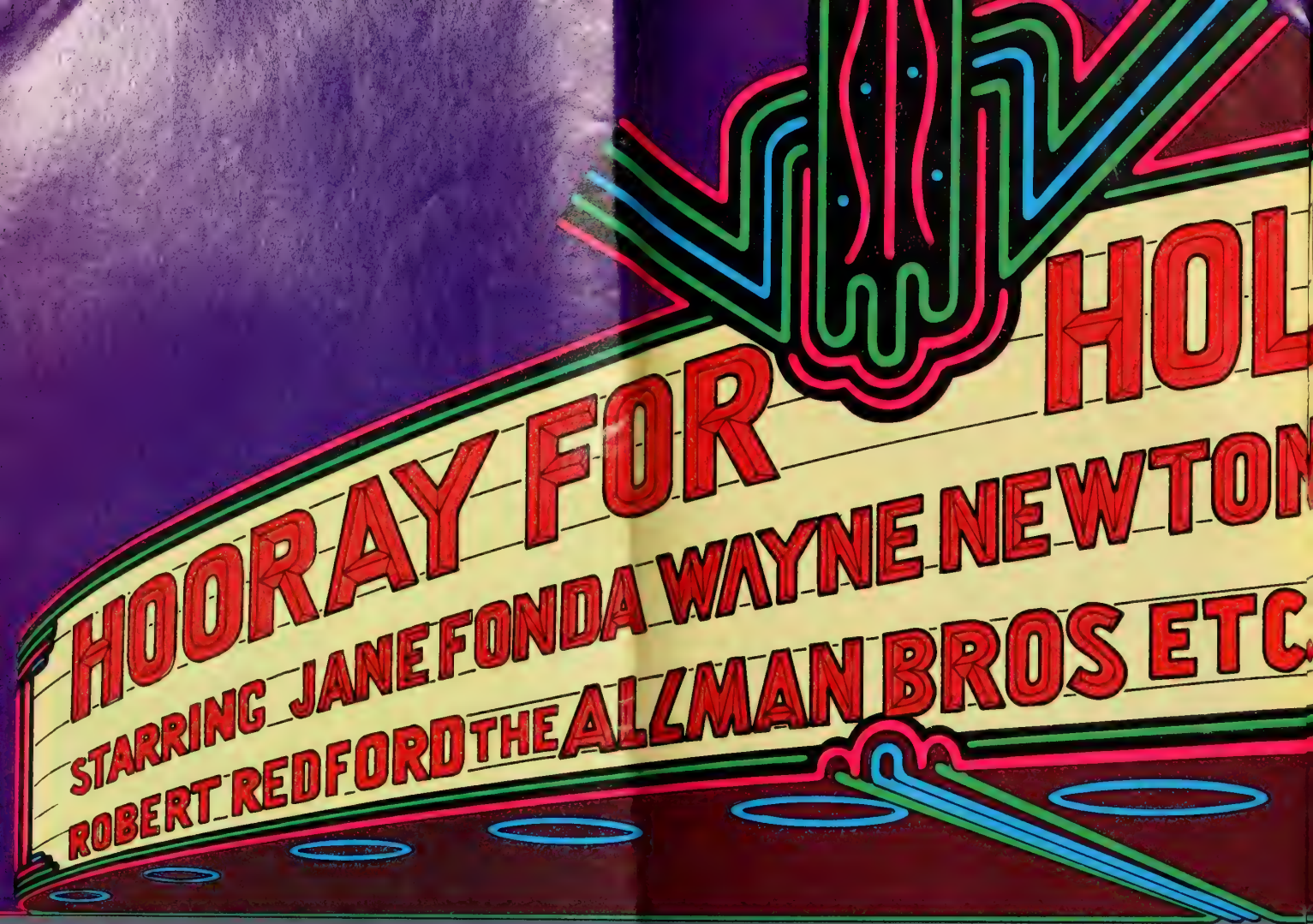


Leaders who served in their seventies and eighties (clockwise from upper left): Adenauer, Brezhnev, de Gaulle, Tito.

plant—questions about Reagan's health and his age the first time their rival cancels an appearance or shows any other sign that his stamina is even slightly less durable than his ambition.

This may be unfortunate. It may play on an unfair prejudice, as Margaret Mead says. But it is also inevitable. There has not previously been a full health disclosure made by any presidential aspirant. (Some have made partial disclosures.) But in these days of show-and-tell requirements for public officials, it would not be surprising if Reagan were forced to issue a full medical as well as financial statement. There is no indication that any such statement would describe anything but glowing health. And Nancy Reagan is said to watch her husband closely to make sure that he does not overtire himself.

In the coming months, she will be joined by a lot of other watchers. Voters know that a candidate's politics are more important than, say, his prostate, his ideas more important than his age. But they are also realistic enough to know that no politician's ideas are any good unless he can carry them out. Some voters will reject Reagan for his ideas. But even those who support him for the same reason may want to make sure that he is going to be around long enough to do something about them.



The Power of Show Biz People to Raise Large Sums Makes Them a Major New Political Reality

by Michele Willens

ONE Saturday a few years ago, those who like peeping at famous people would have gone crazy if they had strolled on the beach in front of the exclusive, mile-long Malibu Colony. There on the patio of one of the million-dollar homes sat Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Warren Beatty and Neil Diamond sipping beers, munching on tortilla chips and engaging in a lengthy conversation with several other men. Even for Malibu, the scene was loaded with star power.

What sort of deal were the super four working up: perhaps *Butch & Sundance Get a Shampoo* with music by Neil Diamond? No, for that, their agents would probably have done the dickering. This was more personally important to the four. The men they were talking to were political activists, and the subject was divestiture, deregulation and other ways to tame the power of the major oil companies. What eventually resulted from that meeting was Energy Action, an anti-oil company lobby that today is considered the top national spokesman for the consumer side of energy issues.

The specifics of the oil debate aside, what is important to note is that the fuel for fighting the oil industry in this case came largely from the entertainment industry. Indeed there is scarcely a hot political issue today on which those in the politics business do not seek out those in show business. Not so much for the thoughts and insights of the stars. Not really to get them to speak out—though some like Anita Bryant and Jane Fonda can and do campaign effectively. The big reason is bucks. Successful show biz per-

formers and executives not only earn big money themselves; they are expert in the business of drawing a paying crowd. More and more they are using that expertise to raise cash for political issues and candidates. "There isn't much difference between selling Donna Summer or Jerry Brown," says Richard Trugman matter of factly. He should know. He left a top job doing the former at Casablanca Records to do the latter as finance chairman of Brown's gubernatorial campaign last year. And he raised a hefty \$4 million.

The only person who collected close to that in California that year was Republican Mike Curb, another former recording executive, who called on music friends and former clients like Wayne Newton, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme for fundraising help and successfully got himself elected lieutenant governor (see story on p. 47).

In the 1980 presidential campaign, the Washington-Hollywood connection will be more pronounced than ever. Pronounced enough so that it deserves a name of its own—one of those shiny, coined names that collapses words to-

LYTICS!?! & THE CASH OF THOUSANDS

gether. Hollytics will do fine. The big reason that Hollytics seems certain to grow in importance is that the campaign financing law now limits individual contributors to \$1,000 and corporate giving to \$5,000. But it does not limit contributions of time or talent. And when a Wayne Newton or a Paul Simon is willing to appear at a major concert for a candidate, tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars can be raised from the ticket sales. That cash is then eligible for matching federal funds. In sum, Hollytics can add up.

Jimmy Carter found that out when his Georgia music executive friend, Phil Walden, got his clients, the Allman Brothers, to put on a concert in November 1975, that raised \$100,000 (including the matching federal funds). "Carter had completely run out of money, but that concert saved him," contends Mickey Kantor, who ran Jerry Brown's brief 1976 presidential campaign—a campaign that itself was 40 percent funded by the entertainment industry. Ronald Reagan made only limited use of celebrities in 1976. Not so this

time. "We've already got people like Frank Sinatra, Pat Boone, Jimmy Stewart and James Cagney committed," says Reagan campaign chief John Sears. Celebrities tend to lean left, but other frequent Republican supporters include Pearl Bailey, Chuck Connors and Shirley Temple Black.

THE Reagan strategists are contemplating getting a full-time Hollytics specialist after the success of Trugman for Brown last year. Just as direct mail experts became the hottest new political operatives of the last decade, so experts at harnessing entertainers may become the mark of the eighties campaign. Already the presidential sweepstakes has started generating efforts to get star backing. Joe Smith, board chairman of Elektra/Asylum Records, reports that he has been bombarded with calls from candidates' camps hoping to line him up, along with his recording artists. "I'm going underground," says the executive in half-serious dismay.

Of course, the phenomenon of celeb-

rities in politics goes far beyond the boundaries of Hollywood. Florida's Anita Bryant was able to take advantage of her fame in her antigay campaign. In New Jersey, Bill Bradley's winning Senate race was helped by the crowd-pulling glamour of basketball star Bradley himself, as well as celebrity friends such as Jack Nicholson, Chevy Chase and Dustin Hoffman. In Atlanta, entertainment lawyer David Franklin is yet another practitioner of the art. He mobilizes such clients as Gladys Knight, Roberta Flack, Cicely Tyson and Richard Pryor for candidates whom he supports. His backing was critical to the election of Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, for example. Franklin, a middle-level member of the LBJ administration, picks his candidates in part because of their positions and pledges on black issues.

But despite those examples, the center of the action is still Hollywood—where there is the heaviest concentration of those who can draw big crowds and those

Michele Willens is a free-lance reporter in Los Angeles.



Hope and troupe in Vietnam.

Chase pulls a crowd.

Stewart at Republican convention.

who know how to stage the big-draw events. Hollywood, in fact, has dabbled in politics on and off for years. In the early days of World War I, patriotism was an important political cause, and stars such as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin appeared in Los Angeles's Pershing Square to talk the crowd they attracted into buying Liberty Bonds. During World War II, Hollywood's patriotism reached even greater heights. Bob Hope, Martha Raye and others went overseas to entertain the troops and boost morale. Back home, Eddie Cantor headed up a marathon bond drive in 1944 that raised an astonishing \$40 million in 24 hours.

Other more partisan political causes, such as the protecting of civil liberties, were aided by celebrity benefits, radio shows and movie premieres. And there were even those who rebelled against Hollywood's general spirit of superpatriotism and boosterism. Then came the Red-hunting hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1947. The infamous blacklist resulted, and all was quiet, politically, in Hollywood for a long while after that. A few personalities, like Bogart and Bacall, immersed themselves in Adlai Stevenson's campaign, but there was little mingling of the two worlds.

The attitude began to shift again just before the start of the sixties. "The combination of television and John Kennedy brought out a lot of Hollywood people," says Jack Valenti, the former LBJ aide who now heads the Motion Picture Association. "Politics was not really an intense emotion for many until then. TV made politics more accessible, and in Kennedy, they saw someone as glamorous as anyone in America." The glittering-glamour socializing slowly changed to political commitment—as the Vietnam War slowly changed into a *cause célèbre*. One of the first signs of the

new attitude was the Dissenting Democrats of 1968, spearheaded by actor Robert Vaughn; the group worked to open up the nomination process to someone other than LBJ, then the sitting president.

For all that history, the ingredients that actually hold the Washington-Hollywood connection together remain somewhat intangible. The two worlds have little in common other than one's ability to raise money and the other's need to spend it. Francis O'Brien, a former Mondale aide who is currently assistant to the president of Paramount Pictures, observes that

"There isn't much difference between selling Donna Summer or Jerry Brown," says an expert who has done both.

"the attraction is they're both major power bases filled with people in the business of exposing themselves."

Whatever the basis may be, getting entertainment figures to take active roles in political campaigns is a tough, tricky task. "There are a couple of things that characterize show business people politically," says Max Palevsky, multimillionaire, film producer and occasional political operative. "If they take your phone call, they feel they're fulfilling a great patriotic duty. If they show up some place, they feel they should get a medal. And if asked for money, this terribly pained look comes over their faces, as if to say, 'My mere presence isn't enough?' They need a constant amount of ego massaging."

Warren Beatty became the father—odd phrase for him—of modern Hollywood because of his understanding of the techniques that it took to corral high-strung celebrities. The first star to move beyond endorsement into the nitty-gritty

of campaign work, he organized Hollywood behind a candidate better than anyone ever had when he worked for George McGovern in 1972. The big names and the bright stars brought McGovern far more media attention than the conventional roster of political endorsements gained for his Democratic rivals. It was also Beatty who first used the political concert effectively, organizing three of them for McGovern. "Warren was great because he knew just how to handle the psychology of the stars," says businessman Miles Rubin, who also

worked on the concerts. "He was their intellectual guru, but he also surrounded them with enough glamour to make them feel at home." Beatty was relentless. Barbra Streisand, one of the first stars to endorse McGovern, made it clear that was all she would do. Months later, she had a phone call from Warren Beatty. Her first words to him were, "You want me to sing." He did, and she did.

Beatty has not been nearly so involved since. "You have to pull in and out of politics," he has said. Others have been more consistently concerned. Paul Newman falls into this group, though he tends to be more committed to issues than candidates. Newman prefers to stay out of the limelight but has probably contributed more money—over a million dollars—to political causes than anyone in Hollywood. He has given hundreds of thousands to the anti-oil company lobby group he helped create, Energy Action. When told about an idea for a nuclear war conference, Newman quietly wrote out a



Beatty at Democratic convention.



Bailey: from RFK to Republican.



Fonda and Hayden at antinuclear rally.

check for \$50,000 to underwrite it. Sometimes uncomfortable about his inability to articulate issues, Newman nonetheless last year served as a delegate to the UN session on disarmament.

Robert Redford is also an issues man, though his focus is the single issue of ecology. He has been active in helping to stop power plants and has made appearances for a few candidates who support his views. Marlo Thomas is another single-issue political crusader; her cause is the women's movement. She contributes money and speaks all over the country on behalf of candidates. "I won't change votes, but people will listen to me," Thomas says. "I get a spotlight on me, then I turn it over to the candidate."

By any measure, Hollywood's queen in the political spotlight is Jane Fonda. To begin with, she is the only Hollywood figure with her own political organization. The Campaign for Economic Democracy (CED) is run by Tom Hayden, Fonda's husband, a former sixties radical and unsuccessful candidate for the US Senate in 1976. CED lobbies against big business and in favor of an assortment of Fonda-Hayden causes, including solar energy, rent control and farm workers. But Fonda does not support CED single-handedly. "The primary source of funding comes from concerts and the entertainment industry," says Hayden. "Entertainment people were and are helpful because they provide a fundraising base and ask very little in return." When they do ask for something, it is generally for professional rather than political favors. If you are wondering how Helen Reddy got Jane Fonda as her guest on a TV variety special, you should know that Reddy has given political contributions to Hayden.

Fonda's second front for pressing her political work is through her films. She has formed her own production company with partner Bruce Gilbert specifically to

dramatize their political beliefs. "We work ass backwards," says Gilbert. "We take the issue first and then build a script around it." That sounds like one of the clearest formulas ever for propaganda goop. But instead they have come up with two remarkable successes—*Coming Home* and *The China Syndrome*.

FONDA, who will probably work for Brown in the presidential campaign, is the most out-front mover and shaker. In contrast, Lew Wasserman, the enormously wealthy chairman of MCA (which owns Universal Studios), is the ultimate invisible power behind the scenes. For years he has been one of the industry's biggest political campaign contributors and a major fundraiser for the Democratic party. But his involvement is carefully even-handed. "There's no ideology with Lew," says one former associate. "He just has to be close to the center. He likes to be sure his bets are hedged and his company is on the good side of whoever is president."

He has been for the last 20 years. LBJ offered him the post of secretary of commerce. He has been mentioned publicly as "my dear friend, Lew Wasserman," by Jimmy Carter. "I give them all money and wish them well," he explains. Of course, it is not quite so benign as all that. In 1964, for example, Wasserman let it be known that he wanted help on the advertising for LBJ's presidential campaign from an advertising firm that handled some work for Universal Studios. The firm's two partners, who opposed Johnson, refused despite the clear consequences. That was the end of their work for Universal.

Some believe, no doubt at their peril, that Wasserman, now in his mid-sixties, may have waning influence. They look to a somewhat newer breed of executive whose political interests have roots in feelings of social concern, rather than a

desire to be close to the sources of power. Ted Ashley of Warner Brothers is one such corporate chieftain. "One day I looked around and realized there was a whole world out there," Ashley says. In 1975 he quit his job, spent a year reading and thinking about political issues, then finally decided against playing a direct role in politics and returned to the studio. But he remains heavily involved and a few months ago was a key creator of Democrats for Change, a new group that took out a full-page ad in Los Angeles newspapers criticizing Carter.

Norman Lear, the other big power behind Democrats for Change, downplays the importance of personalities like himself. "I always think the strength is in numbers," he says. "But I know many did sign the Democrats for Change ad because my name was on it—particularly people who know me and trust my judgment. But if voters make a decision based on our names, they're misguided."

Of course, in a town where very large deals are made and unmade on a whim, it may not be misguided for a hopeful young producer to take a table at a testimonial dinner that is being put together by Wasserman. And if Robert Redford is hosting a party for Bill Bradley, as he did, many a high-income stargazer will pay \$100 a couple for the privilege of saying who he had dinner with last night. And as for the concerts, fans who want to see Donny and Marie Osmond or the Eagles may not even care what candidate their ticket money is supporting.

The thousands who will pay to hear their favorite recording stars have made music executives perhaps the most important power elite of Hollywood. Get one of them, and his label's stable often follows. "I've been trying to get artists to do at least one thing for someone else every year," Elektra/Asylum's Smith says. "They make an obscene amount of

money, and I think they should have some kind of social responsibility." Neil Bogart, head of Casablanca Records and Filmworks, has also pushed his company's artists, including Kiss, Cher and Donna Summer, to think past their next gold disc for the first time.

Of all of the music moguls, none is more powerful—or at least none swings his power more—than Jeff Wald. With his wife, Helen Reddy, Wald has contributed over a million dollars, mainly to Democratic campaigns. Their big interest is Jerry Brown, and Wald may be getting ready to play a major role in Brown's presidential campaign. A tough-talking, hot-headed man of 36, Wald turns off a lot of people. "Jeff doesn't think," says another record executive. "He just wants to be buddies with a president." Wald is frank about why he likes the hard-ball game of politics. "Show business may give you ego gratification," he says, "but it's money that gives you real power. It's allowed me not to be helpless and to get things done. It allows me to use my leverage, and I quite definitely do it. I don't ask favors from anyone, but I have the power of money and access, and Helen has the power of visibility."

Some say Wald doesn't ask for favors, he demands them. One story has him twisting the arm of Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley about a decision that affected a nearby private school attended by Wald's children. Wald's tactic was to remind the mayor of past contributions. Bradley surprised many people when he decided in favor of Wald's position. Wald explained, "He did it on the advice of homeowner groups, not just mine."

Wald's relatively open power plays tend to undercut a prevailing bromide about Hollytics. That is that the money raised by performers comes with no strings attached. After all, says former Mondale aide O'Brien, "Jimmy Carter's not going to call Henry Winkler about SALT." And it is true that an oil company is likely to have a few more suggestions in mind than, say, Cher does.

But it is also true that many in show business are beginning to grasp and use the new clout they have. Wald, Fonda, Redford, Newman, the late John Wayne have all sought to affect policy—not insidiously, to be sure, but no less definitely than would mistrusted "fat cats" of the past. Sometimes the power wielded can balance out. Anita Bryant's drive to pass antigay legislation in

Florida was matched by an equally successful campaign—led by many entertainment people—that defeated an antigay measure in California. But in other cases, there can be a considerable tilt. For example, entertainment people—and rock groups in particular—are overwhelmingly antinuclear.

IS all this show biz in the public business bad? Stars are not necessarily any dimmer than other politically influential business people. They may be no more disconnected from the common citizen than the intellectual power elite. But their growing importance certainly adds to the celebrification of politics. It is an era in which Elizabeth Taylor is an active member of the Senate Wives' Club. Linda Ronstadt may be the nation's next "first lady" (or perhaps the nation's first "main lady"). Sam Ervin leaves the Senate and makes American Express card commercials. Robert Byrd records an album of bluegrass fiddle music. Henry Kissinger becomes a paid TV commentator while Jerry Ford does the same and gets canceled. John Lindsay plays a senator in a movie and now considers running to become a real one. The distinctions between leadership and glamour continue to blur. Henry Fonda, Jason Robards and Rip Torn all seem to have had higher approval ratings for their performances as presidents than have any recent incumbents.

But hold on. *The China Syndrome* was not the Three Mile Island accident. John Dean was not just a TV series. The Vietnam War has reality beyond that shown in *The Deerhunter*. *The Omen* is not a real story about how the devil is on his way to taking over the US. The phantasmagoric overlap of Washington and Hollywood can be sorted out.

Still it does exist. Last year a politically bland candidate named Carey Peck ran for Congress in Los Angeles. He was running against Robert Dornan, an incumbent Republican who was thought to be unbeatable. Carey Peck, however, is the son of Gregory Peck, and the actor summoned a host of his Democratic friends, including Liza Minnelli, Milton Berle and Kirk Douglas, who performed at campaign dinners. Dornan countered with John Wayne, Gene Autry and Pat Boone—and narrowly won.

If that race is a harbinger of more and more campaigns, then Hollytics is already overweening. Such a stars war is a spectacle of the sorrier sort—but for now spectacle and show biz involvement in US politics seem likely to grow larger. Spotlights still draw too many of us.

EL ADOBE BLANCO

Ma Maison may be where *tout* Hollywood gathers to goggle. But the epicurean epicenter of Hollytics is El Adobe—Lucy's, as the regulars call it. That is Jerry Brown's Los Angeles hangout. The restaurant is owned by Lucy and the other Casados, her husband Frank and her daughter Patty. Right from the start, the Hollywood crowd came in for the authentic Mexican food and the massive margaritas. Jerry Brown has been eating at Lucy's since he was a young L.A. attorney fresh out of Yale Law School.

Eight years ago Lucy Casado pulled Jerry over to a table to meet a rock star named Linda Ronstadt. El Adobe holds fond memories for both Jerry and Linda. They drove straight there from the airport after their celebrated springtime jaunt across Africa. And the Casados proudly coddle the couple. "You feed Jerry a little at a time," Frank Casado says. "If you put a lot of food in front of him, he won't touch it. Linda eats plenty, usually enchiladas, quesadillas and diet 7-Up. Jerry drinks a little wine. They can both get paunchy, but he's down right now. I guess they try to stay down together."

Brown often cheats on his dieting by eating off other people's plates. And there is even a nondietetic Jerry Brown special on the menu—a mixture of chicken, green peppers, and rice that the governor concocted one night while fooling around in the kitchen.

The Casados are looking forward to serving that special soon at a new El Adobe in Washington, close to the White House so President Brown can drop in. "If he gets the nomination, we'll start building," says Frank, who has been quietly scouting Washington locations. "Because if Jerry gets that far, he'll go all the way. Where Jerry goes, El Adobe goes."



Frank and Lucy Casado.

"Have a nice day" could well serve as the state motto, for a nice day is one thing California can just about always deliver. Not a busy day, perhaps. Not an important day. Not a day when you want to shout "Eureka!" Just a nice day, a day spent free to wander in the grove. What astonishes is that, in pursuit of nice days, so much appears to get done. The start of business hours finds the tennis courts crowded. Traffic rolls fast on the freeways without the sound of horns. The factories are tucked away, the oil rigs painted to resemble feeding birds. No one pushes, no one shoves. It is as if there were two Californias loosely crocheted together, the one that does the business and the one that has the fun.

Castroville is the Artichoke Capital of the World.

Santa Maria is the Missile Capital of the Free World.

California towns and cities also include the world capitals of apricots, avocados, grapes, raisins, peaches, persimmons, pomegranates, plums, prunes, lemons, nectarines, olives, dates, almonds, walnuts and sugar beets.

Los Angeles is the rock 'n roll, movie and TV capital, the world's most pondered city.

CALIFORNIA exists in such a fine balance of the north and the south, the old and new money, the footloose and the hidebound, that its politics are necessarily those of contradiction and compromise. The voters will come together on issues they take to be moral, or those that concern the environment. But when it comes to choosing their leaders, Californians have long displayed a keen instinct for neutralizing one man with another. Thus the Democratic governor is a Jesuit-Zen Buddhist of the liberal-conservative new awareness school, while the lieutenant governor (who avidly plays house whenever the governor leaves the state) is an old-fashioned self-made Jaycee type, a boyish millionaire, a metabolic Republican. And thus the two US senators are a somnolent Japanese-American septuagenarian whig whose campaign stressed the importance of repealing the child labor laws, and an inconspicuous liberal Democrat whose votes can be counted upon to cancel out his colleague's. Together, they make a tranquilizing pair. They could slip away tonight and not reduce Senate debate by a decibel.

A schizophrenic approach to civics should not be surprising in the state that sent both Earl Warren and Richard Nixon to Washington. But it is a serious debility

when the time arrives to get something accomplished. With its 43 members, the California delegation is the largest in Congress, but it is also among the least effectual. Its 25 Democrats and 18 Republicans make the California caucus unable to muster a united front on even the state's most parochial interests. Four years from now, the Central Arizona Water Project will cut by 50 percent the flow of Colorado River water on which southern California so heavily depends. But after years of public wrangling, no one in Washington or Sacramento has come up with a plan to achieve a measure of self-reliance. The same kind of stalemate politics hinders resolution of all the major problems confronting the state—housing, health care, unemployment, energy. But in the absence of drought, famine, pestilence, or waiting lines at the gas pumps, no feeling of emergency intrudes upon the lawmakers at their work. The assumption is that in a state this grand and glorious, things can't help but work out.

Have a nice day.

The highest point in the 48 contiguous states is Mount Whitney, California, 14,494 feet; just 85 miles away is the lowest point, Death Valley, California, 282 feet below sea level. The average July maximum temperature in Imperial County, California, is 107 degrees. On an average day, 8,854 persons are confined in the Los Angeles County jails; on a hot day, of course, there are more.

The peculiar affinity of Californians for macabre acts of violence is a continuing source of fascination for local students of crime. Many believe that some unknown effect of climate or topography is unhinging to certain psychopaths, that there may be something disturbingly vaginal about the canyons, something deranging in the winds, something about the way the ocean meets the shore. A more popular belief, however, is that the special lure of California happens to attract a great many people too weird for the places they grew up in, that its well-known tolerance for fakirs and kooks has made it a magnet for the mad. True enough, Charles Manson came from West Virginia. But still.

Naturally, most California killings are simple mom-and-pop affairs, bang-bang across the coffee table. But when homicide inspectors in the West speak of the "California syndrome," they are discussing murders of another kind—murders in which the coroner counts 240 stab wounds, murders that include amputation, decapitation, emasculation, ritual

stabbing and wounding, the draining and drinking of blood. What unleashes this kind of rage—and why does it happen so much in California?

It could be that some people just won't take no for an answer. By the time they find themselves outside Santa Cruz with a knife in their hand, they have exhausted every last indulgence. They have taken all the drugs, found all the sex, come as close to the edge as the Pacific tide allows. And even so their lives will not work out for them. The California dream is a sweet dream and a cruel one, too, a dream that leads to extremes.

California may be first in the number of abortions, female alcoholics and divorces, but let's not forget that Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, South Carolina, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Washington, Oregon and Alaska all have higher divorce rates.

ALTHOUGH Jerry Brown projects the image of a refreshing political maverick (a Sufi choir chants at his statehouse prayer breakfast, he visits Africa in the company of a female rock star not his wife), his politics in fact are almost printouts. He is the classic alert chameleon. Univac is his guide.

When he stands alongside Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden at an antinuclear rally, when he confesses his moral aversion to capital punishment, when he appoints a woman chief justice of the state supreme court, Brown seems to be letting his conscience overcome his caution. But how much of a risk is he taking in a state where the average age is 26 and women represent about 60% of the vote? As for the rest—the challenge to voters to be mature enough "to lay a foundation for the future," the learned quotations from E. F. Schumacher's *Small is Beautiful*—this is mainly tambourine music in a state where the overcollection of taxes results in a surplus of \$2 billion a year.

What appeals about Brown is the package, the shell, not necessarily the capacity to deliver. One index to his real influence is that during his incumbency the two highest offices under him have gone to conservative Republicans, a Democrat has been ousted from the US Senate, and California went for Gerald Ford by his largest plurality anywhere.

One California issue on which the voters spoke out in a way that was heard across the nation was the passage last year of Proposition 13, the property tax initiative that sets 1% as the absolute

upper limit. Proposition 13 eliminated some \$7 billion a year in state funds available to local governments, a blow Sacramento softened at once by heavy infusions of "bail-out" money. Each locality was given the limited right to decide where the cuts would come, but the new austerity turned out to mean much the same thing everywhere: the library shortened its hours, the police and fire response became slower, the schools got by with fewer teachers and the hospitals with fewer nurses, there weren't so many people in the parks picking up paper with pointed sticks. "Diminished expectations" suddenly became a reality, and the governor, who at first had attacked the plan as a fraud, began to praise it in no milder terms than those employed by its author. Still, for all the attention it received, Proposition 13 has not been embraced as a model of tax revolt by voters in other states. Similar initiatives have been proposed in more than a dozen places, but Idaho is the only state to have so far approved anything like it.

If California leads American awareness in any important regard, it is in the protection of the environment, a matter on which the state is years, perhaps a generation, ahead of the rest of the country. The California Environmental Quality Act of 1970 was the first such in the nation, and none has come along since to strengthen or enlarge upon it. In 1973, California appointed the first state commission on energy, and its nuclear safeguard laws remain unique in the nation. Its coastal commission—which the voters established four years ago out of frustration at the lawmakers' inability to protect the state's matchless thousand-mile coastline—is by far the nation's most uncompromising. With more than 600 public interest groups devoted to environmental concerns, California legislators are continually kept aware of the correct Sierra Club position. And if on occasion these concerns seem to cost the state some business, there remains the feeling that all will be sustained. The sun keeps on shining. The surf keeps rolling in. "Charlie's Angels" has been renewed for another season.

The Petaluma plan—first approved by the voters, then ratified in the courts—is a model antigrowth initiative, much copied in other places where growth is thought to equal blight. The plan restricts the number of new arrivals in areas where water and power hookups are required, giving cities and towns the right to decide how big they wish to be. It is the perfect expression of California conscious-

ness—Johnny-come-latelies striking out against Johnny-want-to-come-laters. In every California community where antigrowth measures have reached the ballot, their most ardent, conspicuous supporters have been not second- or third-generation "forever" people, but the most recent arrivals. For all its fabled openness, for all its devotion to clear streams and clean air, California is a bundled-up society where 94 percent of the people live on 2.5 percent of the land. In some important respects, the California promise is best enjoyed from afar.

California is third behind New York and Puerto Rico in food stamp use. In psychiatric outpatients, it runs a poor second to New York. California is far ahead in total births per year, but in total deaths New York is the clear leader. Looking at these figures, the question comes to mind: how long can this go on?

GROWTH is quickening again in California, but no one quite knows why. For the first several years of this decade, there was an annual decline in the rates of both births and migration; now, both are picking up again. California's growth in the past was always attached to some promotion—the gold rush, the railroads, the auto clubs, the movies. There was always someone to beat the drum, always some marvelous bonanza or cost overrun to take up the slack and heighten expectations for the future. Now, the state appears to be growing from its own internal energy; the labor force in the past five years has increased by a million jobs. Every day in California, more than 500 new citizens show up with whatever they packed. By the end of every year, the state is richer by at least 100,000 new believers.

California's 63,000 farms cover more than 36 million acres. Its Central Valley is the richest and most intensely cultivated agricultural area in the world. On packaged seeds, a good part of California is colored bright pink to indicate Zone Number One; this tells gardeners or farmers that frost will not be a problem, that they can count on two crops a year.

Nowhere have nature and culture combined to create a society where life is easier or more enticing. If you can forget the curse of the Donner Party, forget that Chinese slave labor built the railroads and that *braceros* trucked in at night from Mexico were what made the agribusiness great, California seems almost a miracle. This could explain why the notion that the past does not count is so current in California thinking.

Cults thrive in California. God knows why. The magnet argument used to account for the state's bountiful supply of sexual psychopaths and mad-dog killers is often put forth to explain the cults as well. But even if cult members are in some way akin to the lone wolves who do most of the killing and maiming, clearly their answer to dread is dramatically different: instead of striking out they huddle. When the People's Temple disbanded after Jonestown, most of its remaining members formed an anti-People's Temple. Scientology and the various mind-science churches all enjoy a vigorous trade from people who become disenchanted with one only to swear allegiance to another.

One thing cult members seem to have in common is a chilling sense of failure. When they talk about their lives before they entered the cloister, they describe a level of despair that surpasses normal experience. How could it ever have been that cold in Hollywood? How could anyone have been that lonely? Still, by pandering to dreamers and drifters as it has always done, California doubtless attracts a peculiarly gullible, hopeful kind of person, a person much in need of ecstatic embrace once he arrives and starts looking for his place in Lotusland.

Planes bound for California tend to be happy and excited planes. People drink and talk more than when headed the other way. In San Francisco and Los Angeles, polite conversation is the most foul-mouthed you'll hear anywhere in the country. This curious laxity of manners is especially striking in Beverly Hills, where no word or deed is too shocking to mention over dinner. Recklessness and daring are much admired in places where appearances count—and nowhere do appearances count more than in California.

Out beyond the faultline, the sun-change can get to you, causing you to become more and more self-absorbed, more and more narcissistic. You may not fully appreciate the power of this change in yourself, but it is easy to observe in others. A woman drives by with hair dyed to match her convertible. A friend stops you on the street and has kind words for your jacket and suntan but does not ask about your family or your work. A kind of vacuity attaches to much that passes for casual and mellow in this land of beautiful strangers. This above all is what has weakened California's vision of the future, this twice-too-easy contentment that looks neither back nor ahead.

Have a nice day. ●

CALIFORNIA LTD.

For all its power and allure, the state has lost faith in its fundamental promise: that here was where the future would be invented.

BY BARRY FARRELL

THERE are the 49 states, and then there is California—a nation within the nation. With an economy exceeded by only seven countries in the world, California contributes 12% to the gross national product and leads the US in nearly every measure of prosperity and abundance. First in agriculture, fisheries, aerospace, construction; first in housing starts, personal income, population, jobs. California is the place where the dream endures, the world's most distracting hundred million acres.

In places that pride themselves on the flow of steel from their furnaces or hogs through their abattoirs, there is something bent or bloodied to every boast. In California, however, the sunny pursuit of pleasure is the greatest source of strength, for taken together, tourism and entertainment are even more important to the state's economy than industry or farming. No other state does more to encourage its people to enjoy themselves—and there can hardly be another place on earth that offers more in the way of beauty and fun. The beach, the mountains, the movies, the parks: getting involved in the good life is what makes California work. This is where hedonism blurs with business, where bankers will shake hands on a hot tub loan, where the richest, most successful people are those with the deepest tans.

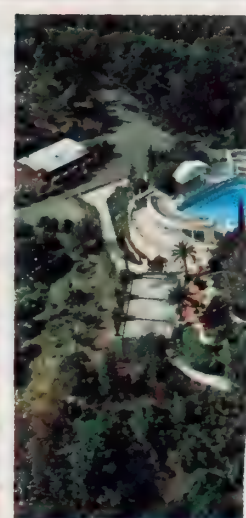
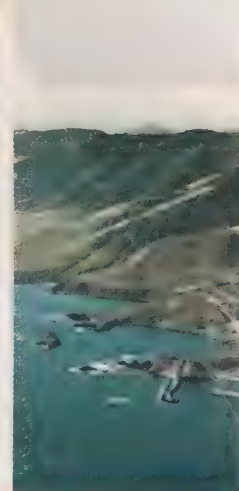
Yet for all its obvious prowess and allure, California has in recent years lost faith in its fundamental promise: that here was where the future would be invented. To some, this was always a melancholy vision of the future—it was “Californication,” the march of the Taco Bells. But there was never much doubt as to its inevitability. Like it or not, California had the answers. California would show the way.

Barry Farrell is West Coast editor of Harper's. He grew up in Seattle and has lived in Los Angeles for ten years.

Now, as California enters what its governor proclaims to be an era of “diminished expectations,” all the persistent problems of American society appear as bereft of solution in the Golden State as in the humbler, more restrictive places where for generations hopeful people pulled up stakes to try their luck out West. Unemployment, crime, racism, poverty: up against these measures of breakdown and defeat, California becomes just another state, struggling unconvincingly to make do. Its schools and health-care services rank barely above the national norms, while its mental hospitals sink ever deeper into scandal and disgrace. Its courts and prisons are dangerously overcrowded, its barrios and ghettos punitive and grim. It milks the rest of the West for water and power, then converts these borrowed blessings into mindless sprawl. In architecture and city planning, it offers mainly negative examples. In government and policy, it lacks both convictions and goals. It is, in effect, a state in retreat from the premise it was built upon; it has lost its commitment to the good life that once obtained in the land of the second chance.

“It is hard to find California now, unsettling to wonder how much of it was merely imagined or improvised.” Joan Didion, “Notes from a Native Daughter”

People who immigrate don't look back. If they make their move and wind up finding nothing but fresh disappointment, they don't betray it to those who stayed at home. This was true of the immigrants who passed through Ellis Island, and it is also true of Californians—22 million people, more than half of whom were born outside the state. They come out and they find the palm trees swaying exactly like they're supposed to. They find the sun truly shining and the ocean deep and cool. And if they also find roaches in the kitchen or



California (clockwise from upper left): Pacifica homes tuck into the freeway and down the so-far powerless Diablo Canyon nuclear plant; boat glut in the parking lot of a castle; fun, fun, fun at the Oakland Coliseum; rebuilding in burned-out Malibu; agri

potholes in the road, they are not much inclined to remark on it. They tell themselves that coming to California was still the best shot they could have taken, and when long distance calls they stick to the weather report. They have, in the familiar phrase, run out of continent. After California, there is only turning back.

Maintaining this mood of hopeful insistence may account for the bland and

pleasant manner the world thinks of as typically Californian. But it also requires a forced indifference to what was left behind, and it is this indifference—which easterners often confuse for a lack of culture—that most clearly identifies the spirit of the people and the place. Convinced of their special place in the sun, Californians take no more than a polite interest in the rest of the US, and in

The Man Behind the Chicken

KGB's Rick Leibert is the enfant terrible of San Diego's airwaves

Text and Photography by Richard Louv

RICK LEIBERT, KGB program director and San Diego radio's 30-year-old *enfant terrible*, is sitting behind his desk, bracketed by a human skull and a cardboard cutout of country-rock star Tanya Tucker. He is staring at a large photo of San Diego Stadium. Leibert is at once a collegiate Joe Cool, with an innocent looking baby face . . . and General George S. Patton planning his 48-hour march through northern France.

"What if we had this thing lit; it starts smoking. Chicken is inside, a set piece, a rocket. People cheering. The countdown on the scoreboard: ten, nine, eight . . . BOOM!" Leibert shoots his hands straight up above him. Then, like a cloud of smoke, he settles back, scrunching down in his chair. He peers at his lieutenant, Jim Sauza, the self-described "crazy producer" of "Pyro-Spectaculars," headquartered in San Bernardino, the largest fireworks company in America.

"And that's it?" asks Sauza, calmly straightening his tinted, aviator glasses.

"Yeah. We just sent the KGB Chicken

Leibert has infused rock radio with patriotic fervor. His annual KGB Sky Shows brighten San Diego's night sky with a pyrotechnic extravaganza every year (during the rating season), while simultaneously broadcasting a mixture of patriotic, rock and classical music.

into outer space. To the theme of *2001*. That's good for 60 seconds . . . depending on how we ham it up."

"Yeah . . ." Sauza is staring.

"You want more?"

"More than 60 . . . like maybe the rocket could lift off slowly for about ten feet."

"We need a lot of fire. Smoke, get a lot of smoke to cover our ass. Giant rocket trailing out a long, glowing tail. You know what I'm saying?"

"Yeah." Sauza opens a Styrofoam cup of chili and begins to eat.

Leibert slumps down further and just thinks about the spectacle of it all. A 25-foot rocket. The Chicken in space. The human cannonball of the 1980s. He and Sauza start ticking off the technical details: electronic mortars, real NASA simulators, and pre-burners "to move that sucker slowly." Sauza, inspired by the chili, is making rumbling noises with his mouth. "Going, going, *gone*," he says.

"And that's the last time we see the Chicken," adds Leibert.

"Too simple"

"Simplicity is where it's at."

"But how do we get the Chicken into a burning rocketship?"

Leibert is quiet for a moment. "I can see the headlines."

Fried Chicken.

Leibert is planning KGB's Sky Show for this spring, San Diego's fourth annual fireworks extravaganza, in which KGB synchronizes patriotic, classical and rock music to a huge display of pyrotechnics flowering over the stadium at approximately \$800 a minute. ("You paying me in diamonds?" asks Sauza. "In gunpowder," answers Leibert.) Including the rocket, a miniature fort and assorted boats plopped down on Padre Field, the set pieces alone will probably cost over \$6,000. And that's *after* Leibert decided the Chicken's final destination was not going to be the Moon.

Leibert, who personally produces his sky shows, even down to mixing the music, calls them "a new art form." Indeed, the first sky show, in 1976, set off simultaneously over Fiesta Island and the Chollas land fill ("A stereo sky show!"), backed up traffic on Interstate 5 as far north as Del Mar, and as far east on Interstate 8 as Interstate 805. The city was slightly delirious that night. Leibert managed to transfix hundreds of thousands of people, with their eyes riveted to the sky and their ears locked into KGB. All over Mission Bay Park people set up huge, home stereos on the grass, plugged into their campers, pickups, station wagons.

While his critics insist Leibert overestimates his own talents; that he takes undue credit for KGB's creations, Leibert is widely

“...Poultry production is up at radio stations all around the country—chickens, turkeys, even buzzards; Leibert grumbles about the lack of creativity in the business...”

recognized as the P. T. Barnum of rock radio. The sky show is just one of several institutions he has cultivated. For instance, Leibert, who settled here in 1972 after working at stations in Boston and Chicago, is known as the “Father of the KGB Chicken” (though the Chicken was a collective creation).

The Chicken—better known in San Diego and possibly more politically astute than Evelle Younger—recently commanded a two-page spread in *People* magazine, with the agreement that the publication would not reveal the face of Ted Giannoulas, 23, the Chicken’s alter ego. People failed to live up to the agreement. “You don’t take the mask off the old Lone Ranger,” insists an outraged Leibert.

When Atlanta Hawks and Braves owner Ted Turner tried to lure the Chicken away from KGB with the promise of a \$100,000 salary, Leibert talked Giannoulas into staying. “Sure I gave him a raise, but it’s nowhere near what Turner offered. Think what Ted would have had to live up to. Everybody would have said, ‘Whoa, a hundred thousand dollar chicken. Big deal. Better make me laugh. That’s more than they’re paying the rookie of the year.’” This year, the Chicken published his autobiography, which sold out its first edition of 10,000.

Then there’s the Homegrown album, an annual KGB creation. Leibert and a panel of judges, including local music critics like the San Diego Union’s Bob Laurence, select songs from hundreds of submitted entries by local rock and country groups. The winners are pressed into posterity at a Los Angeles recording company, and the albums sold here for \$1.01. Profits go to the United Way. The collections have included such noteworthy selections as “Encanto Rag,” “Spring Valley Sally,” “(Fly in My Soup) Back to El Cajon Boulevard” and “Encinitas Ain’t Cheap No More.” Leibert passed up one song called “Down in La Jolla” by an unknown San Diegan musician named Steven Bishop. The song was dismissed because it was on a tape cassette, rather than the then-

required-reel-to-reel. “Down in La Jolla” subsequently became “Down in Jamaica,” a commercial Top 40 hit, and Bishop was designated best new male vocalist of 1977 by the rock music industry. Says Leibert, “Not long ago I brought out that tape and played it for some of the judges, including Bob Laurence. I don’t know if it would have been included in the album even if it *had* been considered...”

Even without Steven Bishop, Homegrown has been a consistent local hit, each year the best-selling album in the county, selling an average 50,000 a year.

Leibert’s latest publicity-catching creation is “KGB Field.” “Are you hip to KGB Field?” he asks. Last spring the radio station presented a \$62,000 check to the city council and Mayor Pete Wilson (with the Chicken, naturally, doing the honors), as a gift designated for the development of a soccer field on city land near Balboa Park. “I started thinking about this project three or four years ago, wondering how we could set the unemployed to work landscaping park land. Real naive idea, because the parks department has everything planned out; they didn’t want to depend on the unemployed, with maybe a band playing, and soup served, and concert tickets handed out...” Actually, Leibert started discussing this idea with the park department after the city nixed future sky shows over Fiesta Island. The park department feared spectators would ruin three-quarters of a million dollars in recent landscaping. “The city’s risk manager wanted us to put up a \$5 million bond for landscape damage and police overtime.”

KGB perhaps had an auxiliary motive in helping the city. Along with other stations, KGB had been denied a permit to hold any large concerts in the stadium, following the 1972 KGB Charity Ball. In addition to fire department regulations, which required “enough exits to handle an earthquake,” the police, according to Leibert, “identified a haze over the stadium as marijuana smoke during the charity concert. What a hype! In any case, these standards were applied to us

but not to Billy Graham or the Grossmont Marching Band.

“So the KGB Field idea developed. Soccer is the fastest growing sport for young people, and we didn’t have a soccer field here, except the one at Robb Field.” Leibert suggested to the KGB owners that a donation to the city was in order, complete with elaborate press ballyhoo. Not only would it create headlines, but the field would be an institutionalized advertisement for decades: a sort of prone billboard.

Leibert has visions. He and Howard Jarvis, in fact, must order their visions from the same studio. “I admittedly came up with this KGB Field idea before Proposition 13. But now I see this as a way to fund civic projects that would never get built. In the post Prop.-13 area, we’re going to have to come up with some creative ways to fund projects, and this is one of them. I see us doing more of this in the future. Maybe a day camp for Scouts on Fiesta Island. Robb Field is only partially completed. I see this as a precedent for a lot of other companies. I see them stepping forward...”

The idea is not original. Andrew Carnegie built his libraries that way. But it’s been years since *young* businessmen talked of grand philanthropy, and the possibilities are intriguing. Unfortunately, municipalities, in selling chunks of themselves, may be laying themselves open to even more corporate control than they already endure.

How has KGB Field affected Leibert’s relations with the fire department and other permit-providing agencies?

He shrugs and grins. “I haven’t had any problems *recently*...”

SAN DIEGO has long been known as one of the best radio markets in the country. Over half of the city’s radio stations are rock-oriented. So it is not unusual for there to be here a handful of some of the “greatest programmers in the country,” according to Mike Harrison, director of Good Phone Communications, headquartered in Los Angeles. Harrison himself is among a

select and small group of national radio consultants, who measure and direct the mainstream of American radio. Good Phone Communications, for instance, is hired by hundreds of radio stations to provide computerized programing packages which tend to make stations sound much the same.

Harrison, an ex-programmer at KPRI, claims to have coined the term "AOR" (Album Oriented Rock), a format favored by many stations. Harrison aims at "smorgasbord" programing, suggesting songs which appeal to the "highest common denominator." His technique leaves little room for local experimentation.

While Leibert does not use Harrison's services, Harrison describes KGB as "extremely well rounded; more so than most stations that claim to be. Leibert is absolutely one of the ten best programmers in the country. His station is more than the sum of its parts. What he does on the air, added to what he accomplishes in his off-air events, makes KGB special. Leibert and those similar to him, are the hope of the visionary programmers of the '80s who want to go for the gold ring."

Along with Leibert, though not receiving quite so much praise, Harrison includes "great" San Diego programmers Jessie Bullet at KPRI; Gene Knight at the new 91-X, and C.C. McCartney at B-100. (McCartney, by the way, is credited by Harrison as one of the pioneers of the next incarnation of Top 40 stations: "Top Track," a programing technique which pits popular album tracks against each other in much the same way that Top 40 set up competition between 45-rpm discs.)

Nevertheless, Leibert is seen by Harrison as one programmer who has transcended rock formats, by making his station much more than audible vibrations.

However, Leibert, who claims the term "mellow radio" to be his own (there seem to be so many format terms around, that almost every programmer or consultant can claim one for his very own), dismisses Harrison, along with another giant consultant, Atlanta-based Lee Abrahams. Leibert claims they're obsolete. "Abrahams is 100 percent computerized. He goes to his computer and asks it what cuts on Linda Ronstadt's latest album will become national hits. The computer spits out her song 'Living in the U.S.A.,' and Abrahams immediately commands all of his associated stations to play that song." On the other end of the spectrum is KNX's Steve Marshall, the chief adherent to the "gut-feel" school of thought, which means the programmer goes completely on his own instincts. Leibert sees himself half-way between Harrison-Abrahams and Marshall. "We don't subscribe to any big consultant. We do our own forms of research—surveys at record stores, on-the-



street interviews, and other methods I'm not going to reveal—on the *local* rather than national scene. Plus, I add my gut-feel, assisted by my program manager, Ed Hamlin, and his staff."

All of this is complicated by several other concurrent trends. The baby-boom bulge is getting older; the average age in America is now 29. So programmers, looking at the demographics, adjust to an aging market.

"The war is over. We're worrying about making mortgage payments and what kind of wine to drink," says Leibert. He sees this, along with technological changes—like cable radio—serving to fragmentize the audience, with disco fanatics demanding disco stations, soft-rock fans listening to soft-rock stations, news freaks listening to all-news stations. "I see Kiddie-stations on the way—specifically for very young listeners." So both the homogenization and the fragmentation of radio are happening at the same

time. Plus, radio stations are getting richer by the day. Like magazines, they are enjoying substantial run-off advertising revenue from over-priced TV. That means a lot of money for special events, like sky shows and on-air experimentation.

Harrison himself, at least during a phone interview, seems to be moving away from strict formating toward the kind of minute-to-minute programing espoused by Leibert, though Harrison does not necessarily emphasize the local angle as strongly as Leibert.

During the '70s, a handful of consultants formatted the techniques of some of the great, progressive disc jockeys of the '60s, who had moved away from the Top 40 hits toward album cuts, more creative, esoteric rock, according to Harrison. The consultants poured the particular *mixes* of song types, along with the *brands* of disc-jockey personalities, into a kettle, stirred them together, bottled them

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Hollywood Hills. "Five or six more turns brought the car to the top of the hill. Below and behind lay the plain, with the city like a map extending indefinitely into a pink haze." (Aldous Huxley, *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*.)

Finishing Touches

It's now time to reevaluate your make-up for the evening. For too long, evening make-up meant brighter colors, sparkly glitter make-up. For night, build up the colors, increasing their intensity. Just a drop more eye color and rouge, refresh the lip and . . . voila! Dance up a storm, share intimate secrets over duck à l'orange with husband or paramour. You, not your make-up, will be admired.

Peter Hallock believes that any woman can master these techniques. "A woman owes it to herself to find the very best make-up procedure that makes her look and feel the very best. She doesn't have to go to great lengths; once she gets the general technique, she can experiment once she knows how to do it."

How can he be so sure? "Seeing is believing." #

Hair Styling

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trend, reports Zimmerman.

The near future holds other goodies to which women must adjust. Expect more intricate braiding and wrapping. Hats and veils, they say, are coming back, too. Hats are Zimmerman's specialty, and he has strong views on how they should be worn. "After-dark hats and especially veils are happening now," he says.

Zimmerman is a big fan of veils. "The mystery of veils makes them attractive," he explains. Hats are not for every woman, especially the small hats in style this season, but the new hairstyles are right. "Generally all hairstyles now can be adapted to the hat," Zimmerman says.

A hat is one more way to express yourself and Zimmerman thinks that incentive and their novelty will make hats catch on. "People under 30 have never worn a hat before," he says. "They add a dimension to fashion."

His version of the perfect face for a hat has "beautiful, prominent facial bones. With a face like that you can just stretch back your hair, put a hat on it and look good."

Another thought about hats: "Hair that goes under a hat has to be able to fit under a hat," warns Hallock. "So that anything that is extremely bouffant or contrived isn't going to work."

The total look and all that goes with it needs a total hairdresser who is up to date and will consider all your needs—fashion, facial features and lifestyle—before he or she starts snipping.

"I think the word here is communication," says Hallock. "It is essential to be able to talk to the person who is going to

do your hair. You are going to have to live with it.

"Communication is very important so that he or she knows what your lifestyle is like, what it is that you want or don't want, so he can design or create a hairstyle most suitable for you." #

Rick Leibert

continued from page 85

and sold them to radio stations around the country in search of quick boosts in the rating game. "We're experiencing a backlash to that, though," says Harrison. "Stations glorified the means instead of the ends, and now there's a movement back toward creative programming." Hence, programmers like Leibert emerge, who experiment with new, subtle mixtures of sounds and information, and come up with new recipes which Harrison says "will probably be formed by a whole new slew of consultants in the '80s."

The trouble with discussing all of the on-air subtleties is, as Leibert says, "If you can describe a station's 'sound,' the station is already dead, a caricature of itself." Tags and terms come and go with the frequency of the latest stars: As soon as you're sure mellow radio dominates the American radio market, disco comes along. Incarnations follow incarnations: MOR (Middle-Of-The-Road) which used to push singers like Sinatra, becomes AOR (Album-Oriented-Rock) . . . or was it mellow that it became? "Sinatra died and went to Vegas," announces Leibert. "Mellow radio is dead," claims Abrahams. "They said that about rock 'n roll," counters Leibert. In any case, it takes very little time for progressive to become passé. And you can begin to wonder if the labels have meaning at all.

"On the whole, all the local stations are playing it safe right now," says Bob Laurence, a San Diego Union entertainment writer, "especially on the AM. KGB is not a very exciting station to listen to. My car only has an AM radio, so I flip back and forth among the stations. Magic 91, especially at night, will play the most interesting variety of records, but basically all the stations are boring." KGB-AM is "mellow," KGB-FM plays "two-fisted" rock, which Laurence, 37, prefers.

Part of the homogenization of radio is the fault, not of the programmers, but of the nature of rock. "People forget rock has been around for 25 years. One thing that keeps it alive is that it envelops any kind of style: country, classical, folk," Laurence says.

Another reason Leibert stands out—for what he does off the air—is that popular music is in one of its periodic slumps, according to Lee Abrahams, the country's most powerful radio consultant, who calls himself

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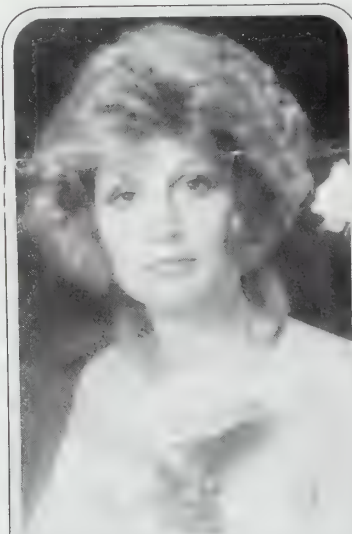
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a "radio doctor." Abrahms and his company, Burkhart-Abrahms and Associates, have done an extensive sociological study of radio and popular music over the last 25 years. The study is important, since the academic community has virtually ignored radio, considering it a "minority medium."

Abrahms charted periods of lull and intensity, and attached to these periods identifiable, repetitive traits. For instance, during the peaks, which seem to happen every four or five years, music is exciting, a stimulator of culture, rather than just pleasant background sound. During the intense periods whole new generations identify themselves. People actually listen to the words. And there develops increased marketing of new technological breakthroughs. The hi-fi and stereo were popularized during periods when music captured the public's imagination. Peak artists are represented by Bill Haley, Chuck Berry, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

But during the lull periods, dancing comes back (today's reincarnation is disco and *Saturday Night Fever*); the musical artist recedes into the background and the producers take over. Abrahms mentions Paul Revere and the Raiders and the Bee Gees as groups which represent lull periods, during which no lasting contributions are made to popular music.

Abrahms guides his radio stations by forecasting the ebb and flow of music, and predicts that 1981 will mark the next peak period. "I haven't really heard that much about what Leibert does on the air," says Abrahms, "but as far as his off-air gimmicks go, good show business works during *any* period."

Thus, Leibert, who has been a programmer for ten years, (six of them at KGB) has survived in a profession which with awesome speed consumes programmers and jocks (jocks is the new word; disc jockey is passé—Leibert prefers "air personality"). Television and radio people lead a vagabond life, moving from one market to the next every two or three years—or even months. They remain at the mercy of the six-month rating conducted by the Arbitron Company, headquartered in Beltsville, Maryland. "It's like playing football all season, but only seeing the scoreboard light up twice a year. It makes people crazy," says Leibert.

But in staging events outside the normal terrain of radio, Leibert has managed to circumvent the total dependence on programming. So KGB's turnover is somewhat less than at most other stations. He seems to have become that rarest of creatures in radio: the permanent fixture.

His seeming lack of concern about the ratings works fine as long as KGB is on top. If you combine its most recent ratings for AM and FM, it is.

Although Rick Leibert's longevity is universally respected locally, his personality is not.

Says Reader publisher, Jim Holman, "He's the ultimate hype artist, in that he'll do anything to promote his station. Everything he does, he describes as the 'biggest.' He deals in hyperbole, which I guess is where the word 'hype' comes from. He taught me early what radio people were like." Holman still resents Leibert "screaming" at him over the phone in 1972, demanding free ad space for KGB's charity ball, space which the Reader provided. Leibert says, "I don't remember talking to Holman. That might have been Ron Jacobs (Leibert's predecessor), who was good at that kind of thing. I didn't know nearly as much about San Diego then. I don't think I would have yelled at Holman then."

Pause.

"But I would now."

KPRI's program manager, and a former Leibert employee, Jessie Bullet (real name: Richard Bollen) offers, "How can I say this and be nice? I couldn't work for him. This may ruin my career in San Diego, but . . . nobody over there likes him that much. Professionally, I hate the little S.O.B. Radio is like football. I'd love to bring him down." Bullet admits that some of his antipathy came about because he was a "frustrated, 30-year-old jock who wanted to be a programmer," working under the younger, cocksure Leibert.

Leibert says, "I don't think Jessie means it. He just wanted to program KGB. Unfortunately for him, I am the programmer. I think we always got along great." He describes Bullet as the "consummate announcer," which any programmer would consider a backhanded compliment.

All of this has something to do with the peculiarly vicious world of radio. According to the Union's Don Freeman, "I find the competition in radio is not even a friendly rivalry. I can't explain it. There's no neutral voice in radio."

Reminded that his critics complain that he takes undue credit for KGB's success and events, Leibert emphasizes that the Homegrown album was "created by Ron Jacobs, the all time great programmer, Bill Hergonson (Captain Billy), and me; and executed by Jacobs and me." The sky show, Leibert says, was "my idea, executed with the help of Jim Sauza." The idea of the Chicken (along with the defunct Tyrone the Frog), was "my idea, executed by Ted, and Ralph Haberman, Ted's manager and bodyguard." And KGB Field was "my idea, executed by the station owners."

Regardless of who is responsible, the ideas are being stolen and copied around the country. Atlanta and Miami boast their own Homegrown albums and sky shows. Cincin-



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nati and Philadelphia produce Homegrown albums. Poultry production is up at radio stations all around the country—chickens, turkeys, even buzzards. Leibert grumbles about the lack of creativity in the business: every good idea is cloned.

"You have to give him credit for what he does," says KPRI general manager Dex Allen. "He does it well. For us to try to do anything that would smack of copying them . . . well, we'd never do it. It would be foolish to try to counter-program . . ."

Nonetheless, KPRI, in 1975, did hire a mime to represent this station on the street. KFMB commissioned five "bees" to attend football games one season. And KCBQ's sister station in Milwaukee, WOKY (both stations are owned by Charter Oil) recently introduced their latest creations, the WOKY Chicken . . . and a sky show.

LEIBERT CROWS, "I've learned you can accomplish *anything* you really want to."

Asserting that he is constantly "barraged by the trades" to reveal the innermost workings of his mind, and the ways in which KGB dominates its market, he says he has a lot of new plans incubating, "but you don't hatch all your eggs in public."

Among his ideas are plans to extend some experimental on-air techniques already being used on KGB. For instance, KGB's San Diego Times, a series of short features which run throughout the day, give his announcers a chance to be creative. Along with the newsy features, mixed sometimes creatively with background music, are offbeat spots like Larry Himmel's sports pieces. "Larry assumes a variety of identities, including 'Freddy Capistrano,' a New York high-energy, obnoxious sports announcer; and 'Swami Sweatsocks'—he kills me—who used to be the head guru and tennis instructor at the Solana Beach Zen Tennis Club.

"Swami's no fool. When he saw the Friars folding, he decided the tennis fad was over. So now he's a part-time ski instructor at the Alpine Meadows Ski Lodge and Condominium high atop Mt. Helix—from where he gives his weekly ski reports." Leibert is planning to produce a local comedy album, starring Himmel, who moonlights at the Comedy Store. Himmel asserts that Leibert "saved radio for me, by allowing me to be creative."

One of the entertainers Leibert allows to ramble on KGB's airwaves is Timothy Leary. Remember him? Leary used to be the high priest of LSD (although he denies that now, having served a jail-stint and changed his chief interest from drugs to the colonizing of outer space). Now Tim Leary wants to be a radio star and has hooked up with KGB jock Gabriel Wisdom in syndicated shows called Joyful Wisdom, in which futurists and other seers are interviewed. "Leary wants the

whole show to himself," says Leibert. "I'm humoring him." Of late, Leary has been going around the country proclaiming radio programmers are the new high priests of culture, out ahead of everybody else. The man who coined the slogan, "tune in, turn on, drop out" is now bowing to the phrase-makers who gave us MOR, AOR and *mellow*. His proclamations may help his syndication. What is interesting, though, is that the programmers themselves, and radio consultants, don't deny his claims. Says Mike Harrison, who calls him *Dr. Leary*, "Radio has always been the hippest and most immediate medium." Lee Abrahms agrees. "Radio programmers are farther ahead of the culture than TV programmers, because they aren't encumbered with the corporate structure. They can change faster." Leibert basically agrees with Leary. So does Jessie Bullet. Which may say as much about how the medium feeds egos, as about the medium itself. Stay tuned.

Leibert is also pondering a more in-depth, serious radio journalism, calling it "parajournalism," which would mix sound effects, music and words in a documentary form played during premium hours. "That would be the most exciting innovation radio's seen in a long time." And he's thinking about conducting a crusade to move Lindbergh Field, "which is something that gets me personally crazy."

That Leibert has a flare for the dramatic should come as no surprise, considering his childhood.

He gets absolutely *uncool*, actually excited, when he describes it.

"My father was the chief organist at Radio City Music Hall, and my mother was a Rockette. I remember, as a little boy, sitting backstage and watching all those long legs, and tall ladies and hard make-up. The corps de ballet performed in the same hall; a symphony orchestra would rise up from a pit on 17 steam-generated elevators, and so many curtains you couldn't keep track of it all. My father also played organ on the radio soap operas. I'd go down to the CBS studio and sit on the bench with him as he played for shows like *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and *Stella Dallas* and *Brighter Day*—that one was on TV. I'd watch the radio director and the actors with their scripts, and I'd rush home and listen on the radio to what I'd seen. I was hung up on the sound effects . . .

"These were everyday experiences for me. I guess that's why I get a lot more excited about all the crazed projects than on-air programing. If it was just music, I would have been out of this business a long time ago. But this way I get to be known as the Father of the Chicken, and I get to stage a big spectacular every year . . . it's kind of Disneyesque. It's not just some dumb radio station with these machines and computers running their mouths. I take it seriously."

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Does he ever fear that the Disney—P.T. Barnum—inside of him is trapped, stunted because of the limiting nature of radio?

"The Disney in me is already *out*! He's running around in a chicken suit, exploding over San Diego every year, pressed into vinyl! Not only that, but I get paid!"

George Gerbner, one of the nation's media gurus, and dean of the Annenberg School of Communications, insists, "Quality has nothing to do with radio. All it is is *environment*."

At that, Leibert rolls his eyes. "I grew up in radio. God, it was more than environment. It was the front seat of the car. It was the Zombies, the Rolling Stones. It was going to school and talking about who won the Record Review Contest on Murray the K, and seeing who had tickets to go to the Brooklyn Fox on Easter. It was growing up . . .

"Sure, radio is getting worse instead of better. But technology is way ahead of radio right now. There's more ways to reach people than through the air. There's cable. And satellite transmission, which is going to mean coast-to-coast superstations. There's everything to do, and I'll be there. Radio can become an institution for a community. That's what most programmers don't understand. You just can't measure yourself only by the rating Arbitron hands out."

Still, the true nature of radio is more precise—and perhaps dehumanizing—than a rush of nostalgia and visions. A few days after the PSA crash in North Park, Leibert sat in his office doodling. On his desk was a newspaper clipping, a photo of the jet plummeting to the ground.

Absently, Leibert traced and retraced four letters on the plane.

The letters were: KPRI.#

Allergy

continued from page 107

are giveaways or are mailed to you at nominal cost. If you want to bake, and have any grain allergies, but aren't inhospitable to all grains, the best little book to start you off is El Molino Mills Cookbook, which has gone into many, many editions. Send \$2 to the company at 345 North Baldwin Park Boulevard, City of Industry, California 91746 (and add sales tax).

Ouch!

Aspirin, another substance which gets around a lot, in a deceptive sort of way, is a source of trouble to the touchy, the sensitive and the allergic. For them, allergists usually recommend Tylenol as a pain-killer; of course, a wary eye be kept on possible liver damage which might result from Tylenol overuse. Darvon ranks second among local allergists' recommendations for the easing of pain.



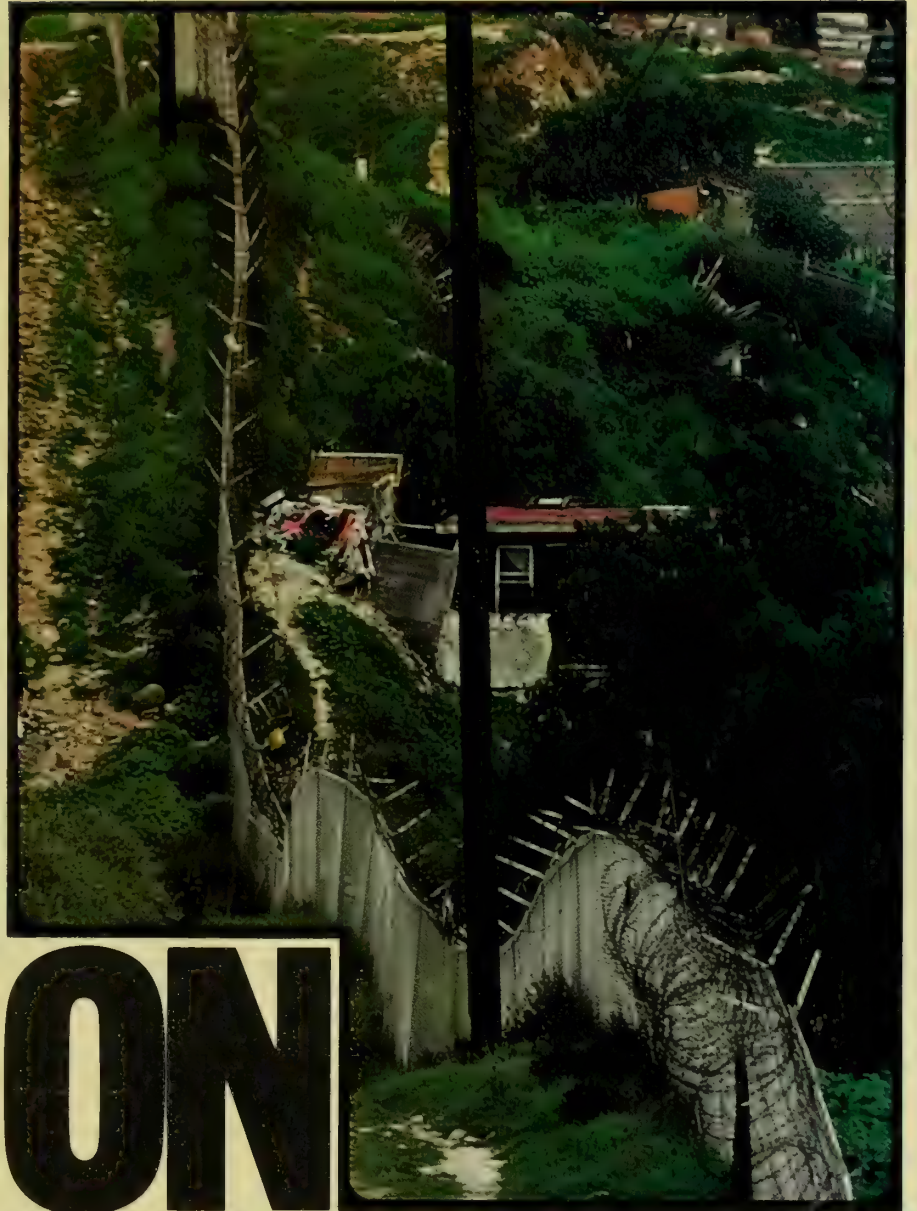
[Francois D. Uzes on the Nevada border, 2•4•79]

[21- machines at the Cal-Neva Lodge, 2•3•79]





The borders of California, contrary to popular belief, are not fixed, invisible lines varying only according to which direction they run. One of these borders is an ocean; another is a river. One border is a barrier designed to keep Mexicans out; another is a psychological containment device designed to keep Californians in; still another may not even be there at all, although it is certainly somewhere. The boundary (right) is the barrier, the southern border between San Ysidro, California, and Colonia



**A
PHOTO
ESSAY
BY
DAVID
STRICK**

ON THE EDGE



[The Colorado River near Parker, Arizona, 3•4•79]

[Abandoned car near Tijuana, 2•19•79]



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NOTES ON THE ACID RENAISSANCE
BY CHARLIE HAAS

TERRY (NOT HIS REAL NAME) sits cross-legged on a mattress covered with an intricately patterned Indian bedspread, looking around his living room, his alert eyes moving from a sand candle to a strobe light to a map of Middle-earth to a poster of the Milky Way to a hollowed-out television set whose inside is papered with a fluorescent op-art print. Terry explains, with one of his frequent giggles, that the décor “probably has a lot to do with acid.” Terry, who is 30, has taken hundreds of “trips” on LSD (“acid”), a powerful hallucinogenic drug that is the center of a *Hold the goddamn phone!* What is this, *Family Weekly* in 1965?

Well, no; see, the inside joke here is that I was at Terry’s

house some months ago, out in that gray moral area between downtown L.A. and Pasadena, and while some of the *objets* around the room are souvenirs, he is not. Or if he is, he has a lot of company. LSD—the scariest and most tantalizing thing you can buy without a prescription, the white hope for instant psychotherapy that became a CIA toy and a bazooka in the Bohemian arsenal, the portable Lourdes that oiled the transition of American youth from Elvis to Elvish and made all those honor students start dressing funny and printing up those unreadable purple-and-aqua posters—*that* LSD—is as nationally popular now as it was ten years ago, despite the fact that the same media which then could speak of nothing

“... Acid without granny
glasses? Acid without
Vietnam? Acid without the
Strawberry Alarm Clock?
Acid without freakouts?...”

else are now virtually silent on the subject. Among people who swallow it or sell it, or who monitor its use from the vantage point of drug-abuse counseling, there is some sporting disagreement as to whether acid has been enjoying a renaissance for about two years or never went away in the first place, with the former view in the majority. But there is a consensus on at least two points: The bad trips and mental casualties that made such hot copy in the '60s seem to have diminished radically, and the volume of acid changing hands suggests that there are actually more users now than there were a decade ago.

Terry is of the never-went-away persuasion. A purchasing agent for a nonprofit organization, he wears his dirty-blond hair shoulder-long, with a jazzbo chin beard. He first took acid in 1968, when he was a history major at Occidental, and has been doing it regularly ever since. "Let's see," he says, "when was the last time I dropped? Well, we had our big party here—we have it once a year, and there's a punch, and usually 70 to 100 people come, and 30 or 40 will have some punch, and some of them will have a *lot*. That was the last time I dropped, about six weeks ago. And I'm still amazed each time. I mean, my head goes places it's never gone before, and although it's not *shocking*, it's still extremely pleasant. It's much more recreational now. The first year of tripping, it was . . . theological. But now that I'm older and I've done it hundreds of times, I feel that—no, wait, it's not true, the party wasn't the last time I dropped. There's been another time since then. I did mushrooms for *The Lord of the Rings*."

But now that I'm older and I've done it hundreds of times, I feel that—no, wait, it's not true, the party wasn't the last time I dropped. There's been another time since then. I did mushrooms for *The Lord of the Rings*."

WHILE TERRY HAS BEEN persistently finding and taking LSD for the past thirteen years, most of the users now in their thirties seem to be people who were taking acid up until the early '70s, stopped for a few years for reasons ranging from decreased availability to career demands to neural fatigue, and have started again within the past year or two. For Susan (not her real name either), a professional psychologist who resumed tripping last year after a four-year layoff, the ability to enjoy acid became the single clearest index of her emotional equilibrium.

"In 1970, '71, at college, I was dropping at least once a week, sometimes twice, doing a ritual kind of thing of driving out to the desert at midnight and doing acid and watching the sun come up. That period of dropping very frequently was brief, but I continued dropping about once a month. Then toward . . . let's see, time is a difficult thing for me to conceptualize . . . well, I continued that lifestyle through my master's program. I got my master's, then got a full-time job with a mental health agency and worked there for a few years. I helped start one of the centers and was in charge of it for a couple of years.

"I'm not sure when, but in '73 or '74, I started having a lot of difficulty with acid. I would be afraid of what was happening to my body. There was some kind of tape loop in my brain—I'd drop some acid, begin to feel stoned, feel the rush, and say, Wow, my body feels different, I wonder what's wrong with it. I feel really tight in my throat, I wonder why, maybe I better go to the hospital. Occasionally I *would* go to the hospital, and nothing would be wrong.

"Looking back, I realize that I was stuck on a developmental level of working through a nonconscious pattern that I didn't understand. I think what was going on was that I'd taken enough acid so that I was open to levels of my unconscious that I hadn't previously been open to, and I

was not in a good psychological health space. I was having trouble with interpersonal relationship stuff, going through heavy questioning of myself and what I was doing—which included the question: Do professional psychologists take LSD?—hassles with the guy I was living with, pressure from my parents to be somebody I wasn't.

"So in '74, after about four of these experiences, I decided to stop for a while and work on myself in therapy. I did that for a long time, constantly questioning whether I could take it again. It was like a test of me as a human being—can I handle it again? I went through a period of using no drugs at all, not even marijuana—I don't believe in prescription drugs, so I wasn't using those anyway—and then I took a lot of drugs, excluding LSD.

"Then, in 1978, I decided I could handle psychedelics again. I did it and liked it, and I feel that whatever was going on with



“... ‘I’m still amazed each time. My head goes places it’s never gone before, although it’s not *shocking*. It’s more recreational now’...”

me in 1974, I've worked through. It's interesting: When I do it now I can see in my head, almost like when you're driving down the freeway and you see a sign coming up—I can see that tape of 'Wow-my-body-feels-different-something's-wrong' coming up and I don't plug it into the machine. In fact I now have a *countertape* that says, 'Oh, that's the same old nonsense, I don't need to pay attention to that.'

"I notice some differences since I started again. In the old days, I might have gotten some ideas about what should be done to save the country and I'd want to let people know about it. Now if I have those thoughts it's like, those are nice thoughts, it's nice that I know, but I'm not going to do anything about it."

YES, BUT . . . ACID without granny glasses? Without the Peanut Butter Conspiracy or the Strawberry Alarm Clock? Acid without Vietnam? Acid when the press and the movies have cocaine running relentlessly around their highly collective brain (although *High Times* runs the cover line WELCOME BACK LSD and quotes a nationwide price of \$2 to \$3 a trip)? Acid without freakouts?

Nancy Shannon, an intense, 30-ish woman who speaks as if she has learned to cover a lot of ground in 50 minutes, was, until recently, the clinical director of Do It Now, an eleven-year-old, nonprofit, "nonjudgmental" drug-abuse counseling agency in Hollywood, funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. (She has since started an independent counseling center.)

"In the late '60s," Shannon says, "we were seeing a lot of LSD freakouts. We don't see that anymore. I think a lot of that is cultural change. A lot of freakouts were people responding to propaganda, to a cultural milieu that sent implicit messages that it was not okay to alter your consciousness in that way. A bad-vibe kind of message. What we see now are a lot of people who are doing it and not having any trouble with it."

"The experience generally has changed. I think in the '60s, especially after '66 when it became illegal, there was a sense of defiance—a matter of 'They don't want us to take it and we know it's good and let's do it.' Now it's much more accepted to let on that you've tried LSD, and as a result the sense of community that grew out of that defiance has diminished. It's not

like We Are the Flower Children, but rather I Am Myself, in my own world, doing it for me. I think people still get insights about politics on LSD, but rather than taking that energy and going out with it, they're keeping it to themselves and saying, 'The way I'm going to cope with it in my life is this.' A great many people in the medical and health professions, healers, doctors, psychologists, having gone through their own LSD experiences, have been trying to find out how to do that without the drug, through meditation, Zen, yoga and kundalini."

And then there are the great many people who are still doing

it *with acid*, like Terry. "The first time I took it, in '68, absolutely nothing happened," Terry says. "I was terribly disappointed. I had *studied* acid. I was fascinated by Leary, Alpert, Metzner, all those people at Harvard, and I'd been reading *Life* magazine, which had a great special issue on it, with people cringing in the corners looking at their cats—really marvelous stuff; it made me think, 'Boy, I need to have this *right away*.' But, the first time, no effect; and the second time, almost no effect."

"The third time, this friend came down from San Francisco with what he claimed was direct from Owsley. And it was 1,000 mikes, which is more than anyone should ever take, of course. Well, I totally lost it." He giggles at some length. (Street dosages in the '60s generally were between

250 and 500 micrograms. Today, 100 to 200 seems to be the norm.) "There was a strobe light in the room, and I was leaning with my face against it, and my mind was so accelerated and unfixed that when the strobe was on at full speed, it would flash once and I would have a *dozen* hallucinations and I would be surprised when the strobe flashed again. And it was going *toogatoogatoogatooga*, you know."

"The important thing about that first time was the deep-down understanding that Other Things can happen. To suddenly look out of your own eyes and have the world be radically different, although you remember what it looked like yesterday and you're quite sure you know how it will look tomorrow, but right now things are different—that's a revelation over and above the content of the specific revelations I was having. The revelation that you can alter your mechanism. It's—when you're a baby and you see that that thing out there is *your*



“... ‘In around—let’s see,
time is a difficult thing
for me to conceptualize—
in ’73 or ’74, I began
having difficulty with acid’...”

hand and *you* can make it go, instead of it being Mommy or those cars outside the window.

"So after that I was sold. For a couple years, I did it as much as three times a week, never less than once a month. Then I got out of college and started having jobs, so it got to be less, but it's never gotten below six or eight times a year.

"The biggest difference in the experience now is that you don't have *Dragnet* telling you that you're going to go crazy. People who took acid went freaky, back at the beginning, because they were told they were going to."

Is increased purity of the drug another factor in the lowered incidence of freak-outs? Nancy Shannon doubts it. "With PCP or hard narcotics, you see a lot of cutting agents, but LSD doesn't come in a form where you want more bulk, where you'd put some kind of powder in it. It's usually been fairly pure. Occasionally, people will add speed to it, and most people who have any knowledge of LSD and/or speed will know immediately, if they take it, that the speed is there, and they won't buy quantities of that kind of LSD."

Terry disagrees. "I think it's gotten much cleaner. There was a drop-off in quality in '71, '72—you could still find stuff but it was dirty. Everyone talks about speed in acid, but speed costs too much to cut acid with. It was just ... dirty batches of acid. It had lots of by-products in it, which gave you body jangles. There's much less of that today."

SO I'M WRAPPING UP my tape recorder and thanking Terry for the interview when he says, "Wait a minute, I have to ask you a question: Have you taken acid?"

Well, uh, no, I tell him—my principal drug behavior involves home-roasted coffee (sometimes as much as four cups, which is more than anyone should ever take, of course), and I have been restrained from sampling acid thus far by (a) a belief that the drug could impart no cosmic information not available from Bach, Pound and John Coltrane, and (b) a degree of cowardice exceeded only by my ability to rationalize it. But it occurs to me that being asked the inevitable question makes me feel very much on the spot, and not because I am stuck at some developmental tape-loop level that I haven't worked through yet. No,

there has always been this *thing* about acid as a literal test, a litmus of psychological okayness, and each of the bright people I'm interviewing seems to feel some version of that thing, which I think provides a clue to one of the subtler but farther-reaching effects of acid's celebrity in the '60s.

The people who got their hands on acid first were psychologists, who believed, at the time of its discovery in 1938, that it was a psychotomimetic drug—meaning that it duplicated, temporarily, the effects of schizophrenia and could be useful in research. When that thesis failed to stand up and LSD was

reclassified a psychedelic (perception enhancer) and hallucinogen, some psychologists held to the hope that it would be a useful therapeutic tool, providing faster access to the unconscious than conventional psychoanalysis (the most persuasive recent text in the field is Stanislav Grof's *Realms of the Human Unconscious: Observations From LSD Research*).

The professional interest in LSD dovetailed, sometimes incestuously, with the rise of the humanistic and Fourth Force movements in psychology—Esalen, encounter groups, extrasensory experimentation, Rolfing and similar. And the popular interest in LSD dovetailed just as incestuously with the transformation of elements of counterculture into cult cultures—Eckankar, Jesus freaks, Majaraj-Ji, Krish-

nettes and others who want you to miss your plane. And if there is one attitude held in common by all these unglued adherents, it is that they know something desperately important that no one else does. The question "Have you tried acid?", pronounced in the proper cadence of sincere urgency, sounds remarkably like "Have you been saved?" as posed by a Moonie. Over the past ten years or so, these apposite inquiries have mutated into dozens of other forms. Have you been Rolfed, have you been gamed, are you *really* being honest, are you still eating meat, have you taken our free personality test, have you had your polarity massaged? It isn't really surprising that acid—a chemical agent, after all, that adapts to each user's biases and frame of mind—should now be promoting introspection rather than visions of revolution. And it never did live up to some of its more extravagant notices, such as the power to nullify egos. (Who do you know with a nullified ego, I



“...‘People went freaky back at the beginning because *Dragnet* was telling them they were going to’...”

mean *really* nullified?) But if any one cultural consequence can be laid firmly at its doorstep, it's probably that Have-you-been-saved tropism, the introduction of a deceptively Buddhist backspin to the old some-are-more-equal gambit, to wit: We are all one, but only some of us can document it.

I MAKE arrangements to interview Daryl (in no way his real name), a Bay Area acid wholesaler who has just unleashed over 1,000 trips on the southern and midwestern United States. The arrangements are complicated, not because I have to be skin-searched and blindfolded by Daryl's intermediaries and driven to a country hideout, but because Daryl is working full-time in a retail store and only gets Sundays off. The acid business has a rather modest financial profile these days.

So I drive out to Daryl's house, a pleasant suburban rental in Livermore. He's 35, with a full beard and the looks and clothing tastes of a *Gentlemen's Quarterly* model. He started taking acid in the mid-'60s, but by 1972 he'd begun tapering off—"I don't know why, I enjoy it a lot, but I just got so busy . . . most of my friends stopped taking it so much, so the peer pressure kind of wore off. I started seeing a lot of cocaine among my friends in 1975, but it just seemed outrageously expensive to me." By Christmas, 1977, when he got the paper, he hadn't done acid at all for more than two years.

The paper: a card-weight sheet, about ten inches square, with a lacy purple print of a bird that recalled Indonesian paper cutting. "This friend of mine gave it to me for Christmas. At first I thought the acid was in the ink, but then I discovered that the whole sheet of *paper* had been soaked in acid, and there was a lot of white paper around the print, so there must have been about 1,000 hits. Excellent quality acid.

"I took it New Year's Eve and then started taking it two or three times a week, which is far more than I'd ever taken it in my life. It was *interesting* to take it that much. It was easy. It didn't interfere with my life. That's when I started realizing that a lot of people I knew were still interested in acid. I was really amazed at how many people wanted some, even people who hadn't taken it in years, and how many of them came back

for more. Then I discovered that this friend of mine who's a rather big dealer was selling a lot of acid. He opened this paper bag and he had fifteen grams in there, which is about 60,000 hits. I said, 'Gosh, I didn't know there were that many people taking acid in the whole Bay Area,' and he said that he sells very little in the Bay Area, that most of it goes to Canada. So I got about 1,700 hits from him, and sold about 700 in L.A., 500 in Cleveland, 500 in Atlanta. I just mailed it to the people—the pills are so small that you can get 500 of them in an envelope about one-inch square. Tiny lavender pills, even smaller than

what's called microdot. A bitch to count. But they're very strong, at least 200 mikes, and very good quality. My source has seen the manufacturing operation, and it's very professional—several people in a residence up in the Russian River area with tabbing machines, counting machines and the whole thing. I bought my 1,700 hits at 66 and 2/3 cents a hit and sold it for \$1.50. I hear that in Cleveland it went for about \$3 a hit. I understand that most of the stuff that went to Atlanta ended up in Baton Rouge and Miami, where it's going for \$5 a hit. The guy in L.A., having paid me \$1.50 a hit, will have a hard time making any money back at L.A. prices, but he bought it mainly as samples.

"My Cleveland contact is upper-middle-class black. My source is of Latin extraction and from a poor background. I understand that acid is finally becoming very popular in the black community. I have a customer who's gay, who tells me stories about the gay drug scene in San Francisco, which is very heavy, and he says that acid is becoming real popular as a sex drug there. I hear a lot about kids taking it—I'm 35, and I have friends with thirteen-year-old kids, and some of them are doing it."

Are there as many people taking acid now as there were in 1968? "I bet you anything there are more. There are fewer people taking it in the Bay Area now, but a lot more elsewhere in the country. It's less concentrated geographically. The junior high school kids in Green Bay, Wisconsin, are taking it."

"There are *many* more people taking acid now," Terry says. "It's just that, these days, it's continuing and expanding slowly. In '66, '67, you had an explosion, and that won't happen again,



“...‘There are fewer people taking LSD in the Bay Area now, but a lot more elsewhere—like Green Bay, Wisconsin’...”

because it's already here—it's like TV. TV had a massive effect on people in the late '40s and early '50s, and it continues to have its effect, but it will never have that instantaneous impact again because it's not new.

"I have a nephew who's just turned eighteen. When he was twelve, he came and stayed with me for a while and I gave him half a hit of Sunshine, and we went to the zoo, had a great time. He was here in 1977 with some friends of his, they'd all just graduated high school in New Orleans and one of the things they were doing on this trip was to go to San Francisco so they could walk around the Haight on the tenth anniversary of the Summer of Love. And it boggled me that these kids even *care*. It's the dead past, what possible difference could it make? And yet, to these kids, it was a major thing in the way they thought about themselves. They're not really being nostalgic, and they're not intellectuals either—they're just semibright New Orleans good old boys who happen to like LSD more than bourbon.

"And I don't feel like a stereotype. Some people have walked into this room and said, 'Oh, how '60s,' and I think, 'Am I complimented, or did he just call me an asshole?' But I have 40 close friends, 30 of whom drop regularly. And I'm the least successful person in the group—there are Ph.D.s, M.D.s, psychologists, teachers, authors. Maybe you can stereotype me, but certainly not them. It's an extremely varied group, financially, sexually, philosophically."

IN A WAY, IT'S ENCOURAGING to see all these people taking LSD again, or still. The LSD itself is not the encouraging part (just another drug and their business anyway). What is encouraging is that the people, having been duly notified of a new, 99 percent acid-free order more than five years ago by *Time* and *Newsweek* and the dailies and television, did not get with the program. They read that psychedelics were over with, and all that that entailed, but—contrary little bastards!—they would not do what they were told. They boogied not down; neither would they become account execs that they might afford Peruvian flake. The media could deal with acid okay in the context of funny clothes and light shows, and what

they can deal with in the present context is cocaine, and what they have never liked is the intrusion of messy anomalies. And acid, well, acid is in the anomaly *business*. Its current renaissance is one instance of what you might call cultural disobedience—an idea with which Terry, for one, has always been comfortable:

"When I was real small, I used to watch *M Squad* on television, and I had a fascination for the heroin addicts. *M Squad* had Lee Marvin, back when he was really lean and tough and made Jack Webb look like a sissy. Lee Marvin was just out

there *snarling*, a mean cop who always had to deal with the scum of society, and he ran into junkies a lot. And I could never figure them out, because everyone around them knew that what they were doing was the worst thing for them, that it was making them commit crimes, that they were going to die and that it cost a lot of money. And yet they did it. And I wondered, what can motivate you to do so many self-negating things? It sounded like they must have something there, that somehow it was more important than the ordinary considerations they were running up against. It was like they were martyrs or saints or, I don't know, really dedicated people. And in the real environment of people I ate dinner with and went to school with, I'd never, seen a dedicated person in my

life. In fact, I'd never seen anybody that wouldn't do anything for \$10 an hour more.

"So from that point of view, drugs seemed neat to me. I mean, I was eleven, so that's what they seemed: neat. I was sure I was gonna try that, although I didn't know if I'd like it. As it turned out, I don't like downers at all—they're boring, and I can go to sleep by myself. I like cocaine but I can't afford it. Through my job I have access to nitrous oxide, which is just a *marvelous* drug. When done in combination with psychedelics, it's beyond description. Two or three breaths and there you are, talking to the center of existence. You almost never remember what it says, and it really doesn't matter because it doesn't say much anyway. Most of the time it says GNNRRRRRRRR!"

And what do you say back to it, Terry?

"You say, 'Right! Right! Absolutely!'"

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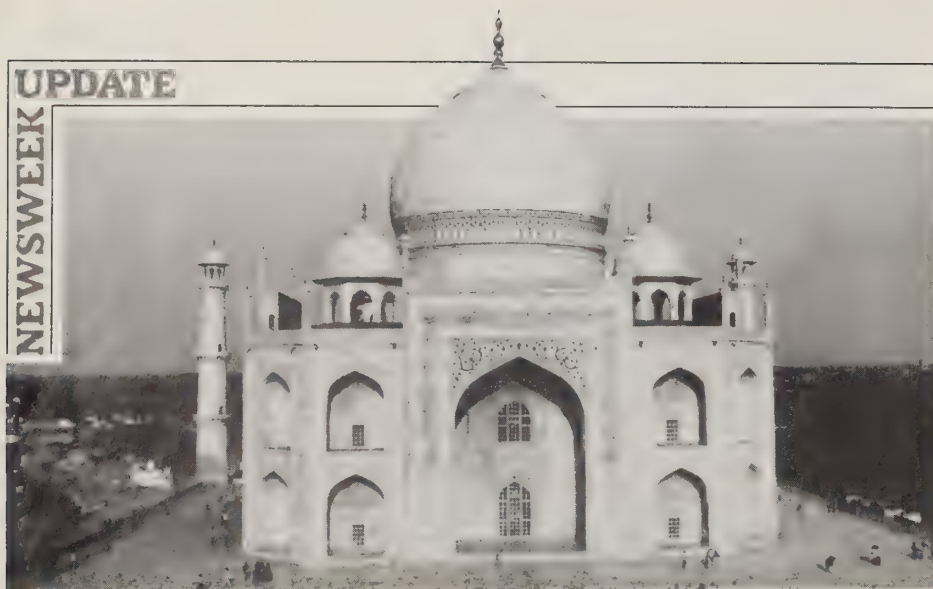
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Endangered shrine: Modern times erode the gleaming marble

POLLUTION PITS THE TAJ MAHAL

The gleaming, white-marble **Taj Mahal** has withstood hot sun, monsoon rains and frequent earthquake tremors in Agra, India, for more than 300 years. Now, it is in danger of succumbing to the ravages of industrial air pollution.

The area around Agra has been industrializing rapidly in recent years. The city has a railway yard, two thermal power plants and 250 small iron foundries—all of which burn coal and emit billows of smoke. As a result, says India's former culture minister, Renuka Devi Barkataki, "discoloration, flaking, pitting and blackening of fractured portions have been observed on the marble stones of the Taj Mahal." And damage to the monument is likely to get a lot worse if the government completes construction of a controversial, \$250 million oil refinery in Mathura, which is just 24 miles north of Agra.

'SAFETY MEASURES': A committee appointed by the government reported in 1976 that locating the plant in Mathura "would make only a negligible impact on the surrounding environment." Since then, the government-owned Indian Oil Corp., which is building the refinery with aid from the Soviet Union, has promised to take "all precautions and safety measures." These include installing special machinery to contain corrosive sulfur-dioxide emissions and substituting a low-sulfur crude oil from Bombay for the Middle Eastern crude it had originally planned on using.

"My countrymen need have no fear about the pollution causing any damage to the Taj," said former petroleum minister H. N. Bahuguna in June. "If we find pollution is damaging the Taj, we will close the refinery."

But environmentalists and archaeologists are not mollified by the government's promises. Neither, it seems, is the Depart-

ment of Tourism. It has called for relocation of the refinery on the ground that the \$175 million that has already been sunk into the project is nothing compared to the money India will lose if a discolored and disintegrating Taj Mahal stops drawing visitors. As India's biggest tourist attraction, the building accounts for much of the country's \$500 million annual tourist trade.

Experts predict that the refinery will spew out more than 60 tons of the corrosive sulfur dioxide every day, and that much of it will be carried toward Agra on the prevailing winds. "While humans, animals and plants have certain built-in mechanisms to neutralize a certain degree of pollution or even recover from their adverse effects," says Indian environmental engineer Tippineni Shivaji Rao, "the process of marble decay is not only irreversible but proceeds at an exponential rate." If the government doesn't move the refinery, says Rao, the Taj Mahal "will crumble down in 30 years."

ONCE A PANTHER, NOW A CRUSADER

Former Black Panther leader **Eldridge Cleaver** opened a Hollywood boutique last year featuring what he calls his "revolutionary design in male pants"—trousers with a prominent codpiece. Cleaver, 44, is still selling the pants, but is devoting most of his time now to another project: the Eldridge Cleaver Crusades. Acknowledging that this is quite a departure from his earlier life, Cleaver says wryly that "everybody's doing something else. If Tom Hayden can run for senator, why can't I be a Christian?"

Cleaver fled the U.S. in 1968 rather than face charges of assault and attempted murder stemming from a shoot-out between the Panthers and the Oakland, Calif., police. During his exile he became a born-again Christian, and in 1975 returned to the U.S. and surrendered to the FBI. Now out on

\$100,000 bail, he has been preaching on college campuses and planning his "crusades."

In May, Cleaver bought 80 acres of land in the Nevada desert that he plans to turn into crusade headquarters. There is nothing on the property yet except an army tent where Cleaver lives and two tall poles—each topped with a cross and an American flag. But if he gets enough contributions from his followers, Cleaver wants to build a multimillion-dollar facility on the property and use it for retreats, conventions and seminars—all designed, he says, for "the spiritual uplifting of people." There won't be many permanent residents, however. "We are not," Cleaver says somewhat defensively, "building another Jonestown."

'BEWARE': The ex-radical is issuing warnings based on his "visions." In one, he saw California struck by a natural disaster, and says that "immediate steps must be taken by the Federal government to evacuate the state." And he has a chilling warning for California Gov. Jerry Brown. "There are those around you who seek your blood, who have already agreed to kill you before the election of 1980, before the Democratic convention. Beware of those unto whom you go for love. Beware of the woman whose voice you hear."

Cleaver's trial was postponed several times while he waged legal battles to suppress key evidence against him—evidence he claims the government obtained in illegal searches. But the state Supreme Court recently ruled against his claim, and the trial is now expected to begin this fall. Conviction on all six felony counts could mean a 72-year prison term. If it does, Cleaver says, he will accept the sentence as being "the will of the Lord."

EILEEN KEERDOJA with PAMELA ABRAMSON
in San Francisco

Cleaver in the desert: Visions of doom

James D. Wilson—Newsweek



A Window on History

But the view of Hartford's Old State House will cost you

During the 18th century, the English had to pay taxes on the windows in their houses. When another kind of window tax was proposed in Hartford, Conn., last year, the good citizens responded enthusiastically. The beneficiary of the revenue, after all, was not the British war chest but a restoration fund for the nation's oldest statehouse, a building that dates back to 1796. The method of taxation was unorthodox: \$5 for every window with a view of the historic building.

A three-story federal-style structure of red brick and stone, the Old State House in downtown Hartford was designed by the new nation's foremost architect, Charles Bulfinch, who later did extensive work on the nation's Capitol. Having served as the seat of state government from 1796 to 1878 and the city hall from 1879 to 1915, the building was declared a landmark in 1960 and turned into a museum of Connecticut history. Since then, however, maintenance funds have been scarce, and city officials began to talk of razing the deteriorating edifice to make way for office buildings.

Alarmed, local residents formed the Old State House Association in 1975 and organized a fund drive with a goal of \$850,000 for restoration, and \$1 million for an endowment to maintain it. They raised \$1,530,000. Although large corporate donations accounted for the bulk of the money, the group decided to press for wider community involvement. "Some of us were talking about how in the early days, the neighbors of the Old State House



The landmark seen from a nearby office
A voluntary tax on intangible wealth.

had a grounds committee that took care of the building," explains former University of Connecticut President Homer Babbidge Jr. "Since most of the neighbors are now in skyscrapers, we could not ask them to come out and clean up. So I brought up the idea of asking everyone who had a window view of the grounds to pay a voluntary tax."

A "viewing rights committee" was established forthwith, and Yale University Junior Alison Wondriska, 20, took a window-to-window census. Calling on small restaurants and shops as well as firms located in nearby high-rises, Wondriska determined that 1,600 windows had full views of the site. Some people gave even more than their share, and the window tax campaign raised some \$8,700 within eight months. Next week Connecticut will celebrate Rededication Day to mark the completion of work on the building.

Some of the companies paid the \$5 fees themselves; others asked for contributions from their employees. Henceforth, the tax will be collected annually, and contributors will receive tax stamps in the form of decals which they can paste on their windows—presumably in spots that will not obstruct the view.

As with any tax law, though, complications exist. "There are questions to be raised," says Babbidge. "Will the viewing rights tax not be seen as an insidious first step toward taxation of intangible wealth? Doesn't simple fairness suggest that windows of differing size be assessed differently? How about pedestrians, bus riders and loiterers: are they to be free-loaders while the middle class is once again taxed to subsidize their pleasures?" Such problems aside, there is still some comfort for the assessed: the window tax is tax-deductible. ■

Smashed to Bits

Since last October, a two-ton green granite sculpture has been on display outside an uptown Manhattan art gallery. Valued at \$80,000, the abstract 8-ft.-high *Ubatuba* (named after the Brazilian town where the granite was quarried) was the work of French Sculptor Antoine Poncet, a disciple of Jean Arp. Poncet hoped that *Ubatuba* would bring "a fresh and pure breath" to a city he calls "New York—the Tough." He was pleased that Gallery Owner Jacob Weintraub had put the sculpture outdoors "because there it comes in contact with the people." New Yorkers were pleased too: they often stopped to run their hands over the sculpture's smooth, glossy surface. But Poncet did not reckon just how tough New York could be:

one night last week unseen vandals pulled *Ubatuba* from its pedestal, smashing it into bits.

The following day, Joseph Ternbach, an art restorer who has worked with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, examined the shattered fragments and announced that he could mend *Ubatuba* in two months. New York Senator Daniel Moynihan, one of the sculpture's more vocal admirers, then called a fund-raising meeting, where the Art Dealers Association of America volunteered to underwrite the \$2,000 needed for restoration. Poncet, who worked on *Ubatuba* over a five-year period, was less optimistic that all the Senator's men could ever put *Ubatuba* back together again. "Everything would be destroyed in terms of its integrity and its authenticity," he said sadly. "I don't know how all this will end."



The sculpture in former days



Ciochon (kneeling at left) and Savage with Burmese team in the Pondaung Hills

Asian Roots?

Burmese find stirs speculation

Where did the primate line that led to man really originate? Lately most of the evidence has pointed to Africa, where scientists have found the bones of a knuckle-walking ape called *Dryopithecus*, a creature that lived some 20 million years ago and is generally believed to have given rise to both apes and man. This ape's own ancestors seem likely to have lived in Africa as well. As Exhibit A, Duke University Anthropologist Elwyn Simons offered fossils, found near Cairo, of a tree-dwelling primate 30 million years old; Simons christened the creature *Aegyptopithecus*. Last week, however, a team of Burmese and American scientists created a stir in anthropological circles when they announced that they had found primate fossils in Burma that may be 40 million years old. That could plant man's roots in Southeast Asia.

The telltale fossils, as described by Paleontologist Donald Savage of the University of California, Berkeley, and Anthropologist Russell Ciochon of the University of North Carolina, Charlotte, are four lower-jaw fragments. They were found in an ancient seabed in the Pondaung Hills west of Mandalay, embedded below a layer of marine organisms called foraminifera, dating from about 40 million years ago. Associated with the find were other fossils of animals known to have lived during the same period, lending more weight to the fragments' apparent place in time and indicating that the Pondaung Hills had also supported lizards, several kinds of turtles and monstrous crocodiles.

The fossil bones and teeth were not,

in fact, the first fragments found in the area. During the 1920s, before Burma broke away from British domination and became an independent country, scientists found similar specimens. The fossils were poorly preserved, but they seemed to represent two slightly differing kinds of primates that were named *Pondaungia* and *Amphipithecus*, and their discovery persuaded some anthropologists that the roots of the higher primates lay in Asia. Of the new fragments, all but one have been matched with the original finds.

Both creatures appear to have weighed roughly 30 lbs. and somewhat resembled a rhesus monkey in body form and size. Their diet was probably fruits and other vegetation. As Savage says: "They were a sort of monkey with apelike teeth, bouncing through the trees." They could thus emerge as an earlier common ancestor than *Aegyptopithecus* of both apes and monkeys, and as a link back to such lower primates as lemurs and tarsiers. That might put them very near the start of anthropoid evolution; Ciochon speculates that they may have migrated into Africa via western Asia to evolve into later ancestors of early man.

Before most anthropologists agree to accept Asia as the seedbed of the evolution of higher primates, however, more evidence will have to be gathered. Ciochon and Savage plan a return to the Burmese site before year's end. "The door's opened a crack now," says Ciochon, and he and Savage hope to work on a long-range joint project, with any future finds to be placed in Burmese institutions. The four jaw fragments have already been turned over to the Burmese government. Part of the reason is safekeeping. Another part, as the American scientists admit, is to keep them safe from any Burmese jawboning about scientific theft. ■

Sexy Strategy

Fooling the crafty cockroach

For some 300 million years, the cockroach has survived the ravages of nature and, lately, the best efforts of man to squash it, spray it or bug-bomb it into extinction. Some 3,600 species of the hardy creature thrive in a variety of habitats all over the world. Now one of the most common species in the U.S., *Periplaneta americana*, or the American cockroach,* may be hit by a blow below the belt: scientists have synthesized periplanone B, a chemical that acts as one of the female roaches' essences d'amour.

A whiff of periplanone B from a female acts as an aphrodisiac for male American roaches, prompting them to mate. If the males are overwhelmed by a massive man-made dose, however, they may become too confused to find mates, and thus will fail to procreate.

This sex strategy has been touted as a promising approach in pest control. But the search for the complex roach excitant was a needle-in-the-haystack challenge. For Dutch Entomologist C.J. Persoons, the breakthrough came with new techniques for separating chemicals. Working with 75,000 virgin female roaches, Persoons gleaned a precious 200 millionths of a gram of periplanone B. That was enough for him to analyze the compound and to work out a possible structure for it. Then Chemist W. Clark Still at Columbia University synthesized a compound so potent that a drop could stimulate close to one million tons of male roaches.

Unfortunately, no amount of synthetic periplanone B is apt to stimulate an entire roach species into extinction. As rueful scientists have found in using pesticides, a few hardy roaches can usually survive a chemical spray because of some lucky genetic abnormality and will then propagate a new generation of spray-resistant offspring. Declares Entomologist Louis Roth, a pioneer in roach research: "The best we can hope for is to reduce their numbers."

Believe it or not, a reduction in roach ranks may be a better solution than extinction. Different roach species figure in the food cycles of lizards and birds. Moreover, loathsome as it may seem, entomologists speculate that roaches may some day be a source of nutrition for humans. ■



American roach

*Despite the name, the German cockroach, *Blattella germanica*, is probably most familiar to U.S. city dwellers as a kitchen nemesis. The American roach is often found where food is stored.

Los Angeles Times

Sun., July 1, 1979—Part VI 3

of Outrage: a Talk With Garrett Hardin

when it is in difficulties over the steep climb. One doesn't think about brakes, it spoils the enjoyment of the occasion.

Arrival at the end of the road brings shouts and a deluge of cheerful greetings. That we arrive at all is a matter of congratulations, and the towering stairway of ninety steep and narrow stone steps is truly welcomed. The passengers are disgorged at the base of this monumental stone stairway, carved with either a crocodile or enormous lizard on the balustrades. Flickers of Angkor Wat and the Bayon in Cambodia came to mind.

Reaching the top of the stairs, the sigh of relief is replaced with an exclamation of the wonder of the vista stretching before us—soaring large buildings, and huge stones paved across the entire area.

Nias is considered the largest megalithic culture in the world . . . stone culture . . . there are so many stones! And they, each and every one, mean something. Each has been put into place with great ceremony. Everything is ceremonial—and ritualistic, because there are many spirits to appease. The stones are very important—not for just walking, sitting or standing, but as shelters for the skulls of ancestors, and the omnipresent souls of ancestors abide in these stones, and in the slabs of stones mounted as huge seats. Then, there are the woodcarvings, in the shapes of people, houses, unidentifiable creatures—but important, for after all, they too are inhabited by spirits. The carvings are spread out for purchase, even though they are not considered tourist souvenirs by the Nias people; perhaps the living Niassans are enjoying a joke with their ancestors, for the wooden figures—termed *adu*—are intermediaries between the living and the dead, the quick and not so quick, as well as

guardians of the homes, custodians of morals—warding off curses of enemies.

But now the figures are being sent traveling, in the tourists' eager hands. Who knows what messages they are intended to carry? They are going out to all parts of the world, for the destinations of the tourists are varied. After all, the Nias people say that everything is inhabited by spirits, ancestors or otherwise. To them, the rainbow is a fishing net for their god-ancestor Lature. Human and animal sacrifices are in order—on propitious occasions—including burial of living slaves, upon the burial of a dead master.

Do they still do it? Shall we say, the practices are discouraged.

Neighboring villages fight neighboring villages—and when a head is decapitated, victory is acknowledged by licking the blood from the knife. Slaves are taken in warfare, as well as for indebtedness. Seldom is the tourist briefed before the visit, which lasts about an hour and a half.

During this time war dances are performed, the women of Nias dance; and there are the jumpers.

The jumpers! Nothing else compares to them. The Nias men are about five-feet-five-inches tall at most—and many are less. They jump over a pyramidal stone pillar seven feet high and more than a meter in width at the top. A running jump. Defying gravity, they fly—they soar—directing their bodies in incomparable postures of freedom.

Usually, athletic forms are not especially graceful, however agile. Ballet is stylized. But these jumpers are the closest to the dream of bodily flying. Delacroix or Gericault, constantly painting to catch people in bodily action, what they would have given to have been able to witness the Nias jumpers jumping!

The history of Nias is uncertain.



There are ancient mariner legends which refer to Nias as the "island of gold," written in Arabic manuscripts beginning A.D. 851, which provide the first written references of which we have knowledge.

The origins of Nias people are unknown: a mystery of isolated people who are inheritors of an ancient culture. Evidence of advanced culture abound in the stone and wooden sculptures—the paved stone streets on top of mountains, and the towering stone stairs with carved stone balustrades.

The large slabs of stone, with an individual weight of several tons each have been brought from quarries in the lowlands two miles away, and then taken up the original 800 stone steps by 500 men carrying one slab.

The great wooden pillars, supporting the multistoried wooden houses, are brought to Nias in native craft from the Batoe Islands, twelve hours' distance by steamer. The warriors are garbed in a panoply of metal coats, which formerly were constructed out of rhinoceros hide; there are helmets, varying headgear and enormous masks; the round neck pieces of thin rings of carabao horn (denoting nobility or headhunting); razor-sharp daggers in decoated brass sheaths, nesting in an amulet cluster of tiger-teeth, with a dash of tiger whiskers.

There are magicians and shamans who talk with the spirits through the wooden images; there are the women and children who peer through the slats from the upper stories of the houses; the warriors in their colorful, awesome costumes and ferocious masks; there are the jumpers jumping over the megaliths.

Altogether, there is an aura of enchantment. These are the people of Nias.

W

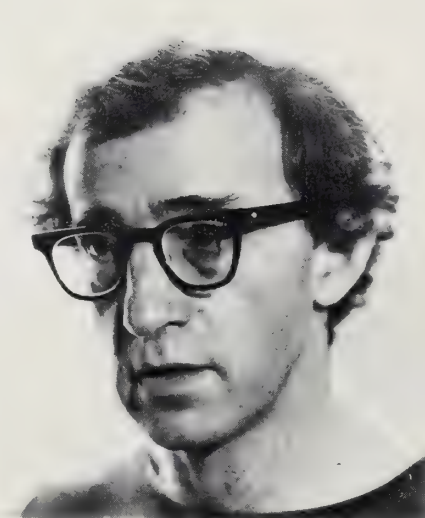
On Film

BY CHANCE, I was listening this afternoon to Beethoven's complex and exalted chamber work, his string quartet in B-Flat Major, Opus 130—the one with the gloriously melodic *Cavatina*, and the one for which he had originally composed the *Grosse Fugue* as a finale. And I found myself wondering what could possibly have been the impact of this massive, demanding work upon its original audiences. Did they recognize it as a crowning achievement in a long career that had steadily evolved beyond the classic graces of Haydn and Mozart, reaching out toward the freedom and passion of the 19th century Romantics? Or did they say, "Gee, I sure loved those Opus 18 quartets. Why can't Beethoven write music like that any more?"

I mention this because today we are also watching an artist in the process of evolving: Woody Allen. And forgive me, but I'm not going to make any apologies for drawing this analogy. In retrospect, we all know that Beethoven was a titantic genius. I don't think it should take 100 years to tell us that Allen is a film artist in the process of spectacular growth. If last year's *Interiors* didn't convince you, this year's *Manhattan* should.

Interiors was a somber movie, a Bergmanesque exploration of relationships enlivened only by the presence of Maureen Stapleton, the sole life-affirming character in a movie that seemed to dwell upon the sterility and self-defeatism of today's brightest, most attractive, most "with it" people. There wasn't much hope for a happy future there on the dark, cold sands at the end of *Interiors*. Nor is there much hope for happiness at the end of *Manhattan*, although the tone of the two films is markedly different.

Manhattan marks a return to the comedic style of *Annie Hall* (just as, if I may continue the analogy for just one more moment, Beethoven's Opus 95 *Serioso* quartet marked the return, however deepened, to the style and dash of his earlier compositions).



Woody Allen is the Man in Manhattan

Manhattan is Allen's *Serioso*. Superficially, it's a comedy, brimming with the familiar Woody Allen laugh lines. Riding with Diane Keaton in a taxi, he says, "You're so beautiful I can hardly keep my eyes on the meter."

But underneath, Allen is pondering the morality of a society that permits people to change partners and dance. It's not the switching that bothers him. He blithely leaves gorgeous Mariel Hemingway for the fascinations of sophisticated Diane Keaton. Keaton has just been dumped by Allen's best friend, Michael Murphy, who, after their adulterous affair, decides he really ought to return to his wife. Allen has been dumped by his own wife, Meryl Streep, who, he explains, "left me for another woman." But when Keaton decides that Murphy is the one she really loves, Allen goes looking again for Hemingway—and finds that he's too late.

What Allen is really talking about, in the guise of the comic muse, is the basic immorality of people who treat love lightly, who hurt other people in their search for their own gratification.

He says it funny, but *Manhattan* has to be the darkest comedy since Preston Sturges' *Hail the Conquering Hero* or Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*. In the Sturges and Chaplin films, we were forced to face sobering truths about our institutions; in Allen's movie, we

are forced to face sobering truths about ourselves.

For this kind of black comedy, the decision to go with starkly black-and-white photography was commendable, even though it may not please the managers of drive-in theaters. Color makes everything too pretty, too glamorous—and this obviously was not Allen's intent. When, after giving up his job as a successful writer of a TV comedy show, he moves into cramped and uncomfortable quarters, the last thing in the world he would want is to glamorize them in Technicolor (even though his black-and-white prints were processed by Technicolor).

With his meticulous attention to detail, Allen saw to it that the movie was previewed only days before it was unleashed on the general public. I'm not altogether convinced that this is a great idea. Critics, along with advertising and publicity (which the studio has to pay for), help set the tone of a film. They let an audience know that when they plunk down \$4.50 to see *The Deer Hunter*, they're not going to see *Ice Castles*. Allen's movie, I believe, needs this kind of precognition. It needs an audience that knows it's not going to see *Bananas* or *Take the Money and Run*—or, for that matter, *Interiors*. It needs an audience braced for the piquance of George Gershwin show tunes from the Twenties (without a single direct reference to Manhattan among them), and the novelty of Gordon Willis's evocative black-and-white photography which drew a warm round of applause from a preview audience.

I don't know why I shouldn't say it. For me, in *Manhattan*, Woody Allen has made the leap to Beethoven's Opus 95. That still leaves plenty of *opera* to go, and I have no doubt that Allen will be at least as provocative in the years ahead.

While I have no hesitancy about giving my genius award to Woody Allen, I'd also like to commend to your attention a considerably younger man, Jonathan Demme, and his new movie,

Last Embrace. *Last Embrace* is the kind of title that makes sense only after you've seen the film, which I urge you to do. Not because it's the greatest mystery picture of all time, although I defy anyone to guess who is the actual villain before private investigator Roy Scheider comes up with the answer. What matters here is the *style* of the thing, and the youthful Demme has it. Not since Hitchcock's palmiest days has anyone contrived to keep us so off guard, so unaware, so unprepared.

Even before the credits, Scheider and his wife are ambushed in a cafe. When the credits clear, the wife is dead and Scheider, his nerves shot, is being released from a psychiatric clinic, still psychotic enough to believe that just about everyone out there is out to get him. His usefulness for the super-secret governmental agency for which he worked is apparently over (chillingly symbolized in a scene in which Christopher Walken, his agency boss, feeds his photo to a paper-shredding machine). A graveyard encounter with rock-faced Charles Napier, his erstwhile brother-in-law, suggests that vengeance might be the motive. The icy Scheider "hasn't been too careful with people."

Actually, it turns out to be none of these likely suspects. Instead, when Scheider returns to his Manhattan apartment, he finds that it has been sublet to Janet Margolin, a research scientist with a special interest in Jewish history. With considerable misgivings on both sides, they join forces, and she introduces him to some possibly helpful aides.

Scheider's search leads him from a Lower East Side synagogue to the ivy-clad walls of Princeton University, and eventually on to the very brink of Niagara Falls. And, mainly thanks to Demme's style of shooting, every new "helper" that Scheider encounters along the way—Princeton professor John Glover, Jewish authority Sam Levene, Rabbi Andrew Drexler—becomes a possible suspect.

The ultimate revelation comes as something of a cheat and a letdown, and the climactic sequence at Niagara Falls seems both over-prolonged and unlikely. Why can't a movie ever end when it's over? But Demme, with his

way of opening a scene in full shot, then boring in for the details, his way of transforming the ordinary into the ominous, his penchant for making us suspect even the most innocent of characters—all of these, underlined by a quietly suspenseful score by the masterful Miklos Rosza, turn *Last Embrace* into the kind of old-fashioned chiller that kept us on the edge of our chairs when Hitchcock was in his prime. Scheider offers a compelling,

although hardly complimentary, characterization as the man on the run. Levene is all warmth and wisdom as the Hebrew scholar who helps him, and Janet Margolin displays a fire and intensity well beyond anything required of her in recent years. It's the first film of size that young Demme has had to work with, and it more than confirms the faith that we critics have invested in him to date.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT

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with that pain for years and was told by a podiatrist that foot surgery was the only proper course of treatment. I've been wearing your supports for about two months, and I've not had even a twinge of pain from those calluses. Furthermore, they are shrinking in size and feel softer. I find I am able to stay on my feet for considerably longer periods of time, and I no longer have that 'tired' backache every evening. Thank you again for the vast improvement your product has made in my life."

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On Music

IN MY BOOK *Facing the Music* I devoted an entire chapter to symphony conductors, entitled "Speak Loudly and Carry a Small Stick." Several years ahead of the current explosion of articles on the subject, I expounded the phenomenon of the high life expectancy of symphony conductors, analyzing the reasons in psycho-analytical terms that would have made Sigmund Freud blush with envy. Now the time has come to issue a stern warning against a fanatical movement that appears to be gaining momentum. Thousands of health-conscious Americans, desperately eager for longevity, propose to give up jogging in favor of conducting.

Alas, my dear friends, all is not gold that glitters. Allow me to shed the cold light of scientific fact on the reverse side of the conductorial medal. It is not because I dread the prospect of increasing competition in my own field—although there is a little of that too. My major purpose is to save my fellow citizens from possible disillusionment after trading their Adidas shoes and sweatshirts for baton and scores.

The truth is that for every conductor who lives to be 95, like Stokowski (I believe no other conductor lived that long), or Monteux and Klemperer who made it to their late 80s, or the Frenchman Paul Paray who at 93 still swings a mean stick, there are as many and more conductors who failed to cross that mysterious barrier beyond which lie the supposed decades of irrepressible vigor reserved for conductors only. A recent tragic example was the gifted Thomas Schippers, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, who died at 47. A considerable number of celebrated conductors during the past decades died in their early 60s: Jean Martinon, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Arthur Rodzinski, Erich Kleiber, Fritz Busch. Eduard van Beinum died at 57, Barbirolli at 73, Koussevitzky at 69, Steinberg at 78 after ailing for several years. Britten, Shostakovich, Hindemith, Prokofiev, Ravel, all of whom were composers

first and conductors second, died in their 60s.

I hope I have made my point clear: Joggers beware! Continue to leap before you look. Know the score before you impale yourselves on a baton.

This year's Academy Awards and the recognition given to film composers reminded me again of the yawning chasm between the material affluence of the successful film composer and the demand for his services in this field on the one hand, and his inability to obtain public performances of his concert compositions on the other. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this problem did not exist. Composers starved impartially, unless they were born rich like Mendelssohn or had wealthy patronesses like Tchaikovsky; earned an income



unrelated to music, like Borodin who was a professor of chemistry; cheated their way through life by selling the same manuscript to several publishers like Beethoven; or moonlighted as pianists, conductors or critics, like Brahms, Berlioz and Debussy. Most composers were lucky if their publishers paid them just enough to keep them alive and motivated while grinding out their next immortal masterpiece.

Regardless of whether Haydn and Mozart wrote a divertimento or serenade for a plebeian outdoor *Fressfest* or a palatial banquet, their compositions remain popular to this day. Symphony halls around the world reverberate to the strains of their music, under conductors ranging from such forbidding high priests as Von Karajan to the paternalistic Arthur Fiedler.

The trouble is that film music generally does not lend itself to this multiple purpose. Form, that sine qua non of

classical music, has been sacrificed on the Procrustes bed of the film score. When a given scene on the screen comes to an end after 18 and three-fourths seconds, be it through a dissolve or cut, the music illustrating the scene has to be reduced or expanded accordingly. A stopwatch is the film composer's compass. Imagine a sculptor being told to lop off a foot from his sculpture because of space limitations, or a painter reducing the size of a head in relation to the body, for the same reason. The film composer's score, except for the main title and possibly a few interludes, is largely illustrative, without an independent life of its own. Yes, there are notable exceptions, such as the symphonic recordings of some famous motion pictures, but that does not change the basic situation, which is one of profound frustration to the gifted and successful film composers who crave recognition in the concert hall.

Some of these composers end up with a split personality. The music they write for the film may call for juicy tunes and traditional harmonies, while, by temperament, they may want to follow in the footsteps of Bartók, Schönberg and Stockhausen. This is not to say that all film music leans on the traditional. Advanced compositional techniques have been used with exciting affect in a number of motion pictures. Nonetheless, there is a basic dichotomy.

If few film composers are successful on the concert stage, conversely, few of the leading concert and opera composers of our times have been spectacularly successful in motion pictures. Aaron Copland won an Oscar for *The Heiress*; Prokofiev wrote such enduring scores as *Lieutenant Kije* and *Alexander Nevsky*; Leonard Bernstein composed *West Side Story*. But, by and large, the really successful film composers are those who, with an unjustifiable touch of condescension, are lumped together as "Hollywood composers," including such names as Dmitri Tiomkin, Leonard Rosenman, Alex North, Miklos Rozsa, John Wil-

USC DOCUMENTARY

'A Void Home': Grace in Space

BY CURT BORMANN

A growing number of scientists, humanists and just plain people see space's endless frontier as the only alternative to an earth of dwindling natural resources.

These "space optimists"—interviewed in a USC school of journalism television documentary, "A Void Home"—view the energy crisis as a natural part of our evolutionary process and the negative nudge we need to begin building solar power satellites, and eventually space colonies.

Peter Vajk, author of "Doomsday Has Been Canceled," and an authority on space colonies interviewed in the documentary, envisions huge earth-orbiting solar power satellites, each capable of providing the energy needs of a city the size of Los Angeles.

"It's the trajectory of evolution," insists Timothy Leary. Leary, a frequent lecturer on space, discusses the evolutionary aspects of space in the documentary. "We were under water, and climbed to the shoreline. The DNA code has been working for 3.5 million years to get organisms to move faster, fly higher and become more diverse."

The 30-minute video project, which screened recently at USC, couldn't have been better timed. While the nation suffers from its dependence on oil and reexamines its commitment to nuclear power, "A Void Home" explores a new source of energy—solar power satellites.

Solar-powered satellites could convert the sun's energy into electrical potential via solar cells and transmit that energy by microwave beams to ground-based receiving stations, which would convert the microwaves back into electrical energy.

"A Void Home" points out that the technology exists, but that motivation and money are lacking. Cost estimates range from an opponent's claim of \$1.5 trillion to a proponent's estimate of \$100 billion over a 20-year period.

One possible answer to the prohibitive costs of building satellites on the ground and then shooting them into space, the documentary suggests, is to build them in space. The establishment of a colony on the moon would enable that planet's resources to be used to build satellites. Metal could be mined and processed on the moon, and because there is little gravity to hamper construction, there would be no limit to the size of the satellites.

Tom Heppenheimer, author of "Colonies in Space," and a planetary scientist interviewed in "A Void Home," claims there would be a 20 to 1 return on the investment in the form of new services, new products and new energy.

Besides the scientific and industrial aspects of space, the documentary also examines the cultural ramifications of moving into space.

Leary says that space migration and space colonies are the only alternatives to a "dead-end consciousness" on earth.

"People like Heppenheimer are going to tell you that it's got to be a serious business, that it's going to be unpleasant—it means they want to control it, as they control everything. And the reason we are going, is to get far away from the bureaucrats in city hall and German-sounding scien-

tists. We're going to leave them behind. That's the purpose of the trip. We're going to go up there using their ships, but the purpose and the style and, above all, the freedom necessary is not going to come from civil servants and engineers, but from men and women like us as we move into high orbit."

One of the groups actively promoting space colonies is



IN SPACE—NASA projection of space colony, featured in "A Void Home."

the International L5 space society (named for a stable point in space proposed as a space colony site). The 2,400-member group is only slightly larger than the Flat Earth Society, whose members today still wonder why Columbus didn't fall off the edge.

The L5 Society points out, and scientists interviewed in "A Void Home" agree, that next to energy, space recreation and tourism will be space's second-biggest business.

Even more important to some than the prospects of giant vacation resorts and zero-gravity honeymoon hotels, is the benefit to the handicapped.

"People who are handicapped here on earth, who are tied to a wheelchair, will be able to rent a condominium at zero-point-2G's, and live there in comparative freedom and great comfort," says Krafft Ehrick, a designer of rockets and space settlements and a former member of Werner von Braun's rocket team.

★
The documentary was started in a USC school of
Please Turn to Page 24, Col. 2

Services Saturday for Veteran Jazz Drummer

Services will be held at 11 a.m. Saturday at the Bethel Church of Christ, 1302 E. Adams, for Alton Redd, 75, the veteran jazz drummer who died last Thursday.

Born in Baton Rouge, La., Redd came to Los Angeles in 1918. He led his own orchestra, played with the Les Hite band during the 1930s, toured Europe with Kid Ory and spent a long stint at Disneyland during the 1960s, first under Harvey Brooks and then as leader.

Redd leaves a wife; a daughter, saxophonist Vi Redd; a son, drummer Buddy Redd; six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. In accordance with New Orleans tradition, a band will play at the services.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Uncut 'Rocky Horror' Screening Set

An uncut version of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show," with a restored two minutes of footage in the "super heroes" sequence, will screen Friday at midnight and Saturday at 2 a.m. at the Tiffany Theater, 8534 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Information: 659-6738.

'A VOID HOME'

Continued from 23rd Page

journalism experimental production class under the direction of Pat Dunavan and Richard Zielinski. It was written, produced and directed by John Guthrie based on an original concept and research of Peter Brosnan. Guthrie financed completion of the documentary, and was assisted in the final editing and rewriting by Ricardo Forrest.

Guthrie said going to space was like "going to Wyoming, except the trout fishing isn't as good." He hopes to sell the documentary to a network or a large aerospace firm.

"What we're trying to do is simply show people the possibilities of space," Guthrie said. "Some say that if work began now, that by the end of the century there could be a new bud on the tree of mankind, branching into a true space race."

Bormann is a free-lance writer.

LACC to Honor Alexis Smith

Actress Alexis Smith and former Los Angeles City College theater department chairman Jerry Blunt will be honored during the college's 50th anniversary graduation today. Smith is an LACC graduate. Blunt came to the college in 1931 and was instrumental in developing the theater department. Ceremonies will begin at 6 p.m.

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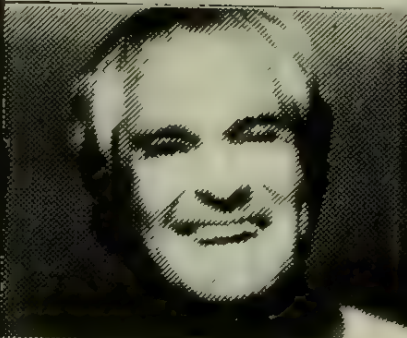
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Anson Funderburgh

& the Rocketts



12 TIMOTHY LEARY

13 Ray Wylie Hubbard



16 Harry Chapin

19 Texas Rock &

& 20 Roll Reunion

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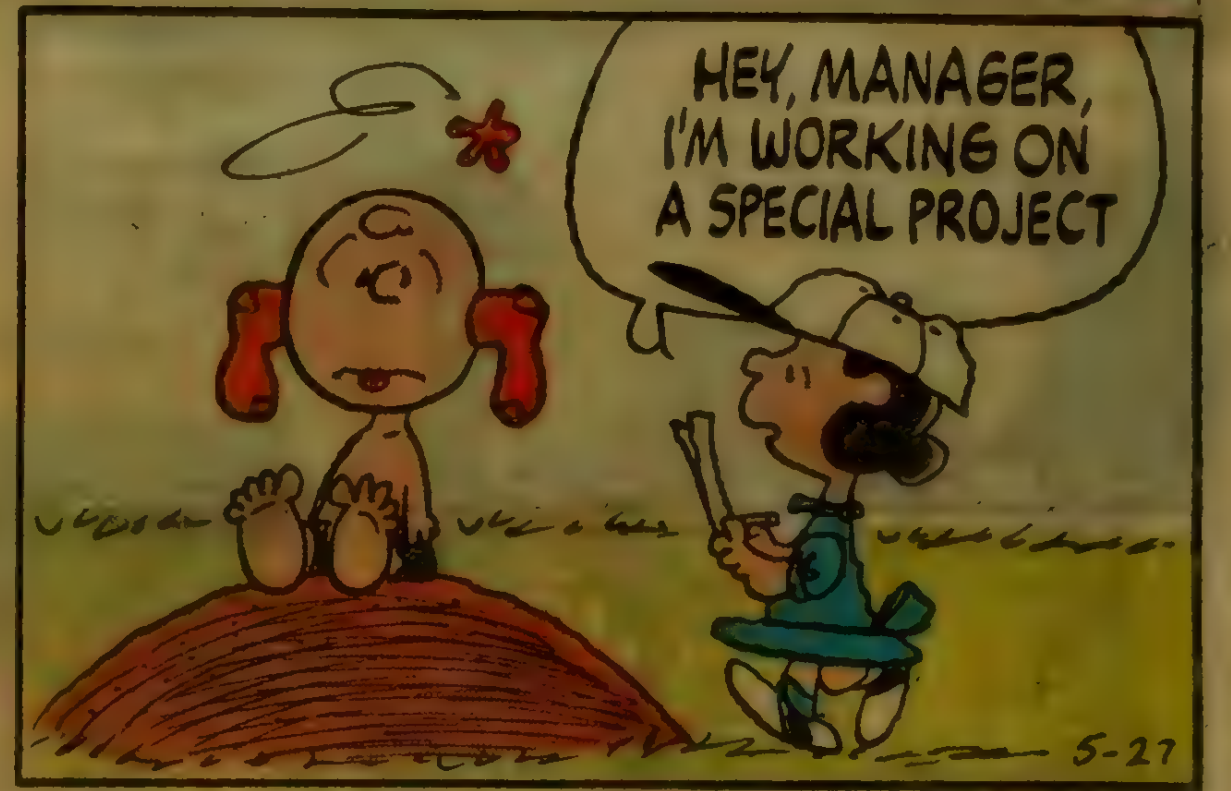
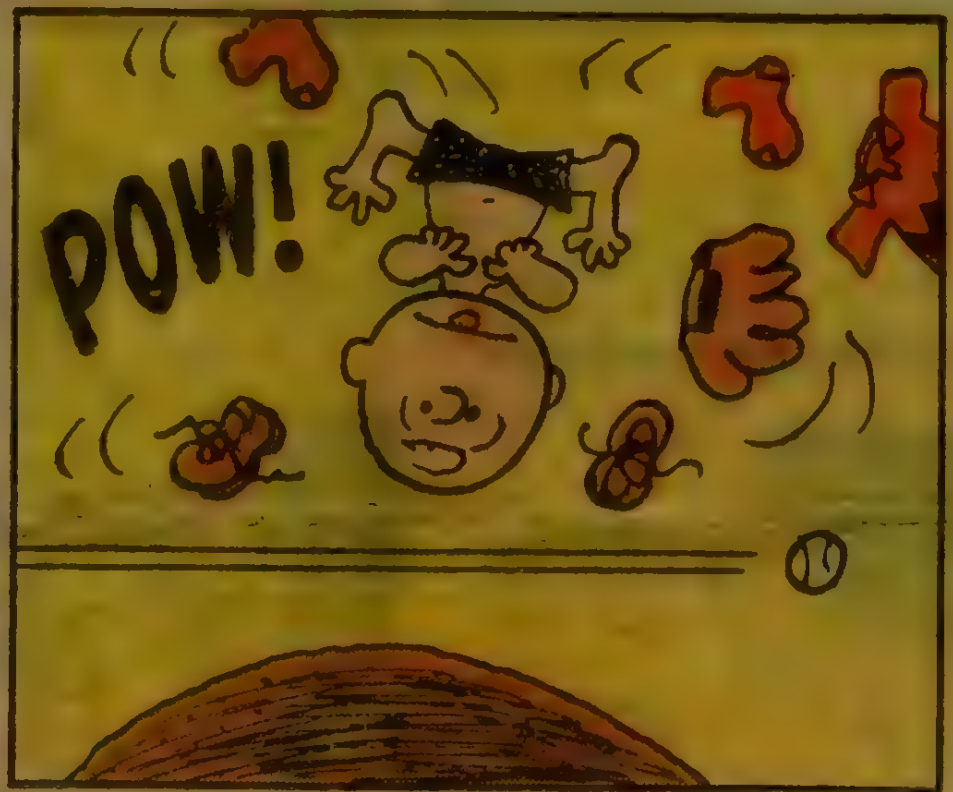
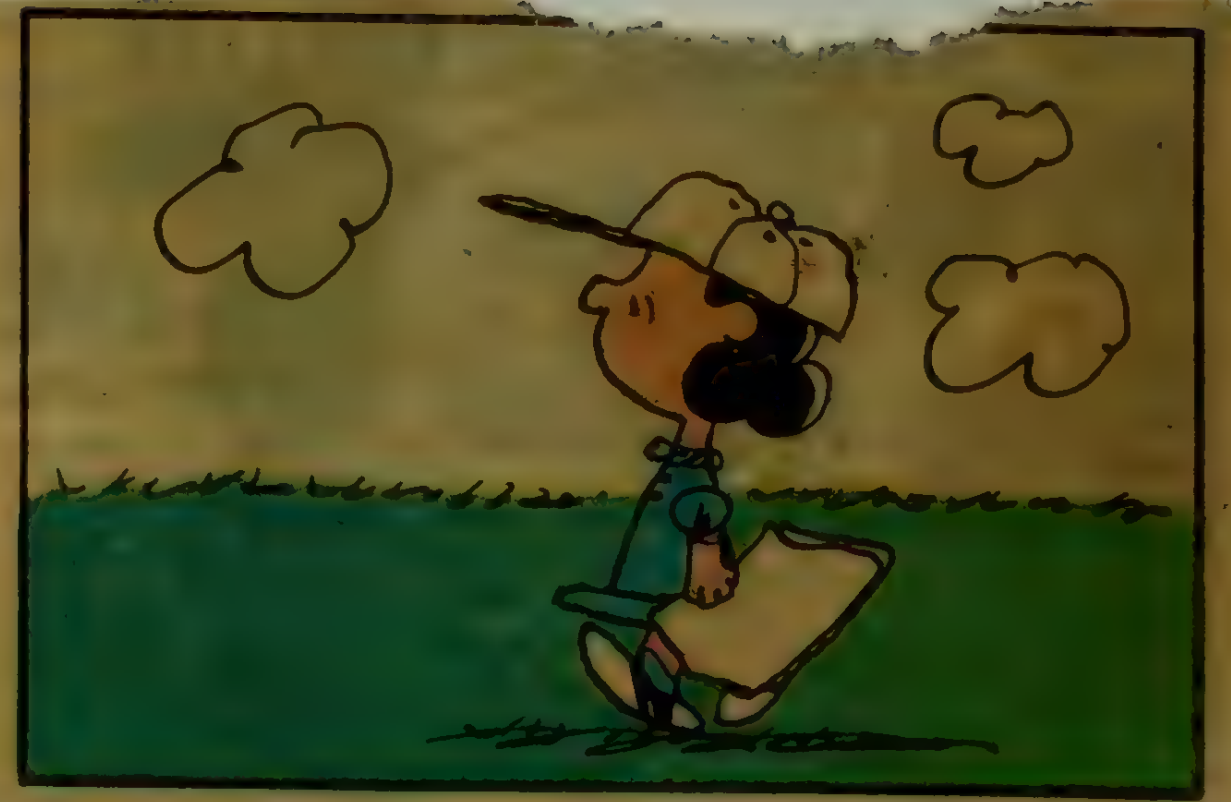
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Pope: Devil still tempts mankind

VATICAN CITY — Pope John Paul II said yesterday the devil exists and tempts mankind with "enjoyment or immediate success."

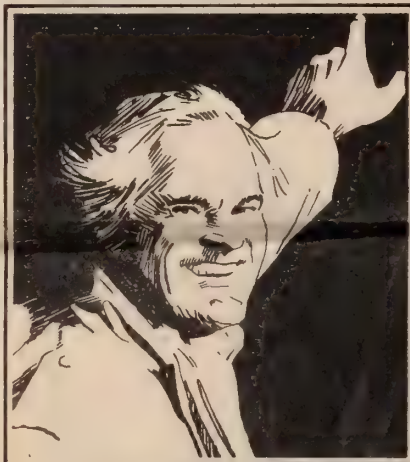
The pontiff told 15,000 university students at a Mass in St. Peter's Basilica that Satan "deludes" people into thinking that they enjoy "unlimited liberty."

Instead, people should realize "liberty is not only given to man as a gift, but as a duty," the pope said.

John Paul said the "evil spirit" tricks people into allowing themselves to be dominated by "numerous constraints," including their senses and instincts and the mass media.

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by Timothy Leary

October 17, 1981

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4. The virtuous-moralistic high: How to live an intelligent life without drugs.

Lunch Intermission

Topics to be considered in the afternoon session (2 p.m. to 5 p.m.)

5. The erotic-ecstatic high: How to use cannabis intelligently.
6. The computer-brain high: How to use LSD intelligently.
7. The vegetative-wisdom high: How to use the opiates intelligently.
8. The turn-off high: How to use downers (hypnotics) intelligently.

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by Carol Wolf to the.

S.C. seminar Oct 17.

Also a "World-Game"

pamphlet (R. Buckminster

Fuller's program).

[Also some architectural

photographs ~~sent~~ from

someone else.]

Marge King

1830 Ives Ave.
Reno, NV 89507
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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA



COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
Managerial Sciences Department
702-784-~~6000~~ 6993
Reno, Nevada 89507

Happy Birthday!

October 14, 1981

Dear Tim,

Found this in the student newspaper, the SAGEBRUSH, just yesterday.
What a pleasant surprise. I look forward to your "debate"

Leary v. Liddy

Wierd lecture is No Hallucination

by Linda Nusbaum

Dr. Timothy Leary, an ex-Harvard psychologist who made headlines during the 1960's for his experiments with LSD, will go face-to-face with one of America's fastest-growing cult heros on the college lecture circuit, and mastermind of the Watergate break-in, G. Gordon Liddy.

The debate is scheduled for Nov. 3 at 8 p.m. at the Centennial Colosseum. It is sponsored by the ASUN and is free to all students.

Both men hold strong convictions to their freedom

ideals. Leary, committed to the consciousness movement and development of personal freedom, became known as the "High Priest" and coined the phrase, "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

Liddy, who was known as the "sphinx of Watergate" because he refused for six years to discuss his role in the 1972 Democratic National Committee break-in, considers power the prerequisite for freedom.

"Freedom, the absence of intrusion, is something you will have only so long as you're prepared to defend it," he maintains.

I quit teaching last year and moved to Reno during the summer. I'm currently the Secretary for the above Department and enjoying it immensley. Small campus, friendly people, fairly conservative atmosphere.

Will you have time for a visit while you are here? Please let me know. I can arrange a small gathering of people who would like to meet you, or can become a "Reno Tour Guide", or can help you remain anonymous if that is what you prefer.

In either case, I look forward to seeing you again.

Love,

Marge

Ga Hoban - 303-927 4333

~~1. meeting report~~

CLEAVER: *Different Ambitions*

Continued from 20th Page

When he returned to the United States, attempted murder charges stemming from the 1968 police shootout were dropped, and he was placed on probation for assault.

His turn to Christianity, Cleaver says, has made him view his violent past with a new perspective; especially those years with the Panthers.

The Panthers were a lightning rod, he says, drawing toward them the bolts of fire coming down on the ghettos from the white community.

"We were like those who staged the Boston Tea Party in a way," Cleaver adds. "We refused to go along with oppressive practices. We fought it as best we knew how."

He acknowledges excesses by the Panthers: "There was trigger-happy behavior. Guys would have shootouts with each other and hurt innocent people."

He leans forward, for the first time showing passion: "It was tragic, unacceptable, criminal, insane! I'm talking about innocent blood! It was a madhouse in the streets!"

"But, hey, I was one of them, OK? I knew what they were all about.

We kept them in control with a severe code. Almost everything carried the death penalty.

"It was the only way we could deal with people with guns."

Panthers caught drunk or drugged while on patrol ran the risk of being executed, Cleaver says.

Was the death penalty ever carried out?

He rocks and stares at the images flashing on the television screen.

"Well," he finally says slowly, "I could lie . . . and I could tell the truth. Either way I lose, right? So maybe I should leave that for my memoirs."

Foresees Enemies

He wants to call his next book "Soul on Line," but doesn't have a publisher yet.

Of first importance to him, however, is his drive to become mayor of Oakland.

"I'll either be mayor or I'll be dead," Cleaver says. "There are people who'd like to see me out of the way."

Who are those people?

"People into cocaine and stuff," he adds vaguely.

Wilson, Cleaver believes, "is a hostage of Huey Newton." He won't explain, except to say he has nothing personal against Newton, who spends his days, as one has said, "trying to stay out of jail."

"I buried the hatchet with Huey a long time ago," Cleaver adds. "The old arguments are no longer relevant."

Bobby Seale is in Washington, D.C., working for a suicide-prevention agency. Cleaver and Seale keep in touch.

Supervisor John George calls Cleaver's upcoming effort to recall Wilson "absolutely insane." He adds: "It will fall on deaf ears."

"I will go wherever the Lord takes me," says Cleaver.

"I will do whatever work the Lord brings."

The interview is over. Cleaver stands slowly, at 6-2 a massive man.

"Remember me kindly," he says, in the manner of a country parson. And then he crosses the room and turns off the silent television set.

CLEAVER: Establishment Goals

Continued from Third Page
warriors anymore."

These are quiet days. When Cleaver is not planning his assault-of-words on Oakland, he spends his time speaking for money, making stone and concrete flower pots he sells for \$25-up and doing penance in the library at nearby De Anza College.

Giving 30 talks a year for an average of \$300 each and making the pots out of polished stone and Montana cement is how he supports himself. Working in the library is how he pays off his debt to the court.

Cleaver was sentenced to 2,000 hours of community service as a condition of probation for a 1968 shootout with two Oakland policemen that left Cleaver wounded and another Panther dead.

It was as he was awaiting trial on the charges that he jumped \$50,000 bail and fled the country. The self-imposed exile lasted until 1975.

Cleaver lives now in a small rented house that was once a florist shop in a less desirable section of pleasant, upper-middle-class Cupertino.

His wife of 14 years recently won a law scholarship to Yale and is there now. Their children—a son, 12, and a daughter, 14—are with her.

There is nothing wrong with their marriage, Cleaver insists. Kathleen wants to attend Yale and he wants to be mayor of Oakland. So he lives alone and watches television.

He's hoping that the empty hours will spur him to write another book. "Soul on Ice" was an international best seller. "Soul on Fire" did less well.

"I owe the government about \$250,000 in back taxes," he says, shaking his head. "I need money . . . big money."

The house is small and neat. The flower pots Cleaver makes sit around the living room. A television set, its sound turned off, plays in a corner.

Once in a while, as he speaks, his eyes are drawn to the images flashing on a silent screen. . .

Born in Arkansas and raised in Los Angeles, Cleaver was the eighth person to join the Black Panthers when it was founded in 1966

by Bobby Seale and Huey Newton.

As minister of information, Cleaver was the more articulate member of the Panther's troika leadership. He claims that even in those days there was a "spiritual essence" to his life.

"People think I'm a phony finding the Holy Spirit," he says defensively. "What they don't realize is I had two grandfathers who were preachers. There's pattern there. . ."

A very clear pattern, according to Cleaver's 73-year-old mother, Thelma Cleaver, who still lives in Los Angeles.

"I believe Eldridge had a vision all right because his aunt had one once and I had one myself," she says.

"I saw a king, like God, sitting on a throne in a garden of golden cabbages and He said to me that if I lived right, all of those golden vegetables would someday be mine."

Her son did not see golden cabbages. He saw Fidel Castro, Mao tse-Tung, Karl Marx and Jesus Christ in the moon.

He was living in the south of France then, in exile, after an odyssey that took him from the United

States to Cuba to Algiers, with stops in other Communist capitals.

"They were not good times," Cleaver says, rocking slowly and staring at (but not seeing) a soundless "Love Boat" rerun on the television screen.

"The people back home who were supposed to be working on my case had abandoned me. My father had died a few months before. I missed America. I didn't want my children to grow up as expatriates."

Thoughts of Suicide

Disillusioned with communism, revolution and himself, Cleaver remembers sitting on the porch of his apartment outside of Cannes on a moonlit night, holding a 9 mm. Browning automatic pistol in his lap.

"I was going to kill myself," he says quietly. "There was no drugs or liquor involved. I was alone and angry. Everything was false."

"I was waiting for a certain feeling to come over me before I put the gun to my head. Whenever I did something in the past, I couldn't do it until I got that *FEELING*."

"But once it came over me, I could do anything. Shoot somebody, walk in and rob somebody, anything. . ."

It was as he was waiting and star-

ing at the full moon, Cleaver says, that he began to see images: from his own through Communist leaders to Jesus.

"I exploded into tears," he says, "and began shaking like I was going haywire."

He became a newborn Christian then and there, the one-time bitter atheist says, and the next morning began making plans to come home and face trial.

While the transformation is often viewed with more skepticism than awe, Cleaver insists it was revival and not political expediency that flashed the face of Jesus on the moon, like the "Family Feud" game show flickering on the silent television screen.

"He's raised enough hell in this country to have found God," says former Black Panther attorney John George, now an Alameda County supervisor.

"But his credibility as a newborn Christian is very, very low."

"He was and is a con artist," adds a writer who has followed the fortune of the Panthers for years. He asked to remain anonymous.

"He's the same old Eldridge in that respect. But in a way, I suppose, he could have conned himself so that he believes. Isn't that a kind of religiosity?"

His vision of Jesus? "Probably an acid trip," the writer adds tartly.

"I don't care who calls me a hypocrite," Cleaver says. "It doesn't matter."

Nor is he especially concerned with those incredulous over his interest in the Mormon Church, which up until three years ago banned blacks from becoming priests.

He calls the church "a place of warmth and caring" and is considering becoming a member.

An ex-radical friend from the old days turned him on to the Mormons, Cleaver remembers, and he found himself drawn in by the "warmth" of the group.

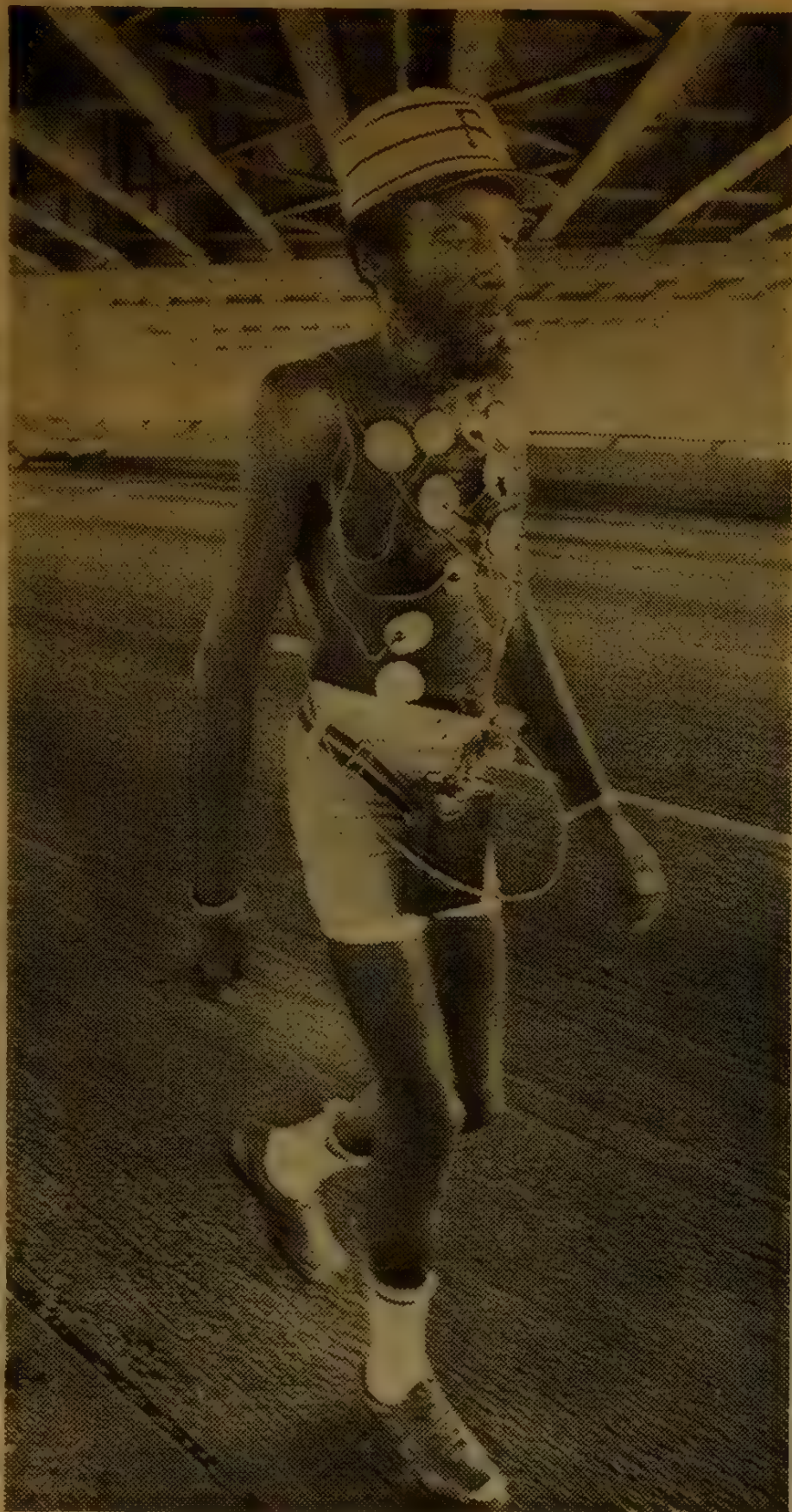
It bothers him not at all that the church once rejected priesthood for blacks. "Things change," he says. "Nothing's perfect . . . and they don't bar blacks anymore."

"I like to study religion," he adds, rocking back and forth. "I've been a Moonie, a Black Muslim, a Catholic, a Baptist, a Jehovah's Witness, a Seventh-day Adventist. . ."

He thinks for a minute. "I guess that's all."

Cleaver's critics believe his jump to Jesus was for the sole purpose of helping his court case. If so, it worked.

Please see CLEAVER, Page 21



Associated Press

Endurance feat—Civil rights activist Dick Gregory on his 100-mile walk from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, La., that he undertook just 28 hours after completing a 70-day fast. He wears medical monitors. Gregory ended the two-day walk fatigued and sounding weak but he said he felt all right.

HAITIANS: Vessels to Be Stopped at Sea

Continued from First Page

the Haitians are fleeing their native land to escape poverty—the average per capita annual income there is roughly \$300—and, to a lesser extent, to escape the repression of the Duvalier regime. Some of the immigrants—those who cannot afford the fares charged by smugglers—are thought to be, in effect, indenturing themselves as servants to finance their illegal trips.

The White House, by releasing a presidential proclamation and an executive order late Tuesday, appeared to jump the gun on an announcement of a Haiti agreement scheduled for today. Sir

Administrat

By RONALD J. OSTROW, T


WASHINGTON—The Reagan civil rights enforcer Tuesday called for predominantly black schools to bring parity with other schools and ordered busing to achieve desegregation.

The comments by William French Smith, assistant attorney general for civil rights, came in a 10-minute statement to date of the department's departure from earlier school desegregation orders.

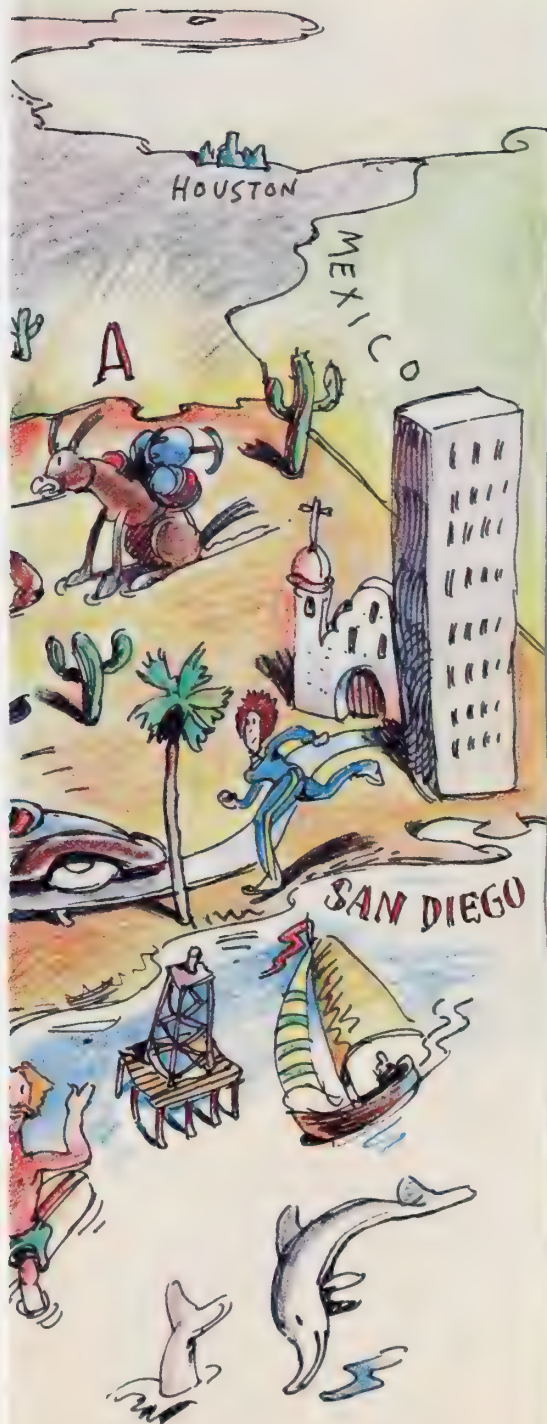
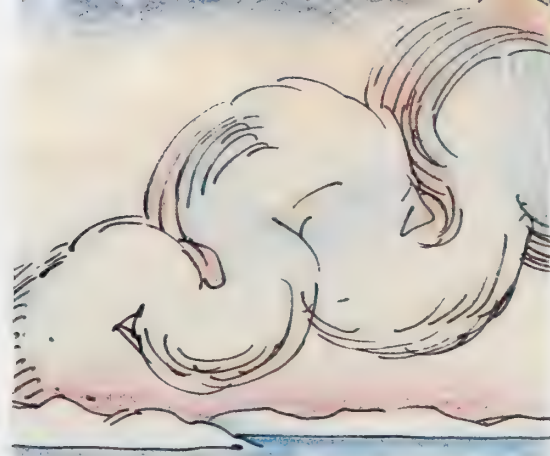
Reynolds first made the comments in Chicago before a meeting of the National Association of the States, and the Justice Department repeated them here Tuesday.

"Forced busing" has large acceptance it needed to work for equal achievement, Reynolds said. "The experiment that has not worked obviously makes little sense."

"Experience teaches us that a school environment more conducive to educational attention," he said, "is necessary, their facilities enhanced to bring them in line."



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E A N E. PECK

Book Review

The Anatomy of Another Medical Horror Story

By ELAINE KENDALL

What Happened to My Mother by Henry Edwards (Harper & Row; \$10.95)

The medical horror story is a relatively recent phenomenon: a literary side effect of the technology that has revolutionized the diagnosis and treatment of many bewildering illnesses. While "Whatever Happened to My Mother" belongs in the expanding category that includes "Heartsounds," "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can," "Anatomy of an Illness" and "Second Life," it differs from them in several respects. Since Edwards is neither victim nor widower, but the son of the patient, he is able to maintain somewhat more perspective than other writers in the genre.

This account is not an indictment of the medical psychiatric establishment but an exploration of the reasons for its shortcomings in this particular case. The author learns a great deal about mental illness in the four years following the sudden onset of his mother's symptoms, and he is eager to impart his knowledge. If he seems didactic and simplistic by turns, it's because he constantly alternates as teacher and pupil: sometimes a step or two ahead of the reader, often a bit behind, always doing his best to lead his troops safely out of the strange and frightening wilderness in which they're lost. Eventually the family is rescued, but no one emerges from the experience unscathed.

New List of Virtues

When this report begins, the three people concerned—Edwards; his father, Sam Katz, and his mother, Esther—are all nominal believers in medical infallibility. By the end of the book, they're heretics, having learned that courtesy, cooperation and respect are not always virtues; stubbornness, irascibility and resistance to authority not necessarily vices. While Sam, Esther and Henry were occupied with their full and productive lives, the rules of medicine changed, catching them entirely unprepared. Like everyone else fortunate enough to have escaped a serious mental or physical illness, the family lived in a medical time warp. That has happened to thousands, and the more trusting and amenable one is, the greater the risk. There is no insurance against this eventuality except turning oneself into a pharmacologist.

Sam Katz and his son were vigilant but they were deferential and acquiescent, reluctant to admit their worst fears. When Esther Katz first began to hear the malevolent voices and noises through apartment walls, her husband treated her complaints as ordinary exaggeration. The neighbors *were* loud and unpleasant: Esther had a flair for drama. It was not until she accused Sam of being part of the conspiracy that he became seriously concerned; only after she ran out into the night pleading for help did he become so alarmed that he called Henry for advice and help.

'The Best in New York'

After inquiring and investigating facilities for the treatment of acute mental illness, they settled upon a private hospital recommended by a well-known psychiatrist as "the best in New York." Esther, by then aware of her illness, committed herself for treatment. Eighty-three days went by while her mental and physical condition deteriorated and the physician in charge ducked the family's calls and queries. Esther Katz was kept in restraints, given massive doses of powerful tranquilizers, ignored and neglected by a harassed and overworked staff. A student nurse explained to Henry that trainees are

taught to cope with the stresses of their jobs by hardening themselves to the patients' misery—warned by their superiors to resist identification with the patients, instructed to cultivate a sense of detachment.

After the first 19 days, the attending doctor informs husband and son that Esther is suffering from "organic brain syndrome" though the tests for that condition are negative. She is being treated for this "presumed" disorder by drugs that have precipitated a profound depression, but anti-depressant medication is contraindicated because the patient also has high blood pressure.

"I want to make sure I've got this straight," Edwards says politely, still playing by the Queensberry rules, unaware they no longer apply. Eventually father and son get it straight and manage to remove Esther from the best private hospital in New York.

A Brighter Future

By this time, she has developed severe physical disabilities in addition to the mental problem. They search out and find other doctors and another hospital. A new diagnosis is made; the original medication is stopped and a drug that has the opposite effect is begun. Esther Katz improves enough to return home provided a nurse can be found. Though her fears are diminishing, she is too weak and exhausted from her ordeal to care for herself. A suitable companion is discovered, and the bleak mood lifts; the future brightens.

There are some flashbacks to the family's early years, a few pleasant vignettes of the relationship between Esther Katz and her frail black nurse, Mrs. Gordy, but they are mere window dressing in Edwards' ingratiating telling of what is fundamentally a blood-chilling tale. These small embellishments seem efforts to keep the story from being dismissed as just another rancorous polemic against the medical profession, a reward to the readers for their attention during a grueling and arduous lesson.

Monday
June 11, 1979

Timothy Leary
168 N. Almont
Beverly Hills
California 90212

Dear Timothy:

Tam Mossman's office asked
that I forward the enclosed
to you...

Best wishes,



RB/db

ENCLOSURE

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RON BERNSTEIN

Dialectical Comics

MARX FOR BEGINNERS

By "Rius."

Translated by Richard Appignanesi.

Illustrated. 156 pp. New York:

Pantheon Books. Paper, \$2.95.

LENIN FOR BEGINNERS

By Richard Appignanesi.

Illustrated by Oscar Zarate.

169 pp. New York:

Pantheon Books. Paper, \$2.95.

By ANDREW HACKER

WHEN it comes to understanding Marx, the problem is where to begin. What is wanted is an introduction that takes Marx seriously, yet refrains from mystification. Unfortunately, this is not easily had.

On one side are the commentators anxious to out-smart Marx. Hence his portrayal as inconsistent, dogmatic, outdated. One might wonder how so muddled a thinker has had such widespread influence. Moreover, Marxology has become an established academic industry. Each scholar hones his special emphasis in order to differentiate his product. Whole careers have been created by becoming a standard footnote.

But if a specter haunts the specialists, it is the fear of being thought simplistic. To explain Marx to laymen must mean cutting corners. Even graduate seminars only scan the superstructure. Here, too, one wonders whether all those peasants might have acted differently had they realized the epistemological problems in the "Theses on Feuerbach."

After that comes another hurdle. Marx wrote and thought in philosophical German. Even in good translations, his phrases still seem foreign. Making sense of Marx's metaphysics requires an intellectual act of will and a teacher who actually enjoys teaching students who are just starting out.

But now a superb little book has appeared, in a most improbable format. It is called, appropriately, "Marx for Beginners." Its author is "Rius," the pseudonym of Eduardo del Rio, a Mexican editorial cartoonist. The translation, by Richard Appignanesi, conveys the wit and erudition of the original version. The publisher calls it a "documentary comic book," a slightly solemn description. I recommend it unreservedly for anyone who wants the rudiments of Marx from an engaging mentor.

And a comic book it is, though without the eviscerated plot typical of Classic Comics ("Cap'n Ahab! Whale off starboard bow!"). Each page presents a mock-serious tableau. The University of Berlin is shown in "a

Andrew Hacker is the author of "Political Theory: Philosophy, Ideology, Science."

terrific turmoil of new ideas" as our young hero arrives. "Who is God?" "What is Man?" "Why Do We Live?" ask puzzled undergraduates. But Hegel's ideas were taking hold. "World History is the Progress in the Consciousness of Liberty." This can be pretty heady stuff. So little helpers appear on the pages, to ask questions ("Am I making myself clear?") or offer encouragement ("There's an example coming soon"). When we are told that Marx shows how "the laws of historical development" ordain the death of capitalism, a sideline sitter inquires, "Why struggle for socialism if it will happen anyway?"

Materialism, dialectics, determinism are all succinctly explained. Materialism is not a matter of simple economic motives, but an ancient and honorable philosophy going back at least to Democritus — who makes a brief appearance. Key phrases like "modes of production" are clarified by means of beguiling illustrations. We see a cave man hewing at a wheel, and are informed that he is engaged in making history as well.

Naturally, there are omissions. The book ends with the proletariat seizing power. What comes later is never described. We never see the ultimate Marxian idyll, where people "hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner." Nor does "Rius" try to make Marx contemporary. His bosses wear silk hats rather than modern executive garb. As it happens, Marx and Engels felt capitalism would reach a stage at which "the bourgeoisie can be dispensed with," to be supplanted by "salaried managers." So they do have something to say about our current ruling class. But a book for

beginners must leave certain questions open. And that, of course, is the point.

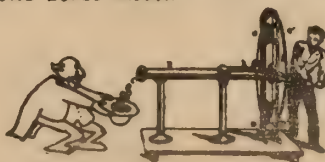
The publisher promises more installments in the series. They have a high standard to follow. For this reason, the companion "Lenin for Beginners" points up certain problems. Here Mr. Appignanesi is the author, with illustrations by Oscar Zarate. The drawings are not nearly so jolly, and the helpful asides are missing. In the volume on Marx, allusions to earlier philosophers illuminated his ideas. In dealing with Lenin, however, we face a more formidable cast of characters, among them N.S. Chkhedze, Anatoly Lunacharsky and G.M. Krzhizhanovsky. A rough regimen for beginners.

This primer focuses on Lenin's role in planning the Russian Revolution, and as such it is skillfully done. Still, it is really an upper-class course on a specific historical period. Lenin appears as an expert organizer; his ideas get scant attention. The debate with Trotsky on revolution ("uninterrupted" vs. "permanent") could have been made to come alive with a few deft cartoons.

But "Rius" on Marx is magnificent. He shows that pictures can amplify ideas, and that simplicity need not forgo subtlety. Above all, "Rius" brings together humor and thought in a sparkling dialectical display. ■

BY HIS LABOUR, A WORKER MAKES SOMETHING (CLOTH, MACHINERY, TYRES, BOOKS, HOUSES...). BUT THIS OBJECT, BY THE FACT OF REMAINING THE BOSS'S PROPERTY, TURNS HEY PRESTO! INTO MERCHANDISE (A COMMODITY)...

LABOUR OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T PRODUCE THINGS FOR THE IMMEDIATE BENEFIT OF THE WORKER WHO MAKES THEM. RATHER, IT IS GRIST FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S MILL...



Alienation begins with the worker being squeezed dry...



From "Marx for Beginners"



Road Into Leuren, 1881.



An Old Man From the Almshouse
Drinking Coffee, 1882.

ishment of Vincent van
the Dutch art historian
DRAWINGS (Overlook
stiff imitation of Millet

at the start, through the vigorous "Winter Garden" of 1884 and such masterpieces as "The Potato Eaters" a year later, to the startling swirls and whorls of the final work. The price of this six-by-eight-inch book is low, perhaps because it was printed in Yugoslavia; but some of the images are quite muddy.

Scene and Backdrop

House "insider's" experience, concerns Robin Warren, a newly divorced and footloose Californian who joins the White House staff and finds himself entangled in what is more or less a replay of the Chile-Central Intelligence Agency-Allende story told in the guise of an overthrow in Uruguay during some fictional future Presidency. The question: Can a President and his aides ever justify telling the people less than the whole truth?

Leslie Waller, the most ambitious of the three novelists, has attempted to tell the story of the 1960's in terms of the 1964 graduating class of New Era, Ohio, and their parents and friends, following a handful of rather atypical natives of Middle America through the decade: Frank, a black whose father is shot by the police on graduation day; Peter, a Latin who escapes from the Cuban venture and ends up in the mob world; Nick, who drifts into the drug culture, emerges as a rock star, and is born again; Tom, a seminarian and the town's first conscientious objector; Sally, the attractive valedictorian and liberal; and Hurd, heir to the town millions, West Pointer and conservative.

Gwen Davis's novel is a slight, superficial but diverting work about the people on Washington's periphery. Among them are an Oriental businessman who owns a chic club and is exposed as a profiteer by a gossip columnist; his lawyer-mistress; an insecure movie star who becomes an activist in a local community

center; a socialite novelist and her jobless husband; and a virtuous hostess married to an honest and therefore indigent Congressman. All are entertaining to read about.

These are novels that will sell. They are competently and smoothly written in the mass-produced and commercially successful manner of what professors of literature used to call the dramatic novel. Scene follows scene, each as if played before an invisible camera. The authors, apparently convinced that the appetite of today's reader is insatiable, have provided a steady diet of sex — all highly technical and varied in combinations. (Also, one must note, quite joyless. In the old days, one raced through the plot in search of the salacious; now one plods through such scenes, anxious to return to the story.) Still, these novels provide good enough reading for a rainy weekend or for those nights when there is nothing much on television.

What should disturb us, I suppose, considering the current popularity of such books, is that all three authors share a cynicism about human nature and accept a conspiracy theory of history — a theory that is ultimately too simple, but one that, if held as a basic belief, makes nonsense of the democratic process and destroys the will to participate in it. In a nation where the majority of the eligible electorate does not even bother to vote, such books can be at once symptom, ra-

Continued on Page 33

so that your children's children and generations after them will inherit an even richer land than was entrusted to you," the Pope said in his homily. "You have the potential to provide food for the millions who have nothing to eat and thus help to rid the world of famine."

HUSHED UNISON: By the end of the day, the lowering sun shone from a clean blue Iowa sky. When the vast crowd sang the first line of the dismissal hymn—"O beautiful, for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain"—in hushed unison, the visit

achieved a union of spirit and place beyond sentimentality. The celebration was also perhaps the most ecumenical of John Paul's American tour. "The theme of his visit is to receive the rural people, and to celebrate the relationship of God, man and land," said H. Oliver Gillespie, the executive director of the Living History Farms and a Protestant. "That concept encompasses all religions." Dan Lyman, a student at Midland Lutheran College, added: "He is a great man, a man for the times. I can see the day when we will be in communion with Catholics. I only hope I see it in my lifetime."

In many respects, John Paul's 37 hours in Chicago reprised the week's other city visits—but on an even grander scale. At O'Hare airport, he climbed into a limousine with Cardinal John Cody for a triumphal motorcade through a Polish neighborhood where crowds, estimated by police at three-quarters of a million people, cheered, wept and threw flowers and streamers as he passed. Inside Holy Name Cathedral, 2,000 priests and nuns greeted his arrival with the hymn "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" and tenor Luciano Pavarotti sang "Ave Maria."

HUMANISM: The Pope, who fingered a black rosary and slumped pensively on his throne while Pavarotti sang, drew cheers when he said: "Chicago is an American city. Chicago is also called the second Polish city in the world." But then he moved quickly to the transcendent humanism that sometimes colors his thought: "May the words I address to you here be for all of Chicago . . . For in coming here I want to show my respect—beyond the limit of the Catholic faith, even beyond all religion—for man, for the humanity that is in every human being. The Christ, whom I unworthily represent, taught me to do this. I must obey His command of fraternal love, and I do it with great joy."

Friday began with an early-morning appearance before a group of Hispanic activists, to whom he spoke in Spanish, and ended with a concert by the Chicago Symphony at the cathedral. In between, the Pontiff managed to celebrate one particularly joyous Mass for the Polish community at the Five Holy Martyrs Church and another, late in the afternoon, for half a million people in Grant Park, on the city's

Philadelphia: Radiating warmth and stamina

Keith Meyers



In Chicago: A plea for humanity

Ken Regan—Camera 5

lakefront. "When I lift up my eyes," John Paul said, "I see in you the people of God, united to sing the praises of the Lord and to celebrate his Eucharist. I see also the whole people of America, one nation formed of many people: *E Pluribus Unum*."

ACTS: At midday on that remarkable Friday, the Pope also issued the most unequivocal statement of his papacy on artificial contraception. "In exalting the beauty of marriage," John Paul told an extraordinary convocation of 350 U.S. Roman Catholic bishops, "you rightly spoke against both the ideology of contraception and contraceptive acts, as did the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. And I myself today, with the same conviction of Paul VI, ratify the teaching of this encyclical, which was put forth by my predecessor 'by virtue of the mandate entrusted to us by Christ'." In the same address, he reiterated the church's

rejection of abortion, of divorce, of homosexual practice—as opposed to tendency—and of non-marital heterosexual sex.

Clearly bracing himself for an onslaught of criticism, the Pope also said: "Brothers in Christ, as we proclaim the truth in love, it is not possible for us to avoid criticism, nor is it possible to please everyone." Sister Mary Van Dyke of Racine, Wis., was disappointed with John Paul's statement banning women's ordination. "There are many issues in the United States that are very controversial, that are not black or white, but the Pope talks of these issues as absolute," said the Dominican nun, who favors women's admission to the priesthood. "He's not in touch with the mood of the Catholics in this country."

As John Paul arrived in Washington to begin the final two days of his journey, a group of priests, nuns and lay Catholics

protesting his refusal to ordain women distributed leaflets at St. Matthew's Cathedral, where the Pope was holding a Mass for priests. They also planned to take their cause to the throngs expected for Sunday's Mass on the Washington Mall. And there will undoubtedly be quick reaction this week—and struggle for years to come—over the traditional stance on sexual practice that he took in Chicago.

Beyond such controversies lies the larger question of John Paul's manifest appeal to American Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In the fifteen years since the Catholic Church acknowledged the spiritual integrity of Judaism and Protestantism at Vatican II, virulent anti-Catholicism in the country has declined dramatically. "The council broke Roman Catholicism open, made it credible and attractive and offered some promise to Protestants that there was fel-

JOHN PAUL II IN HIS OWN WORDS

In his seven-day visit to the U.S., in eighteen major addresses and homilies, John Paul II managed to speak out on some of the most pressing issues facing Roman Catholics—and other Americans. The Pope had prepared the speeches himself, writing each one out by hand in Polish, before giving them to his official translators for final editing and translation. Some of his most important statements:

THE PRIESTHOOD

Priesthood is forever—*tu es sacerdos in aeternum* . . . we do not return the gift once given. It cannot be that God who gave the impulse to say "yes" now wishes to hear "no."

The church's traditional decision to call men to the priesthood, and not to call women, is not a statement about human rights, nor an exclusion of women from holiness and mission in the church. Rather, this decision expresses the conviction of the church about this particular dimension of the gift of priesthood by which God has chosen to shepherd His flock.



YOUTH

Faced with problems and disappointments, many people will try to escape from their responsibility: escape in selfishness, escape in sexual pleasure, escape in drugs, escape in violence, escape in indifference and cynical attitudes. Dear young people: do not be afraid of honest effort and honest work . . . With Christ's help, and through prayer, you can answer His call, resisting temptation and fads, and every form of mass manipulation.



SEXUALITY

In today's society, we see so many disturbing tendencies and so much laxity regarding the Christian view on sexuality that have all one thing in common: recourse to the concept of freedom to justify any behavior that is no longer consonant

with the true moral order and the teaching of the church.

Moral norms do not militate against the freedom of the person or the couple; on the contrary, they exist precisely for that freedom, since they are given to insure the right use of freedom. Whoever refuses to accept these norms . . . whoever seeks to liberate himself or herself from these norms, is not truly free.

Free indeed is the person who models his or her behavior in a responsible way according to the exigencies of the objective good. What I have said here regards the whole of conjugal morality, but it applies as well to the priests with regard to the obligations of celibacy.

As authentic teachers of God's law and as compassionate pastors you [the bishops of the U.S.] also rightly stated: "Homosexual activity . . . as distinguished from homosexual orientation, is morally wrong."



DIVORCE

With the candor of the Gospels, the compassion of pastors and the charity of Christ, you [the bishops] faced the question of the indissolubility of marriage, rightly stating: "The covenant between a man and a woman joined in Christian marriage is as indissoluble and irrevocable as God's love for His people and Christ's love for His church."



WEALTH AND POVERTY

There is no human progress when everything conspires to give full reign to the instincts of self-interest, sex and power. We must find a simple way of living: For it is not right that the standard of living of the rich countries should seek to maintain itself by draining off a great part of the reserves of energy and raw materials that are meant to serve the whole of humanity . . . All you citizens of the United States, you have such a tradition of spiritual generosity, industry, simplicity and sacrifice that you

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lowship and communication possible," says Albert Outler, professor emeritus of sociology at Southern Methodist University. The message John Paul brought for Protestant America, Outler says, was that "Catholics are fellow Christians, sometimes more deeply spiritual than we."

'VALUES': For all faiths, the Pope's pilgrimage struck an emotional chord, a national religiosity normally masked from public celebration by the American imperative for separation of church from state. "There are so few public occasions on which to celebrate those religious values. You don't get up and talk about Christ on the Fourth of July—and perhaps that's the way it should be," says Michael Novak, a Catholic writer. "But John Paul's visit gives people a chance to publicly express their religious fervor in a beautiful way."

The seeming contradiction in the specta-

cle of materialistic Americans fervently applauding the Pope's attacks on consumerism and the gap between the rich and the poor may be merely the latest manifestation of the American penchant for feeling guilty. But it may well go much deeper than that, to a genuine yearning for values older than consumerism.

"What people like about John Paul," said Worldview magazine senior editor Richard Neuhaus, a Lutheran, "is that he is challenging some of the basic structures of the modern world. He's seen through its fundamental flaw—the disregarding of the spirit. And he's telling us, 'God is alive and well and calling you to radical discipleship.'" Novak goes even further. "John Paul embodies the real meaning of charisma, which is from the Greek and indicates the presence of God," Novak believes. "His manner is quiet, effortless. He doesn't have to try to project him-

self. He's rooted. He says exactly what he believes, and we're starved for that."

Before flying to America, John Paul told the bishops of Ireland: "Precisely because we are defenseless, we have a special right to influence those who wield the sword of authority. For it is well known that in the field of political action, as elsewhere, not everything can be obtained by the sword. There are deeper reasons and stronger laws to which men, nations and people are subject. We come before those in authority as spokesmen for the moral order." As the Pontiff demonstrated last week, his unique combination of passionate humanism, intellectual depth and moral certitude have given him impressive qualifications for moral leadership of the West.

DAVID BUTLER with
LOREN JENKINS and JERRY BUCKLEY with the
papal party and bureau reports

cannot fail to heed this call today for a fresh determination . . .

Christ demands openness to our brothers and sisters in need . . .

We cannot stand idly by, enjoying our own riches and freedom, if in any place, the Lazarus of the twentieth century stands at our doors . . . Riches and freedom create a special obligation. The poor of the United States and of the world are your brothers and sisters in Christ. You must never be content to leave them just the crumbs from the feast. You must take of your substance, and not just of your abundance, in order to help them. And you must treat them like guests at your family table.



CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION

In exalting the beauty of marriage you [the bishops] rightly spoke against both the ideology of contraception and contraceptive acts, as did the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. And I myself today . . . ratify the teaching of this encyclical . . .

You also gave witness to the truth . . . serving all humanity, when . . . you reaffirmed the right to life and the inviolability of every human life, including the life of unborn children.



THE MIDDLE EAST

Being necessarily based on equitable recognition of the rights of all, [a general, over-all peace in the area] cannot fail to include a consideration and just settlement of the Palestinian question.

I also hope for a statute that, under international guarantees . . . would respect the particular nature of Jerusalem, a heritage sacred to the veneration of millions of believers of the three great monotheistic religions—Judaism, Christianity and Islam.



CHURCH UNITY

The will of Christ impels us to work earnestly and perseveringly for unity with all our Christian brethren, being mindful that the unity we seek is of one perfect faith, a unity in

truth and love. We must pray and study together, knowing, however, that intercommunion between divided Christians is not the answer to Christ's appeal for perfect unity. And with God's help we will continue to work humbly and resolutely to remove the real divisions that still exist, and thus to restore that full unity in faith which is the condition for sharing in the Eucharist.



WAR AND THE ARMS RACE

We are troubled . . . by reports of the development of weaponry exceeding in quality and size the means of war and destruction ever known before. In this field also we applaud the decisions and agreements aimed at reducing the arms race . . . we must ask ourselves whether there will continue to accumulate over the heads of . . . children the threat of common extermination, for which the means are in the hands of the modern states, especially the major world powers. Are the children to receive the arms race from us as a necessary inheritance?



THE DISPARITY OF NATIONS

Disturbing factors are frequently present in the form of the frightful disparities between excessively rich individuals and groups on the one hand and, on the other hand, the majority made up of the poor or, indeed, of the destitute, who lack food and opportunities for work and education, and are in great numbers condemned to hunger and disease. And concern is also caused at times by the radical separation of work from property, by man's indifference to the production enterprise, to which he is linked only by a work obligation without feeling that he is working for a good that will be his or for himself.

It is no secret that the abyss separating the minority of the excessively rich from the multitude of the destitute is a very grave symptom in the life of any society . . . Surely the only way to overcome this serious disparity between areas of satiety and areas of hunger and oppression is through coordinated cooperation by all countries. This requires, above all, a unity inspired by an authentic perspective of peace.



Show Dad you've inherited good taste.





California- HERE IT COMES

Texas may be brawnier. New York may be brassier. But California is *more* than anywhere else. It is the state of our dreams and nightmares. It is a place so lush that everything grows there, from close-minded conservatism in Orange County to open-headed liberalism in Marin. And what California grows, it exports — which is as true of its political ideas as its agricultural yield.

The newest notion to have taken root there and spread across the US was a most un-California-like phenomenon — limits, gas shortages, Proposition 13. The state of more ran head-on into the fact of less. For this special issue we sought to look at some pieces of the state's political mosaic in the aftermath. In his opening essay, journalist Barry Farrell finds that the glories of the California visage are being touched by perceptible worry lines. California dreamin' is facing the realities.

Yet the dream does go on, and the main political actors on the California screen are each pursuing large and powerful visions with undiminished energy. Jerry Brown, the subject of this month's *Politics Today* interview, believes that it is precisely his understanding of limits that will enable him to unseat a sitting president of his own party. Ronald Reagan, for his part, also wants to be president — the oldest man ever to hold that office, if he can overcome the country's age prejudice. The nation's only resigned president is also a Californian, and he is far from resigned to exile, as his campaign to reemerge as an elder statesman makes perfectly clear. Meanwhile,

the state's young lieutenant governor, Mike Curb, is trying to zoom into the statehouse — applying the new belief that flair will get you there — but he is also learning the old truth that haste makes waste. Flair is worth something though. Which is why most every 1980 presidential campaign manager is already figuring how to get Hollywood money-raising muscle behind, or in front of, his candidate. Campaign financing laws have made the sleekest superstars into the newest fat cats.

These personalities — political and otherwise — testify to the continuing zest of California — its relentless commitment to the possibility of rejuvenation, however fleeting each renaissance may be. There is also a less-often noted solidity in California, something encountered most clearly away from the glamour centers of the state's uplifting coast and resurgent waves. In those fields Proposition 13 found a natural support. And judging from the small town of Ferndale, self-imposed boundaries seem to suit the self-reliant citizenry.

Those sentiments may signify an end to the state's uncomplicated place in the sun. But California — more or less — remains the state with the greatest range of vigor in the nation. This special issue touches only some of what is true of the state today. And it is all sure to change at least some by tomorrow. So this is hardly the last word. We expect to return editorially to test the waters and turn over the soil repeatedly. Even with limits, California is where much of what happens in America begins.

— The Editors

HINKLE'S JOURNAL

(emphasis on ~ clean air and sun shine)

Tenderloin Sex Pit Full of Human Garbage

By Warren Hinckle

The gray-haired widow newly arrived from Florida opened her window in the Antonia Manor Hotel, which is on the 100 block of Turk Street, in the lower intestine of the Tenderloin, and just about died when she saw what the bums in the back of the porno were doing.

They were in a deep pit. There were about twelve of them. One was a pregnant woman. They were yelling and fighting and drinking. Some of them had their clothes off. It was six o'clock in the morning.

"Why don't you come down and join us, honey?" said a bum in the buff when she asked them to quiet down.

The pit people, who aren't usually that polite, are a group of sexually active winos who — for the past year — have made their home in a pit-like depression at the rear of the Screening Room, a lower Jones Street porno.

The bums have filled the pit with broken mattresses and rotting rugs and stained sofa padding. There are more empty Thunderbird bottles than stars in the sky. There they dine on garbaggio alfresco and drink and sleep and do the Unmentionable.

"A couple of weeks ago when it was hot, they were out there sunbathing in the nude. And they weren't just sunbathing. Use your imagination," said Ann, the widow from Florida. "There's just not words to describe what goes on out there."



Klan Marches Past a Tragic Milestone

69

Haynesville, Ala.

A ragtag band of Ku Klux Klansmen marching to Montgomery for "white rights," crossed the spot yesterday where civil rights worker Viola Liuzzo was shot and killed by Klan nightriders 14 years ago.

The Klansmen's numbers grew slightly — to about 100 — on the second day of a 50-mile trek from Selma to Montgomery that re-creates the route taken by the late Martin Luther King Jr. and other rights marchers in 1965.

On the last day of the march that Liuzzo, a housewife, died in a carload of about 80.

Liuzzo's

Sat., Aug. 11, 1979

★ San Francisco Chronicle 3

FBI Presses Huge Manhunt in Ohio

Cleveland

The FBI, which suffered the worst day of violence in its 71-year history Thursday, yesterday pressed the largest manhunt ever in Ohio for the fugitive accused of killing one of the three slain agents.

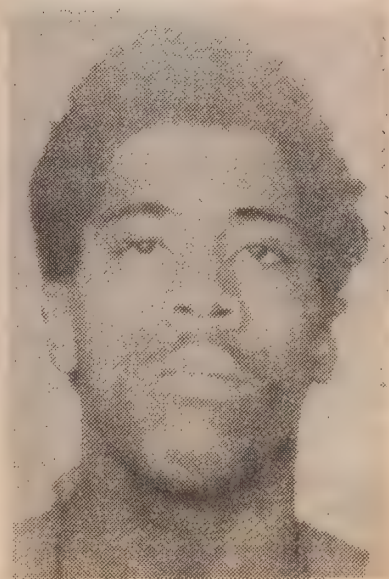
The suspect, Melvin Bay Guyon, 19, eluded capture in the shooting death of special agent Johnnie L. Oliver by jumping through a window and fleeing on a stolen bicycle.

Oliver, 35, married and the father of three children, was the first agent assigned to Cleveland to be killed in the line of duty.

Authorities said federal agents and police numbering about 150 were systematically checking more than 200 leads in Oliver's death, with the search focusing on Cleveland's East Side ghetto.

Authorities said Oliver was shot through the heart when agents attempted to arrest him at an East Side address.

He was sought on a warrant after a 10-area au-
thorities also



AP Wirephoto

MELVIN BAY GUYON
The suspected killer

The other two FBI agents killed Thursday were shot to death in their El Centro office by a former social worker who then put a pistol in his mouth and committed suicide.

James Maloney, 30, — who killed agents Charles W. Elmore, 34, and J. Robert Porter, 44, — was apparently bent on suicide. He left

LETTERS

sented it earlier this year at Canada's National Arts Centre.

We are very proud to present the Canadian production of "Cendrillon." It gave us the opportunity not only to unveil a work that is new to American audiences, but also to promote a very special artistic cooperation between the capitals of two countries.

GARY FIFIELD
Managing Director
The Washington Opera
Washington, D.C.

D&D

As an ardent Dungeons & Dragons player (LIFE/STYLE, Sept. 24), I deeply resent your calling us "freaks." Our game may be a little different, but the players aren't "freaks." May an elfish wizard cast a miniaturization spell on your sales!

JOHN HOFFMAN
Indianapolis, Ind.

The group of people you described as meeting each Sunday in Austin, Texas, are not engaging in D&D combat practice, as you state. We are members of the Society for Creative Anachronism, a national body whose purpose is to learn about and recreate medieval times. We have nothing to do, officially or unofficially, with the game of D&D. A few of our members engage in D&D, but its play is usually not tolerated at society events—there are too many other things going on. In fact, many members of the society, myself included, detest the game and find it boring.

CAROL SHORE
Austin, Texas

SOCCER TIME

Your article "Is There Life After the Cosmos?" (SPORTS, Sept. 17) prompts me to say that as a lifelong baseball fan, I've now switched to soccer. I find baseball terribly slow and boring, while soccer gives the audience continuous action by athletes—not overpriced superstars of the diamond.

JOHN N. SLIPKOWSKY
North Andover, Mass.

PETER PAN AGAIN

My thanks to Jack Kroll for his interesting and perceptive review of the current revival of "Peter Pan" (THEATER, Sept. 17). In stating that Peter's refusal to grow up may be a predicament as well as a blessing, Kroll acknowledges what many adults fail to realize: that childhood, for all its carefree, lighthearted moments, can be a dark and lonely world. It is to Sandy Duncan's credit that she can convey this to her audience in an otherwise whimsical play.

LILY MCGRAW
Auburn, Wash.

I question Jack Kroll's memory in regard to Mary Martin's "Peter Pan." As a child of 8 and later as a teen-ager, I have seen Mary

In a world growing
more and more complex,
it's still possible
to think of
simple pleasures.

Think rare.



J.B.
RARE
SCOTCH

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky ©1979 Paddington Corp., N.Y.



Painting by Robert Giusti



Sign your car and catch a car thief.

Last year Americans bought twenty million automobiles, and stole one million more!

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The future is coming. And with it will come great benefits for mankind. And a whole new set of problems. Because we are a forest products company, and plant seeds that take up to 50 years to become mature trees, Champion International has to think a lot about the future. We'd like to share some of the things we've learned with you—to help you make intelligent choices in the years to come. Here is something you might want to think about.

In the future, incredibly expensive technology could enable a few people to live for 200 years or more. Who will be chosen? And, who will choose?

If life-extension becomes a national priority like the space program, if high-technology countries like America, Russia, Germany and Japan could work together, if there were a multi-billion-dollar, multi-discipline assault on aging and death, we could produce dramatic results within the foreseeable future.

That's the opinion of many futurists and scientists. A cooperative program like this between nations could put such a dent in aging and death we might create a whole new world of healthy, hearty 'Methuselahs'. And it would probably cost no more than we are all now spending on maintaining our old-age homes and other geriatric institutions.

Within the next few decades, a lifespan of 100, 200, 400 years and up may become a part of Homo Sapiens' on-going evolutionary destiny.

Right now, researchers are working on several approaches to longevity, which include:

Transplantation, which might allow us to continue replacing organs until almost our entire bodies are new.

Regeneration, a process by which deactivated genes are switched back on to renew cell tissue.

The Prevention of Lipofuscin Build-Up. Lipofuscins are a form of destructive cellular garbage produced by the body, and are thought by many scientists to contribute to aging.

Restricting Diet, which in the young, delays maturity and increases longevity; and in the middle-aged seems to rejuvenate the immune system.

Prosthetics and Cyborgs, machine-human

combinations of which the '\$6,000,000 Man' is an almost credible preview.

Lowering Body Temperature, which alone might add many years to human life.

The future of life-extension is very promising. To many scientists, there is no question that the problem of aging will be solved within the next few generations—even without an all-out program.

That brings up two questions. If life-extension becomes commonplace, what will we do with all those great-great-great-great-great-great-grandparents? Will they hold onto their jobs forever? If they don't, who'll support them?

On the other hand, what if the first technology to prevent aging is incredibly expensive?

Will that mean that only the wealthy will be able to turn back the clock, or that the government will select the future 'Methuselahs', based on its own criteria—intelligence, race, talent, or perhaps, even political affiliation?

That is an untenable solution. But what are the alternatives? How can the people have a say in the matter? We *all* have a lot of things to think about.

But if you'd like to do more than just think about it, if you'd like to be able to make intelligent choices for the future, write for more information to:

Champion International Corporation,
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Planting seeds for the future



Filming had just ended on a hot summer afternoon in the cardinal's palace in Krakow, Poland when the interviewee on religion under Communism looked up at the American correspondent and smiled broadly. "If this goes well," said Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, "I will expect a call from Hollywood."

Last week a higher call came to the 58-year-old churchman, and in the hush that fell over St. Peter's Square on the announcement of the name, his church and the world strained to hear its meaning. The youngest Holy Father in modern times, Cardinal Wojtyla had become the first non-Italian pope in more than four centuries, and the first ever from the "silent church," as Pope Paul called the faithful of the Soviet bloc. Never among the prominent *papabili*, Wojtyla was little known to most Catholics elsewhere, and his salient credential—an unyielding defense of the faith against an atheistic, totalitarian regime—was vaguely forbidding. Admitted a source on the State Department's Polish desk, "Nobody knows what to think yet."

Yet as recollections of Poland's beloved "worker cardinal" poured forth from around the world, the portrait of Pope John Paul II took on reassuringly human features: a smile to match even his fated predecessor's, set off by twinkling blue eyes and dimples; a hearty laugh and an infectious sense of humor; a compassionate, far-seeing gaze. "He loves to sing and has a beautiful voice," says Monsignor Zdzislaw Peszkowski of Orchard Lake, Mich., recalling the cardinal's renditions of *Home on the Range* for American friends. He is also an expert skier who has mastered the slopes at Rieti near Rome. The new Pope walks some five miles a day, plays a fair game of tennis and, during his U.S. tour in 1976, rearranged his schedule in Orchard Lake for canoeing. "The day was very bad and the water was rough," Monsignor Peszkowski remembers, "but he was fresh even after four hours. He is full of life." One Polish member of the Curia even foresees him jogging through the Vatican gardens.

Wojtyla's energetic spirit has already been at war with one oppressive power for another. As a young man he worked beside his father in the factory in his hometown of Lodz, and he later trained as an actor in the World War II Resistance, appearing in anti-Nazi plays. He attended Krakow seminary when the Nazis had driven it under-



"It is too early for a Polish pope," Wojtyla told a reporter just days before his startling election as John Paul II.

ground. Ordained in 1946, he was sent to Rome to study for his doctorate in philosophy. But by the time he returned to study for another doctorate, in theology, from Krakow University, the Communist crackdown on religion had begun in earnest. Wojtyla soon earned a reputation for courageous calm in carrying out his teaching assignments in the parishes of Krakow.

Since those tumultuous years, Wojtyla's life has been one of scholarly achievement (he has written several books on faith and morals, as well as a good deal of poetry) and artful pastoral politics. Made a bishop in 1958 and an archbishop six years later, he was elevated to cardinal in 1967, partly in appreciation for his work on church reforms launched at the Second Vatican Council. He has served in several branches of the Vatican bureaucracy and is identified with the prevailing church positions on such volatile issues as married and female priests, birth

control and abortion. "He's not an extremist," says John Cardinal Dearden of Detroit, "but a very balanced man about such issues. He looks at the different angles and does not carry fixed positions." Indeed, while roundly denouncing censorship, religious persecution and oppression, he has helped bring about a detente between church and state in Poland—a detente resulting in new churches, more freedom of religious expression and what amounts to an ecclesiastical opposition party. "It is not the church's place to teach unbelievers," the new Pontiff once said. "Let us avoid any spirit of monopolizing and moralizing." His promise, then, is to bring to bear the lessons of his rigorous past to protect the church from without—and the charisma of the youthful actor and athlete to inspire it from within. □

Alone on her wedding night, the new Mrs. James Earl Ray recalls her remarkable courtship. The wedding party (inset) consisted of, from left, the Rev. James Lawson, a onetime colleague of Martin Luther King who doubts Ray was King's killer; Ethan Salling, the bride's brother; the bride; April Ferguson, aide to Ray's attorney, Mark Lane; matron of honor Barbara Murrell; and lawyer Lane.

The wedding day, Friday the 13th, was bleak and rainy, and the setting—the visiting gallery at Tennessee's grim Brushy Mountain state prison—was an incongruous one for festivity. The groom, in a borrowed sportcoat, trembled visibly. Afterward the bride, freelance artist Anna Salling Sandhu, 31, celebrated with friends at a quiet restaurant in Knoxville. Her new husband, James Earl Ray, 50, spent his wedding night in his cell, where he is serving a 99-year sentence for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Why should Sandhu, an educated (University of Tennessee), strong-willed divorcee, choose to link her future with that of a convicted assassin? Perhaps part of the answer may be found in her past. Years ago her father disinherited her after her marriage to an Indian student. "He told me I needn't come home anymore," recalls Sandhu. "The challenge seemed to turn me on. I felt I had enough strength to do anything I wanted. And I had something to prove." Recently Sandhu spoke movingly of her new marriage with PEOPLE correspondent Joyce Leviton.

How did you meet your husband?

I was doing the drawings for a TV interview just after James' escape trial in 1977. The reporter was asking things like, "Are you intending to escape and, if so, where?" and James and I were smiling at each other because the questions were so silly. Later he sat down beside me. He has the most direct gaze of any man I've ever known. I've seen men look at me and turn their eyes away, but James will look right into your eyes and won't flinch. The first thing he said to me was, "Do you know anything about Picasso?"

What happened then?

Before the interview the reporter had bought a lot of copies of the book about James, *Code Name Zorro*. He threw them on the table in front of him and said, "Sign these. They're for your fans in the newsroom." James turned



CONTINUED

Photographs by Jay: Leviton-Atlanta

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n to blow up a home that,
Israel, was used as a hid-
Palestine Liberation Or-
guerrillas.

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Israeli troops searched
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Khomeini's Call Unheeded; Music Fills the Airwaves

TEHRAN, Iran (AP)—Persian folk music, classical pieces and revolution-
ary themes were heard on Iranian
radio stations Tuesday as broadcast-
ers ignored a call by the Ayatollah
Ruhollah Khomeini for a ban on mu-
sic, which he described as an opiate.

The director of the state radio said
music would be banned only during
the holy month of Ramadan, which
begins Thursday.

"For periods starting at the end of
Ramadan, an appropriate decision
will be made later on," Sadegh Ghot-
bezadeh said, apparently avoiding a
direct clash with Khomeini, the na-
tion's austere 79-year-old religious
leader.

Khomeini launched his attack on
music in an address Sunday to em-
ployes of a summer radio station in
the shrine city of Qom.

"Music should not be played over
radio and television . . . like opium,
music also stupefies persons listening
to it and makes their brain inactive
and frivolous," the official Pars news
agency quoted him Monday as saying.

Khomeini accused the regime of
the deposed Shah Mohammad Reza
Pahlavi of "corrupting and degrad-
ing" Iranian youth by permitting mu-
sic to be broadcast over the nation's
airwaves.

But songs of the revolution that
toppled the shah's regime and other
standard musical fare still were
broadcast Tuesday on Iranian radio.

Two Tehran teen-agers laughed
when reporters asked their reaction
to Khomeini's statement. "I don't care
what state radio does, but in the pri-
vacy of my home and in the company
of my friends, we find music relaxing
and inspiring," one of the teen-agers
said.

In other developments Tuesday:
—Rebellious Kurdish forces cap-
tured a state police headquarters near
the town of Khvoy in northwestern
Iran as fighting was reported else-
where in the region between Kurds
and government forces.

—Two men were arrested, tried
and executed within hours of being
caught while trying to set off a bomb
near pipelines leading to the Abadan
oil refinery, the world's largest. Sa-
boteurs believed to be ethnic Arabs
pressing for autonomy damaged pipe-
lines in the Persian Gulf region ear-
lier this month.

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AHP:
325 Ninth Street, San Francisco, California 94103
(415) 626-2375

Los Angeles Information:
(213) 822-1091



CREATING CHANGE: **Your Self, Your World**

Association for Humanistic Psychology
INSTITUTES, AUGUST 26-28, 1981
ANNUAL CONFERENCE, AUGUST 28-SEPTEMBER 1, 1981
POST-CONFERENCE COMMUNITIES, SEPTEMBER 1-3, 1981 UCLA

PROGRAM



SCHEDULE

AUGUST			SEPTEMBER					
26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.
Pre-Conference Institutes (34)		12:00 pm-8:00 pm Registration (6)	6:30-7:30 Morning Meditations (12)			9:00-11:30 Closing Plenary (11)		
			8:30-11:30 Theme Communities (13) Field Activities					
			11:45-12:45 Luncheon Meetings (33)			Post-Conference Communities (36)		
			1:00-3:00 The Forum, Workshops (16, 23, 29)					
3:30-5:30 Conversations, Workshops (19, 26)			Theme Communities Closing (32)					
			6:00-8:00 Picnic (10)					
7:00-8:30 Gathering 8:30-10:30 Opening Plenary (9)	7:30-9:30 Mini-Plenaries (9) 10:00-12:00 Dancerama Films (10)	7:30-8:30 Not-So-Silent-Auction (33) 8:30-11:00 Presidential Evening, Concert (10)	8:30-10:30 Mini-Plenaries (11) 10:30-12:30 Music, Dance, Films (11)					

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Paul Winter Concert
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3:30-5:30 pm: Workshops, Conversations
Monday, 1:00-3:00 pm: Workshops, the Forum,
Conversations
3:30-5:30 pm: Theme Communities Closing

33 OTHER EVENTS

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THE PULSE OF CHANGE

*Rushing out of our hearts with purpose and vision
Bursting into form — then formlessness
Pausing to reflect, to collect, to renew
Only to burst forward again
Like bright experienced children
With fresh creative energies
New plans and new cohorts
Keeping the focus without being attached to form
Living the theme, not just talking about it
CREATING CHANGE YOURSELF, YOUR WORLD
CREATING A CONFERENCE —
THE LOS ANGELES PLANNING COMMUNITY*

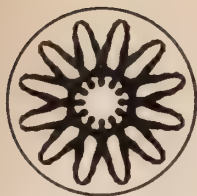
Jeanne Segal
Robert Segal
Jaelline Jaffe
Carol Briseno
Donald Leon
Elaine Albaum
Jerry Diamond
Bruce Whizin
Victor Herbert
Ed Elkin
Riley Smith
Will McWhinney
Tom Drucker
Helen Janiger
Jim King
Daisy Spiegel

David Franklin
Golda Sirota
Bluma Shuchatowitz
Anita Goldstein
Kitty McGlothin
Dave Martin
Betty Anne Field
Alice Eldred
Judy Gortikov
Marilyn Murphy
Keiko Matsura
Olive Pemberton
Nathalie Prettyman
Steve Wolf
Lynne Ericksson

*We invite you to join the EXCITEMENT
the challenge
the beat
the pulse of the conference
the pulse of change*

Photography by Lynne Ericksson and Robert Segal;
Montage by Lynne Ericksson





INFORMATION

THIS PRINTED PROGRAM

This Program provides a detailed description of the activities planned for AHP's 19th Annual Conference. Please bring it with you to UCLA. A Program Supplement, available at the on-site registration area, will specify the location of each activity, explain last-minute program changes, and provide a detailed map of meeting locations.

PHONE NUMBERS

UCLA Campus Activities Office: 213-825-8981, Royce Hall #310; UCLA Conference Housing: 213-825-5305, Rieber Hall; AHP Office, Staff and Volunteers: this number will be printed in the Program Supplement.

GETTING TO UCLA

By Car—From the airport take the San Diego Freeway I-405, northbound; exit and go east on Sunset Boulevard. For Rieber Hall, dormitory and residential suites, turn right at Bellagio (marked with an X on the map on page 51), bear right and go about 1/3 mile. For Ackerman/Royce, the registration area, take the next campus entry on the right (marked with a Y on the map) and ask for parking lot 5.

By Taxi—Taxi will cost about \$15, including tip from airport. Rates are \$1.00 per mile plus \$1.30 flag drop.

By Limousine Bus—There is no scheduled service to Westwood/UCLA.

Public Transportation from the Airport—Take Minibus 206, which runs in seven minute intervals, to the transfer point at 98th and Vicksburg, just outside the airport. You must have exact fare, 85c, and ask for a transfer. Transfer to Bus 88, Eldridge and Kagel Canyon. There is an additional fare of 30c, and you must have exact change. It takes approximately 30 minutes to get to Westwood/UCLA. Bus 88 leaves approximately five minutes before each hour. The last 88 bus leaves the airport at 11:59 pm.

If you choose to go first to Rieber Hall to check into the dormitory, disembark on Sunset Blvd. at Bellagio, after circling the campus. Rieber Hall is 1/3 mile south from the bus stop, about a ten-minute walk. On Friday and Saturday we expect to have a vehicle to meet each bus.

If you choose to go first to Ackerman Hall to register, disembark at Westwood Blvd. and La Conte Avenue, marked Z on the map on page 51. Ackerman is about 1/2 mile north on Westwood Plaza.

There is no transportation on campus between the dorm area and the major activity center at Ackerman. Walking briskly takes about ten minutes; 15 minutes at a leisurely pace. For those with ambulatory problems, a car can circle around to the edge of Dickson Plaza and can park there with the necessary permit.

For detailed bus schedule information call Los Angeles-Southern California Rapid Transit District, 213-626-4455 or 781-5890; or Santa Monica Municipal Bus Line, 213-451-5445. Bus 3 goes from the airport to UCLA via Santa Monica.

REGISTRATION

On-site Registration Hours—

Institutes: Wednesday, August 26, 8:00-10:00 am
Thursday, August 27, 11:00 am-1:00 pm
Friday, August 28, 8:00-9:00 am

Conference: Friday, August 28, 12:00 noon-8:00 pm

Late Registration: Ackerman Hall

Post-Conference Communities: You may register anytime throughout the Conference in Ackerman Hall. Everone participating in a Post-Conference Community must have a name badge.

On-site Registration Materials—When you register you get two important items; one is the Program Supplement. You will also get a name badge which serves a dual purpose. It helps other people remember your name and it serves as your pass to all Conference events. Monitors and UCLA staff are instructed to admit only people wearing a name badge. We ask that you wear your name badge at all times.

HOUSING, MEALS AND PARKING

Campus Housing—The deadline for reservation of campus housing is July 27, 1981. If you haven't preregistered for campus housing by that date, there will be no on-site registration. Direct all inquiries to UCLA, Conference Office, Rieber Hall, 310 De Neve Drive, Los Angeles 90024; 213-825-5305.

Campus Housing Check-In—Those who have reserved campus parking will have received their parking permits with their room confirmation from UCLA. Bring your permit with you and go directly to the lot indicated on your parking permit. Refer to the campus map for location of lots. Check-in time for the Residential Halls/Suites is after 3:00 pm. The front desk is open 24 hours. Check-out time is prior to 12:00 noon.

Meals—Cafeteria-style meal service for breakfast and dinner is provided as part of the Conference package for those who have reserved campus housing. Dinner is the first meal served on the day of check-in. Breakfast is the last meal served on the day of check-out. Registrants are on their own for lunch. The Dinner Picnic on Monday is included with the Conference housing packages. Non-campus residents who wish to take part in the Dinner Picnic will need to purchase tickets on site.



Royce Hall, UCLA

Off-Campus Housing—For a guide to local accommodations, contact the Los Angeles Convention Bureau, Visitor Inquiry Department, 505 South Flower, Los Angeles 90071; 213-488-9100.

We have reserved a block of rooms at two nearby hotels. If you wish to make reservations at either, we suggest you do so early and that you mention you are with the AHP Conference, in order to receive the quoted rates. Both hotels are near the campus. **Holiday Inn-Brentwood/Bel Air**, 170 North Church Lane, Los Angeles 90049; 213-476-6411. Special UCLA rates: single, \$40; twin \$45 plus 7½% tax. Block will be held until August 12. Transportation to UCLA is available. **Bel Air Sands**, 11461 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 90049; 213-476-6571. Single, \$60-65; double, \$65-70 plus 7½% tax. Includes complimentary limousine service to Westwood, Century City and Beverly Hills. The first night's deposit is due by July 26 for the room to be held.

Non-Resident Parking—With the exception of hourly metered stalls, permits are required in all campus parking areas. If you have not reserved a parking permit, parking information stations, located at each major campus

entrance, sell campus parking permits on a daily basis subject to availability. The charge is \$2.00 per entry. Public parking is available in lots throughout Westwood Village. There are no facilities for RV units on or near the campus. Off-campus nearby street parking is severely limited and police patrolled.

Central Gathering Place—Ackerman Hall, also known as the Student Union, will serve as our central Conference place. This is where you can find the Hospitality Area, Volunteer Office and the AHP Office.

HOSPITALITY AREA, BODY AND SOUL CENTER

When you first arrive or at various times throughout the Conference, you may want a place to go where you can simply put up your feet, relax and talk informally with others. On Friday hosts from each of the Theme Communities will be in the Hospitality Area. They look forward to welcoming you to the Community and discussing your specific interests. Besides serving as a meeting place, the Hospitality Area will offer...

a message board	AHP <i>Journal</i> information	a take-one display table
the book store	AHP Membership information	the Silent Auction
a travel board		

The Body and Soul Center, in close proximity to the Hospitality Area, can serve you in the following ways:
recharge your energy through massage, Touch for Health, acupressure or reflexology;
provide a space and equipment for people to exchange information and skills relating to their work;
offer information and demonstrations of alternative self-help skills to individuals and small groups.



Judy Cortikov



Patti Mettler-Whizin

The Center is coordinated by Judy Cortikov and Patti Mettler-Whizin, Los Angeles health practitioners.

CLOTHING

A hallmark of AHP conferences is informality. Many activities include physical movement. UCLA campus is quite spread out, so bring comfortable walking shoes. Late summer is almost always sunny with daytime temperatures in the 80s, evening temperatures in the low 60s.

CULTURAL AND RECREATIONAL FACILITIES

Campus facilities include an olympic-size swimming pool, picnic grounds, tennis courts, the Museum of Cultural History, the Frederick Wright Art Gallery, and the Franklin Murphy Sculpture Gardens.

CHILDREN'S CONFERENCE

Elysa Markowitz is the coordinator for the Children's Conference. This event is for children between the ages of five and 13 and will include a variety of activities, many of them in preparation for a culminating show on Tuesday from noon to 1:00 pm for parents and other AHPers.

The children will create musical instruments, sing songs, dance and build a set for the final production. In addition, there will be hikes, visits to places of interest on campus, quiet time, and a host of other things kids love.

You can pre-register your child(ren) by completing the form on page 55. On-site check-in will be in the vicinity of Conference Registration.



Franz Hall, UCLA

The Children's Conference does not run during the Institutes, Post-Conference Communities or evenings. The hours: Saturday-Monday, August 29-31, 8:00 am-5:45 pm; Tuesday, September 1, 8:00 am-1:00 pm (noon-1:00 pm, Culminating Event).

DAYCARE/CHILDSITTING

Information about extra-fee daycare and chilsitting will be available on site.

CREDIT

You can register on site for college or continuing education credit. Look for signs at the Conference Registration table. The locations for the pre- or post-conference meetings will be announced in the Program Supplement. Credit is offered as follows...

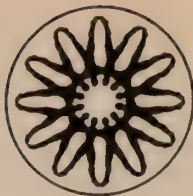
Psychologist—ten hours of Category A credit, approved by the Standards and Program Review Section of the California State Psychological Association's Continuing Education Committee. Fee: \$20. Requirements: Full participation in the Conference and attendance at a concluding seminar on Tuesday, September 1, from noon to 1:00 pm. Participants will be asked to complete an evaluation and will receive a Verification of Attendance.

Nurses—ten Continuing Education contact hours, approved by the California State Board of Registered Nursing, Provider Number 02548. Fee: \$20. Requirements: Participation in the Theme Community "Health and Healing: Celebrating Wellness" and other events of the Conference, and attendance at a concluding seminar on Tuesday, September 1, from noon to 1:00 pm. Participants will be asked to complete a Conference questionnaire and will receive a Certificate of Successful Completion.

Other Professionals and Students—

Five quarter or three semester units of graduate or under-graduate credit offered through the University for Humanistic Studies and the Professional School for Humanistic Studies. Fee: \$50. Requirements: full participation in the Conference plus attendance at a pre- and post-conference meeting. The first meeting will be on Friday, August 28, from 5:00-7:00 pm, and the concluding meeting will be on Tuesday, September 1, from 11:30-1:30 pm.

Pacific Oaks, a fully-accredited college, offers up to four units of graduate, under-graduate or continuing education credit. You can obtain one unit for two days of Institutes, two units for the Conference, and one unit for the Post-Conference Communities. Fee: \$25 per unit. Requirements: People registering for credit will fully participate in the events selected and develop their own learning contract for an independent project. Projects are due one month after the Conference. A flyer with details will be available at on-site registration, or for further information contact Jaelline Jaffe, instructor, at 213-851-3909.



SPECIAL EVENTS

Friday, August 28

7:00-8:30 pm

THE GATHERING: Long Walker Dakota, a traditional Sioux teacher and chief of 56 tribes, will lead an opening cedar ceremony to bring participants together. We approach this ceremony with respect and appreciation for the tradition it represents.

8:30-10:30 pm

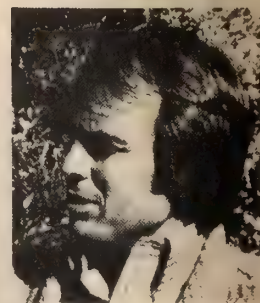
OPENING PLENARY SESSION

Jeanne Segal and **Robert Segal**, Conference Program Coordinators, will welcome people on behalf of the Los Angeles Planning Community.

THE INVISIBLE CONSTITUENCY: George Leonard, AHP past-president, will provide an overview for the Conference.



George
Leonard



Michael
Murphy

Saturday, August 29

7:30-9:30 pm, *EXPLORING DIMENSIONS OF CHANGE*

CHANGES IN SOVIET-AMERICAN ADVERSARY RELATIONSHIP THROUGH COLLABORATION IN HUMAN POTENTIAL RESEARCH

For several years, Michael Murphy and Jim Hickman have been exploring the research efforts in the Soviet Union that relate to concepts of human potential, and they have identified a remarkable symmetry between the Soviet and American interests in this field. They will describe possible avenues for Soviet-American collaboration and speculate on the implications of such collaboration for international relations. **Michael Murphy** is co-founder of Esalen Institute, author, and Director of the Transformation Project, a research endeavor to document the human capacity for supernormal functioning. **Jim Hickman** is a psychologist who specializes in the investigation of extraordinary human capacities. He is Director of the Esalen Institute Soviet-American Exchange Program, an endeavor to encourage dialogue among Soviet and American scientists who are exploring human potentials.



Jim
Hickman

HEALTH CARE: BEYOND MEDICINE

Journey through the new landscape of health care, with particular focus on how environments such as the family, the community and the workplace, can promote health. Visits will be made to a model corporate wellness program, a training center for new health professionals, a family-based health clinic, a hospital program for people with life-threatening illness, and the California State Wellness Assurance Program. **Dennis Jaffe**, a faculty member of the UCLA School of Medicine, is Director of Learning for Health, a psychosomatic medicine clinic. He is author of several books, including *Healing from Within*. **Rick Ingrasci** is Health Director of Interface, health editor of *New Age Magazine*, and one of the founders of Whole Health Associates, an innovative holistic health center in Watertown, Massachusetts.



Rick
Ingrasci

Saturday events continued



Natalie Rogers



Fred Massarik



Anna Wise & Jym MacRitchie



Bill Bridges



Jacqueline
Larcombe Doyle



Paul
Winter

THE FEMININE PERSPECTIVE FOR THE FUTURE

Numbers of alternative models for the future are currently being offered for speculation, ranging from post-industrial society to transformational utopias. We will explore what the feminine perspective brings to these speculations; review various models; include personal reflections, intuitions, hopes and fears; and share from interviews and talks with women around the world. Audience participation and insights will be welcomed. **Natalie Rogers** is a psychotherapist, group facilitator and author of *Emerging Woman: A Decade of Mid-Life Transitions*. She is on the staff of the Person-Centered Approach training programs in Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, and co-created a yearly cross-cultural communication workshop in Germany. **Patricia Mische** is editor of Global Education Associate's *The Whole Earth Papers* and author of the forthcoming book, *Women, Power and Alternative World Futures*. **Elizabeth Campbell** is Executive Officer of AHP and a futurist, whose interest lies in developing collaborative models appropriate for global interdependence.

THE AMERICAN FUTURE: NEW VISIONS BEYOND OLD FRONTIERS

We need more than ever a participatory society in which persons of all lifestyles believe that they matter, instead of the escapist culture which absorbs millions into irrelevance. It comes down to moving from a wasteful, privately oriented, self-indulgent existence to a more conserving, caring and disciplined lifestyle. **Tom Hayden**, a 1960s antiwar activist, now chairs the California Campaign for Economic Democracy, a citizens movement that seeks to work within the Democratic Party. His latest book is *The American Future*.

HUMANISTIC PRIORITIES: THE NEXT TWO DECADES—Fred Massarik, AHP past-presidents and others

10:00 pm-midnight

DANCERAMA: Natural dance and music help create an experience and atmosphere which contains elements of a group ritual, discoteque, party and celebration. It develops fun and a sense of our common bond, through a familiar and popular form—The Big Dance. **Jym MacRitchie** and **Anna Wise** are from the Natural Dance Workshop in London and have presented this event at the British, Italian and European AHP Conferences. **David Miles** and **Martine Algiers**.

10:00-11:40 pm

FILMS (see page 33 for details about the film program)

Sunday, August 30

7:30-8:30 pm

A NOT-SO-SILENT AUCTION: A rollicking occasion to bid on goods and services that you'll treasure yourself or love to give to others. All proceeds go to AHP.

8:30-11:30 pm, THE PASSAGE

PRESIDENTIAL PLENARY SESSION with outgoing President **Bill Bridges** and incoming President **Jacqueline Larcombe Doyle**, followed by **A SPECIAL CONCERT** featuring **Al Chung-liang Huang** and **Paul Winter**

Monday, August 31

6:00-8:00 pm

DINNER PICNIC: Staged in the large outdoor area of the spacious recreational facilities, the picnic will be enhanced with minstrels, entertainments and miscellaneous treats. Bring your musical instrument.

8:30-10:30 pm, MINI-PLenary SESSIONS

PETER ALSOP CONCERT: Peter Alsop is a nationally known singer-songwriter who has been described as a "humanitarian humorist". He has produced and recorded four solo record albums and is included on three anthology records, one of which is a widely acclaimed children's album, *Silly Songs and Modern Lullabies*.



Peter Alsop

THE DIVINE ANDROGYNE: A dance-dramatization of the archetype of the androgyne. The story of the male principle, the female principle, the ego resistance that keeps them apart and the nature spirit that brings them together again. **Anand Veereshwar** is Director of Bodhisattva Arts, a production company dedicated to entertainment as a transformational experience.

A LAUGH-A-THON — Ilana Rubinfeld and Harold Greenwald

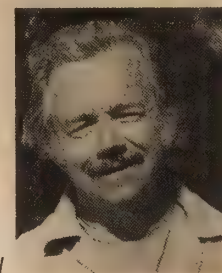
An evening doing what only our species can do—laugh. Humanistic humor; use of humor in therapy. Bring jokes and funny stories to share.



Ilana
Rubinfeld

SELF AS SOURCE OF SOCIAL CHANGE: TRANSPERSONAL PERSPECTIVES ON THE NATURE OF SELF, SERVICE AND SOCIETY

Human suffering and the problems of our civilization can be viewed as symptomatic of our collective state of mind. From a transpersonal perspective we all share the responsibility for the well-being of our planet. We will explore the interface of transpersonal growth and service in the world, and the ways in which changing personal values and actions contribute to global change. **Frances Vaughan** is a professor at the California Institute of Transpersonal Psychology, a psychotherapist in private practice, author of *Awakening Intuition*, and co-editor with Roger Walsh of *Beyond Ego: Transpersonal Dimensions in Psychology*. **Roger Walsh** is on the faculty of the Psychiatry Department of the University of California Medical School at Irvine.



Harold Greenwald

THE PATH OF THE HEART: SONGS AND STORIES FOR CREATING CHANGE

An evening of song and story to "tune-in" to the changes we are making and the changes that are making us. **Rabbi David Zeller** is a storyteller, singer and professor at the California Institute of Transpersonal Psychology. He founded the Network of Conscious Judaism and has produced two tapes of his chanting.



David Zeller

COLD STORAGE: A two-character comedy/drama, originally performed on Broadway, takes place in a metropolitan hospital and examines the life force within the context of dying. **David Ralphe** is Artistic Director of the Hedgerow Theatre and Executive Director of the **Los Angeles Theatre Alliance**.

10:30-11:00 pm

SANDY HERSCHMAN CONCERT

11:00-midnight

WAKE UP TOGETHER AND SING: An old-fashioned relationship revival with singing and dancing—**Donna David-Langer, Stu Langer** and **Warren Lyons**

10:30-11:40 pm

FILMS (see page 33 for details about the film program)



Marilyn
Ferguson

Tuesday, September 1

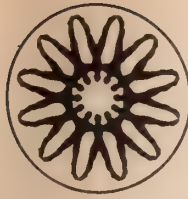
9:00-11:30 am, THE CLOSING

CONSPIRACY FOR A NEW WORLD: Two pioneers in analyzing trends will share their insights and visions for a new world. **Marilyn Ferguson** is editor of *Brain/Mind Bulletin* and author of *The Aquarian Conspiracy*. **John Naisbitt** is Senior Vice-president of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, and publisher of *The Trend Report*.

CLOSING CELEBRATION: **Al Chung-liang Huang** will lead a closing celebration with the help of a lot of AHP friends.



Al Chung-
liang Huang



MORNINGS

MEDITATIONS AND EXERCISES

Saturday, August 29 — 6:30-7:30 am

KUNDALINI YOGA AND MEDITATION

Kundalini Yoga is the root yoga out of which the many systems of yoga have sprung, thus the most powerful. It incorporates techniques of hatha (postures), pranayama (breathing), laya (sound current), raja (meditation) and bhakti (devotion). Wear loose, comfortable clothing, and bring a yoga mat, towel or blanket. **3HO Foundation instructors.**

WALKING, RUNNING, STRETCHING

We will cover pertinent exercises, in addition to yoga, acupuncture and diet. Come prepared to have fun. **Michael**

Blair is a podiatrist and member in several running and orthopedic societies.

THE FORM

The Form is the universal principle of balance as applied to the human being, a meditation in movement. This presentation will include a slide show defining the relationship of all parts of the skeleton as the human being moves three dimensionally in space, a demonstration of the discipline of the Form, a master class. **Michael Nebadon** is Director and **Grant Ramey** is Educational Director of the Center of the Form in Santa Monica, California.

Sunday, August 30 — 6:30-7:30 am

THE SCHOOL OF T'AI CHI CHUAN

Since antiquity the Chinese have recognized the unity of body, mind and spirit. T'ai chi chuan is a method of creating inner harmony and balance through movement. Come replenish your energy. A team of professionally trained instructors will demonstrate, explain and conduct this class.

ARICA PSYCHOCALISTHENICS

Arica psychocalisthenics is a sequence of 26 physical exercises designed to restore and maintain the body's natural condition of flexibility, strength and vitality. Requiring only 30 minutes each day, psychocalisthenics

conditions all the muscle groups of the body. Each exercise is accompanied by a specific breathing pattern and coordinated with specially composed music. **West Coast Exercise Company** is a Los Angeles-based group of certified Arica instructors, specializing in psychocalisthenics.

THE TEILHARDIAN MASS

Join with fellow participants in a liturgical experience designed to emphasize conscious participation in the evolutionary process. **Raymond Hock** is a Professor of Education and Philosophy, teaching courses on Teilhard and Buber and their implications for the future.

Monday, August 31 — 6:30-7:30 am

CHUU-SHIN

Chuu-shin is a holistic exercise system, which incorporates martial arts energy theory with a stretching and breathing program, designed to relieve tension and fatigue. Using a six foot staff or "bo" as a centering point, ultimate flexibility of mind and body occur. Effective relief from lower back pain and other problem areas also can result. **Cary Tagawa** developed chuu-shin out of his ten years of physical training and participation in the martial arts.

DANCE AS HEALING

Dance integrates emotional expression with the physical and spiritual aspects of being. Moving "wholly" from a centered place in ourselves is a healing and joyful experience. Regardless of your movement proficiency, this experience will help you move through life with more freedom and ease. **Jayne Dundes** is a choreographer, director and dance instructor.

continued

BUBER MEDITATION

This program will use processes developed from Martin Buber's interpretation of Hassidism and geared to put you in charge of and take responsibility for your ego, mind and body. Chanting and breathing exercises are used in

conjunction with this meditation. The objective of this approach is for participants to realize that we are what we do and not what we theorize we would like to be. **Charles Roth** is Executive Editor and Vice-president of the Jewish Post newspapers and formulator of Buber meditation.

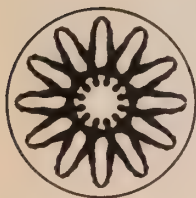
Tuesday, September 1 — 6:30-7:30 am

AIKIDO

Aikido will be presented with several exercises that demonstrate aikido's principles of harmonious energy shared between two people. The format is one of self defense; hence all of the techniques of aikido develop the participant's intuition for solving conflict situations with benevolent and spontaneous action, leaving both persons free of harm. **Megan Reisel** holds a black belt in aikido and over the past six years has studied with masters in New York City, Washington and Tokyo.

KUM NYE RELAXATION

This workshop will include demonstrations of Kum Nye and an explanation of what part of the body a specific posture will release. The participants will then experience the posture for themselves and will be helped individually. Each posture will be followed by a short period of relaxation and meditation. Wear loose clothing and bring a pillow, if possible. **Linda Lacy** studied Kum Nye Relaxation at the Nyingma Institute in Berkeley, California.



THEME COMMUNITIES

8:30-11:30 am

Nine Theme Communities will meet every morning to explore specific areas of interest. The Communities are to provide a home base for daily contact in a supportive environment and a forum for the process of community. Intended outcomes:

- experiences of community with all of its challenges and rewards;
- resources, skills and inspirations to bring back to your own life and community; and
- an opportunity to share information and skills.

HOW DO I SELECT A COMMUNITY: MAYBE I'LL WANT TO SWITCH.

Each Community will be unique, developing its own style and climate depending on the topic, resource people and you, the participants. We encourage you to select a Community based on your primary interest and stay with it for a full experience of bonding and learning. Please don't switch.

THE MARKET PLACE is a forum where both the listed resource people and Community participants can share their interests, skills and expertise. It works like this. The facilitator opens the floor to identify offerings, assess

interests, and then assigns rooms. Participants subdivide and meet according to interest. The market place allows undiscovered resource persons to emerge and share, creating a process that is flexible and responsive to community interests and needs.

The nine Theme Communities are named and described below. Some of the people who will take an active role in facilitating or resourcing the group are also named. Due to the dynamic nature of the Communities, however, some key people's names may not appear. We offer hearty thanks to everyone who has contributed to the development and success of the Theme Communities.

1.

Humanizing Our World of Work. We will examine the quality of our personal work experience in order to clarify our desires and revitalize our jobs and lives. We will explore ways to create more humanistic work environments and to remedy work-related problems for ourselves and others, building post-conference support systems and networks for making our life work, and making our work—life.

Warren Bennis—business philosopher, educator

Carol Briseno—consultant, facilitator

2.

Beyond Personal Quest: Spiritual and Transpersonal Community. We will explore meditation and other metaphysical teachings and abilities, such as clairvoyance, materialization, trance-medium channeling and other macro powers, revealing personal intent and purpose in transcending the mundane. The intent of our meditations will be to join, to merge, to bond and to transcend to higher consciousness as a community.

Helen-Elaine Janiger—writer, poet, teacher, healer

3.

Lifestyles and Intimate Relationships. This Community will explore alternative lifestyles, relationships and expressions of loving intimacy. How can women and men nourish, support and learn from each other? What is intimacy and how can it be fostered? What are the issues involved in singlehood, celibacy, monogamy, open marriage, group marriage, bisexuality and homosexuality?

Paul Bindrim—Director of Bindrim Institute, psycho-therapist

Ed Elkin—founder of transpersonal gestalt, faculty member of University for Humanistic Studies

4.

Health and Healing: Celebrating Wellness. What does it mean to be really well? What are the roles that stress, nutrition, sexuality, creativity, spirituality and relationships play in the development of wellness? We will explore Eastern and Western approaches with particular attention to the healing power of caring people and group energy.

David Bressler—established Pain Center at UCLA, educator in holistic health

Rosalyn Bruyere—founder and Director of the Healing

Tom Drucker—clinical and organizational psychologist
Roger Gould—career consultant, author of *Transformations*

Will McWhinney—co-creator of Open Systems Planning, consultant

Adelle Scheele—consultant, author of *Skills for Success*

Leni Schwartz—environmental psychologist, author of *The World of the Unborn; Nurturing Your Child Before Birth*

Donald Leon—attorney, psychologist, medium and metaphysician

Frances Vaughan—psychologist, author of *Awakening Intuition*

Roger Walsh—co-editor of *Beyond Ego*, editor of *Journal of Transpersonal Psychology*

Bruce blue cloud Whizin—therapist, teacher, visionary, poet

David Zeller—Rabbi, storyteller, transpersonal educator

Betty Anne Field—group leader, surrogate partner

Niela Horn—staff member at Associates for Human Resources, consultant

Herbert Otto—founder of Institute for Exploration of Human Potential, author

Arline Rubin—Associate Professor, Brooklyn College

Riley Smith—therapist, co-author of *How to Be a Couple and Still Be Free*

Tina Tessina—therapist, trainer, co-author of *How to Be a Couple and Still Be Free*

Light Center

Jacqueline Larcombe Doyle—facilitator, therapist, incoming President of AHP

David Franklin—healer, body therapist, social worker

Dennis Jaffe—educator, author of *Healing from Within*

Evarts Loomis—founder of Meadowlark, a holistic health center

Golda Sirota—artist, teacher, healer, group leader

Daisy Elizabeth Spiegel—holistic health counselor

5.

Creating a Civilization that Works. What we have learned about changing ourselves may well be useful in changing our world—shifting from problem orientation to solution orientation. This Community, which will focus on key social, political, economic, cultural, religious and technological realities, is for people who choose to put themselves on the line to realize their visions of the possible.

Thea Alexander—author of *2150 A.D.*

Jean Haskell Feinberg—manager, teacher, group facilitator

Linda Groff—coordinator, Future Policies Studies Pro-

gram; President, Los Angeles World Future Society

Jim King—engineer, logician, facilitator, Buddhist, student of metaphysics

Andy Lipkis—founder and Director of the Tree People

Richard Michaels—director of TV movies, winner of Christopher Award for work affirming the human spirit.

Marcia Seligson—author, *The Eternal Bliss Machine* and *Options*

Jeremy Tarcher—publisher of *Aquarian Conspiracy* and others

6.

Intentional Communities in the 1980s. If you have already lived in community or are thinking about it, we invite you to

be with us to learn what seems to work and not work in community life, to explore several exciting new possibilities

for urban and rural communities, to share an actual experience of community, and to establish a post-conference support group.

Jerry Diamond—entrepreneur, producer

Alice Eldred—teacher/specialist in shared living workshops

Victor Herbert—ex-film/theater producer in Paris

7.

New Ways of Learning. New approaches to learning emphasize education as a partnership between teacher and student and as a process of creative interaction. This Community will explore many of the recent developments in brain-mind research and their applications to lifelong learning and New Age education. We will sample imagery/visualization, accelerated learning, multi-modal and multi-sensory activities, and intuitive and creative processes; will envision ways to humanize education, enhance self-image, expand our concept of the learner/teacher relationship; and will examine parenting practices.

Diane Battung—academic advisor for International College, futurist

Russell Bishop—Vice-president and Director of Training for Insight Training seminars

Jack Canfield—Director of Educational Services of Insight

8.

Play, Movement and Sports: New Forms of Re-creation. Our theme is "Come play with us". This Community allows us as adults to pursue the wonderful, uninhibited playfulness of the child. We will use movement, dance, music, drama, art, play and new games where there are NO losers, only winners. Our Community will provide a safe and trusting environment where no one asks you to "grow up" and "settle down".

Paul Abel—facilitator, holistic practitioner, singer

Lucia Capacchione—author of *The Creative Journal*

9.

The Ninth Community. Nine is the number of power. In this Community members will have the opportunity to experience their personal power as we create a unique community where we will bring our own needs and interests, skills and talents, struggles and concerns. Within the group we will discover resources to meet these needs, develop those interests, utilize those strengths; to deepen

Ken Keyes, Jr.—founder of Cornucopia, author of *Handbook to Higher Consciousness*

David South—explorer, visitor of communities throughout Europe and the United States

Representatives from the **Society of Emissaries**, a community founded in British Columbia in the 30s, and from **Kerista Village**, a San Francisco community.

Training seminars; author, *100 Ways to Enhance Self-Concept in the Classroom*

Marilyn Fiedler—founder and Director of Walden School

Beverly Galyean—confluent education consultant for Los Angeles schools

Jaelline Jaffe—therapist, educator, psychomotor specialist

Judith Larkin—Dean, School of Consciousness at the University for Humanistic Studies

George Leonard—author, educator, black belt aikidoist

Judy Leventhal—teacher, artist, therapist

Maureen Murdock—educational consultant, counselor

Michael Ossorio—parent, early childhood and special education teacher

Olive Pemberton—therapist, consultant to the Los Angeles schools

Ed Rockey—Professor of Behavioral Science

Lillian Freeman—psychotherapist who brings together play, creativity and movement

Tim Gallwey—author of *The Inner Game of Tennis*, teacher of other inner games such as skiing and golf

Joe and Darri Heller—originators of the Body of Knowledge in San Francisco

Violet Oaklander—Director of the Center for Child and Adolescent Therapy, author of *Windows to Our Children*

Gabrielle Roth—creator of the Moving Center method of movement

understanding; to experience creativity, excitement, connection, accomplishment and joy.

Barbara Biggs—psychotherapist, consultant, photographer, devotee of t'ai chi

Will Schutz—author of *Joy and Profound Simplicity*, instructor at Antioch University West

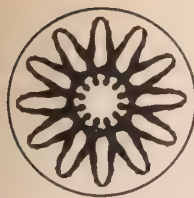


FIELD ACTIVITIES

8:30-11:30 am

People involved in AHP Field Activities will come together as their own community. This will be an opportunity to review goals and priorities, discuss successes and frustrations of the past year, and envision and plan for the year ahead. We will continue to strengthen the support

network among Field Activities people; explore assumptions and expectations about the relationship between area chapters and AHP International; and identify additional ways to learn from, nourish and care for one another.



AFTERNOON: *Saturday, August 29*

Saturday
1:00-3:00 pm

FORUM — 1:00-3:00 pm

HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY EXAMINES ITS COMPETING CURRENT THEORIES OF HOW TO CREATE A HUMAN WORLD

Panels of gifted social theorists and past and present leaders of AHP will discuss issues at the intellectual core of AHP's existence and future during three afternoons. Co-covenanters: **Jacqueline Larcombe Doyle** and **Nora Weckler**.

HUMANISTIC MODELS OF CHANGE

We will be contrasting the transformation paradigm with perspectives from holistic politics and transpersonal thought. **Walt Anderson, Frances Vaughan, Roger Walsh, Marilyn Ferguson** (on tape), **Bob Philleo, Frank Reissman, Charles Hampden-Turner, Fred Massarik**. Moderated by **Jacqueline Larcombe Doyle**.

WORKSHOPS — 1:00-3:00 pm

CONVERSATION WITH FLOYD MATSON, a past president of AHP, author of *The Broken Image*, and co-author of *The Human Connection*.

Personal/Interpersonal

THE TAO OF WOMEN'S GROUPS

Feeling, thinking, talking and listening like sisters, we will build a model of a women's leaderless support group and implement it by dividing into groups and experiencing small islands of sisterhood. Exploring the strictly-female reality together is a way to balance the yin-yang warp in a sexually-biased culture. **Carolyn Crane** is a writer, feminists' facilitator and zealot, who wants women to have equal economic and emotional advantages and rewards.

RISKING

This workshop is a guide to help you understand exactly what happens when you risk yourself. Participants struggling with life changes or major decisions will have the opportunity of understanding the nature of risking in general and of their own risks in particular. **Neil Rosenthal** is a therapist in private practice, a teacher of psychology, and President of the Colorado AHP Chapter.

CREATING INTIMACY AND STAYING CENTERED

Come to this workshop if you wish to enhance your ability to relate intimately to individuals or groups while staying centered. Be prepared to take some

high risks in a strongly supportive atmosphere. Leave with a greater sense of inner freedom to create the kinds of interactions you want, along with increased skills for doing so. **Niela Horn** is on the faculty of AHR/Beacon College and the Gestalt Institute of New England, where she teaches, trains, does therapy and works as an organization consultant.

COME PLAY AND SEE, MY SON AND ME

Hello out there! Can you risk laughing, being silly, lovable? Then, come with your children, and the "child" in you. We'll bring our toys and games. **Susan Ziemer** is a RN invested in promoting holistic health to the helping professions. She teaches New Games at the University of Southern California Institute in Idyllwild. **Danny Ziemer**, 11-year-old son of Susan, has studied New Games and assisted in workshops at Elysium Fields Institute.

"ME"-SSAGE: GETTING IN TOUCH WITH "ME"

"Me"-ssage is a simple, natural method leading to release of habitual muscular tensions, revitalizing and improving body functions. It is designed to reunite our whole self, mobilizing our own effective resources in self care and nurturing. **Judy Unell** is the originator of "me"-ssage and t'ai chi massage. She has a private neo-Reichian and somatic retraining practice in Los Angeles.

PEOPLE SAMPLERS: A HUMANISTIC WAY FOR SINGLES TO MEET

This new social invention makes it easy and fun to sift through large numbers of people, to quickly

discover "your kind"—potential friends as well as romantic partners—and to make arrangements to see them again. You will be provided the opportunity to get energized, increase your good feelings and practice new meeting skills. Methods will be explained and demonstrated. **Emily Coleman** is a behavioral scientist, author of three books on relationships, and co-founder of the Man-Woman Institute. **Keith Tombrink**, psychologist and co-founder of the Man-Woman Institute, conducts programs to improve relationships between men and women and to help singles live richer lives.

STYLES OF LOVING

Recent research suggests that there are six distinct views of the concept of man-woman love. These lovestyles—friendship, giving, possessive, practical, game-playing, and erotic—will be discussed and participants will explore the extent to which they identify with each concept. **Martin Rosenman** is a Professor of Psychology at Morehouse College; a practicing clinical psychologist, specializing in man-woman relationships; and author of *Loving Styles: A Guide for Increasing Intimacy*.

CONTRADICTIONS IN INTENTIONAL COMMUNITIES

The audience will discuss typical problems of intentional communities, including charismatic leadership, sexual jealousy, conformity, orthodoxy and cultism. The session will open with the film "Kerista Village—An Alternative Family," a documentary of this community's personal interactions and group marriage. **David Schonbrunn** is a film editor with 12 years of experience in spiritual communities, meditation and inner growth. **Maurice Solkov** has been a filmmaker for 16 years, was President of the Berkeley Film Institute, and won an award at the John Muir Medical Film Festival.

HOW TO BE A COUPLE AND STILL BE FREE

The presenters will share a view about intimacy and freedom and a method of problem-solving between equals where no one has to compromise. This material is equally useful for couples and single people, gay or straight. **Tina Tessina** and **Riley Smith** are therapists in private practice in Los Angeles. Both are licensed marriage and family counselors and co-authors of *How to be a Couple and Still Be Free*.

THE A*L*L GAME™ WORKSHOP

The A*L*L Game™ is a tool for personal transformation. This workshop will be held in a small group around a game board and is intended to quickly pinpoint and clarify personal issues. It incorporates methods of releasing human potential in an atmosphere of serious playfulness or playful seriousness. **Christi Anna Davidson** is creator and President of A*L*L Education, Inc. She is trained as a lawyer, social worker, gestalt and crisis counselor.

INSTA-CLEAR: INTUITIVE DECISION-MAKING ABOUT CHANGE

This workshop will present a problem-solving approach to coping with change in our daily lives. The audience is requested to bring a real life "change situation" to work with in the group. The format will be experiential; questions, answers and tools will be given. **Cherie Carter-Scott** founded Motivation

Management Services in 1974. She has a television show "Inner-View" where prominent people share ideas from a variety of fields. **Lynn Stewart** has served as President of MMS and is presently known as the Central States Regional Manager in Aspen, Colorado.

Professional

L.E.T.: Life (Logotherapy)-Effectiveness-Training

The objectives of this workshop are to enable participants to add the methods of logotherapy to their own approaches, through familiarization with and experiential exposure to the humanistic philosophy and the applications of logotherapy (therapy through meaning-orientation). **Mignon Eisenberg** studied logotherapy with Professor Viktor Frankl and has applied it extensively with groups and individuals.

A CREATIVE MOVEMENT APPROACH TO COGNITIVE LEARNING

Creative movement integrates the affective and the cognitive to help children learn in a more holistic way. In a loving and supportive environment, creative movement can be the medium through which children can develop on all levels, where both children and their teachers can find their own uniqueness, their own genius, their own dance. There will be practical examples and experiences of how creative movement can be used. **Teresa Bender Benzwie** is a dancer and kindergarten teacher, who has worked extensively with different populations in the helping professions using creative movement as a humanistic approach to teaching.

A CONSCIOUS APPROACH TO PERSONAL AND PUBLIC SPEAKING SKILLS

This workshop is designed to assist people in becoming more aware of themselves as speakers and learn skills that can reduce fear of public speaking, as well as assisting them in becoming more powerful and dynamic speakers. **Anita Conroy** is a psychotherapist who teaches public speaking skills; gives workshops, seminars and lectures; and works with people individually in the expressive areas.

CHANGE FOUNDATION: A GROUP VALUE ACTIVITY

This workshop will provide participants with a specific small-group value clarification activity/tool for use in their own professional environment. This workshop will include a brief background discussion, experience with the activity, and a method for extending the activity learnings into long-range personal value commitment and change. **Richard Rogers** is a college teacher, specializing in interpersonal communication with 12 years of experience in the use of classroom and workshop presentations for personal growth.

BIOFEEDBACK TRAINING FOR STRESS AND STRESS DISORDERS

This workshop will present biofeedback and other procedures for treatment of stress and stress disorders. Use of EMG, GSR and temperature units to develop a psychophysiological stress profile will be demonstrated. Also included will be a demonstration of a variety of techniques, discussion of their use in

Saturday
1:00-3:00 pm

stress management, and their advantages and disadvantages. **Marjorie Toomin**, psychologist, is Director of the Biofeedback Institute of Los Angeles. **Sandra Thomson**, psychologist, is Director of Training, and **Pamela Pine** is Assistant Director of Training at the Institute. **Joan Reighley** is a nurse educator.

THE BRAIN, INTELLIGENCE AND LEARNING: STRATEGIES FOR EDUCATION PROGRAMS

In this workshop you will receive information on current brain-mind research as it applies to intelligence and learning. Strategies for expanding intelligence through affective, intuitive, multi-sensory and kinesthetic/imagery modalities of learning will be presented. Slides and visuals of exemplary student work accomplished in three federally-funded research projects in confluence education will be shown, and participants will experience several of the learning strategies derived from brain-mind research and discovered highly effective agents of increasing intellectual abilities. **Beverly Galyean** is a teacher, counselor, education researcher and author of *Language from Within* and *Art and Fantasy*.

Saturday
1:00-3:00 pm

Transpersonal

OPEN FOCUS TRAINING

Theory and clinical uses for Open Focus, a series of attention training exercises, will be experienced and discussed. The attentional flexibility associated with Open Focus develops awareness concomitantly with physiological relaxation. Flexible attentional strategies permit optimization of function in a variety of circumstances. **Les Fehmi** is a psychologist in private biofeedback practice and originator of Open Focus training.

STAR+GATE SYMBOLIC SYSTEM (double session; see Saturday, 3:30-5:30 pm)

Each participant will have the opportunity to use this workshop to explore a topic of personal interest. Emphasized is how this process combines rational and intuitive processes to tackle situations in everyday reality. Applications in decision-making and problem-solving are demonstrated as well as in exploring relationships and delving into the inner self. **Richard Geer** created the Star+Gate system and has developed it over a 12-year period.

DREAMS, MOVEMENT AND CREATIVITY

The human psyche is always in movement and creative flux. Learning how to move with, against or around our physical, mental and spiritual energy increases creativity and satisfaction. In our dreams we have the opportunity to be creators and to become created. The principles of movement therapy are straight-forward and easy to apply to our waking and sleeping lives. **Valerie Meluskey** is a movement/dance and drama therapist and certified practitioner of Neuro-Linguistic Programming, whose special area of work for ten years has been creative and lucid dream psychology.

ACU-YOGA: TECHNIQUES FOR SELF TREATMENT

In this workshop we will explore how to combine

yoga postures and breathing with the use of acupressure point stimulation. Emphasis will be on techniques for stress reduction, relief of common psychosomatic ailments and emotional balancing. **Michael Reed Gach** is Director of the Acupressure Workshop in Berkeley, California, and author of the self-treatment book *Acu-Yoga*.

EXPLORING THE MYTHIC UNDERWORLD

Deep within each of us is a personal mythology which shapes the way we look at the world and exerts a powerful influence over our lives. This workshop will introduce personal mythology as a useful way of viewing and working with personality development. There will be exercises demonstrating this concept and its uses. **David Feinstein** is a senior clinical psychologist with San Diego County Mental Health Services and is co-authoring with Stanley Krippner a book on personal mythology.

CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH THE BODY

Integration of body, mind and spirit requires full consciousness of the functioning of our bodies and its relationship to emotions and spiritual development. This workshop will illustrate how breathing and psychoparestalsis are related to stress and conflict and how we can consciously change them so they bring us into harmony and inner peace. **Daisy Spiegel** has a private holistic practice with the intent to help individuals to touch into their essential selves.

TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY: BRIDGE BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, SCIENCE AND PSYCHOLOGY

This dialogue will concern itself with a brief overview of the nature of transpersonal psychology and the study of levels of consciousness which can be used directly in personal development, education and psychotherapy. Participants will be invited to share their own experiences with this perspective. Selections from such specific approaches as meditation, imagery, sensory reduction, or stimulation and mystical ecstatic experience will be presented and employed to provide direct experience in changing and identifying levels of consciousness. **Carmi Harari** is a psychologist, psychoanalyst, educator, trainer, consultant and Executive Director of Humanistic Psychology Center of New York. **Mike Arons** is a pioneer in humanistic psychology education and chair of the Psychology Department of West Georgia College, Carrollton, Georgia.

Socio-Political

PRAYER FOR PEACE: MEDITATION AND NONVIOLENCE IN OUR NUCLEAR AGE

The purpose of this workshop is to provide information and a forum for discussing the relationships of prayer and meditation, peace and nonviolence, seen from psychological, spiritual and political perspectives. The purpose is to briefly explore the related personal, spiritual and political dynamics of peace. **Alan Nelson** is a therapist, facilitator and Director of the Peace Project.

REFUGEES: THE STRANGERS AMONG US

This workshop will be a discussion of ways to help Southeast Asian refugees adjust to our alien land. We will talk about specific aspects of Asian cultures and United States life which make the transition difficult, of social and psychological pressures on immigrants and citizens with whom they come in contact, and of concrete ways to discover and deal with refugee problems. **Shirley Tepper LaMere** is a teacher of English as a Second Language in the San Francisco Community College District, working with refugees from Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

Organizational

PEER/MENTOR MODEL FOR INCREASING PRODUCTIVITY

This presentation will include an overview of productivity as it relates to human interaction. Collaboration as a one-to-one relationship in the workplace will be examined. Through a series of

exercises and demonstrations the peer/mentor model for professional development will be explained in detail. **Joan Alevras** and **Elaina Zuker** are Directors of Resources, Inc., and the National Association for Female Executives. Joan maintains a private practice in gestalt therapy in New Jersey. Elaina is on the faculty of Montclair State College, New Jersey.

POSITIVE, PSYCHO/POLITICAL PROCESSES IN ORGANIZATIONS

Organization development programs offer both improved performance and a more humanistic work environment, but most run afoul of organization politics. Aikido, Kung Fu, psycholinguistics, and open systems planning, combined with political techniques allow simultaneous energizing, problem-solving and consensus-building. Participants will be guided in application to their own situations. **James Warren** is an OD consultant and a martial arts student.

WORKSHOPS — 3:30-5:30 pm

CONVERSATION WITH KEN KEYES, JR. Author of *Handbook to Higher Consciousness* and founder of Cornucopia, a college in Kentucky, will discuss how he has applied the living love way in his life, and will answer questions about his books and college.

Personal/Interpersonal

THE ICA SELF-PROTECTION METHOD

How can we, without harming others, defend ourselves against the rapid increase of violent crime that has become a major problem in America today? This workshop presents a three-part model for dealing humanistically with physical attacks: 1) Invitation—learning how to discourage potential attackers; 2) Confrontation—breaking the attacker-victim paradigm; and 3) Altercation—defending and protecting yourself if attacked. **Joel Kirsch**, a psychologist and public safety instructor, is co-author with George Leonard of the forthcoming book, *Energy Awareness and the Human Potential: A Guide to Altered Ways of Being in Everyday Life*.

SEXUALLY OPEN MARRIAGE

This workshop will present recent research findings about sexually open marriages, comparing those couples who are together with those who have separated. What were the reasons for opening the marriage, the problems, differences between the sexes, etc.? Discussion will be followed by exercises centering around the issues of jealousy and possessiveness. **Arlene Rubin** teaches courses in family relationships, is a certified sex educator, certified Couples Communication Program Instruc-

tor, treasurer of New York AHP Chapter, and conducted a research project on open marriage.

RELATIONSHIPS AND PERSONAL IDENTITY

This workshop is intended to help people understand the problems of relationships and personal identity, and to give practical aids for working with them. Conceptual material will be presented and several of the principles will be demonstrated. **Jack Rosenberg** is author of *Body, Self, and Soul*.

MYOFACIAL THERAPY

Myofacial Therapy is a new approach to emotional change and self-transcendence. Facial muscles are freed to express who we choose to be in the present rather than the past, unconscious, programmed self. These muscles remain toned and healthy as well, making it possible to engage as a creative partner in the aging process from an early age. **Bonnie McWhinney**, creator of Myofacial Therapy, is a psychological therapist, an acupressure masseuse, and formerly, chairperson of the Education Department at Immaculate Heart College.

SURVIVAL, CREATIVITY AND TRANSCENDENCE

This workshop will explore the polarity of the heroic struggle for survival and the yearning for peaceful exit. Catastrophic events stimulate unconscious and conscious creative adaptations and can inspire us to transcend injurious obstacles. Although many of these forces evolve spontaneously, we can aid the re-creative process by self-directed methods leading us into varieties of the healing trance. **Vera Fryling** is a psychiatrist in private practice in Oakland, California.

Saturday
3:30-5:30 pm

IS BODY ENGLISH THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF HUMAN PROBLEMS?

We confront difficult situations with extra body english. If we neglect to release all of that body english afterward, its left-over effects distort, stress and congest the human organism. Through a combination of patterned breathing and imagery, participants might discover self-insights and useful ways to release specific areas of left-over body english. **Win Wenger** has been on the faculty of the Creative Problem-Solving Institute for the Creative Education Foundation, State University College, Buffalo; and has written several books.

CREATIVITY GAMES: SPARKING THE AHA! RESPONSE

Kick off your shoes and sample a series of games designed to stimulate the flow of creative impulses. Creativity Games—drawn from theater games, creative problem-solving techniques, and elsewhere—will stretch your imagination and rekindle your playfulness, while sparking a powerful tool for change. **Jacqueline Lowell** teaches Creativity Games in San Diego; directs and performs with Inside Out, an improvisational comedy troupe; has been a professional singer, dancer, writer and photographer.

CHANGE THROUGH UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND FORGIVENESS

You could change your life by unconditionally loving and forgiving yourself and others. These tools for change have been some of the most effective for changing behavior and circumstances where change is imperative, such as illness, giving up destructive habits and working out estranged relationships in families and business. **Edith Stauffer** is Director of Training, the Psychosynthesis Training Center of High Point Foundation, and has been a teacher of psychosynthesis and director of a training program for the staff of the California State Rehabilitation Center.

HOLISTIC HEALTH: WOMEN'S SEMINAR

This seminar is designed to meet the needs of women who are interested in developing a greater self-awareness. The participants will be given the opportunity to evaluate their present nutritional and exercise habits and the ways in which they handle stressful events. Alternative lifestyles will be presented with suggested resource materials for further study. Areas which have a particular relevance for women will be emphasized. **Carolyn Glass** is a part-time counselor at Thomas Nelson Community College, Hampton, Virginia, where she has been a co-facilitator in the Women's Awareness Seminar for the past two years.

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT SYSTEM AS A TOOL FOR CONSCIOUS CHANGE

The Personal Management System provides tools for change in seven vital areas of life: stress management, nutrition, exercise, leisure, social/emotional, work/education, and creativity. Conscious change and personal responsibility are stressed urging the development of individual goals. A six-month motivational, computerized follow-up will be offered. **Morris Squire** is President of Forest Hospital, a private psychiatric hospital, and Chairman of the Forest Hospital Foundation.

THE FELDENKRAIS METHOD OF BODY AWARENESS

The Feldenkrais method is designed to reawaken our capacity to learn through our own experience. We get both improved physical mobility and an understanding of principles that are more generally applicable. This workshop will include an Awareness through Movement lesson, a demonstration of individual work and discussion. **Andrew Gaines** maintains a private practice in the Washington, DC area, combining Feldenkrais functional integration with psychotherapy.

Professional

GROUP DYNAMICS AS AN AGENT FOR CHANGE FOR HELPER DESPAIR AND DEPLETION

This workshop will address itself to the alarming incidence of casualties among helping professionals, including burn-out, sudden career shifts, suicide, addictions, family conflict and illness. The leaders will utilize their knowledge and expertise with group dynamics to explore some of the crucial factors involved in inducing impairment among professional helpers, and will emphasize the variety of ways that well-led peer group systems can facilitate a creative utilization of conflict, despair and discouragement. **Allan Elfant** is a clinical psychologist; Director of an Innovative Psychotherapeutic Inpatient Unit at Scott and White Clinic, Temple, Texas. **William Hogan** is a psychiatrist at Scott and White Clinic, and is curriculum coordinator for the Department of Psychiatry at Texas A&M Medical University.

REDECISION THERAPY

Redecision therapy is how to do effective, goal-oriented psychotherapy, using the leader's own blend of gestalt, behavior modification, transactional analysis, imagery work, and special techniques created by her and her husband. Skill-building techniques that others can easily copy will be used, plus a demonstration of psychotherapy with volunteers. **Mary Goulding** is co-author with her husband of *The Power Is in the Patient* and *Changing Lives through Redecision Therapy*, and has presented workshops in many parts of the world.

HEIGHTENED STATES

Working with healers, meditators and spiritual teachers, the leader has found the patterns of the mind which reflect their heightened states of consciousness. Using the Mind Mirror, an EEG designed to display all of the brainwaves simultaneously, she will present these discoveries and show how the process can take place within you. **Anna Wise** has trained and worked with C. Maxwell Caba and in 1979 became a Director of his Institute for Psychobiological Research and was appointed overseas coordinator.

TEACHING STUDENTS TO LOVE THEMSELVES

In this workshop we will explore how to develop positive self-esteem in students of all ages. We will reaffirm our own essential self-worth and learn numerous methods for facilitating self-esteem in our classrooms. We will use affirmations, guided imagery, physical nurturance and touch, chanting, one-to-one sharing and group processes with a

Saturday
3:30-5:30 pm

positive focus. This will be a practical and fun-filled workshop. **Jack Canfield** is Director of Educational Services for Insight Training Seminars.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS OF HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY TO APPLIED RESEARCH

Here's an opportunity to present and discuss the most recent research and theories currently influencing the field of humanistic psychology. **Bernard Bass** is a Professor of Organizational Behavior, SUNY-Binghamton. **Fred Massarik** is a past-president of AHP.

Transpersonal

THE SINGING EARTH: IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIVING POTENTIAL

This workshop will be an experiential exploration into shamanic healing ceremony and ritual. We will be opening ourselves as living channels of the Earth and to the creative power, joy and wisdom inherent in our/the planetary body. **Prem Das** teaches shamanism at J.F.K. University, Antioch West, Sonoma State University, and the California Institute of Integral Studies.

T'AI CHI CH'UAN AS A TOOL FOR TRANSFORMATION

The objective of this workshop will be to familiarize participants with principles and applications of t'ai chi, which can immediately and easily be applied in daily living and be utilized in a professional as well as personal format. We will do simple centering and grounding exercises, breathing coordinations for energy and relaxation, and partnering work of a simple level. **Judyth Weaver** is a teacher of t'ai chi, has an extensive background in movement and dance, and is a Reichian therapist in private practice.

STAR+GATE SYMBOLIC SYSTEM (double session; refer to Saturday, 1-3 pm for description)

A NEW GROUP MEDITATION

Meditation has usually been thought of as personal and individual activity. In this time of transition toward group consciousness and unity, we need a new group meditation. Please join us for discussion and experiencing of connection in consciousness that can form a bond that transcends time and space. **Allen Holmquist** is in practice as a counselor and teacher with the L.I.F.E. Counseling Group in Monrovia, California.

TRANSFORMATIONAL IMAGERY

A unifying theme of transpersonal music and imagery is designed to facilitate and catalyze approaches and techniques of deep relaxation and applications of the use of imagery, relaxation and visualization techniques. Included will be methods of incorporating music and movement with imagery, and techniques for facilitating spiritual feelings and experiences in imagery and visualizations. **Emmet Miller** is a physician with a subspecialty in psychosomatic medicine.

DEMETER/PERSEPHONE MYTH: DISCOVERING FEMININE EROS IN INTRAPERSONAL LIFE

This workshop will use the Demeter/Persephone myth as a tool to expand the individual image to include feminine eros. This change can produce new ways of being, interpersonally and intrapsychically. The myth will be used as a metaphor to encourage new concepts of "feminine". Tools will be group process, guided imagery and play. **Helen-Elaine Janiger** is a Jungian analyst in private practice in Los Angeles and a teacher at the Center for Individual and Family Counseling.

Socio-Political

THE GESTALT COMMUNITY ACTION PROJECT: AN INNOVATIVE COLLECTIVE

This workshop will be presented by the members of the collective. History of our development, successes and failures in developing and teaching a social gestalt psychotherapy will be discussed. Theoretical issues, experiential work and time for feedback and networking will also be included. **Frank Rubinfeld** is on the faculty of the California School of Professional Psychology and the Gestalt Institute of San Francisco. Members of the Collective: **Paula Bottome** is a faculty member of the Gestalt Institute of San Francisco. **Lois Lane** is on the staff of Health and Human Services Agency. **Kathleen Overin-Slobin** is an artist currently training in art therapy. **Joan Sullivan** is a psychiatrist in private practice. **Deborah Weinstein** is a psychotherapist in private practice. **Cynthia Kong** is a second-generation Chinese-American in private practice.

HUMANISTIC POLITICAL TECHNIQUES

The aim of this workshop is to awaken in participants an awareness of how personal growth achievements can be translated into effective politics. Exercises will demonstrate the futility of polarization through the "us vs. them" mentality. A new approach to consensus, synthesis and reconciliation will be offered experientially. **Milton Friedman**, former White House official, is currently staff consultant, United States House of Representatives, and is writing a book on the linkage of the political and spiritual realms.

Organizational

COLLABORATIVE COMMUNICATION IN THE WORKPLACE

This workshop will teach participants to restructure situations and environments to utilize the political realities for positive outcomes. We will show how to build into one's company rituals for constructive interactions. We will practice patterns of dialogues that help people speak and know that they are heard, and clarify and expedite issues that arise daily. **Thomas Drucker** has been a management consultant, psychotherapist and executive in charge of manage-

Saturday
3:30-5:30 pm

ment and organizational development for Xerox Corporation. **Marilyn Murphy** has been a human resources consultant, group/family therapist and hypnotherapist.

MANAGEMENT BY AGREEMENT

People consider cooperation as applicable to personal life but not realistic for organizational life. This workshop is designed to open the potential and practicality of cooperation as the basis for organizational and business behavior. Experiences and techniques which demonstrate the superior results of cooperative behavior will be given. **Donald Prentice** has worked in business for 24 years.

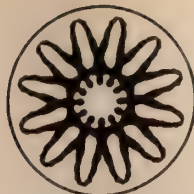
He is now consulting and doing in-house development programs for organizations.

AHP ORGANIZATIONAL PLANNING

Throughout the past year, AHP has engaged in an effort to determine members' perceptions of the organization's strengths and weaknesses, hopes and visions. The Planning Process Committee has gathered data from constituencies, synthesized and summarized the data, and is prepared to report on its findings. This meeting is an opportunity to hear from the committee, discuss the findings and determine next steps. **Bill Bridges** will chair.



Saturday
3:30-5:30 pm



AFTERNOON: *Sunday, August 30*

FORUM — 1:00-3:00 pm

PREMISES FOR ACTION: HUMANISTIC PROJECTS IN A WORLD IN CRISIS

Projects will be presented and a panel of discussants will assess with authors the premises of the action they have chosen. EST, "The Hunger Project"—**Joan Holmes**; "Planetary Initiative for the World We Choose"—**Donald Keys**, Planetary Citizens; "US-

Soviet Exchange Project"—**Jim Hickman**, Esalen Institute; "The National Self-Help Clearing House"—**Frank Reissman**, Co-director; "Humanistic Alternatives to Addiction: Research and Treatment"—**Reda Sobky**. Discussants: **Charles Hampden-Turner**, **Mel Gurtov**, **Walt Anderson**, **Jacqueline Larcombe Doyle**.

Sunday
1:00-3:00 pm

WORKSHOPS — 1:00-3:00 pm

Personal/Interpersonal

THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE: A MID-LIFE ISSUE IN GROWING OLDER

This workshop will focus on the challenge of change in mid-life as an issue in growing older healthfully. As we become a nation of graying Americans, we need to re-evaluate our own and societies' values, roles, goals and lifestyles. **Harlene Simonelli** is an Associate Professor of Psychology at Chaminade University, Honolulu; Executive Director of Well-Being, Inc.; and a consultant on Preventive Aspects of Aging.

RE-EXPERIENCING CHILDHOOD: A TOOL FOR CHANGE IN WORKING WITH CHILDREN

This workshop will introduce you to another approach in changing your work with children. You will be helped to re-experience some important incidents from your childhood; to communicate and share by drawing, painting, talking and playing; and to respond to other participants re-experiencing their adventures. **Herbert Goetze** is a psychologist and teacher at a German university and co-author of books on Rogerian play therapy with children.

HYPNOSIS AND HEALING

Training will be given in inducing and utilizing the hypnotic state in belief system and behavior changes as well as in removing those filters that keep us from perceiving clearly and cleanly. The emphasis will be on regressing back to critical incidents, clearing up

"unfinished business" and utilizing affirmations arising from the experience. **Irv Katz** is Director of the Hypnotherapy Program at the University for Humanistic Studies and has given workshops for Esalen, Kairos, Antioch University and numerous holistic health centers.

PSYCHOLOGICAL IMMORTALITY: USING YOUR MIND TO EXTEND YOUR LIFE

This is a life-affirming workshop, with participants learning visualization and other techniques aimed at overcoming the negative belief that death and aging are inevitable. The psychological immortality strategies are easy, playful, and are aimed at emotionally preparing us for the biological breakthroughs coming over the next few years. **Jerry Gillies** is author of *Psychological Immortality: Using Your Mind to Extend Your Life* and several other books.

A VERY SPECIAL SPATIAL RELATING

In interpersonal relationships it is the non-verbal use of space that often tells us how close or how distant we care to be. We will use music and structured/unstructured movement sets to get us into our natural flow and glow. **Zachary Zakon** is a dance facilitator and originator of a free-form approach to dancing.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS: A TOOL FOR CHANGE

This workshop will illustrate how handwriting is an accurate and direct projection of personality, as well as an effective tool for change. Participants will have

an opportunity to apply several concepts they will learn to their own writing. **Patti Fisher** is a handwriting consultant and Director of the San Francisco Institute of Handwriting Research, Inc.

PREPARING FOR SHARED LIVING

The many advantages of sharing living space may appeal to you, but what about the pitfalls? There is far more to living together than getting together. From extensive personal experience the leader will offer information and emotional support. Focus will be on clarifying what we want and how to achieve it. **Alice Eldred** is a marriage, family and child therapist in private practice in Santa Monica, California.

A HUMANISTIC APPROACH TO OPTIMAL PERFORMANCE

A humanistic approach to working with elite gymnasts will be explored. The importance of dialogue in the coaching process; valuing the athlete's experience; relaxation, visualization and managing stress will be discussed and experienced as a means to enhance sport performance. **Kenneth Ravizza** has worked with the Fullerton Women's Gymnastic Team and has researched aspects of sport participation. He teaches courses on the philosophical and psychological aspects of sport.

MOVEMENT MEDLEY

A wide variety of movement activities for exploring body-mind harmony will be offered in an effort to promote body-mind awareness and creative self-expression. Experiences will range from slow and gentle to playful and invigorating. **Jim Sharon** is on the staff of the Centennial Center for Psychological Services in Ft. Collins, Colorado, and has taught movement and body-mind integration, wellness, stress management and human relationships.

ILLNESS AND INJURIES:

A CREATIVE FORCE FOR HEALTH AND HEALING

Most of us have been conditioned socially and culturally to view illness, accidents and disease as negative experiences and to believe that these events "just happen" to us. We miss the incredible opportunities for learning from these experiences which can lead to dramatic changes in our lifestyles. Participants will explore the body-mind interrelationship in health and healing, using a variety of techniques. **Bernice Payne** is a counselor, biofeedback specialist and group facilitator in private practice and Director of Heights Holistic Health Center in Brooklyn, New York.

IMPROVISATIONAL THEATRE:

A TOOL FOR CHANGE

Come try on the new you, the self you most wish and fear to be. Through improvisational drama see how you feel as the "you" consciously changed to your own specifications. No acting experience needed. **Michele McNichols Rubin** is Director of Atlanta Street Theatre and a faculty member of Clark College.

ARICA: THE CONQUEST OF INNER SPACE

Any planetary change in consciousness must begin

with the individual. This workshop will focus on the Arica map of the human psyche and its tools for the transcendence of the ego into the essential self. An overview of the Arica system, including nine body systems, domains, dichotomies and protoanalysis, with exercises will be presented. **Karimu Kudura** is editor of *Inside Magazine* and an Arica trainer.

RAISING ANDROGYNOUS CHILDREN

This workshop will be an information sharing/discussion session designed to enable participants to share their experiences in raising children androgynously. Sharing special problems faced, special materials available, parental ambivalence and similar relevant issues will be highlighted. Role-playing exercises will be included. **Linda De Villers** is an instructor of psychology at Chaffey College and teaches courses at several other southern California colleges. Her emphasis is on personality theory, human sexuality and social psychology.

Professional

GESTALT SYNERGY™ METHOD (double session; see Sunday, 3:30-5:30 pm)

The emotions and memories stored in our body-mind can result in energy blocks, tensions and postural imbalances. By blending gestalt therapy, the Alexander technique and the Feldenkrais exercises in deep muscle work, we can contact, express and work through these deep feelings in order to experience our body, mind and emotions as an organic entity. This can lead to an awareness which will create the changes in your body-mind and reflect in your view of self and the surrounding world. **Ilana Rubinfeld** is a gestalt therapist, certified teacher of the Alexander technique and the Feldenkrais method, and originator of her own integration called the Gestalt Synergy™ Method.

IMAGERY: A POWERFUL TOOL IN THE BEHAVIORAL PROCESS OF ANXIETY

This workshop is designed to train people to explore and understand their world of images through sensory experiences. Imageries are used as a "bridge" from past to present, for insightful understanding of self, others and attitudes — and to recognize what can be changed for a more creative and satisfying future. Psycho-imagery and muscle relaxation techniques will be demonstrated with audience participation. **Norma Mittenthal** is a psychotherapist in the practice of behavior therapy and a Professor of Psychology at a community college in Florida.

HEALTH REVITALIZATION SKILLS: BEYOND BURN-OUT, THE PATH TO BALANCE

Each year thousands of health care professionals fall victim to the depleted state that has come to be known as burn-out. In this session, we will show several methods for self-healing, personal and professional rejuvenation, and lifestyle management.

Sunday
1:00-3:00 pm

Meditation, breathing, self-healing, wellness and awareness methods will forge the cornerstone of bringing participants from burn-out and into balance. **Shama Alexander** is Director of the Center for Health and Healing where he is involved in a full-time counseling practice.

GAY THERAPIES: MOVING BEYOND DSM III TO HUMANISM

We will examine the historical evolution of gay therapy, explore and define the humanistic model of therapy as it relates to lesbians and gay men, and provide experiences to assist the therapist and the concerned individual in developing a greater awareness of the issues particular to this minority group. Consideration will be given to the recent progressive development of therapeutic dynamics in gay and lesbian social services. **Patrick Meyer** has facilitated and coordinated counseling programs for gay men during the past four years. **Judith Kinst** is a lesbian activist in the political and social communities of central California. **Paul Norcia's** research explores homosexuality and the aging process with specific emphasis on the psychological and social needs of lesbian and gay elders.

TEACHING THE BRAIN TO LEARN

Therapy using a trampoline along with mental and focusing exercises will be demonstrated. Perceptual and learning skills, emotional blocks, communication skills, and processes for taking effective action are improved. Often, immediate transformation takes place. Educational, athletic, counseling and transpersonal applications will be discussed. **Raymond Gottlieb** is a developmental optometrist, who directs the Eye-Gym, a center for improving vision and consciousness in Los Angeles.

Transpersonal

SPIRITUAL INDIGESTION

The transition of leaving a spiritual group or teacher is a major life crisis that can serve as an opportunity for greater growth or deadend in bitterness. At this workshop, people who are suffering from spiritual indigestion, as well as counseling professionals, will discuss the leaving transition, what leave-takers go through, and how these dilemmas are faced and integrated. **Joshua Baran** founded Sorting It Out as a result of his own experience in leaving a Zen monastery after seven years as a Zen Buddhist teacher and priest. **Susan Rothbaum** is Associate Director of Sorting It Out.

EXPLORING THE SELF THROUGH MUSIC

This workshop is intended to provide a cross-cultural survey of how music is used to facilitate self-awareness, promote personal growth and provide social stability. The presentation will include recorded examples as well as work with chants, guided imagery with classical music, body effects of music, creating music through improvisation, and

contemporary trends in music and movement. **Jerry Moore** is an instructor of music at College of the Redwoods and is currently on leave exploring growth through music in San Francisco and around the world.

ANALYTICAL TRILOGY OR INTEGRAL PSYCHOANALYSIS

This workshop attempts to explain the way that Analytical Trilogy (Integral Psychoanalysis) works with the individual's feelings (religion), thoughts (philosophy) and accomplishments (consciousness), to obtain a rapid recovery of patients from their physical illnesses and neuroses and an accentuated improvement of their psychoses. **Norberto Keppe** created and now presides over the Society of Integral Psychoanalysis (Analytical Trilogy), organized Psychosomatic Medicine at a Hospital in Brazil, and has written numerous books.

A COURSE IN MIRACLES AS A TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY

A Course in Miracles is a Christian mystical text describing an applied transpersonal psychology. It offers an integrated thought system utilizing relationships as the focus for a path which combines aspects of karma, bhakti and jnana yogas. We will examine its implications for both personal practice and humanistic/transpersonal theory. **Frances Vaughan** is a psychologist in private practice in Mill Valley, California, and author of *Awakening Intuition*. **Roger Walsh** is a psychiatrist on the faculty of the University of California Medical School and co-editor with Frances of *Beyond Ego: Transpersonal Dimensions in Psychology*.

EXPLORING THE SHADOW

This workshop is designed to offer ways of seeing the many "faces" of the Shadow, what for Jung was an integral part of human psychology. The Shadow can best be understood as negative forces that express themselves as difficulties in experiencing fear, anger, resentment, and other aspects of physical and psychological violence. We will offer both didactic and experiential ways to approach and transform negative emotions and feelings, personally and collectively. **Tony Joseph** has a background in psychology, myth and astrology, and teaches and counsels throughout the country. **Lynne Erickson** is a massage and acupressure therapist with a wide range of experience in the visual arts, journal-keeping and astrology.

ENERGY METHODS FOR INTEGRAL TRANSFORMATION

Integral meditation is an innovative approach based on the use of energy to transform consciousness. We will explore how to align, concentrate, assimilate and radiate psychospiritual energies to vitalize our body, transmute our emotions and illumine our minds, in order to transmit potent spiritual energies for the transformation of the world around us. **Robert Gerard** is a psychologist in private practice in Los Angeles and President of the International Foundation for Integral Psychology. **Janice Gerard** is a professional artist and art therapist.

Sunday
1:00-3:00 pm

Socio-Political

HYPNODRAMATICS FOR SOCIAL AND POLITICAL TRANSFORMATION

Participants will select and then explore in hypnosis, through fantasy and hypnodrama methods, social and political problems, and emerging from hypnosis will share experiences and critique the process and its results. **Ira Greenberg** is a psychologist in private practice of hypnotherapy in West Los Angeles.

Organizational

BURNED OUT? TRY INDUSTRY

Humanistic industry? You bet. The most successful companies treat people holistically and with respect. Thinking of a career transition? We will explore the pros and cons of a shift into industry, and learn the career success skills that can make for a smooth transition. **Frederick Gilbert** works with Hewlett-Packard and operates his own career consultation

business, after ten years in humanistic psychology, community health and university teaching.

INTIMACY AND EFFECTIVENESS IN SOCIAL ACTION ORGANIZATIONS

This workshop is an exploration into the relationship between interpersonal dynamics, organizational goals and social action organizations. Based on the notion that interaction organizations generate qualities that are opposite to those valued by the organizational ideology, participants will examine the dynamics of their own organizations. **Abigail Grafton** is the founder and Director of the Sonoma Institute, an alternative graduate school of clinical psychology.

AHP—A WORLDWIDE PERSPECTIVE

This year's International Activities session, in addition to providing an overview of humanistic psychology activities worldwide, will include expression of feelings, experience and ideas through such mediums as dance, poetry and reflection. **Fred Massarik** is chairman of AHP International Activities. **Anna Wise** and **Jym MacRitchie** are European AHPers.

WORKSHOPS — 3:30-5:30 pm

Sunday
3:30-5:30 pm

CONVERSATION WITH CARL ROGERS, author of many books, one of the founders of humanistic psychology, honored friend of AHP, and major contributor to the field of psychology.

Personal/Interpersonal

ENHANCING YOUR HEALING SKILLS

This workshop offers participation in biofeedback and imagery techniques designed to facilitate healing and health maintenance skills. There will be small group work with biofeedback instrumentation designed to increase participants' awareness of dysfunctional physiological responses and how to correct them. Closing guided imagery will be used to promote relaxation, circulation and warmth. **Margorie Toomin** is a psychologist and Director of the Biofeedback Institute of Los Angeles. **Sandra Thomson**, a psychologist, is Director of Training, and **Pamela Pine** is Assistant Director of Training at the Institute. **Joan Reighley** is a nurse educator.

CREATING A WORLD IN 25 MINUTES OR LESS: AN EXERCISE IN PERSONAL SPACE

This workshop will give participants an opportunity to experience three variations of an exercise in proxemics in which the emotional and interpersonal factors involved in establishing and maintaining personal space are demonstrated. Participants will engage in a variety of personal space exercises. **Ted Balgooyen** is a Professor of Small Group Behavior

and Interpersonal Communication, San Jose State University, and a clinical psychologist.

FACILITATING CHANGE THROUGH SENTENCE-COMPLETION WORK

This is an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the fundamentals of this technique, emphasizing its utilization in generating change in growth by interrupting self-conscious mechanical patterns by means of explicit, focused awareness. It is used, in effect, as the lens to focus consciousness in a manner calculated to interrupt these automated patterns. Participants will have an opportunity to observe, experience and practice the technique. **Nathaniel Branden** is Executive Director of the Biocentric Institute in Beverly Hills.

BRAVE NEW LOVE: CREATING CONSCIOUS CHANGE IN LOVING ABILITY

Love is a complex emotion, an essential nutrient and a powerful energy involving skills which can improve with practice. This workshop will look at the various qualities of love, from erotic love to compassion, and the specific ways they can be practiced to direct the course of the evolution of love in our lives and in our times. **Stella Resnick** is a clinical psychologist and gestalt therapist in private practice in Los Angeles.

SPEAKING SOMEONE ELSE'S LANGUAGE

Experience the change in your process when you speak someone else's language. This workshop is designed to provide an experience of how differences

in language structure affect communication and cultural patterns, using English and Japanese as examples. **Keiko Matsuura** was born and raised in Japan and has had various public speaking and teaching experiences.

DEALING WITH ANGER: ITS CREATION AND ELIMINATION

Anger and resentment are an escalation of fear and guilt which require a shift of responsibility and blame outside of oneself. This workshop will explore the mechanisms by which this shift of blame onto others takes place. Exercises and other tools for the elimination of anger and resentment will be offered. **Donald Leon** is a lawyer; psychologist; marriage, family and child counselor; and businessman. **Judith Boyd-Leon** is a research psychologist, metaphysician and healer.

BECOMING THE POSSIBLE HUMAN: USING BRAIN-MIND RESOURCES IN YOUR LIFE

This workshop presents the results of a recent study of the implications of the brain-mind revolution for the next 20 years. Participants will have the opportunity to experience such brain-mind capacities as multisensory processing, extended memory, the kinesthetic body, left-hand talk, accelerated time production and the visual mind. **Diane Battung** is a co-founder of LIFELINE, a support network for educators, and a national contributing editor for the education section of the World Future Society.

LETTING GO: A CHANGE PROCESS

We hold onto some things long after they bring us pleasure or happiness — whether they be unsatisfying jobs, rigid behavior patterns, or hurtful feelings. The purpose of this workshop is to explore a process by which to “let go” of attitudes, feelings and behaviors that hold us back and stop us from changing. **Karen Goodman**, a former coordinator at the Humanistic Psychotherapy Studies Center in Philadelphia, is Director of Humanistic Associates.

BARKSDALE SELF-ESTEEM WORKSHOP

This workshop provides a simple, clear-cut approach to improved awareness of why people feel toward themselves the way they do. Participants will examine the values, concepts and beliefs with which we have been conditioned and which have planted the seeds of low self-esteem. Then, through various exercises and processes, participants will attempt to achieve an experience of self-acceptance. **Bob Romano** is instructor for the Barksdale Self-Esteem programs in Los Angeles.

MOVEMENT IS LIFE

This workshop is for couples who want to explore more satisfying and creative ways of being together. Too many expectations of a relationship frequently overwhelm our intentions. By allowing yourself to flow with the movement, dance, music and fantasy experiences of this workshop, you may become aware of change taking place without planning. **Connie Moerman** is Director of the Mental Health Associate Training Program at Montgomery College. **Sidney Fine** is a research psychologist at Advanced Research Resources Organization in Washington, DC.

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE—INTERVENING WITH CHEMICALLY DEPENDENT PEOPLE

Chemically dependent people do not have to “hit bottom.” There is now an effective, humanistic method that families, employers and helping professionals can use which will help the dependent person confront his/her problem and begin the process of recovery. There will be a background lecture on chemical dependency (including alcoholism), a description of the intervention process, discussion and role-playing. **Louis Krupnick** is supervising counselor at the Alcoholism Recovery Center at Desert Hospital in Palm Springs. He grew up as a “co-dependent” of an alcoholic.

MEN AND THEIR RELATIONSHIPS WORKSHOP

Middle class men are under assault. They are living in self-made prisons devoid of feelings and lined with judgments about what it means to be masculine and moral in today's culture. This workshop is designed for persons wanting to effect this population and restore balance between the mind and feelings/experiences. **Gerald Evans** is a founder and Director of the Men's Resource Center of greater Philadelphia, which provides individual and group services for men from the business community.

Professional

GESTALT SYNERGY™ METHOD (double session; refer to Sunday, 1-3 pm for description)

THE HUMAN POTENTIAL MOVEMENT GOES TO COLLEGE

This workshop will offer an exploration into the Masters Program in Holistic Studies at Antioch University West. **Will Schutz** is author of many books, including *The Interpersonal Underworld (FIRO)*, *Joy*, and *Profound Simplicity*. He teaches at Antioch University West in San Francisco.

GETTING PUBLISHED SUCCESSFULLY

This workshop should give the writer an awareness of how to prepare material for submission to publishers, develop manuscripts of popular appeal, and then how to work with a publisher to see to it that the finished book reaches the largest possible audience. We will cover the publishing process from conception of the idea, through the development of an outline and proposal, to finding an agent, and finally a publisher. **Jeremy Tarcher** is President of J. P. Tarcher, Inc., publishers.

BARTERING FOR THERAPY IN HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY

This workshop is on the use of barter as an alternative payment plan and therapeutic adjunct. The ethics of humanistic psychotherapy are often tarnished by the legitimate economic imperatives of the practitioner. The barter system provides a viable economic option, a conceptual model consistent with humanistic principles, and introduces an existential tool that can be used as a therapeutic aid. **Paul Rappoport** has been using barter in his private practice for two years, and has researched, discussed and is presenting and writing on the topic.

Sunday
3:30-5:30 pm

EXPERIENTIAL FOCUSING

Focusing is a quiet, gentle, meditative way of getting in touch with one's whole "felt sense" of a problem, issue or situation, and, through specific steps, achieving a "felt shift", a piece of bodily resolution of the problem. Focusing is a skill that can be learned and has been found to be crucial to successful psychotherapy. **Neil Friedman** is a clinical psychologist and frequent presenter at AHP events.

THE LOGIC OF ILLOGIC

This workshop will offer a demonstration and skill-building exercises utilizing paradox, right-brain processes leading to acceptance/change. The nonexistence of resistance will be demonstrated. **Eric Marcus**, a psychiatrist, is an internationally recognized teacher. He is author of *Gestalt Therapy and Beyond* and will soon publish *The Logic of Illogic*.

Transpersonal

COMPARATIVE TOPOLOGY OF PEAK EXPERIENCE, PEAK PERFORMANCE AND FLOW

This workshop is designed to compare peak experience, peak performance and flow. Information will be shared verbally and with media presentations. Limited activities will involve participants, and discussion will be invited. **Gayle Privette** is a teacher of humanistic and counseling psychology with special research interests in peak performance.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE BODY IMAGE

This workshop will present an in-depth approach to modification and development of various experiences of the physical body, such as optimum health, self-healing, weight control, and insuring dynamic, healthy and creative older years. Transformational imaging techniques and autogenic processes that can be incorporated into a regular meditation program will be presented experientially. **Winfred Lucas** is a clinical psychologist who gives workshops in transformational imaging and holistic health around the world.

METAPHORS OF SELF-TRANSFORMATION

We will explore experientially several metaphoric/symbolic approaches to the transformation of consciousness and personality, studied from the point of view of transpersonal and depth psychology, mythology and psycho-spiritual growth teachings of East and West. **Ralph Metzner** is Professor of East-West Psychology at the California Institute of Integral Studies, and author of *Maps of Consciousness* and *Know Your Type*.

T'AI CHI: TRAVELS ON THE WHEELS OF CHANGE

T'ai chi is a meditative dance that crystalizes the energies of change in nature. It evokes landscapes — energies of change in nature. It evokes landscapes; organic, rhythmic, and inextricably is connected to archetypal imagery and breath meditations, we will use t'ai chi to create rituals celebrating change. As a dance of opening, flowing energy, this process can make change conscious, effective and harmonious. **Talia de Lone** is Director of Bubbling Springs, a taoist movement meditation center, and has been teaching and leading workshops in t'ai chi for over a decade.

TOWARDS A CONSCIOUSNESS FOR TRANSFORMATION, HARMONY AND HEALING

This workshop is intended to expand the participants' consciousness of the process of transformation naturally inherent in all living things and includes a multimedia presentation of nature as teacher and healer. The following experiential component is designed to enhance the participants' self realization of the interconnected oneness of all human beings. **Ron Bugaj** is a physical therapist with international, educational consulting and field experience with Project HOPE.

WORKSHOP IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

This workshop will begin with a general description of the nature of religious experience. Attendees will then share in small groups what each considers personal religious experiences. The whole group will then meet to agree on a group concept and further explore the topic. **Walter Houston Clark** has taught, lectured and written books in this field.

Socio-Political

MERGE™: A SYNERGISTIC COMMUNICATION GAME

In a challenging simulation game you will experience the difficulties and pleasures of communicating information to people who have an entirely different perspective of the same information. Your communication assets and liabilities will be exaggerated. If the information merge takes place, a synergistic accomplishment in the form of the product is produced. **Diane Reifler** consults in organizational behavior and assisting individuals in making business and personal decisions. **Joe August** is an organization and education consultant.

Organizational

MASCULINITY AND SUCCESS AS A WOMAN LEADER

Most past evidence suggests that effective management requires masculine characteristics. This workshop will explore, in shared small groups, whether new and even more effective styles of leadership which incorporate more feminine values are possible for women managers. **Bernard Bass** is Professor of Organizational Behavior, SUNY-Binghamton.

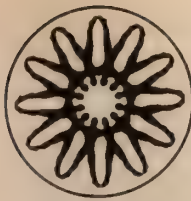
MYSTICS AND MANAGERS: THE WAY OF THE EFFECTIVE EXECUTIVE

The Way of Life, the ancient Chinese work by Lao Tsu, points the way to the wise management and administration of people. Through group discussion and presentation, we will speculate on what kind of manager Lao Tsu would be in a modern corporation and discuss the appropriateness of his view for today's corporate leadership. **Tom Ventresca** is a trained counselor interested in the therapeutic process of workshops.

AHP EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING

An open business meeting for anyone interested in the proceedings of the Board. Everyone welcome.

Sunday
3:30-5:30 pm



AFTERNOON: *Monday, August 31*

FORUM — 1:00-3:00 pm

THE HUMAN: LIMITED OR LIMITLESS?

AHP's rich history and exploration of models of the person will assess human theory adequate to the 1980s challenge of the moral majority and Reagan

politics; the human as both shadow and light. **Carl Rogers, Frank Reissman, Charles Hampden-Turner, Nora Weckler, Jean Houston and Floyd Matson.** Moderated by **Jacqueline Larcombe Doyle.**

Monday
1:00-3:00 pm

WORKSHOPS — 1:00-3:00 pm

CONVERSATION WITH HYEMEYOHSTS STORM.

Author of *Seven Arrows, Song of Heyoehkah* and President of NAMA will discuss "Journey Into Philosophy."

EXPLORING THE MALE MACHO TRAP

We will look at why men find it hard to escape their gender roles; how men are trapped into the macho role. Men's areas of encultured inferiority and the guilt which locks men in will be examined along with men's compensatory responses, which may soon include nuclear war. **Roy Schenk** has been studying, writing and speaking about men's forms of oppression for over ten years. He is currently writing a book on the topic.

Personal/Interpersonal

THE NONEXISTENCE OF PHYSICAL VS. PSYCHOLOGICAL ILLNESS

The age-old battle of whether an illness is physical or psychological only illustrates the ignorance of the individual who argues its cause. When the practitioner fully realizes there is no true line of demarcation he/she is then ready to do justice to his/her patient. This workshop will include a discussion of an experiment illustrating this lack of differentiation. **Sidney Walter** is a psychologist in private practice and is on the staff of the Sherman Oaks Community Hospital.

THE ART OF SELF-EMPOWERMENT

The art of self-empowerment can be learned. Permission and awareness, however, do not by themselves create change. This workshop is designed to add the specific information and tools that people can use to take back their power from the environment, and empower themselves to reach those goals that they desire to lead a more fulfilling and creative life. **Carol Briseno**, educator and management consultant, is a member of the University of Southern California Advisory Board of Intergenerational Dialogue.

EXPERIENTIAL FOCUSING

This workshop will present the concept of experiential focusing, a structured, introspective technique developed by Eugene Gendlin. A presentation of relevant theory and research will be given along with a demonstration and exercise on the use of focusing for personal change. **Lucinda Gray** is a psychologist working to integrate experiential focusing with neo-Reichian and meditative techniques. **Marta Brisco** is a biofeedback and relaxation trainer, and psychological assistant at the Los Angeles Family Institute.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE COUPLE AND THE ART OF RELATIONSHIPS

Oscar Ichazo, founder of the Arica School, describes the couple as an ongoing dynamic process through stages and levels of development. Knowing these stages of development, we learn to take changes in our couple relationships in stride, thereby cultivating the art of relationships based on the knowledge of process. **Steve Wolf** is a doctoral student at the Humanistic Psychology Institute and an Arica instructor. **Verrel Reed** teaches courses in the Arica method at San Jose State.

SELF DEFENSE—A HUMANISTIC PERSPECTIVE

This workshop will examine the area of personal, practical self defense and how it may be compatible with a humanistic orientation. Much useful information will be shared, along with valuable perspectives on creating positive ways to deal with the threat of violence to ourselves and others. **David Allen** and **Deborah Allen**, founders and Directors of Peacetraining, conduct self-defense workshops, which focus on the inner qualities of security as foundation for the outer.

THE ULTIMATE IN RELAXATION AND MOVEMENT —TRAGER PSYCHO-PHYSICAL INTEGRATION

Each participant will enjoy experiences and be able to learn new skills in a lighter and freer way to work, play, live and love through the innovative learning approach to relaxation and movement re-education created and developed over the past 50 years by Milton Trager. Each person will feel a mini-Trager experience and learn some basic skills that can be shared with others. **Paul Ash** is a Trager practitioner, writer, healer and community leader trained in clinical psychology.

MOURNING AS A RESPONSE TO CHANGE

While most of us articulate a commitment to change and growth, we often experience personal resistance. This workshop will enable participants to get in touch with one facet which interferes with change, a sense of loss and the accompanying grief and mourning. Together, we will examine these feelings as well as set specific goals for dealing with personal change. **Richard Cohen** is Director of the Community Mental Health Center in Jamaica, New York.

THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF LIFE

Professionals, parents of young children and people exploring their own early dynamics will learn and share new information regarding the first two years of life. How we can effect personal, social and political change with more consciousness and advocacy for natural birthing and development through relationships will be explored and defined. **Natalie Robinson-Garfield** is a psychotherapist in private practice, parent counselor, consultant to early childhood programs, family arbitrator and single parent.

EXISTENTIAL ENCOUNTERING

This workshop will offer participants a group experience to explore methods and strategies from the approaches of gestalt, psychodrama, fantasy and psychotherapy, with emphasis on open self-expression and authentic interaction. It will be of special interest to participants working with group approaches in the counseling professions. **Jeff Henning** is a counselor/group therapist at Saint Anthony Hospital in Columbus, Ohio, and served as a counselor in Ohio drug and mental health agencies.

THE TECHNIQUE OF INTERIORIZATION: THE EXTERNAL WORLD IS ONLY A SMALL IMAGE OF OUR INNER UNIVERSE

Interiorization is a tool to dismantle the false image

which the person has built up of him/herself. It helps bring to consciousness his/her reality in its healthy and pathological aspects. **Claudia Pacheco** is a psychoanalyst in Sao Paulo, Brazil, editor of the *International Journal of Analytical Trilogy*, and general secretary of the Society of Integral Psychoanalysis.

MALE-FEMALE RELATIONS

The objective of this workshop is to show in practice how personal experiences are related to political events; especially, to deepen and clarify understanding for the need to work on oneself in order to change society. This relationship has frequently been claimed and stated, but rarely been made concrete and practiced. The next important aspect which needs practicing in this context is to correct and change without being punitive; also, to be courageous and steadfast without being hostile and aggressive. **Ingrid Essien-Obot** is a clinical psychologist with ten years of professional experience. She is presently teaching in the Department of Sociology in Calabar, Nigeria.

Professional

A GESTALT THERAPY APPROACH TO CHILDREN AND ADOLESCENTS

You will experience an approach to working with children and adolescents that involves a variety of creative expressive techniques placed within the framework of gestalt therapy philosophy, theory and practice, and used to help children express innermost feelings. This is for therapists, teachers and parents. **Violet Oaklander** is Director of the Center for Child and Adolescent Therapy in Hermosa Beach, California, and author of *Windows to Our Children*.

THE ARTIST BEHIND THE HANDICAP

Through video-tape and open discussion, we will look beneath such handicaps as retardation, autism, illiteracy, etc., to disclose the artist. The fuller humanness is sought, via artists and their techniques, not by reducing art to psychology, e.g., art therapy, but by bringing psychology closer in touch with the hidden artist. **Mike Arons, Robert Masek, James Barrell** and **Don Rice** are all with the Department of Psychology at West Georgia College. **Carmi Harari** has a private practice in Manhattan, New York.

HUMAN STRESS AND HUMAN ENERGY IN SCHOOLS

You will have the opportunity to discover the sources of stress for learners and teachers in schools and many practical techniques for increasing energy and cognitive awareness, while reducing anxiety and stress. Participants will learn classroom versions of movement, relaxation, breathing and imaging strategies as well as new ways of structuring learning environments. **F. Hanoch McCarty** has been studying classroom stress and energy directly in classrooms k through graduate school for the past eight years.

Monday
1:00-3:00 pm

Transpersonal

AUTOGENIC TRAINING (AT) FOR CREATING HARMONY AND HEALTH

This workshop will explore the history and development of autogenic training and how to apply it in daily life to achieve complete relaxation and deal with functional health problems. Printed handouts provide continued training in AT skills. Presenter will give witness to healing of a long-standing malady he experienced through use of AT. **Don Parker** has worked with the conscious mind and developed the SRA Reading Labs. He now shares tools for tapping unlimited powers of the subconscious mind.

CREATIVE CHANGE: WAYS OF TRANSFORMATION FROM FOLK TALES

This workshop is designed for rediscovering some of the truths in the often overlooked wisdom of folk tales. We will experience how they point the way to creative change. **Margaret Buck** has explored folk tales for over ten years. She has been a chemist, a teacher and is now a biofeedback trainer and storyteller.

FACING THE TIGER: JEALOUSY AND TRANSFORMATION

What can jealousy teach us in our journey toward personal transformation? An integrated model for understanding the experience of jealousy from personal, interpersonal and transpersonal perspectives will be presented. Through lecture, discussion, guided fantasy, and small-group processes, participants will explore jealous experience and behavior, and tools for working with jealousy. **Walt Voigt** is Professor of Psychology at the California Institute of Integral Studies and a clinical psychologist in private practice.

MULTI-DIMENSIONAL DREAMING

This workshop will explore dreams as a tool for change, using demonstration and group participation. We will look at the various levels of the dreaming experience with emphasis on emotional awareness, spiritual guidance and controllable dreaming. **Robert Swartz** is a staff member of Connexions and specializes in holistic therapy.

FLOWER ESSENCES: TOOLS FOR TRANSPERSONAL GROWTH AND UNFOLDMENT

Flower essences are transpersonal tools which enhance self-awareness, self-understanding, assist in transforming self-limiting emotions and attitudes, and promote a more natural state of health and well-being. This workshop focuses on understanding the history, operation, selection and usage of essences for both helping professionals and individuals seeking harmonious personal growth and transformation. **Marilyn Arnett** is a private consultant, facilitator and trainer who has led numerous workshops in health, mental health and education for the last ten years.

Socio-Political

COOPERATIVE ACTION: AN APPROACH TO CONSCIOUS SOCIAL CHANGE

This workshop will offer a specific method for integrating personal, spiritual and social change through loving commitment. Participants will learn effective methods for clarifying personal social vision; assessing resources and potentials; involving and working with others; and successfully planning and implementing positive change in themselves, their environment and the social process. **Georgia Berland** is a consultant in social planning and human service programming, with 15 years experience as a therapist, community organizer and administrator.

HUMANISM AND THE MORAL MAJORITY

We believe that in the next four years people in the humanist movement will have to pay close attention to the socio-political sphere or else they will lose their freedom. Our panel will provide a forum for the expression of the philosophy of the moral majority and humanist movement in an attempt to develop a workable compromise between the two points of view. **Stanley Krippner**, panel moderator, is a past president of AHP, editor of *Psychoenergetics*, and a faculty member of the Humanistic Psychology Institute. **Susan Shore**, head of a human relations project called SERT, is also hostess for the television program "Loveline." **Walter Houston Clark**, founder of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion, is a Professor of Psychology of Relations at Andover Newton Theological School. **Louis Barnes, Jr.**, is Executive Director of the Californians for Biblical Morality, Moral Majority of California. **David Noebel** is President of Summitt Ministries and is writing a book on Christianity, Humanism and Marxism. **George Peters** is founder of CNI and has been involved with mind-body evaluation, integration and transformation for 15 years. Panel coordinated by **Rodney Kinney**.

**Monday
1:00-3:00 pm**

Organizational

WORK SELF/REAL SELF

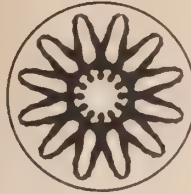
Various pressures inhibit us from expressing our real selves at work. Men may find it difficult to be soft and sensitive; women may give away their power and authority. Through role-play, discussion and movement analysis, we will explore the barriers to a fuller, more natural expression of self on the job. **Tom Ucko** is a San Francisco-based consultant in human relations and career development. **Claire Cohn** works in San Francisco as a psychomotor therapist and a consultant in body image and non-verbal communication skills.

THE LIFEGAIN HEALTH COMMUNITY WORKSHOP

This workshop is designed to help individuals understand the impact of cultural norms on their health, to identify the norms of their culture which they want to change, and to develop individual

wellness plans. It provides an opportunity to explore supportive systems for wellness in families, friendship groups, organizations and communities. **Robert Allen** is a clinical psychologist whose primary

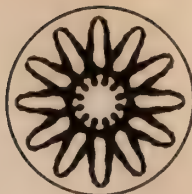
interest is creating supportive environments. He is author of *Beat the System: A Way to Create More Human Environments* and President of Human Resources Institute in New Jersey.



**THEME COMMUNITY CLOSING, MONDAY,
AUGUST 31, 3:30-5:30 PM**

This will be an occasion for members of each Theme Community to gather as a group for one last time prior to the conclusion of the Conference. After the Closing, all Communities will merge together to form the AHP Community, celebrating with a Dinner Picnic.





OTHER EVENTS

PAUL WINTER AND THE WINTER CONSORT IN CONCERT WITH AL CHUNG-LIANG HUANG, Tuesday, September 1, 8:00-10:30 pm

Tickets: \$7.50, \$8.50, \$9.50; available at the Conference or in advance, c/o Steve Cloud, PO Box 4774, Santa Barbara, California 93101. Concert will include selections from "The Tao of Bach", which Al Huang and Paul Winter's Consort performed in New York. Paul Winter and his group blend classical music, jazz, ethnic music and the songs of nature into a special music dedicated to the natural world.

FILM PROGRAM

Saturday, August 29, 10:00-11:40 pm

—*Toward a Caring Community* (30 minutes). This film won a New York Films Award in 1979. It portrays the birth of a child within a community. It is both moving and educational.

—*As Long As There is Life* (40 minutes). This film is about the Forest family, a young couple with two children, faced with the death of the mother. It demonstrates the role of the Hospice Home Care Team in helping the family members cope with this crisis.

—*Fritz Perls: Master of Change* (30 minutes). The thrust of Fritz Perls' work was to break up patterns and rigid ways of seeing and being. In "The Case of Mary Kay" one can see Fritz at his best. **Jack Gaines**, author of *Fritz Perls, Here and Now*, will present the film and lead a discussion.

Monday, August 31, 10:30-11:40 pm

—*AHP Slideshow*. **George Leonard**, past-president of AHP, will be narrator.

—*Math: A Moving Experience* (30 minutes). Designed to inspire appreciation and use of creative movement and humanistic values in elementary education, this film is directed by **Teresa Bender Benzwie** who will be available for discussion.

—*Ripple of Time* (30 minutes). This unusually fine documentary is the first film of its kind to show that sexuality is not the exclusive province of the young.

A GALLERY SHOW

continuous throughout the Conference

EMERGING WOMAN: SELF-UNDERSTANDING THROUGH EXPRESSIVE ART

Pictures from the art journal of **Natalie Rogers** depicting a decade of mid-life transitions.

LUNCHEON MEETINGS

Saturday, August 29, 11:45 am-12:45 pm AFTER AHP: CAMPUS DEVELOPMENT

This meeting will explore how what is learned at humanistic conferences can be applied "back home". Emphasis will be on learning from participants, as well as sharing our own experiences with interdisciplinary faculty support groups, English Composition classes, and meditation groups. Together we will develop plans for implementation during the coming year. **Glenn Frankenfield** specializes in psycholinguistics and teaches English Composition at the University of Maine. **Mick Bransky** specializes in humanistic education at the University of Maine.

Sunday, August 30, 11:45 am-12:45 pm GRADUATE PROGRAMS IN HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY

This session will give a brief overview of some of the programs for advanced study in humanistic psychology. **Irv Katz**, coordinator, is on the faculty at the University of Humanistic Studies, San Diego.

Monday, August 31, 11:45 am-12:45 pm GRADUATE PROGRAMS IN TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY

Representatives from various graduate programs with transpersonally-oriented curriculum will describe their offerings. **Walt Voigt**, coordinator, is on the faculty of the California Institute of Integral Studies, San Francisco.

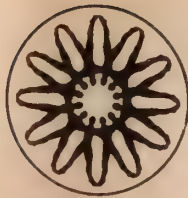
AHP NOT-SO-SILENT AUCTION

In January AHP began a fund-raising effort—the Silent Auction. Throughout the Conference we will continue the Silent Auction, and on Sunday night, preceding the Presidential Address, we will have a Not-So-Silent Auction. You can join in the fun of the Silent Auction by...

- bringing a contribution to UCLA;
- submitting a bid on one or more items or services;
- making the Not-So-Silent Auction a rollicking good time for everyone—and profitable for AHP.

Please don't send anything to the AHP office prior to the Conference. A table will be set up in the Hospitality Area for accepting contributions and taking bids.





INSTITUTES

Wednesday-Friday, August 26-28 (beginning at 10:00 am)

INSIGHT TRAINING

Insight Training is a practical growth process designed to help create more loving relationships. We will view a wide range of personal and interpersonal perspectives. **Jack Canfield** is Director of Educational Services of Insight

Training Seminars and co-author of *100 Ways to Enhance the Self-Concept in the Classroom*; his forthcoming book is *Learning to Love Yourself*.

Russell Bishop is Vice-president and Director of Training for Insight Training seminars.

Thursday, August 27, 1:00-9:00 pm (with a dinner break)

THERAPEUTIC IMAGERY AND VISUALIZATION

Imagery and visualization are practical tools that allow a person in distress to work with a health care professional in both diagnosis and treatment. Topics include healing, guided imagery, relaxation and self-regulation. **Dennis Jaffe** is a clinical psychologist at UCLA School of Medicine and Director of the Learning for Health Clinic. His latest book is *Healing from Within*. **Jeanne Segal** is a consultant to business and health care practitioners, a former staff member of the Center for the Healing Arts, and author of *Feeling Great: A Guide to Health and Happiness*.

ANDROGYNITY AND ACTUALIZATION

We will explore the union of opposites within the psyche—the principle of androgyny—and how this can positively affect relationships. **Niela Horn** is a member of the Gestalt Institute of New England, on the staff of AHR-Beacon College, and an organizational consultant. **Ed Elkin**, a psychologist, is on the faculty of the University of Humanistic Studies, Los Angeles, and author of *Transitions: A Transpersonal Gestalt Primer*.

TRANSFORMATIONAL THEATER

Transformational theater is an experimental form in which a group undergoes a transformative process which they then present to a large audience as a participational theatrical event—in this case a presentation of *The Divine Androgyne* at the Conference Monday evening. **Anand Veereshwar** has been involved in professional theater and has held workshops throughout the United States and Europe.

CONSCIOUS CHANGE THROUGH UNCONSCIOUS PROCESS

Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) combined with hypnotic techniques will be used to demonstrate the tools for successful change, enlisting the unconscious to work for consciously desired change. **Norma Barretta** and **Philip Barretta** are both therapists, lecturers, trainers and certified practitioners of NLP.

TAKE A BREATHER: AN INSTITUTE OF SKILLFUL BREATHING

We will focus on the ways skilled attention to the breath can affect mental and physical well-being, spiritual awareness and success in relationships. Dress for free breathing and movement. **Stella Resnick** is a clinical psychologist, a gestalt therapist in private practice and has written about gestalt, sexuality and spirituality.

THERAPEIA: SACRED PSYCHOLOGY

We will explore ways of restoring sacrality to psychological processes, and of tapping the place where the vision is gained, meaning is found, and healing and transformation take place. **Jean Houston**, a pioneer in the exploration and development of the study of human consciousness, is co-author of *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience* and *Mind Games: The Guide to Inner Space* and author of *Lifeforce*.



Jack Canfield



Russell Bishop



Dennis Jaffe



Jeanne Segal



Anand Veereshwar

Friday, August 28, 9:00 am-5:00 pm (with a break)

ENERGY AWARENESS AND CREATIVE SEXUALITY

Using energy awareness exercises and visualizations, you will discover ways of loving that are spiritually and physically creative, nourishing and enduring. With no explicit sexual activity, you will experience imaginative and harmonious sexuality. **George Leonard**, past-president of AHP, is author of *Education and Ecstasy*, *The Transformation*, *The Ultimate Athlete* and *The Silent Pulse*; and teaches aikido. **Annie Styron** conducts workshops and counsels individuals in energy awareness and its application to wellness.

GROWING BEYOND EGO: TRANSFORMATIONAL CHANGE

This workshop, focusing on mastery of change and transformational process, is for professionals interested in expanding their skills in transpersonal psychotherapy. **Frances Vaughan** is a professor at the California Institute of Transpersonal Psychology, a psychotherapist in private practice, author of *Awakening Intuition*, and co-editor of *Beyond Ego: Transpersonal Dimensions in Psychology*.

GLOBAL 2000: TOWARD A HUMAN WORLD ORDER

We will integrate socio-political analysis, global spirituality and creative growth process; will study the relationships between human development and world order; and will explore initiatives for alternative world futures. **Patricia Mische** is an educator, a lecturer, co-author of *Toward a Human World Order*, *Beyond the National Security Straitjacket*, and editor of Global Education Associate's *The Whole Earth Papers*. Her forthcoming book is *Women, Power and Alternative World Futures*.

COMMUNION: A TOOL FOR TRANSFORMING PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS AND COMMUNITY

Doing exercises in collective tuning which use music, movement and meditative processes, you will be encouraged to create rituals for communion in daily life. **Gay Luce** is a psychologist, founder of SAGE, and author of *Body Time* and *Your Second Life*.

EXPERIENCING THE TRAGER WAY

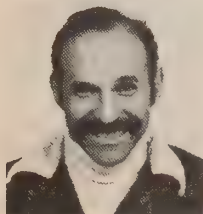
Trager Psychophysical Integration and Mentastics is a dynamic process of non-verbal communication with profound applications to the great variety of fields which serve the development of the whole being. By facilitating the release of deep-seated patterns in the body-mind, the Trager approach effectively works with stress reduction, self-image enhancement and the release of creative abilities. This Institute will include experiential sessions and discussion of the relationship of Trager, Feldenkrais, Alexander, rolfing, and Touch for Health. **Betty Fuller** is Director of the Trager Institute, a humanist counselor, and an instructor of Feldenkrais Awareness through Movement workshops.

MILLENNIUM: PATHWAYS TO THE FUTURE

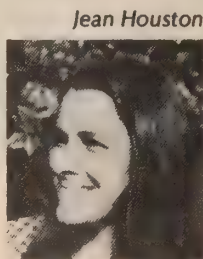
We will glimpse into the 21st century at the potentials of the humans who will walk on earth at the dawn of the third millennium. **Alberto Villoldo** is an internationally-known speaker and researcher, co-author of *Realms of Healing*, and co-editor of *Millennium*. His soon-to-be-published book is *The Magical Brain*.



Niela Horn



Ed Elkin



Jean Houston



Frances Vaughan



Patricia Mische



Alberto Villoldo



Norma & Philip Barretta



Stella Resnick



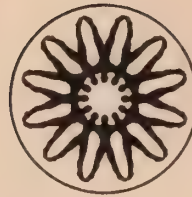
Annie Styron &
George Leonard



Gay Luce



Betty Fuller



POST~CONFERENCE COMMUNITIES

**Tuesday, September 1, 2:00 pm —
Thursday, September 3, 5:00 pm**



We asked a number of people why they are staying for the Post-Conference Communities. Here are some of the answers:

"I won't have to hurry and leave."

"I'm an intense person. I want to go deeply into whatever I'm doing."

"I want to relax into the friendships that are forming."

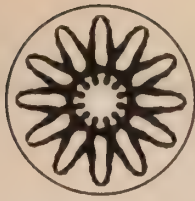
"I want to be a part of an ongoing community network."

"I want to make a difference and this is where the difference will be made."

"I will get a chance to take a second look and see people I didn't notice at first."

Selected resource people will meet with each community, and each group will rely on its own members' skills and resources.

The Post-Conference Communities are an extra-fee event. You can register on site in the Volunteer Office anytime throughout the Conference. All Post-Conference Community participants must have a name badge which will be required for admission.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & THANKS

Thanks to '80-81 AHP Executive Board:

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Workshops: Walt Voigt

Logo by L.T. Brockway

CONFERENCE HOST AND CO-SPONSOR:

UCLA Department of Psychology, Seymour Feshback, chair
UCLA Graduate School of Management, Fred Massarik

ABOUT AHP

AN INVITATION TO JOIN AHP

The Association for Humanistic Psychology—a world wide network for the development of the human sciences in ways which recognize our distinctively human qualities—links, for support and stimulation, people who have a humanistic vision of the person; encourages others to share this view; and shows how this vision can be realized.

AHP is currently adding a societal orientation to its historic concern with individual and interpersonal behavior. Social issues are now receiving increased attention in AHP conferences, the *Newsletter* and local activities. A correlated objective is to increase and diversify AHP membership. The AHP Executive Board therefore recommended a new membership fee schedule, a major feature of which is the introduction of a reduced-fee (\$20) non-professional membership. The new fee schedule was approved by membership vote and became effective July 1, 1979.

GENERAL MEMBERSHIP (\$20) is offered to anyone who wishes to support AHP's goals and to participate in its activities. Benefits include:

- monthly AHP *Newsletter*
- discounts on AHP publications, tapes and conferences
- discounts on special resource materials
- voting privileges
- general membership card
- the opportunity to participate in chapter and network activity in your community

COMPREHENSIVE MEMBERSHIP (\$40) is offered to anyone who is or wishes to become professionally involved in humanistic approaches in the human services or who has an intense interest in the field. Includes benefits of general membership plus:

- quarterly *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*
- listing in and free copy of the new AHP *Resource Directory*
- free copies of selected AHP publications
- priority for attendance at special events
- professional networking services
- comprehensive membership card

SUSTAINING or ORGANIZATIONAL MEMBERSHIP (\$100-500) is open to those individuals or organizations who wish to offer additional support of AHP. Includes benefits of comprehensive membership plus:

- multiple copies of publications
- listing of organization in the AHP *Resource Directory*
- certificate for organizational support of AHP
- discount on special AHP services: consultants, speakers, etc.

SPONSORING MEMBERSHIP (\$600-1000) offers lifetime benefits of comprehensive memberships.

MEMBERSHIP FORM

Please enroll me as a member of international AHP in the category indicated below:

General () \$20 Sustaining or organizational (\$100-500) ()
Comprehensive () \$40 Sponsoring (\$600-1000) ()

Amount enclosed \$ _____ (US money only) Check or money order payable to AHP
325 Ninth Street, San Francisco, California 94103

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

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(All contributions made and dues paid to AHP are tax deductible
to the extent permitted by law.)

JOURNAL OF HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY

Published by the Association for Humanistic Psychology **AP**

The official quarterly publication of the **Association for Humanistic Psychology** is concerned with the worth and dignity of the individual and with conditions of human experience and growth. Noted authors include Rollo May, Carl Rogers, Roberto Assagioli and Frances Vaughan.

Types of Articles

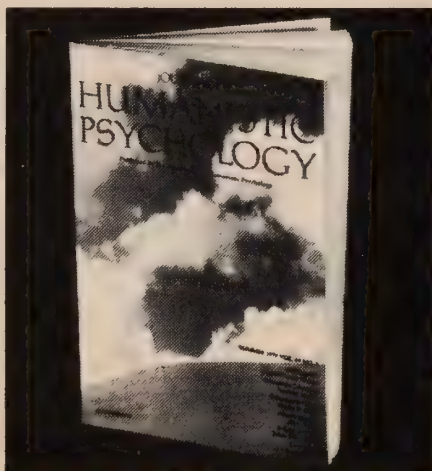
Experiential reports, theoretical papers, personal essays,
research studies, applications of humanistic psychology,
humanistic analyses of contemporary culture, poems

Selected Articles

<i>Rationale for Good Choosing</i>	Willis W. Harman
<i>Humanistic Services for the Elderly</i>	Ken Dychtwald
<i>Growing Old—Or Older and Growing</i>	Carl R. Rogers
<i>Crisis of Definition: Who Delivers Health</i>	Marilyn Ferguson
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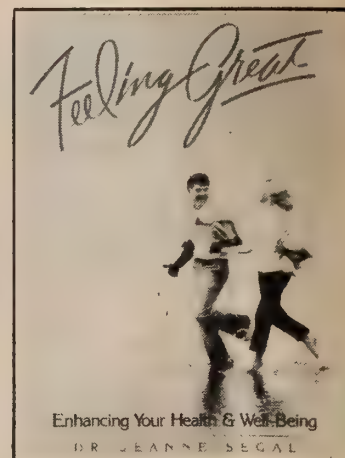
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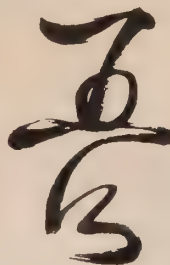
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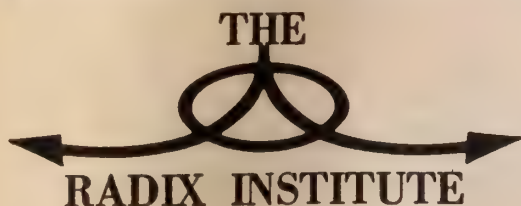
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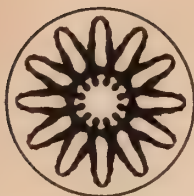
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Institutes (August 27)	\$ 55	\$ 55	\$ _____
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() August 26-28: Canfield & Bishop

() August 27: _____

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August 28-September 1, 1981, UCLA

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_____ Age _____

_____ Age _____

_____ Age _____

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☐ Enclosed is a check made out to Baby Dance for \$55.00 (includes \$5.00 food fee) for each child registering for the Children's Conference.

Return this form to Elysa Markowitz, the Baby Dance Institute, 4061 Wade Street, Suite A, Los Angeles, California 90066. For more information call (213) 397-7363.

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Betty Fuller
Bill Bridges
Carl Rogers
Charles Hampden-Turner
David Zeller
Dennis Jaffe
Floyd Matson
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George Leonard
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Hyemeyohsts Storm
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John Naisbitt
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Natalie Rogers
Niela Horn
Patricia Mische
Paul Winter
Rick Ingrasci
Stanley Krippner
Stella Resnick
Tim Gallwey
Tom Hayden
Walt Anderson
Will Schutz

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d once again. ■

BOOKS continued from page 22

Where Abbott sees revolution pound-
ing in every prisoner's breast, I see a crav-
ing to watch more television cartoons. For
every prisoner that will cover a brother's
back, there are ten who will not. Whoever
said there is honor among thieves just
had to have been a thief.

Abbott is very good at understanding
the "reverse racism" in prison and the
fact that most prison violence is not inter-
racial. Black on black, white on white, or
brown on brown. Just like outside.
However, also like outside, when it does
become interracial, an incident can lead
to tribal warfare.

So I start out reviewing Jack Ab-
bott's prison experience and end
up telling my own thoughts. Every
American prisoner does that. We are con-
ditioned to make prison an individual ex-
perience. Compare. Why did he get two
milks and I only one? Are you Medium or
Max? How come I got ten years and he
only five for the same thing? Is he a
squealer? Can I take him?

Prison is a sniveler's supermarket. A
place you learn jealousy, suspicion and
hatred. It originates with how people get
to be prisoners. One class is after all judg-
ing another. There are not "all kinds
here" as the tour guides claim. Here is
where Abbott's courage ventures the fur-
thest. In the end he declares himself to be
a communist, for only communists will help
prisoners. He risks thousands of well-
meaning people closing ranks on him,
risks being judged before his day in the
arena of ideas, because, given our
"democracy," we are free to choose
everything but that!

This declaration, this fixation with
"American injustice" as opposed to
"human nature" turns the passive reader
into active prison guard. Abbott waves

the red flag, his turn at matador. He cor-
ners you against the wall; you must think
and act too quickly to survive. With his
description of prison life he shoves in the
sword, with his blunt politics he yanks it
straight up to your brain.

Abbott is not filled with self-pity. He is
not crying for mercy. He is toughing it
out, laying all his cards on the table, the
way Gary Gilmore did at the end. They
are very close in spirit . . . Jack Henry Ab-
bott is out among you now. Do not
welcome him back. He has not been there
before. Yet listen to this man's song. ■

Editor's note: *This review was written
before events overtook the book's author.
Abbott was released from prison June 6,
flown to New York and met by Mailer,
who gave him a job as a researcher and
entry into New York's literary circle. Lit-
tle more than a month later, Abbott walk-
ed into the Bini-Bon Cafe on East Third
Street and got into an argument — more
a discussion according to witnesses —
with a 22-year-old bartender named
Richard Adan, himself a poet and play-
wright. The two went outside but only Ab-
bott came back. Adan was found dead
with a knife in his chest. Abbott stayed
around New York a few more hours, then
disappeared. When last heard from, he
was in Mexico. What Abbott may have
done does not negate what he has written.
In fact, it merely provides a bloody coda.*

*Abbie Hoffman is the author of seven
books. His latest, Square Dancing in the
Ice Age, will be published next spring by
G.P. Putnam and Sons. He is currently
serving a 1-3 year prison term for a co-
caine sale. Recently he was transferred
from a maximum security prison to a
work release program at the Lincoln Cor-
rectional Facility in Harlem.*

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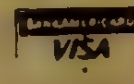
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GATHERINGS OF THE TRIBES

a guide to indian powwows in the southland

BY BONNIE FULLER

The L.A. area may not be Indian territory, but it's close—close enough to support a significant number of Native American activities hosted by the Southland's Indian and non-Indian communities. "If the metropolitan area of Los Angeles were a reservation," says Steven Stallings, president of the United Indian Development Assn., a firm designed to help Indians in business, "it would be the second-largest population center of Native Americans in the country." (The largest would be the Navajo Nation.)

And with that substantial a population, and with interest in Native Americana among non-Indians at a high peak, the presence of powwows on Southland calendars is becoming the rule rather than the exception.

The word powwow is an Algonquin term meaning a gathering for social, spiritual, business or religious purposes. But that's just the tip of the tepee. Although some powwows still exclude the public, many of them welcome all who wish to attend and offer outsiders a glimpse of the richness of Native American heritage.

Contemporary powwows reflect the cultures of the Plains Indians of many generations past. They focus primarily on dancing and drum singing (those playing the drums are referred to as singers). Today's powwows are less exclusive than those of the past in another way—they celebrate and foster Pan Indianism, the recognition of all Indian people regardless of tribe. Although tribal identity remains of consequence, Indians of different tribes nowadays chat and dance together and participate

jointly in the business proceedings of the powwow.

And that business, whether spiritual or secular, is important, according to Melvyn Deer, a Rialto School District resource instructor who has taught Indian studies. Most of what you may see at a powwow is done with a purpose, he says. "What may look repetitious to you is, to the Indian, very symbolic and meaningful."

Some powwows are "national" in scope. They are large annual events, often outdoors, that last several days or over a weekend. They are attended by Native Americans from many parts of the United States. Some camp out in teepees, others in the more up-to-date facilities of a motor home.

Anyone can attend a public powwow, but first it might be worthwhile to know more about them.

Monthly powwows are held indoors. Many are free, although some charge a small admission fee to defray expenses. Powwows don't always start on time, but the waiting is usually forgotten once the drums (Continued on Page 4)



James Nightwalker, a Cheyenne, takes part in a traditional dance, at left, and in a flag ceremony. Above, three Indians dressed in their finest tribal garments practice steps for a dance.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE TIMES BY ARLENE CLAYTON-BROWN

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If you know who they are, you have three of the answers. Learn their identities on Page 11.

BUT WHO SAID IT?

a chance to show what you know about quotations

BY KENT RASMUSSEN

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "I hate quotations. Tell me what you know." If you side with Emerson, you had better read something else, because this is a quiz to determine what you know about quotations, 24 of which are given below. Below each are listed five names, from which you are to identify the person responsible for the saying. The answers are on Page 11.

1. "I shall return."
(a) Muhammad Ali, (b) Douglas MacArthur, (c) Napoleon, (d) Amelia Earhart, (e) Judge Crater.
2. "I never met a man I didn't like."
(a) Dale Carnegie, (b) Howard Hughes, (c) Don Rickles, (d) Will Rogers, (e) Mae West.
3. "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker."
(a) Robert Benchley, (b) W. C. Fields, (c) Ulysses S. Grant, (d) Dean Martin, (e) Ogden Nash.
4. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."
(a) John Jacob Astor, (b) Jack Benny, (c) Ross Eugene Fields (a/k/a Harold Smith), (d) Benjamin Franklin, (e) William Shakespeare.
5. "The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated."
(a) Ambrose Bierce, (b) Aimee Semple McPherson, (c) James C. Brady, (d) Lazarus, (e) Mark Twain.
6. "I have not yet begun to fight."
(a) George Armstrong Custer, (b) Roberto Duran, (c) John Paul Jones, (d) George Patton, (e) George Washington.
7. "And so to bed."
(a) James Boswell, (b) Johnny Carson, (c) Xaviera Hollander, (d) Samuel Pepys, (e) Rip van Winkle.
8. "When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name—he marks not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."
(a) George Allen, (b) George Gipp, (c) Vince Lombardi, (d) Grantland Rice, (e) Amos Alonzo Stagg.
9. "The chief business of American people is business."
(a) Calvin Coolidge, (b) Henry Ford, (c) Karl Marx, (d) John D. Rockefeller, (e) Alexis de Tocqueville.
10. "Turn on, tune in, drop out."
(a) Abbie Hoffman, (b) Timothy Leary, (c) Marshall McLuhan, (d) Jerry Rubin, (e) Fred Silverman.
11. "Nothing is certain but death and taxes."
(a) Aristotle, (b) Benjamin Franklin, (c) Joseph Granville, (d) Herbert Hoover, (e) John Maynard Keynes.
12. "England expects every man will do his duty."

(a) Prince Charles, (b) Winston Churchill, (c) Lord Kitchener, (d) Lord Nelson, (e) Duke of Wellington.

13. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

(a) Clifford Irving, (b) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (c) Tamara Rand, (d) Walter Scott, (e) William Shakespeare.

14. "I wouldn't want to belong to any club that would accept me as a member."

(a) Woody Allen, (b) Art Buchwald, (c) W. C. Fields, (d) Groucho Marx, (e) Mae West.

15. "This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny."

(a) Jerry Brown, (b) John F. Kennedy, (c) Richard Nixon, (d) Franklin D. Roosevelt, (e) John Wayne.

16. "For all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

(a) Robert Frost, (b) Hubert Humphrey, (c) Magic Johnson, (d) Vince Ferragamo, (e) John Greenleaf Whittier.

17. "Necessity is the mother of invention."

(a) Alexander Graham Bell, (b) Thomas A. Edison, (c) Frank Zappa, (d) Anonymous, (e) Plato.

18. "Injustice is relatively easy to bear; what stings is justice."

(a) William O. Douglas, (b) H. L. Mencken, (c) John Mitchell, (d) Will Rogers, (e) Perry Mason.

19. "All the news that's fit to print."

(a) Carol Burnett, (b) Benjamin Franklin, (c) Horace Greeley, (d) Joyce Haber, (e) Adolph S. Ochs.

20. "Familiarity breeds contempt."

(a) Aesop, (b) Sigmund Freud, (c) Michelle Marvin, (d) Emily Post, (e) Abigail Van Buren.

21. "Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing."

(a) Ralph Waldo Emerson, (b) Thomas Paine, (c) Ronald Reagan, (d) Harry S. Truman, (e) Cal Worthington.

22. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

(a) Gerald Ford, (b) Oliver Wendell Holmes, (c) Ralph Nader, (d) Alexander Pope, (e) Willie Sutton.

23. "Truth is stranger than fiction."

(a) P. T. Barnum, (b) Lord Byron, (c) Abraham Lincoln, (d) Robert L. Ripley, (e) Ben Bradlee.

24. "Nothing in life is so exhilarating as to be shot at without result."

(a) Ambrose Bierce, (b) Winston Churchill, (c) Gerald Ford, (d) George Patton, (e) Harry S. Truman.

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Book Reviews

A View of Earth in the Year 2081

By CAROLYN SEE

2081: A Hopeful View of the Human Future by Gerard K. O'Neill (Simon & Shuster: \$14.95)

What if we earthlings succeed in not blowing each other up in the next few decades? Gerard K. O'Neill, professor of physics at Princeton, hiker, flier, sail-plane operator, biker, futurist and all around *bon vivant* thinks there's a good chance we won't, and that our children, even our grandchildren, will more or less be here 100 years from now. O'Neill thinks if we can just tiptoe through the next 30 years, we have an extremely good chance of making it, insuring the immortality of the human race, if not on an individual basis, at least on the terms that we've always been on; our progeny will survive.

And what then? Assuming they do, and there isn't the holocaust some of us fear, O'Neill undertakes to tell us about this planet of the future—Earth 100 years from now. And from the beginning he's arguing—not with the doom-sayers, why bother arguing about that?—but with some staid scientists of his acquaintance who believe that earthlings should be conservative, who think of the planet as a most limited repository of energy and sources and aim for a steady state society.

Forget that! is Neill's position. Because in 1969 O'Neill did a study to show conclusively that the United States has the technology to zoom into space and live there: "My new and upsetting conclusions were that we could build space colonies relatively soon, within the limits of known engineering practice, out of ordinary materials; that the colonies could be large, as much as a hundred square miles in land area; and that they could be, if we so desired, very 'Earthlike.'" Once these colonies were/are constructed, the human race will be "unkillable," since the colonies will be dispersed throughout the galaxy, impervious either to the threat of all-out nuclear war (which the professor considers unlikely in any case), or the random attempts of wacko-political terrorists, which he does consider quite likely.

4-Part Approach

"A Hopeful View" is divided into Four Parts: I, survey of the works of past future-prophets, where and how they went wrong in their predictions and how they succeeded. II, a section on what O'Neill calls the five "Drivers" of our modern society, those new discoveries that will change, in his view, our present into the future. III, a "Utopia" section; the Earth of 2081 is reported on by "Eric Rawson," a fictional young man whose dull prose style can perhaps be excused on the grounds that he has spent his childhood and adolescence on a very far-away space colony. IV, a section called "Wild Cards;" O'Neill casts caution to the winds and looks further than the next 100 years.

O'Neill insists upon change. He says we were not made for comfort, but to reach the stars. He says that if we do make it through the next 30 or 40 years, and get off our figurative duffs and out there into space, "the eternal of love and hope and laughter will still be there too."

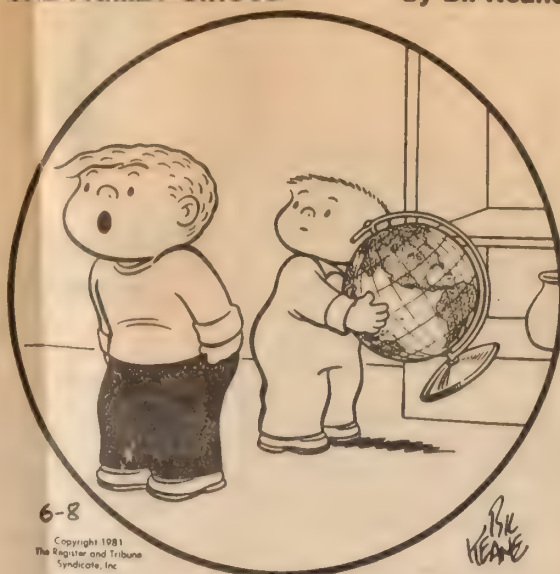
But there is an extraordinary shift between the vision of paragraphs like this, and the actual future O'Neill constructs. Consider, for instance, his five "drivers of society"; Computers, which are going to do more and more. Automation, robots on car assembly lines, that sort of thing. Space colonies, whose inhabitants will spend a good deal of time making and exporting arts-and-crafts, like stained glass windows. Energy, more, post-nuclear energy. Communications, what we have now, only more of it.

Reading Part II, you can't help but feel that O'Neill is right. There probably are going to be robots that vacuum and holographs to help do grocery shopping and underground travel that doesn't bump and great big shells to turn New England towns into "perfect" Polynesian climates.

And in Part III, his Eric Rawson, visiting space colonial, has the leaden bonk of truth. He takes a long dull

THE FAMILY CIRCUS

by Bill Keane



"PJ's touching the map ball."

trip on a spaceship to Earth where some folks in Waterford, Conn., take him in. They all eat breakfast in a room where they can see giant television/holograph renditions of the canals of Venice. The family goes shopping by holograph. The father conducts interviews by computers. The daughter introduces Rawson to people who choose to chop their own food. He takes trips all over the place in planes that take off and land automatically, and in trucks that drive automatically, and watches scenery that shifts at the push of a button.

O'Neill predicts—through Rawson—that almost everyone will have an identification (anklet), a tool of such surveillance that crime will be crushed, our children will be safe. Because of all the automation people will be free to pursue hobbies, develop leisure time activities. Because of the post-petroleum age, and much

Please see EARTH, Page 8

Profilin

By GRANT D. ALD

Machismo: Women and D (\$14.95)

Grace Lichtenstein: previous articles into a st and professional risks. it does not quite rise to ing her many conclus. sential quality of darin

The book has a part does not apologize nor right. Lichtenstein is one that will accept he great deal of leeway in several heroines.

Even granting that h The first is her objectiv

Lichtenstein begins l investigation of her con who take risks and brea reader is never quite su study of risk-taking won the author's feelings tow never resolved.

Secondly, the author augment her original art by nature descriptive bu article, a reader is inter character portrayed. In a

Insight is not something the women she lionizes an them are unidimensional out who the author's hero about their own goals or ne

Finally, the author mixe

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EAST

♦ 6 5 2
♥ 8 7 4 3
♦ 7 3 2
♣ 5 4 2

Instead, Bates drew just two rounds of trumps and ran the hearts. This would work if the opponent with heart length had the missing trump. The odds were against this, since the player with only two trumps had more room in his hand for heart length, but it's better to be a slight underdog than to have no chance at all.

East had to follow to the hearts, and West was helpless since he had no trumps. Bates discarded dummy's diamond losers and then ruffed his low diamond in dummy, assuring the slam.

Art Festival Slated at Children's Museum

"Fences" will be the theme of an environmental art festival 1 to 4 p.m. on June 27 at the Children's Museum, 310 N. Main St. Participants will create an environment from sheets of cardboard, old fences, webs and doors. Fee is 50 cents per person.

Some other special summer activities coming up at the museum will include "Bubbles on Wednesdays," every Wednesday June 24-Aug. 26 from all a.m. to 3 p.m. (admission 15 cents), a kite and banner making workshop July 18-19 and a "chalk-in" on the museum sidewalks on Aug. 8-9.

Vest

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Expert Roger

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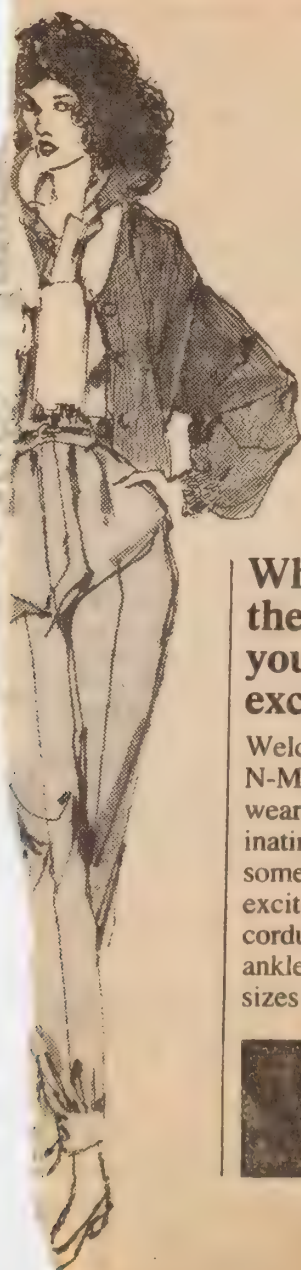
and take their

ould be down

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Against Scientism

ENDEAVORS IN PSYCHOLOGY

Selections from the Personology of Henry A. Murray.
 Edited by Edwin S. Shneidman.
 641 pp. New York:
 Harper & Row. \$35.

By JOSEPH ADELSON

IN writing about Henry Murray it is nearly impossible to avoid falling into clichés. A Renaissance man. A legendary figure. One of the pioneers of contemporary psychology. And so on. They are all true.

What is most dazzling about the man and the career is his extraordinary versatility, the protean nature of his talents and achievements. He has been the following, in (rough) chronological order: an athlete, an undergraduate student of history, a playboy, a physician, a surgeon, an embryologist, an anatomist, an orthodox psychoanalyst, an unorthodox psychoanalyst, the co-inventor of the Thematic Apperception Test, the director of Harvard's Psychological Clinic, one of the fathers of the experimental study of personality, our Government's chief selector of undercover agents during World War II, the prime developer of complex assessment methods in the study of personality, an adoring student and scholar of the life and works of Herman Melville.

When someone has done so much, we assume he has done it easily, that he has moved gracefully from triumph to triumph. But in the compelling autobiographical narratives included in this book, we learn that Dr. Murray developed quite slowly, even haltingly. He tells us that he was not an especially gifted student, that he received below-average grades during most of his formal schooling. We also learn of the traumatic and bungled eye surgery performed on him during his childhood — performed without warning, and on a dining room table — which left him handicapped in certain athletic skills and probably caused the stammer that tormented him during much of his life. We learn how difficult it was for him to attain academic recognition, those very qualities we find so admirable — the richness and breadth of mind and experience proving deeply offensive to the academic Philistines of the time, so much so that he was not granted tenure at Harvard until he was 55 and world famous. Fifty-five!

It is not clear in what spirit Dr. Murray endured these setbacks, but endure them he surely did. No doubt it helped that he was born to wealth (his mother, he tells us, had

Joseph Adelson is professor of psychology at the University of Michigan and editor of the "Handbook of Adolescent Psychology."

"seven domestics" to supervise) in a Manhattan milieu strikingly reminiscent of that occupied by the James family; hence he was never constrained by economic anxiety. One also senses that he developed a strong inner confidence in being deeply cared for by an indulgent father and fussed at and over by a brisk and perhaps overattentive mother. That confidence might also have been responsible for the intellectual risk-taking we see throughout his career. The career did not evolve. It was marked by disjunctions and epiphanies, by fortuitous encounters that led to radical shifts of interest — e.g., his meeting with Carl Jung, which left Dr. Murray transformed; or his being asked by the ship's surgeon on a trans-Atlantic voyage to assist at an emergency operation, which led to a discussion of Melville and in turn to Dr. Murray's passionate absorption in that author's work.

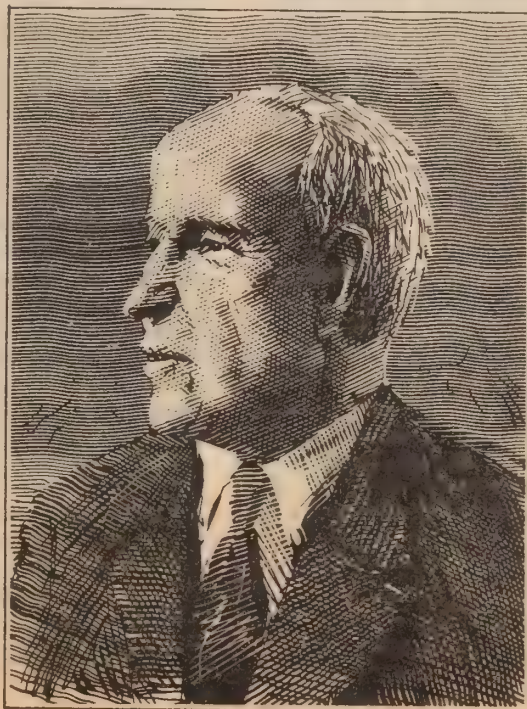
We soon become so entranced by the Murray personality and career that we lose sight of the occasion — this excellent collection of his writings, intelligently selected and introduced by Edwin Shneidman, one of Dr. Murray's most distinguished students and a celebrated scholar of suicide. "Endeavors in Psychology" includes all of Dr. Murray's best-known papers and beyond that provides a representative sampling of the scope of his writing, no easy task in view of his remarkable range. Among much else we are given the following: his biographical-cum-critical articles on Melville, some brilliant polemics against sectarianism in psychology, two charming and revealing autobiographical essays, examples of his pioneering work in personality assessment, and the seminal writings designed to develop a theoretical framework for a psychology of personality.

Not since William James has there been an American psychologist so versatile, nor has anyone else written with equal verve and boldness. Who else but Dr. Murray could have prepared an address for the American Psychological Association entitled "The Personality and Career of Satan" — an address ranging in tone and topic from the teasing of the audience for its "immaculate Scientism" to a bravura display of erudition in biblical studies, church history, medieval philosophy and almost everything else under the sun (and moon). That address strikes me as quintessentially Murreyan in its display of the grand and good-natured impudence that has marked his public career: drawing upon profound humanistic learning for the sake of American psychologists, who are as a

group not noted for humanistic attainment; talking about theology to an audience relentlessly secular in its outlook; and treating the question of evil before listeners whose sensibility is deeply though unconsciously anti-Manichean.

And in choosing to discuss Satan, the archetypal figure of rebelliousness, Dr. Murray is also telling us something about himself and his place in the history of psychology. He has devoted much of his career to creative opposition against the mindless positivism that academic psychology can never quite seem to disavow once and for all, and, in that respect, for

Continued on Page 33



Henry A. Murray.

A Great Good Man

MATTHEW ARNOLD: A LIFE

By Park Honan.

Illustrated. 496 pp. New York:

McGraw-Hill. \$19.95

By CHRISTOPHER RICKS

THE world was lucky to see him born, this man who knew so acutely the fate he had to escape by his wits, the fate of modern man, "Wandering between two worlds, one dead, / The other powerless to be born."

Matthew Arnold was not born to wander in some limbo. He walked through this world. He rebuffed the temptations of powerlessness, and he shouldered the responsibilities of power. He was a poet who brought home not only the false complacency in Victorian cities, but "the eternal note of sadness" even in the happiness to be found at Dover Beach. He was a critic who knew that it was crass to use the good as the enemy of the best (and so to sink into second-rate comfort), and to use the best as the enemy of the good (and so to sink into first-rate despair).

He had a prophet's awareness that religion in his day could not afford to entrench itself in facts which could all too substantially be refuted, or behind myths which could all too insubstantially scorn the whole idea of refutation. He had, too, the force of a social seer and could sting the conscience of a nation with the most unanswerable of laconic reminders: That it would not do to turn aside from mass suffering by murmuring that "it is the result of Nature's simplest laws"; that all was not well with England when a news item could report infanticide and say flatly of the mother, "Wragg is in custody"; that "in order to attach Ireland to us, English people have not only to do something different . . . they have to be something different."

Arnold himself, a great and good man, both did and was something different — and not only because greatness is by definition different, or because the combination of greatness and goodness is desolatingly rare. Robert Browning sent to Arnold's widow "a word, true as Truth's self, that tells you I shall hold in veneration — to my own dying day — the memory of one of the noblest and best men I ever knew and ever loved." Veneration for Arnold must partly be for his being not only different from others, but for his having become so different from his own earlier self or selves.

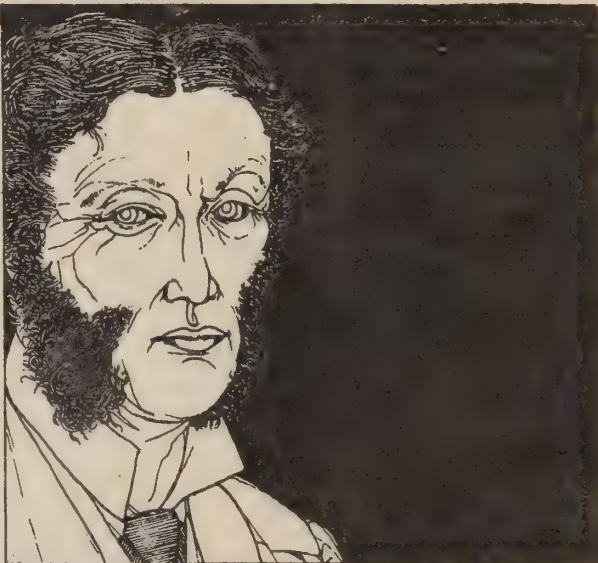
So gratitude for Park Honan's new life of Arnold could begin with its conveying, as no previous evocation of Arnold has done, the greatness and goodness with which Arnold, until his dying day, remade a self which most of us would reasonably have been content to leave well alone. It is for this dramatic, and unmelodramatic, sense of Arnold's growth, of the critical spirit which he so creatively turned upon himself and which was always (as in his criticism) a strengthener and not a dissolver, that this book is especially to be valued. Arnold's critical spirit had been turned upon the very word "development" (who but a self-important person could use the word about himself?) when

Christopher Ricks has edited the poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson and has written a critical biography of Tennyson.

he wrote to his friend Clough: "The period of my development (God forgive me the d—d expression!) coincides with that of my friendship with you." The period of Arnold's development coincided with that of his life.

From verse accomplishments to poetic achievement; from "vanity & love of ease — and admiration of rank & fashion" (his mother's criticisms of him as a child) to the assiduity, the indeflectable conscience and the gentle solicitude of the Inspector of Schools; from the condescension of this suave young man toward women to the respectful and grief-stricken love which Arnold both gave and gained in marriage; from the lecturer who, when he began as professor of poetry at Oxford, was hasty or bluffing to the humorous admonisher who could tell home truths even in the United States, where he was not at home and where he would (eventually) be prized the more for it: On all of these and on many another process of brave growth, Park Honan is a discriminating portraitist.

True, he says that Arnold was "lucky in his marriage," when what the book has described is not good luck but good management and more. Still, Arnold — who has been lucky in his commentators (preeminently Lionel Trilling on his cultural and political centrality) and in his editors (R. H. Super for the prose and Kenneth Allott for the poetry) — has now been



lucky in his biographer. Except that it is not luck that precipitates love and devotion in a biographer any more than in a wife.

As it happens, Mr. Honan is particularly enlightening, informative and touching on Arnold's home life. Arnold's wife, Fanny Lucy ("Flu," in his affectionate banter) is alive here in her intelligence, her advisory tact and her motherly suffering. So are Arnold's siblings (he was one of nine children), his parents and his six children. Here, for the first time, is Arnold among all his nearest and dearest. Mr. Honan's account of Arnold's relation with his children is a triumph in its new and scrupulous documentation, its pathos and its humanity. Arnold was a most loving and attentive father, and it was vile that three of his six children — three of his four sons — should have died within about four years: Basil, not yet 2 years old; Thomas, dead at 16; and "Budge," at 18.

He vexed people, and still does. But it is difficult to complain about his superciliousness without sounding supercilious oneself. The classic retort to any cocksure disparagement of Arnold was made by Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges: "And I do not like your calling Matthew Arnold Mr. Kidglove Cocksure. I have more reason than you for thinking him very wrong, but nevertheless I am sure he is a rare genius and a great critic."

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Murray

Continued from Page 10

psychoanalysis; and yet also against psychoanalysis for its insularity and reductiveness. From the first, Dr. Murray's ambition has been to devise a psychology of personality open to the many domains of knowledge that can clarify the human condition — psycholanalysis, the biological sciences, anthropology, literature and the humanities. I think that struggle — so bitterly fought during the 1930's — is now largely won; it is hard to imagine our slipping back into "immaculate Scientism." That such an idea did not triumph we owe in no small measure to the example and practice and preaching of Henry Murray. ■

right and left meet in classic attitudes of distrust and bravado. By the end, some contact, at least on a human level, has been achieved.

It is an interesting subject for a book. The misunderstandings and actual hatred brought about by the class divisions in England, though obviously stronger in the 1920's, have by no means left us today. Eton, where Mr. Dickinson went to school, is as unlikely to throw up a trade union leader as ever. The polarization of social backgrounds which was supposed to have been cured by the postwar abolition of elitist grammar schools and the advent of the democratic comprehensive schools continues still. The recent riots in the inner-city areas of Liverpool, Manchester and London, though obviously racial in some instances, had a strong "Us/Them" quality. The 1981 slogan "Self-Defense Against All

Circuit Times

Volume 9 No. 23

July 23, 1981

Summer Edition

"All the news that flits"

Times Interviews Lorell Long

We wanted to talk about the Peripheral Canal. She wanted to talk about space travel. We thought that her efforts toward qualifying the first state-wide referendum in twenty-eight years on a highly controversial subject in California — water — was really something to talk about. She called it "just a local job" and insisted on tying its significance to the evolutionary phenomenon, as she called it, of intelligence increase. So who are we to argue? What transpired was a very interesting but very elaborate discussion of the future and more.

CT: I find it odd that someone into politics like yourself would be so interested in space travel. Doesn't space travel seem, well, far afield?

LL: Not really. I doubt whether most people are genuinely interested in politics. What attracts anybody to the political arena is the potential for making changes in the world. There are other change mediums — TV, Science, Art — Space seems to me the frontier for change. It may be the place where all the significant advances of the planet will take place from now on.

CT: Do you believe that political action, as we now know it, will bring about significant changes in the future?

LL: Not really.

CT: That's very interesting. Then why do you bother?

LL: Practice mainly. I've always done this. If someone like myself weren't around to alter the course of events, only the mean and brutal would call the shots in this game.

CT: So you don't want to run for office or become a political consultant?

LL: No. I wouldn't be good at it.

CT: Well, Why did you pick this particular change medium, as you call it, if you're not interested in politics?

LL: That's a good question. I don't know exactly. Someday I hope to find out. It's in the DNA I think. Something to do

with my grandfather; some mission wired in up here (points). I'm here to make sure the future happens.

CT: Well can we tell our readers anything about why you decided to irreversibly alter the economic plans of some of the largest landowners in the world? Anything about why you have challenged the multi-national Goliaths — and successfully I might add? Your referendum, whether you eventually win it or not, is no small accomplishment.

LL: I only did my part. You must understand how everything works together. I only started it. Like moving the first rock in a landslide. I'm not the landslide. I just did my part.

CT: You have nothing else to add?

LL: Of course I do! Why don't you ask me what I think is going on?

CT: Not about the Peripheral Canal?

LL: No.

CT: Seriously?

LL: Seriously.

CT: Okay. What do you think is going on?

LL: We are ready to bring the planet into the fulguratio point.

CT: The what?

LL: The fulguratio point.

CT: I thought we were going to talk about politics. What's this stuff?

LL: This is real change. Just listen for a moment. I want to look at the larger, planetary



Lorell Long, outside the house her grandfather built in Santa Rosa, California.



*Love is a rose
but you better
not pick it
It only grows
when its on the
Vine
Hand full of
Thorns and you
Know you've
Missed it
You lose your
Love when you say
the word
Mine.*

picture. We know, for instance, that evolution — and that is the planetary picture — does not proceed forward in a simple, linear fashion. Every so often there are fantastic leaps from one level of integration to another. It is just this leap — this "thunderbolt" quality that appears in life's progression — that led mystic philosophers in the Middle Ages to coin the word "Fulguratio." For them it meant the moment of God's creative intervention. It was the moment of miracle when something new came into existence that was not previously there. Now we can use the term more appropriately to describe that invented quality we observe in evolution, that point of mutation. Fulguratio is the moment when new information coupled with intelligence brings about a synergistic leap. There is, you know, that significant moment — somewhat like the excitation point of the electron when it

(continued, page 6)



A Search Leads To Some Curious Information

CT researches the science of escaping

Last week our staff looked into the subject of pardons. We thought we should examine the subject of how those courageous folks from the sixties who were condemned for their use of circuit freeing drugs might escape the final prison — the paper reality called the arrest record. We began by searching the political jungles for the best approach.

We interviewed seasoned politicians and political professionals, and ended up listening to a great deal of gossip at the local lobbyists' watering holes. Amid all the talk and questioning, the name of a certain individual who might be willing to help us was frequently mentioned. SHe was described as a seasoned pol who lived the life of a recluse. SHe was seen only occasionally in the capitol.

Those who would talk openly about hir told us that hir insights were revered by capital warriors everywhere, and that SHe had the most irksome habit of fortelling political events with such precision that many politicians held lasting grudges against hir. SHe could undo the most clever of schemes and expose the best kept conspiracies. SHe had developed as many enemies as friends. This was someone we had to meet.

We decided to make the journey to hir country abode where SHe remains hidden most of the time. Known only as a Scottish/Welsh psychic called the Pendragon of Penryn, SHe was not to disappoint us. SHe dazzled us with hir *smile*, delighted us with her intelligence and eventually gave us the best advice we were to encounter in all our attempts to find practical answers.

My partner and I carefully followed the directions to hir house slipped to us by an anonymous lobbyist the night before in a local bar. After wandering through the nearby foothills, we found ourselves pulling onto a short path leading into the poppies and hollyhocks of hir front yard.



Rare Glimpse of the Pendragon

There we were immediately greeted by a friendly she-hound who indicated with several wags of her elegant tail that we should follow. *We knew she was serious.* Without hesitation, she led us to a trail behind the imposing but gracious two-story house that ended at the small, round natural looking hut nestled in

among an outcropping of responsible looking granite boulders. Why the Pendragon preferred this humble afterthought of a building intrigued us.

The smell of blackberry blossoms and new hay was everywhere. As we waited, I could hear giggles coming from inside. Finally the Pendragon

"The tyrant has nothing more than the power that you confer upon him to destroy you. Where has he acquired enough eyes to spy upon you, if you do not provide them yourselves? How can he have so many arms to beat you with, if he does not borrow them from you? The feet that trample down your cities, where does he get them if they are not your own. How does he have any power over you except through you?"

— Etienne de la Boetie

emerged, greeting us with polite bows and brief, pleasant chatter about the weather. SHe grabbed our hands and gave us reassuring little pats and squeezes. With hir eyers flashing, and hir pleasantly round face radiating energy, SHe motioned to us to enter. For a brief moment there I could not discern whether she was fifteen or fifty, but I took an immediate liking to hir.

SHe directed us to remove our shoes as we entered the hut. SHe led us to a comfortable setting of pillows and rugs and a small tea table carefully set for three. This cozy circle of effects seemed suddenly like a well appointed stage on which we, the unsuspecting characters were being directed to play out some drama, unrehearsed and ignorant of plot.

Everything had changed,

Everything seemed misplaced.

I flipped through my note pad and framed a few questions in my mind for the interview. We sat silently for a while sipping our tea — a thick sweet liquid that went down quickly — positioning ourselves and readying our minds as we always did before an interview. (I lead the questioning, and my partner, like some alter ego, is there to sharpen the questions and pick up lost cues.)

I don't know exactly how it happened, but it was the Pendragon who spoke first. We were suddenly catapulted into serious talk, laughing and joking about our fondest dreams and exchanging our ideas about the future and the meaning of life.

We turned to concepts and suddenly I went into overdrive. A profusion of creative thoughts spilled out into the room and the Pendragon was standing, inviting us to sample each of them. What fun; I was definitely into this. So captivated by the excitement of these conversations, so pleasant was the experience that we both began to forget ourselves altogether.

Wandering from subject to subject, the Pendragon began waltzing us through discussion. Gracefully she began leading us into her little stories and

(continued, page 3)

intriguing theories. On we went, past her seductive anecdotes and amusing tales; point, counterpoint, corollary, joke; beautiful paraphrases, witticisms and sighs — we just kept drifting rapturously on. Lost in thought, we floated down a dozen canyons of imagination and supposition. I began dreaming of the planet folding into songs, my body undulating with them willingly. Undulating! Jesus! A shot of adrenalin suddenly pumped through my veins. What is this! This is supposed to be an interview! Where's my probing questions? I was definitely upset. Everything had changed. Everything was misplaced. I tried desperately to imagine the interview. Failing to find the appropriate attitude, I turned to my partner — but SHE was napping contentedly, and obviously of no help. Beginning an interview seemed too weird — almost rude. I began waving at the Pendragon through the haze, but she clearly ignored my alarm as she tripped on with confidence, gesturing, smiling, sipping her tea.

I had lost my purpose here. How could I be of any help now? What a fool! And how clever of the Pendragon! I asked the Pendragon "Is it the tea, or have you charmed me?" The Pendragon just smiled. She asked me if I knew about the origins of ethnicity on the planet, and wondered if I cared to hear the theory she had developed. I could see the glint in her eye. With a flirtatious smile she offered me more tea and gently coaxed me toward more discussions. I reached ever so slightly toward one of her suppositions, when I caught myself.

I pulled myself up off my elbow, and with one agonizing burst of willpower I managed to mumble, "no thank you, Pendragon." I finally remembered myself. I pursed my lips, straightened myself, and asked the Pendragon ever so kindly if she minded the presence of my tape recorder. It was slung over my shoulder, the bulk of it now having absent mindly come to rest beneath my buttock where I awkwardly if somewhat sheepishly rescued it from the sins of my spreading slothfulness.

"Anything I say is worth repeating," she said.

*She motioned for me
to stay seated with a calming air
that indicated I was silly to be
so concerned.*



"I want to interview you," I announced. I poked my partner with determination, but I failed to rouse him. I was about to try shaking him vigorously when rather unexpectedly, a small, scarlet breasted bird flew into the hut. It circled several times before coming to rest somewhat fitfully on the Pendragon's shoulder. The Pendragon only smiled. Staring at me, her expression seemed to be asking me, rather pointedly, whether I understood this. I didn't.

"Robert," she said, addressing the little bird, "would you be so kind as to

show our guest the rose garden? I'm sure SHE would be most delighted to visit such a fine example of our country pleasures."

She wagged her finger in the direction of my partner. Robert circled once more, and glided to a soft landing on the pillow that held the unconscious brains of my poor unfortunate partner. He began singing, I could swear, in what sounded like a conversational tone, and for a moment I felt I had encountered something beyond my nerve to experience.

Instead of splitting (which was my inclination at this

point) I watched. My partner bolted upright, gave me a waxen, barbie doll smile and extended her finger to accommodate Robert. She then stood up, and with Robert in the lead, perched at the finger end of her outstretched arm, pointing the way like a determined weather vane, she shuffled her way out the door.

I stood up intending to stop him when the Pendragon winked at me and said, "Apparently she doesn't share your panic."

She motioned for me to stay seated with a calming air that indicated that I was silly to be so concerned. I stayed.

"I'm sorry you choose not to visit my more interesting places. You seemed to be enjoying our play so much. Tell me, are you not pleased?"

"Oh yes, It's not that Pendragon, I just can't think, if you know what I mean. I need to think, to understand my subject."

"You do?" SHE said, looking at me with surprise.

"Well, yes."

"There are many ways to look at information; some ways better than others for what you need. But if you have doubts, then I will return to your pencil and tape recorder and give you what I can."

"I must apologize, Pendragon, this is all I have. I can't seem to function any other way. An interview is an interview, don't you agree?"

"Of course," said the Pendragon, "but remember, you are always limited by what you insist on believing. Some other day, some future visit we will share other things, perhaps. In the meantime, I will honor your decision to remain ensconced at +48. I'm sure everything will be perfectly fine."

Her face changed suddenly. Her mouth fell, her gaze hardened. SHE narrowed her expression as she folded her hands and raised the bridge of her nose.

"So you want to know about politics, do you," She sighed. The governor, the ways of the Senators, the brigands and hanger-ons?"

"Um, not really," I said. "I want to know about pardons, Pendragon."

"Ah, yes!" SHE laughed, "How to escape the spider's web! The desire of the precious

(continued, page 4)

ones wanting a way out. It is always the same! My dear, when you play near mud, you are likely to get a little dirty."

She laughed heartily now, throwing her head back. I could have sworn she bared her teeth (could it be?).

"Yes indeed," said the Pendragon, "I will tell you what I know."

Having finally arrived, and now a good two hours later, our interview commenced:

CT: *Some time ago, as a result of public urging, the laws concerning the possession of marijuana were liberalized. However, several individuals who were severely punished under these laws still suffer the baggage of police records and jail sentences. We want to know how we might get the governor to pardon these individuals, now that the laws no longer apply. We would like to see their records cleared. What do you suggest.*

P of P: Pardons, pardons, hmm (Smiling) Governing a large state is like boiling a small fish. This is because a small fish can be spoiled by simply being handled.

CT: *I don't think I understand that.*

P of P: Most people don't. Let me be precise. Seeking a gubernatorial pardon will surely call attention to the issue of drugs, the sixties, crime, rebellion, etc. Memories will be rekindled, idiots will surely fuss. This approach will no doubt be avoided by the governor who knows that once an issue is made visible, opinions will surely be proffered, camps will form — once the fish is handled it will spoil. The governor will never openly consider a pardon on such a matter.

CT: *Then what can we do? We were under the impression that a pardon was the only solution.*

P of P: There is more than one valley here in which to search for answers. May I suggest you avoid the crest, they are perilous and will only serve to exhaust your strength in the long run.

CT: *Which valley do you suggest?*

P of P: Have you recognized the patterns yet?

CT: *Which patterns?*

P of P: My dear, where have you been looking?

CT: *I'm sorry, I'm lost again.*

P of P: Very well, let me assure you that you will always see your course more clearly when you accurately recognize the patterns. (she rolls her eyes slowly) To begin: in three months, 94 of our 120 state legislators have introduced approximately 220 different bills dealing with the general topic of Crime. I see that 66 of our 80 assemblypersons and 28 of our 40 senators have each introduced at least one bill. Several have introduced five or more bills dealing with Crime.

Maxine Waters' bill, the paraphenalia bill? If this bill passes it's likely your cookie sheet could become illegal. . . cooking criminal brownies, or drying pot, who knows? It's all very lovely, don't you see?

CT: *God, I didn't know it was that bad.*

P of P: It isn't. You must look more carefully at the patterns.

CT: *How can you say that? It all sounds perfectly horrible to me.*

P of P: My dear, there is absolutely no room for despair. In this business you will

IF YOUR
BRAIN IS
CLEAN - THEY
CANNOT BRAIN WASH YOU

NASA scientists are studying the message for clues to the nature of other civilizations in space.

Our current paranoia about Crime has reached such a state — some people urging other people to shoot yet other people on sight if said other people look in the least suspicious — that legislators are virtually stumbling over each other to promote an atmosphere of get-tough, and burn-and - pillage - all - the - reform-stuff.

My assessment for the record: We'll have ten years of hangman, followed by a new wave of reform. I urge you to take note, follow this and see if I am not correct. As for drugs, you are in no privileged category. All bills relating to drugs are promoting longer and tougher sentences. Have you seen Bill Ivers' bill? Wonderful. His bill would authorize a mandatory 90 days for anyone caught possessing LSD. There isn't a liberal in the capitol who will come anywhere near fighting that one. How about

never last with that kind of an attitude, not with your sensibilities. You simply must observe the patterns more carefully.

CT: *I don't see anything encouraging.*

P of P: Ah, but you are not looking! Let me show you. (Rolls her eyes slowly again). Who are the thirty-six who did not introduce crime bills? Lets look between the spaces for a moment. Why — if this law-making fever be so rampant — did these 36 fellows not catch it? (Laughs) You see? Look closer. Now. Here is a hale fellow, a respectable conservative lawmaker. Senator Bill Campbell; powerful republican, strong supporter of anti-crime legislation. Why did he not introduce a package of crime bills? Well?

CT: *I'm thinking.*

P of P: Look. The important thing to see is that he didn't have to! Mr. Campbell

comes from a conservative, middle-class district. His election does not rest on proving to the faithful in his district that he is thinking and acting appropriately paleolithic. He is said to control a "safe" district. No one is trying to undo him. As for the others, the great crime busters, they are scared shitless that their constituents will think them "soft of crime" — reason enough these days to be thrown out on your tender little ischial callosities. All these moral giants parading around the capitol clutching their pieties see only one thing: ideological assassins gunning for them behind every ballot box. Their bill passing mania is only a ritual dance for the natives back home.

Actually, a significant number of these bills will never be heard. Believe me, if some of this stuff actually passed there'd be panic in the legislature.

CT: *How is this information going to help us?*

P of P: Well, who in the legislature has a safe enough seat to deal with drug related legislation? It is imperative, you understand, that legislation be used in this case and not executive relief.

CT: *If you say so. But how would that work?*

P of P: Like this: Find a legislator from a district likely to be liberal on drug issues — like San Francisco. Next find a fairly persuasive or influential constituent of this legislator willing to suggest that he remedy a problem common to his district — namely drug law relief. If possible, this constituent should be prepared to suggest exact language that can be inserted directly into a bill. Most legislators are either ignorant or lazy. It will probably be necessary to "hijack" an existing piece of legislation — that way your legislator can extort a vote from the hijacked bill's author. In fact, if he hijacks a bill of a powerful legislator he can extort an entire block of votes. (laughs) As you can see, it must be misery to be a piss ant in the legislature.

By the way, the language appended to the hijacked bill need not necessarily relate to the bill in question. In fact it is better that the language appear to dangle between sections as an afterthought. (laughs) The

(continued, page 5)



The Rosicrucian Order

Known as "THE ANCIENT, MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS" throughout the world

Rosicrucian Park San Jose, California 95191, U.S.A.

August 4, 1981

Mr. Lorell A. Long
7993 Rock Springs Rd.
Penryn, CA 95663

Dear Mr. Long:

We received your letter of July 3, and have only the following information to give you. Your grandfather was a member of AMORC for just a short period prior to his death, from July, 1944. Since there wouldn't have been much time there for AMORC to influence his writings, it seems that his interests and writings at least paralleled those of the Rosicrucians.

We cannot say whether or not his interest in the Order was in any way connected to his relationship to Francis Bacon. It is possible, of course, and not unlikely, that our interests are in part derived from our ancestors.

Francis Bacon was an officer of the Rosicrucians during a period of his life, and his writings reflect that close association with Rosicrucian ideals.

Bacon was a great proponent of the scientific method, a Rosicrucian mark, particularly in his times, and was perhaps the most gifted writer of his times in the areas of humanism and discovery.

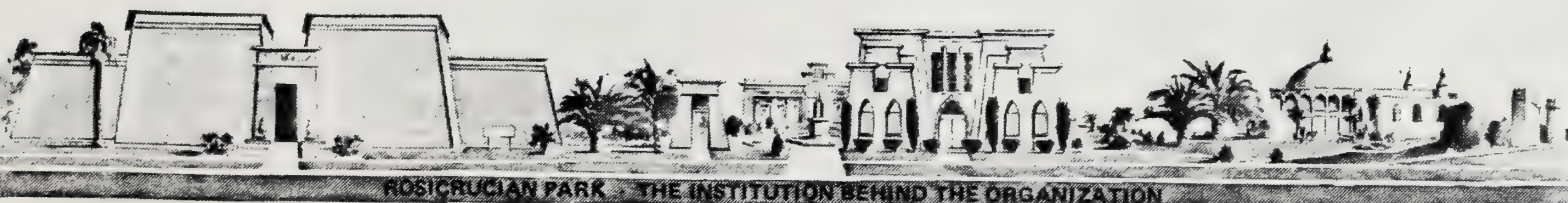
If you should come to San Jose on a weekday, you might want to talk to our librarian, Mrs. Campbell, on the subject of Bacon.

Sincerely,

ROSICRUCIAN ORDER (AMORC)

Arthur C. Piepenbrink
SECRETARY

ACP:amd



Dear Grandpa:
How come you never
told me? You never
told me nothin'!

Paul



She comes on with a vitality that is at once refreshing and disrupting, and sets audiences to murmuring. Her notoriety grows with every appearance. Among public officials, major landowners and developers, she is one of Orange County's best-known environmental activists.

ACTIVIST—Lorell Long, South Laguna, one of county's most effective environmental activists.
Times photo

MS. LONG OF ORANGE COUNTY

She Brought Environmentalists Together

greatest challenge to a lobbyist is to introduce legislative language that is so obscure it escapes detection.

CT: So the goal is to introduce legislation but escape detection.

P of P: Exactly. The better you escape detection, the more successful you will be. One more thing. You are more likely to endear yourself to the author of your legislation if you contribute generously to his campaign war chest — go to his parties, arrange gifts for him from other prominent constituents.

CT: Isn't it illegal to bribe a legislator?

P of P: Posh! The goal is to merely work from within. It is actually a very elegant system that operates in the interstices of regulation. It would be insulting to be illegal. There is no bribery, per se; nothing that can be documented or pointed out. It is more that one maintains a constant presence too valuable to be ignored. It is an institution, and it is carried out in the highest of circles everywhere.

CT: Well, where do you suggest we start?

P of P: I would start with Willie Brown. He's the Speaker of the Assembly now, and wields a great deal of power. He carries most of the drug liberalization and homosexual rights legislation. Find a powerful or rich dealer or a businessman in his district to help you out, and a lawyer to draft your bill language. I do anticipate some complications, however.

CT: It all seems complicated to me, but go ahead, what do you see as a problem.

P of P: No problem, just be prepared for complications. You see, the most important thing for Willie right now is to remain in power and build his warchest. That means he must curry friendships among Republicans and make his Democratic allies happy at the same time — complicated when you're talking about drug laws.

The speakers warchest is very important. He must raise hundreds of thousands of dollars in order to reward loyal Democrats in the Assembly. He also uses this money to secure loyalties of Democratic candidates running in close races. The Speaker can literally determine who he wants in the legislature and who he does not by deciding how he will bestow his gifts. For you, it might even

be possible to give to a legislator Willie wants to control or to a potential candidate in a district he is trying to secure for a Democrat.

CT: So. Control lots of money going to Campaigns, push through obscure language in a bill introduced by a friendly legislator and advocated by a persuasive, established constituent, and what else?

P of P: And cross your fingers no one finds out or that the governor doesn't veto it.

CT: Oh great. Any tips on how to prevent this?

P of P: Yes, Make sure your lobbyist is powerful enough to threaten anyone who gets in the way.

CT: Now who might that be?

P of P: Ah, that's another story, another interview. First it is important that you are serious enough to venture into this jungle. Try your hand, you may be surprised. A lot depends on sheer luck.

"There is no bribery, per se; nothing that can be documented or pointed out."

CT: Pendragon. How did you get to be so powerful? I mean, a person like you in all this business. . . how did you get such a reputation?

P of P: Power? Reputation? Me? It is all appearance. . . and leverage. I unassumingly manipulate the controllers and never look dangerous. But it takes intelligence, which is rare in this business. If you want my secret, go find the works of Archimedes, it is all there.

CT: Again, I don't understand.

P of P: You will. Now if you will excuse me.

With those words, the Pendragon rose and swiftly exited. I packed my gear hurriedly and tried to follow. She was already in her house. I glanced through the window just to see if I could catch a glimpse of her. She was washing her dishes.

Play it again, Sam. . .

by Nadja Nechushatan Netzach

I was walking leisurely down main street the other day when I happened to hear a rather loud voice from an overhead apartment window. For a moment I thought SHE was talking to me, but then realized that there was someone else up there.

I recognized the voice immediately. It was Gaia. She was shouting and whining like a wounded mate; I couldn't help but overhear what she was saying. She was obviously talking to her long lost lover Uranus who had, (I discerned from the tone of his voice) come back to make amends.

"I give you all these secrets," she said, "and all you do is make a mess of things!"

She scolded him for letting the Olympians defeat him. She told him that he had disgraced her and that it would take centuries for her to get over the defeat.

I could hear him pleading with her in a soft voice, something to the effect that it would be different this time. After all, he was madly in love with her. She began to cry, confessing that yes, she was hopelessly in love with him as well.

She agreed to reveal yet another of her precious secrets to him, begging him to act responsibly and not to forget her this time. I heard her sweet melodious voice sing out to him: "We contain a sacred center which can and will signal, search for, recognize, attract, turn on and fuse with the perfect beatific partner. This union will release and free the consciousness of both persons to synergistically produce intelligent entities beyond the previously experienced limitations."

萃

I then heard them both laugh. Suddenly she began strumming her autoharp and singing quite joyously. I quickly pulled out my notebook and began jotting down the words. It went like this:

As the midnight moon,
was drifting through
The lazy sway of the trees
I saw the look in your eyes,
lookin' into mine
Seeing what you wanted to see
Darlin' don't say a word,
cause I already heard
What your body's sayin'
to mine
I'm tired of fast moves
I've got a slow groove. . .
On my mind

I want a man with a slow hand
I want a lover with an
easy touch
I want somebody who will
spend some time
Not come and go in a
heated rush
I want somebody who will
understand
When it comes to love
I want a slow hand

On shadowed ground,
with no one around
And a blanket of stars in
our eyes
We are drifting free,
like two lost leaves
On the crazy wind of the night
Darlin', don't say a word,
'cause I already heard
What your body's sayin'
to mine
If I want it all night
You say it's alright
We got the time

'Cause I got a man with a
slow hand
I got a lover with an easy
touch
I found somebody who will
spend some time
Not come and go in a
heated rush
I found somebody who
will understand
When it comes to love,
I want a slow hand

leaps into another wave/orbit to become something else — when life no longer progresses as it did before. Here we are!

CT: *That's interesting alright. But are you sure? How do you know we are at this so called fulguratio point?*

LL: Are you sure you want to hear this?

CT: *It's your interview.*

LL: There is no where else we can be right now. You'll understand this more later.

CT: Right. Well, what happens after this great "creative flash" takes place? Do we turn into toads or princes?

LL: We can only speculate, at this point, about what exactly a higher level of integration will look like. Every newly developed strata of existence has the characteristics of the previous level, and yet is entirely different. The "creative flash" signifies a shift in essence rather than degree. Let me ask you something. What kind of future are you projecting? Would you rather be a toad or a prince?

CT: Okay. But what does your political work have to do with these ideas? I don't see the connection at all.

LL: I see no difference between what we observe on the cosmic scale, and what we can more readily observe locally. "Political work" as you call it, is merely the active use of social and institutional tools to direct changes in local systems — although it usually ends up just using money to get what you want. Still, it makes no sense to want to shove around what you can't conceptually understand. That's why it is worthwhile to have the larger picture.

CT: *Your larger picture?*

LL: Not necessarily. A scientific paradigm will do.

CT: *But you're not a scientist. How does science fit into your scheme here?*

LL: Who says? Science is simply a habit of mind. The problem with the people we call politicians is that they rarely have any point of view except I-rule-this-mountain-and-I-want-your-mountain-too. It's the psychological framework that's most important in this change making business — or politics if you prefer. I figure that all of change depends on myth — what you can get people to believe so they will act on it. One is either making the myths, or believing in someone else's. I prefer to be a mythmaker.

CT: *So politics for you is making myth?*

LL: In a sense. The question is: How good are your myths, and who wants to believe them?

CT: *Actually I find yours rather fascinating. But this science and space underpinning to your political mythmaking I find odd.*

LL: Let me ask you, do you believe that Higher Intelligence is a useful concept?

CT: Yes, I think so.

LL: What is your definition of Higher Intelligence.

CT: Tough one.

LL: What is your definition of Intelligence?

CT: *Wait, wait. I'm not understanding this. Let's go back and review some of your assumptions, I think that will help. You said that the planet has now reached this fulguratio point, and that there is no where else — holistically speaking I assume — that we can be right now. So lets explore these myths of yours. Why do you think space travel is so necessary for the planet's success? Isn't that what you are saying, that space travel is important for all humans right now? Why do you say that?*

LL: Alright, lets start from the beginning. First lets agree on the definition of success, because that's what I'm really talking about.

CT: Okay, what about success on this planet?

LL: Briefly we can say that success is the degree to which the species generates wealth on the planet for its survival and continuance. We can also broadly define wealth as the goods (or resources) and services that sustain life and growth. Without this process the old Locust-god gets you by the short hairs for good.

The process of wealth generation is the important factor here. Looking at history we see that wealth generation is possible only when humans comprehend the potentials for wealth that exist in the natural environment, which if properly manipulated can support all of life. So at this point we can say: the first principle of wealth generation is *intelligence*. Next, to *stay* successful — things are likely to change at any time — we must keep up this wealth generation. And in order to continue to grow, we must sustain wealth generation in greater increments and at greater intervals. This is possible only when we can find ways

to sustain wealth generation *exogenetically*. That is, we must find ways to manipulate the environment that exceed the arbitrary limits of the human organism. That is a long way of saying we must continue to develop better tools and principles of science.

Tools and science give us a certain leveraging power — something Archimedes found out a long time ago. This leveraging power together with brain power allows for yet another variable of wealth generation. Brain power and leveraging power can be employed to get nature's energy patterns to do the work of continuing the species' growing wealth making business. So we can say: *Wealth generation is energy plus intelligence*. Can you see where I'm going?



"Try to think of something that doesn't require dollars."

CT: *It should make sense I guess. But I don't see how this relates to space travel, let alone the Peripheral Canal which is what I wanted to talk about.*

LL: Just bear with me and I'll show you how everything we have been talking about fits together. Besides, don't you find this interesting?

CT: *Well, I think so, yes.*

LL: Now, Science has shown us that through the Law of Conservation of Energy that energy cannot be created or destroyed. So we can say that one constituent of wealth — energy — is irreducible. We know too that the entire universe as Einstein has deduced, is energy — $E=MC^2$. Some of the energy in the universe is observable as associative patterns we call matter. This "associative energy" is what we organize into leverage systems to do work. The dissociative energy patterns — or radiation — is the free energy that we use to increase the output of our leverage systems. Very simple.

Every time the species uses the other component of wealth — *hir intelligence* — that resource *increases*. So at this point we can say: *Energy cannot decrease intelligence can only increase*. Wealth then, can only increase when intellect and energy combine, and, wealth will increase *only with use* and will increase as fast as it is used. Or, in other words, *the faster the more*.

CT: *Well I follow you so far but what does space travel have to do with what you just said?*

LL: I will show that space travel is the only *logical* thing the species can do in order to continue to be a success on the planet, to continue it's wealth generating business.

CT: *I don't see exactly how you can conclude that, but go ahead.*

LL: Well, first of all it is not hard to see the species has always moved toward greater and greater wealth generation. If we observe the basic constituents of wealth generation it means we have also moved toward greater use of energy and increased intelligence. Looking a little closer at the process and observing the human organism carefully we find that the drive toward greater wealth generation is literally wired into the biocircuitry of the individual. It is directed, altered and enhanced by the neuro-transmitting chemicals in the body and is

(continued, page 7)

continually manifested outwardly in the world as a desire for mastery; mastery of the planet, mastery of other species, mastery of tribes of the same species, mastery of information. Power.

Our history books are filled with the telling of the process. Entire philosophies and religions have developed around this programmed drive. And while we can see this drive manifested in an endless variety of human activities, there are two major human activities that have served as the medium for mastery activity: war and entrepreneurialship. Humans seem to always wage war and always lust for personal wealth, sometimes, but not always at the same time. I am speaking of course of the basic drives here — sort of like the basil metabolic system of the planet. This phenomenon has lead many sociologist and historians to conclude that all scientific and technological advances have come about through war. When we focus on the entrepreneurial phenomenon — as an economist is likely to do — we say that scientific and technological advances happen more readily in a system disposed toward the acquisition of personal wealth, that is, in a capitalist system. Actually it is more accurate to say that both activities — war and the process of personal wealth acquisition — are the mass, species-wide extension of the programmed mastery drive.

CT: You wouldn't disagree with the statement then, that war and capitalism bring about advances?

LL: No. For simplicity's sake we can say that. But we should be careful not to be trapped into thinking that war and capitalistic activities are the only mastery motivated activities that bring about major changes.

CT: When do we get into space?

LL: I'm getting to that. But first lets look a little closer at change. We know that wealth generation is the process of increased energy and intelligence that continues to improve our leverage system through mastery activities such as war and entrepreneurial activity. All of these things — happening on a continuum — are change.

Changes generated through major mastery activities are always introduced back into the

species' wealth generating systems — systems that are always moving in a "more and faster" direction, as we have discussed earlier.

What I've just described is pretty generally known already. But when changes are introduced into wealth generating systems we observe another phenomenon not generally discussed, but one I wish to focus on. It is simply INEFFICIENCY.

CT: I don't know about that. I hear a lot about inefficiency, especially now days.

LL: It is more important than you think. Most physicists would like to link inefficiency to ENTROPY. In their gloom they go to great lengths to prove our eventual disintegration into chaos. That well known "Second Law" of thermodynamics describes the physical universe they say — energies escape from systems creating a fallout that is labled the Law of increase of the random element. Period. BUT. Along comes Prigogine. Along comes the theory of Dissipative structures — structures of INTELLIGENCE with ever increasing orderliness, change, complexity, change, and so on and so on. Intelligence is ANTIENTROPIC. Wealth generation is a complex of ever increasing anti-entropic forces co-functioning equally in the universe. So.

What am I getting at? Observe things fuck up. Observe that when change is introduced into any system, things fuck up. There is a very quiet but definite relationship between change and efficiency. What we must come to terms with is the fact that there is a inverse relationship between change and efficiency. The faster changes move in one direction, the faster efficiencies move in the other. If a change is introduced into a system that alters any part of that systems' capabilities, you are equally introducing an inefficiency that will inevitably limit that system's capabilities. Inefficiencies will grow at the same rate as change.

CT: How can that be? We introduce changes in all our world systems all the time. And given the degree of change we experience, if your supposition were true, everything would be crashing down around us in a total dysfunctional mess!

LL: Ah! You are on to something! Our common ex-

perience tells us that *something else is going on*. Something must account for the fact that progress has not, so far, brought us to the brink of a dysfunctional mess!

CT: Okay. That's what I'm saying. There has to be something else going on.

LL: There is. We can say at this point: There is an inverse relationship between change and efficiency, and that the faster the changes are introduced the more inefficient the system becomes — unless — the entire system undergoes ephermalization at the same time.

CT: Ephermalization. Good god. Now what?



'Intelligence is Antientropic'

LL: It's a term coined by Buckminster Fuller that means "doing-more-with-less." I have yet to find a term that more accurately describes this process. In a way, ephermalization has the qualities of both change and efficiency. It is more like the catalytic agent.

Let me give you a common example. Ships were designed to float. The limit to its floatability, as Archimedes pointed out, was the weight of a volume of water equal to that of the submerged portion below the water line. The more that was loaded into the ship the lower it sank and the more water it displaced. But suppose you just wanted to continue

loading up the ship — changing nothing about the ship? It would, with a great inefficient flair, sink. During war, the admirals were determined to get their ships to go faster and carry more hitting power, and to do that they had to continue to load up their ships. To continually change the load of their ships without having the ship sink from its continuing incapacity, required the intelligence of ship designers figuring out how to do more with less. Those who eventually became the masters of the world's oceans did so by becoming masters of doing-more-with-less: ephermalization. Designers had to do even more

with less in the air, and in space we will have to even more with less.

CT: So space travel has something to do with this doing-more-with-less?

LL: Yes. I'll get to that. Let's look at the efficiency dilemma for a moment first. World systems are presently so inefficient that our wealth generating business can only serve 44% of the world's population adequately. So even with our present knowledge and technological capabilities we must accept the fact that 56% of the world's population will die off prematurely. Those of us in the 44%

(continued, page 8)

are thus forced to support the military machines and war systems that keep the other 56% from blowing our asses off. And yet consider: All we would have to do to make the world physically successful is to raise the overall efficiency of our wealth generating systems from 4% to 12%. Anything else is just political ca-ca that justifies taking from one group and giving to another. Simply. If we pay attention to the inefficiencies we can make everyone successful. I am not even saying anything new. Design engineers have known this for years.

CT: Then why are't we working on the inefficiencies?

LL: Increasing inefficiencies should stimulate us toward more rapid ephemeralization. But ephemeralization is not taking place fast enough and inefficiencies are soaring. The question is: What happens when ephemeralization cannot keep up with the inefficiencies brought on by rapid change? When no matter how much we do with less, inefficiencies in the systems continue to take our time, capital and energy in order just to stay in one place? Right now there is currently no place on earth where we can scientifically introduce changes without being forced to deal with an overwhelming inefficiency variable.

CT: Are you saying that from now on the only place we can generate new and efficient wealth generating systems is by getting into space?

LL: Yes you see, the change/inefficiency ratio works like a negative feedback loop. Like a thermometer. We know something is wrong when the thing won't run without a soaring temperature.

CT: And getting into space will solve this problem?

LL: It is the only way to continue to increase intelligence and carry on our wealth generation business. Here we are only standing still. It is also a non-warlike move that will allow us to bring back information to the planet on a large scale. And then there is always *fulguratio*. Who knows what that could bring.

CT: Isn't there any hope for us right here, right now?

LL: You shouldn't look at things that way. We are simply experiencing an important part of the overall information system. Without inefficiencies — which really are a crucial part of change — we could very well

collapse of our own ignorance. Getting into space is the planet's *self-regulating* mechanism that keeps the increasing intelligent wealth generating, evolutionary, mass going.

CT: Gee, I don't know. Doesn't sound safe to me. Will it hurt?

LL: It's all in the way you look at it. Is birth painful? Yes and no. Inevitable? Yes, once the process is under way. Bite the apple and you bite the bullet (smiles). Now. Who did it and why? — Mythmaking. You gotta figure that one out for yourself.

CT: This may sound a bit weird at this point in our conversation, but why did you get involved with the peripheral canal fight?

LL: Ephemeralization. Change. I have a few bit parts in this drama right now to make sure that we don't collapse from the weight of our own ignorance. Understand that?

CT: I think so.

**'Bite the apple
and you bite the
bullet'**

LL: Here. I've worked out a little equation that I think accurately represents the planet's evolution. Work with it a while. It says. If you want to stay here, I² has to stay low. And if I² isn't kept low, nothing moves — unless we move into space and learn how to get it back down. Then we get out there — and then — *fulguratio*! We ain't what we are. Great, huh? This may be all this particular planet in this particular galaxie does. Over

It'll take a lot of hard work, computers and calculations to see if we can get things to work. Right now, it's just a glimmer in my eye, a bright one nevertheless, an intuition of the third kind. I've got some equations that look good, real good. We have to proceed ahead now with a serious theoretical effort.

Jack Sarfatti 'New Physics'.

When:

E = Evolution

e = ephemeralization

I = Inefficiencies

W = Wealth

then

$$E = W \left(\frac{e^2}{I^2} \right)$$



and over and over again: ever think of that?

CT: No, can't say as I have.

LL: I just want to hang around long enough to see the next step. It would be a real disappointment to miss the show.

CT: But how can you do that? Do you plan to live forever?

LL: Well, yes. But that's another interview. Right now I'm doing the only thing I can do.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1981 *

*Well, well well
the crystal ball is
right again!*

Assembly speaker denies railroading paraphernalia bill

By ED MENDEL

SACRAMENTO UNION CAPITOL BUREAU

A Sacramento group charged Tuesday that Assembly Speaker Willie Brown sidetracked a bill banning drug paraphernalia after receiving a \$15,500 campaign contribution from that industry.

Brown acknowledged receiving the contribution but denied influencing the fate of the bill.

"Absolutely ludicrous," said a spokeswoman for Brown.

Brown received two contributions of \$7,500 each the week after the bill cleared the Senate on a 31-0 vote in June, said Carla Lowe, president of Community Action Against Drug Abuse.

She said records show the money came from the California Progressive Business Association, which she identified as a "drug paraphernalia consortium."

The June contributions, coupled with a \$500 contribution in April, made the association the largest single contributor to Brown's campaign during the previous 18 months, Lowe said.

Mrs. Lowe said that several Assembly members who had promised to sponsor or support the legislation backed away from it after campaign contributions to Brown and others.

The bill, SB341 by Sen. Newton Russell, R-Glendale, got only six of the eight votes needed to get through the Assembly Criminal Justice Committee.

Lowe blasted Assemblyman Matthew Martinez, D-Montebello, for agreeing to co-author the bill, then not showing up for the committee meeting.

She said a parent associated with her group was told Martinez was "waiting for a call from Willie Brown" shortly before the committee meeting.

A spokeswoman for Martinez said he missed the committee meeting because he had to work on a freeway bill that was more important to him.

Lowe said Assemblyman Richard Floyd, D-Hawthorne, agreed to support the bill, but then led the opposition during the committee hearing.

Lowe also said that the original version of the anti-paraphernalia bill this year, AB1919 by Assemblywoman Maxine Waters, D-Los Angeles, died under suspicious circumstances in the Assembly in April when a document was lost and a rule waiver was not granted.

The amendments made later to the Russell bill would ban the sale, display, manufacture and possession of drug paraphernalia.

Lowe said Sen. Ed Davis, R-Chatsworth, will join Russell as a principal author of the bill when it is reconsidered by the Assembly committee next year.

If that fails, she said, the group will probably try to place an initiative on the ballot.

The group headed by Lowe, which says it is a coalition of 8,000 individuals and more than 100 organizations, helped push for local anti-paraphernalia ordinances in Sacramento.

The advisory board includes Sacramento County District Attorney Herb Jackson, Sacramento Police Chief John Kearns and Sacramento Sheriff Duane Lowe, no relation to the campaign's organizer.

Lowe acknowledged that the evidence to support her charge is circumstantial.

"When people who were with us turn against us, and when then I find those kind of recordings of financial contributions, I feel if he (Brown) wanted that bill out, it would have come out," Lowe said.

Bobbie Metzger, Brown's press secretary, said the speaker "has never had a conversation with Marty Martinez or Dick Floyd about SB341. Any charge that he intervened because of any kind of a campaign contribution is absolutely ludicrous."

New breed's new weapon: money

By PAUL BARNES
Staff Writer

Besides recruiting a volume of voters to your cause, there is another effective way of getting what you want in politics.

Give money.

Traditionally, environmentalists have depended on truth and justice to win campaigns. Maybe that's why they think they are losing the war.

But a new breed of environmentalist now believes that environmental decisions don't hinge on what's morally right or wrong but on how the issues affect business.

Mark Vandervelden of Friends of the Earth said recently that environmentalists "have a choice of relying on moral and ethical considerations or pragmatic and political ones — putting bucks in people's pockets."

The trend seems to be heading toward the pragmatic.

LORELL LONG, founder of a new group called the Corporation for the Environment, puts it simply, "Decisions are being made in the arena of politics. We aren't above or apart from that."

Long's new corporation, started last year with a federal grant, is directed at pointing out the business aspects of environmental protection to legislators.

In a new trade association she is forming, Long is bent on recruiting business owners who may not even think they are part of the environmental movement.

The corner fishing supply store, for

example, can take as much as \$1,000 from a steelhead fisherman who is overjoyed at catching one fish.

IF PESTICIDE regulations aren't strong enough to prevent fish kills from drifting agricultural chemicals, however, the supply store could lose.

The new trade association will recruit interests so diverse that farmers may be partners with river-rafting companies in backing things such as pesticide laws that protect water quality.

The bottom line, of course, is that businesses pay dues to the association. Long, in turn, uses the money to support candidates favoring the group's beliefs.

"Legislators want to make the right decisions," she said, "but they need all the information. We will show them that it may end up costing us less if we pay attention to environmental protection."

SHE SAID decisions will ultimately be made not by choosing goodness or truth over pollution. "It will be one industry's survival over another."

Pacific Gas and Electric Co. may need a new power plant, for example, but farmers may suffer large crop losses from coal pollution. Long wants to make sure decision makers know the end result.

Long believes that until now no one has represented the environmental business. To her, it's a new way to preserve the environment but a way that may alienate some traditional conservationists who think the movement has gone to the enemy.

Vandervelden sees it as a possible way to organize scattered environmentalists who have been living temporary political lives.

NO ONE HAS organized environmentalists under one general banner before. Vandervelden believes people would rally to save a tree, a river or a valley and then go home when the job was done.

"In any major campaign," he said, "I doubt our ability to deliver support. We have not formed a unified constituency capable of winning a political race."

Huey Johnson, director of the state Resources Agency and a historic environmentalist, thinks the corporation is "a dynamic idea."

He said he realizes "the importance of rewarding your friends" and that with open reporting of where contributions come from there can't be abuse.

"THE GOVERNOR was strengthened rather than hurt by reporting environmental contributions," Johnson said.

Although some groups seem to ebb and die on one particular issue, Johnson said there are other groups with large memberships that are always in the battle.

He mentioned the Environmental Defense Fund, which frequently takes issues to court and covers topics ranging from land policy to toxic chemicals.

There are also the Audubon Society and Sierra Club, which Johnson called "the queens of the environmental chess game."

Frank Goodson, a former assistant to Johnson who is now a volunteer in raising

funds for Gov. Brown's run for the White House, said that traditionally it is business and money that swing elections.

"BUT, IN A short period of time we have raised as much from environmentalists as they gave in the last campaign," he said. That should mean about \$100,000.

Both Johnson and Goodson said that the last gubernatorial campaign was the first time environmentalists in the state came forward with money for a candidate.

Apparently both the giver and taker liked the idea.

Long feels that money she collects from business interests will be an advantage in the Legislature because it will pay for expert advice on environmental issues.

Facts are more compelling than someone getting up and saying, "We love the lobster. Let's save the lobster," she said.

THE CORPORATION will never be able to pour the money that PG&E does into campaigning for things, Long said, but "the fact that we are there, are consistent and are playing in the game will be important."

Long thinks the axiom that "truth will prevail" happens only in a vacuum. Environmentalists have to make a tremendous leap from that position to Long's corporation.

But, she said, "to avoid the questions of business and economics in the environmental picture is to be in the monastery."



Lorell Long

Staff Photo by Henry Au

NEWS/POLITICS

State

More than an end to cement: Lorell Long fights back



PHOTO MARK THALMAN

Lorell Long, co-chair of the California Coalition Against the Peripheral Canal.

Gary Fowler

Chico's City Plaza was ringed last week by a human chain, the solemn participants staging a noon-time vigil in remembrance of August 6, 1945, when a 400-pound nuclear bomb exploded over Hiroshima.

The 100 people who silently marked the 35th anniversary of the birth of nuclear devastation—and fears of devastations yet to come—drew scant attention from passing motorists hurrying down Main St.

Lorell Long stood before a TV camera one block away, talking to KHSL-TV reporter Deborah Campbell. Lorell Long drew even less attention. Long was in Chico to talk about devastation, about destruction, about a new catastrophe. Lorell Long was here to talk about the Peripheral Canal.

As Long was interviewed in front of the KHSL studios, reporters paced

impatiently in the lobby of the Chico Municipal Center, directly across the street. The journalists had been summoned for a press conference at the Center in order to hear Long and supervisor Jane Dolan announce the start of a massive effort to halt construction of the Peripheral Canal.

Dolan hurried across the red carpet. She had hastily organized Long's appearance and all was not well.

"Well guys," she shrugged, "we can't seem to get the door to the meeting room opened."

The co-chair of the recently-organized California Coalition Against the Peripheral Canal, Long journeyed from Sacramento to kick off the Butte Co. drive to gather sufficient signatures to place a referendum on the June '82 state ballot that would effectively repeal SB 200 and prohibit canal

construction.

Stopping the Canal will mean vetoing the state Legislature and Governor Jerry Brown, outgunning the powerful Southern California ag lobbies and the *Los Angeles Times*; the forces which pushed the controversial SB200 through Sacramento. The Coalition plans to do it with the referendum.

But Long was having trouble making her way across the street from the KHSL building. Her interview with Campbell completed, Long was ambushed in the Center parking lot by another video crew racing to meet their deadline.

For several of the reporters awaiting Long in the Center lobby it was just as well; they'd already endured a marathon city council meeting the night before, only to be forced back to the streets by unsympathetic editors. Editors never sleep.

When Long finally broke through the last camera crew and sprinted for the Center door, Dolan beckoned all to circle the chairs in the lobby. The meeting room door would not relent.

Long has spent the last year lobbying against the Peripheral Canal on behalf of the Contra Costa Board of Supervisors and a Los Angeles-based group, The Working Alliance to Equalize Water Rates. She has also put in her time at the California Energy Commission and the Department of Consumer Affairs.

Her brief Chico appearance was planned to give added emphasis to the coalition signature drive.

"This is a 90-day sprint," she said of the 346,000 signatures which must be collected by September 24. "Right now we're above our projection for signatures, but it remains a real effort."

According to Long, SB200 and the Peripheral Canal offer Californians economic and environmental disaster. The 43-mile concrete "Ditch to Disaster" would divert essential freshwater around the ecologically-delicate San Joaquin Delta, and send it bubbling south. The diverted water would also cost state waterusers, particularly homeowners in the southstate, a bundle. Nobody has really figured out who is going to pay for the construction of the Canal, who is going to pay for the electricity that will be needed to drive the massive pumps, or what the availability of more water in the south actually means.

There are murmurs of bond sales to make the Canal a fiscal possibility. Not surprisingly, there are a plethora of water projects tagged to SB200 that would dam north-coast rivers and thus provide more power. And the north-state is still waiting to hear exactly why southern California desperately needs more water when the Metropolitan Water District in Los Angeles actually sells surplus water to agri-interests in Kern County.

Long is deeply concerned with those aspects of the Peripheral Canal, and after a short statement indicating Dolan and the Butte Environmental Council would be coordinating the Coalition petition drive in Butte County, she opened the lobby to questions.

How would the Coalition overcome the votes in Southern California?

"We are convinced that once the people of Southern California come to discover the facts," she nodded assuredly, "they will oppose the Canal."

Long discussed a poll conducted by Los Angeles TV station KABC, which

indicated one-third of the southstate approves of the Canal; one-third is opposed to the Canal and the final third of the population has no idea what all the shouting is about.

"When LA voters learn that 58% of the capital costs for construction will be borne by LA taxpayers, we might have a shift of opinion."

Although she noted the Coalition has not made a concerted effort to enlist help from members of the state Legislature, Long gave high praise to Chico-area politicians Stan Statham and Ray Johnson for their efforts to defeat SB200.

Defeating the Canal is an admirable venture, one newsman observed, but what did the Coalition have in mind to overcome future problems associated with water wars?

"By defeating the canal," Long surmised, "we are making more of a statement than just putting an end to cement. We have to say this is the end of an era, that there must be new ways to overcome our water problems."

"And there are other ways, but we haven't had the opportunity to explore them because the powers are talking money, not water. This referendum will give us the opportunity to talk sensibly."

Much of the dissension and opposition to the Canal has been centered on the issue of water quality in the Delta. Long, however, pointed out the real issue of the Peripheral Canal is strictly economical.

"Once people get the notion that the Canal could become a fiscal boondoggle—that it will never be paid for—you'll start to see some interesting alliances. We're not talking environmental ideology; we're talking economics and that's when this issue will come to roost with many people."

When asked to contemplate the ominous and formidable opposition the Coalition referendum is certain to face, Long refused to back down:

"Sure, we expect a fight. But we have logic on our side; we have the facts. Southern California is not a monolith. In the first weeks of signature-gathering we have had people lining up to sign the petitions. It's just phenomenal."

Strong words. But in the final half-hour Long spoke to the press, the focus of the interview shifted from the issue of the Peripheral Canal to the woman sitting in the lobby of the Chico Municipal Center. While many ballot initiatives tied to struggles against big business have been rooted in the ideological left-wing, Long obviously represents a meld of those ideologies with the practicalities of Sacramento.

While she appears to be a conservative businesswoman who could just as easily be lobbying for the immediate construction of the Canal, Long brings a mild-mannered, learned approach to the opposition camp.

A native of Gridley with a strong family history in Butte and Tehama Counties, she comprehends the concerns of the Elk Creek residents who fear their community may disappear under 200 feet of water—behind the proposed Glenn Reservoir Complex, the construction of which is included in the SB 200 package.

And she is out on the referendum trail, attempting to convince 346,000 state voters they should decide the fate of Elk Creek, of the San Joaquin Delta and the future direction of state water policies.

She has until September 24. □

Los Angeles Times
Opinion

Interpretation Background

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PART VI

SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1977

Energy Conservation and Jobs: Old Myths Give Way to New Realities

BY LORELL A. LONG

Every year Americans are faced with the prospect of ever-larger, costlier and more complex energy production projects. And despite equally predictable debate by environmental and consumer advocates over the questionable merits of some of these technologies, they increasingly are receiving blessings and subsidization from federal and state government.

Why? Because the strongest argument in favor of the rapid expansion of large-scale energy production systems is that such development promotes a strong economy and creates a large number of jobs; in fact, it is the only way to reduce unemployment and stimulate the economy.

Our decision-makers buy the argument, although we continue to suffer the effects of high unemployment and economic instability at a time when national energy use is at an all-time high and continues to climb.

The cities are in financial crisis, social services are deteriorating for many Americans, industries are cutting back on production and inflation continues to neutralize wage increases. Still we persist in the myth that our jobs and well-being are inevitably tied to the expanded production of energy. Nevertheless, some economists and institutions are beginning to challenge the notion that energy projects mean jobs. In fact, they suggest, our current insistence on energy expansion may accomplish the opposite.

Over the last few decades, goods-producing industries found that it paid to substitute energy and investment dollars for labor. Energy was cheap and subsidized by the government; it was far more profitable to use fewer workers and simply increase worker output—or "productivity," as it is called. As more and more energy is substituted for labor, automation increases and jobs decrease. To management, the productivity index has become the standard by which companies measure the success of their efforts to maximize profits.

As a result, employment in the manufacturing and industrial sector has declined. In 1971, only 7.3% of the nation's jobs came from the top five manufacturing industries

Lorell Long is a special consultant in the research and development unit of the California Dept. of Consumer Affairs.

—primary metals; stone, clay and glass; food; chemicals, and paper. From 1950 to 1970, these industries had virtually no employment growth while their energy consumption soared.

Organized labor might be expected to resist the trend to replace jobs with energy. But it has in fact supported the effort to drive up the productivity index. Skilled labor gets most of the surviving jobs at escalated wages. When large

energy projects are in question, officials are likely to hear the voices of the powerful, skilled labor unions, a limited labor constituency interested in job protection, not job creation. The less skilled, meaning the minorities, women and young workers, continue to be thrown out of work or underemployed in record numbers.

According to a Ford Foundation study, the major energy-producing and energy-using industries account for a third of the nation's energy but provide only 10% of the nation's jobs. National employment increased 41% between 1950 and 1971, but jobs in the energy-producing industries increased only 5.5%. In the electric utilities, for instance, kilowatt output increased about 130% between 1961-1972; revenues went up 260%, and construction costs about 340%, but jobs increased only 21%. In addition to reinforcing unemployment trends, these projects also are costly in terms of tax dollars and the environment. Industry purchases energy at low rates. The public inevitably bears the cost of the resulting environmental damage and health hazards. Taxes underwrite the energy companies' projects. Thus the public is forced to subsidize industry's use of cheap energy to replace labor.

Practically all the energy projects currently planned are expected to require some kind of public financing—strip-mining, pipeline construction, facilities for liquefied natural gas and synthetic natural gas and coal gasification plants. These will be financed either through direct tax

subsidies or loan guarantees or through special tariff regulations ensuring advance payments for projects.

But what can the taxpayer expect to get for an energy-subsidizing dollar? A 1977 study by The Conference Board, a journal for business management, revealed that the billion dollar plus investments slated for the big energy projects result in few but high-paying jobs. It takes about 21 times the amount of investment to create a job in the petroleum industry (a high-energy user) than it does to create one job in the textile industry (a low-energy user). Public utilities are second most expensive at \$105,500 of investment for each employee.

While President Carter's new energy policy stresses conservation and promotes solar energy with tax incentives for individuals and business, the emphasis is still very much on expanded energy production: more gas, coal and nuclear development. The federal budget clearly shows a preference for the more complex and expensive technologies: \$1.7 billion is budgeted for fission research and development, another \$522 million for fossil fuels and only \$250 million for solar energy. With large sums (both public and private) committed to current energy companies as subsidies and loan guarantees, it is not likely that alternative sources—solar, wind, biomass conversion (organic matter to fuel), conservation technologies—will ever get a meaningful financial push forward unless public pressure is applied.

These technologies are available today, and if implemented they would offer many technical and financial advantages over other energy systems. They also could provide significant employment benefits. The Federal Energy Administration has estimated that conservation programs for the residential sector alone can generate substantial numbers of jobs. A study showed that if 34,372 private homes were made energy efficient, with ceiling insulation, automatic thermostats and furnace replacements, the owners would save \$1.7 to \$2.3 billion in heating costs and provide 488,000 jobs over a 7-year period in manufacturing and local installations.

An American Institute of Architects report is equally optimistic: Conservation aimed at new and existing buildings could create 500,000 to 1 million jobs a year through 1990, according to a study.

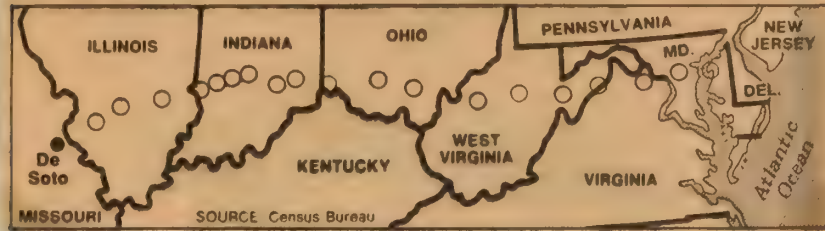
These jobs would not be merely for the highly skilled and specialized. Conservation provides jobs primarily for the low to moderately skilled, such as laborers, construction apprentices and various installers.

The potential for jobs in the burgeoning solar industry also is promising. The International Assn. of Machinists and Aerospace Workers said recently that an all-out federal effort to retrofit homes and buildings with solar water and space heating would create millions of jobs.

Labor officials representing the industrial trades have expressed their frustration with federal funding priorities and the slow pace of solar commercialization. But the split personality of labor keeps such declarations from having much real impact. While AFL-CIO leadership gives lip service to solar development, its true political muscle seems to be reserved for construction union lobbying for large energy production systems.

More jobs can come from conservation and solar energy development; energy efficiency programs are cheaper than energy production projects. Conservation and solar projects are more immediate, and completion times are much shorter. Federal and state bureaucrats have been provided with overwhelming evidence of the advantages and savings that could be realized. What is needed now is not more evidence but more political will.

souri Is Population Center





DARWIN'S STUDY AT DOWN. Original Etching by W. H. Haig. Initialed and dated, 1882, in the plate and SIGNED by the artist in the margin. Very fine condition; nicely matted and framed. 10 × 14¼ inches. \$400.00

High Profits

Colombians consider legalizing pot growing

In Colombia, where coffee is king, some businessmen are high on the idea of giving Mary Jane, the outlaw princess, a legitimate spot on the economic throne. A small but influential cadre of Colombians are campaigning to make the growing of marijuana legal in their own country. The movement is headed by Ernesto Samper Pizano, president of the National Association of Financial Institutions (A.N.I.F.), a well-regarded think tank that has completed an eight-month study on the effects of legalization.

Samper, a lawyer and economist, contends that if growing had been legal, Colombia last year could have saved the \$120 million it spent on trying to stop it and also collected taxes of \$168 million on the huge amount of pot, worth an estimated \$1.4 billion wholesale, that was smuggled out of the country. Further, Samper calculates that the estimated 30,000 grower families get only 8% of the earnings of the trade; the rest goes to smugglers and middlemen, most of them North Americans. Legalization, says Samper, would both spread the pot wealth better and rid Colombia of much of the corruption and violence that the illicit trade has spawned.

Other Colombian business leaders feel much the same. Says Eduardo Goéz Gutiérrez, the Bogotá stock exchange president, who is a cautious supporter of legalization: "In my opinion, the financial sector is in favor of it." He argues that the big inflow of foreign money to pay for the stuff "is producing inflation and monetary control problems, which would be much easier to handle if marijuana were legalized."

Though a group of Colombian Congressmen also endorse the idea, most ranking officials remain opposed to the proposal. Colombian President Julio César Turbay Ayala sees "no possibility" of legalization. His feeling is shared by Attorney General Guillermo Gonzalez Charry, who is worried about marijuana's effect on the health of Colombian youth. By A.N.I.F.'s estimate, only 5% of the crop is smoked locally, and Gonzalez wishes to keep it that way. Captain Luis German Leon, head of the secret police narcotics unit, fears that if pot were legalized many people now involved in the marijuana trade "would switch to kidnapping or trafficking in arms."

Since 85% of Colombia's estimated 26,725-ton illegal crop is exported for American use, any plan to legalize the growing of marijuana in Colombia would be politically unwise unless consumption was first legalized in the U.S. This kind of joint venture seems highly unlikely in the near future, so Samper's entire plan may indeed go up in smoke. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Water, Water—Where?

Gerald Ford once tried to recruit David McLaughlin. But the Grand Rapids high school football hero turned down the local Congressman's come-on for the University of Michigan; instead McLaughlin yearned for Dartmouth. There he set pass-catching records that stood for more than 20 years, made All-Ivy and Phi Bete and spurned a Philadelphia Eagles offer in order to go to graduate business school. Now, at 47, rangy Dave McLaughlin invests a quarter of his time as chairman of his college's board of trustees and the rest as chief executive of Minneapolis' Toro Co., which makes lawnmowers, snowthrowers—and a ton of money. A blizzard winter helped Toro's profits double last year. If a witch doctor could make the snow fall, he would be on McLaughlin's payroll.

McLaughlin is one of those far-reaching business chiefs who think about a lot more than balance sheets. He is a big gun in the country's most socially aware and alert business community. Prodded by McLaughlin and others, 45 Minneapolis-area companies donate 5% of pretax profits to charity and are active in all manner of civic uplift projects. And so it is not surprising that McLaughlin is concerned much less about snow than about something more universal: water.

From every bully pulpit, he preaches that the world is using, wasting and polluting so much of its most necessary resource that a crisis is building, one that could make the energy crunch seem like a tempest in a gas tank. The world has not a drop more water than on the first day of Creation, he observes, but the thirsty family of man is expanding every moment. People are digging deeper for water, depleting underground sources faster than they are being replenished—so fast, in fact, that land is sinking.

Battles between communities over water rights, he notes, are now arising in

Colorado and are likely to spread into states downstream of the rivers that flow from Colorado to the Midwest and South. Brackish water seeping into over-worked underground sources is a growing woe in Florida. The energy shortage will worsen the situation because more and more water will be needed to produce coal slurry, shale oil and other synthetic fuels.

McLaughlin's warnings are not totally disinterested, as he is the first to point out. His company also manufactures underground sprinkler systems for suburban lawns and golf courses. Toro stands to benefit if people buy more systems to irrigate with controlled rations of water. But that would be only a tiny part of a comprehensive solution.

First, says McLaughlin, governments must take stock of water supplies. "There has been very little work done on making an inventory of our water. Nobody intelligently can say that we have this much supply left or that we are depleting it at this rate."

Second, steps are needed to prevent wasting and polluting. The obvious place to improve water use is on the farm. Agriculture consumes 80% of U.S. water, notably because farmers pump out more than they really need when irrigating.

Third, recycle water. Filtration systems can now clean up even the dirtiest water, making it available again to swim in, wash with, even drink. When used for irrigation, untreated "waste" water does a superior job of nourishing the soil.

Finally, conservation has to be supplemented by renewed efforts to desalinate water, particularly in regions of intense shortage. The Saudis, besides their ballyhooed idea of hauling icebergs and melting them down in the Red Sea, are wisely spending some of their petrobillions on a huge desalination project.

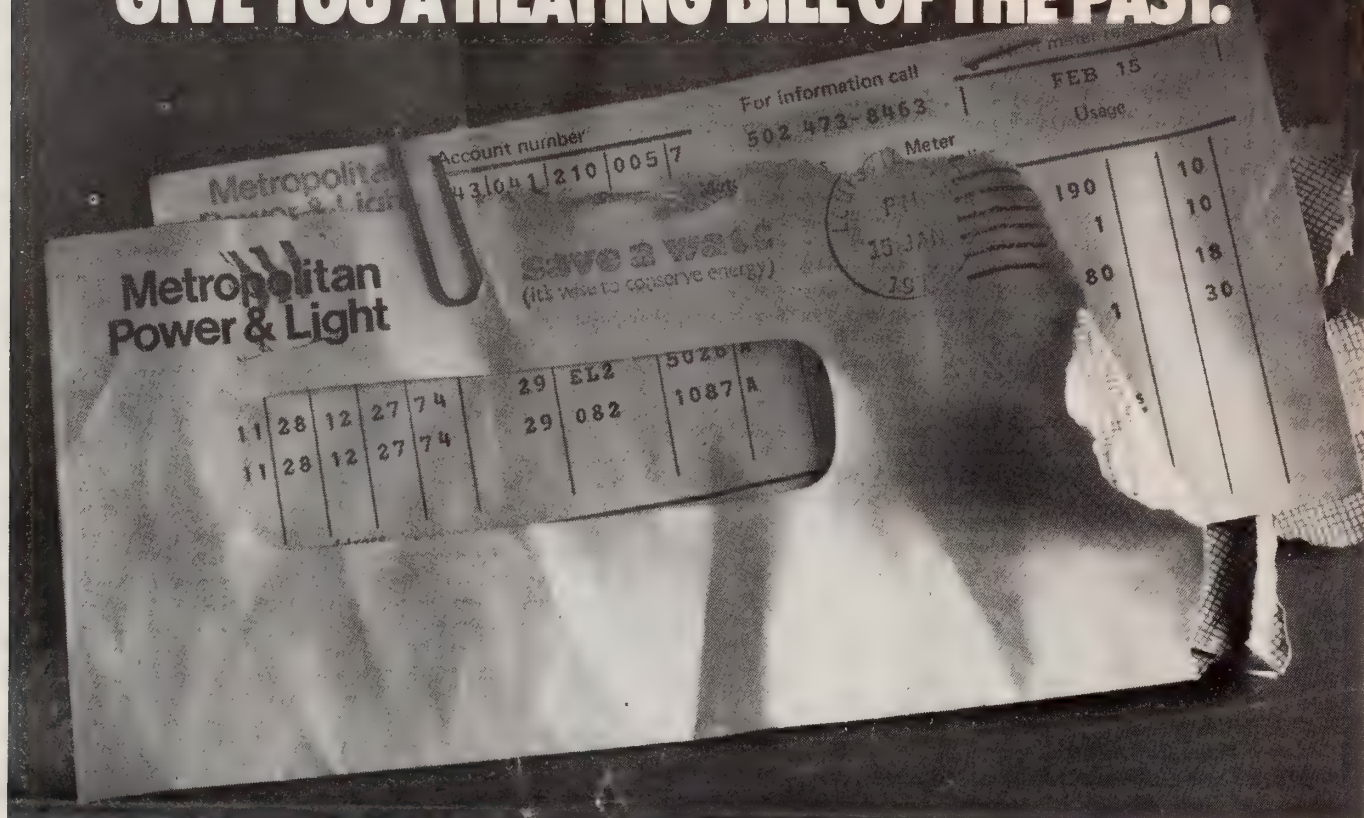
What the U.S. needs, argues McLaughlin, is a national water policy, one that calls for considerable participation by businessmen. The Government should identify the scope of the problem, set conservation and recycling standards, then offer incentives. Perhaps there could be tax breaks for buying conservation equipment, or tax penalties for waste. Most important, the Government should fix goals for private people to meet—but not dictate how to meet them.

Given rewards and penalties, free people will figure out the smartest ways to turn shortage into surfeit. If this sounds like the businessman's typical gospel, it also makes sense. Says McLaughlin: "Somehow, Government incentives must combine with the technical knowledge that business has to create an efficient partnership. I just don't know of any other solution."



David McLaughlin

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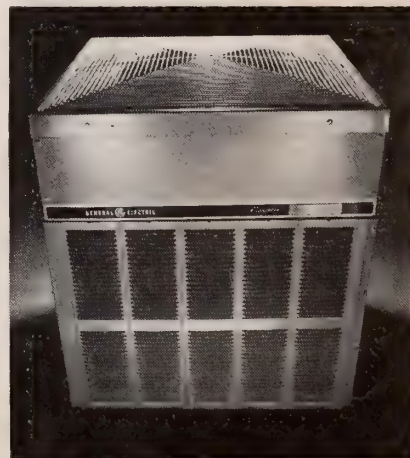
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I Dropped Acid with Groucho

by Paul Krassner



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Springsteen's River
TV Cowboys:
Hopalong, Paladin,
Little Joe, Hoss and J.R.

Kelley-Quick

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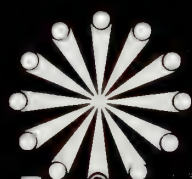
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**My Acid Trip
with Groucho**

See the Sacred Word and Win \$100

by Paul Krassner

If you take the name of a certain former vice-president, Spiro Agnew, and scramble the letters around, you can rearrange it to spell out Grow A Penis. Such appropriateness can give your boundaries of coincidence permanent stretch marks. After all, when Sen. Charles Goodell came out against the war in Vietnam, it was Agnew who called him "the Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party"—thus equating military might with the mere presence of a cock.

Years ago, when Mike Wallace interviewed me for "60 Minutes," and asked about the difference between the underground press and the mainstream media, I told him about the above anagram and said, "The difference is that I could print that in the *Realist*, but it'll be edited out of this program."

My prediction was accurate, so

naturally I took an immediate vow never to appear on any TV show again unstoned. Which in turn explains why eating magic mushrooms was practically a prerequisite for my being interviewed by Tom Snyder.

Now, Andy Friendly had only been doing his job when he was reading the Sex and Dope issue of *HIGH TIMES* in September 1978. As a producer for the "Tomorrow" show, he was always on the lookout for potential guests, and there was a particularly bizarre interview with me in that issue, so he called up to invite me on the show.

There were a few follow-up phone conversations to explore areas that the televised interview might cover. The subject of drug use came up, and I said, "Well, maybe we could talk about my old psychedelic macho. I've

taken LSD in all kinds of unusual situations: when I testified at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial; on the Johnny Carson show—Orson Bean was guest host—I was sort of a guide for Groucho Marx once; while I was researching the Manson case I took acid with a few women in the family, including Squeaky Fromme and Sandra Good. It was a kind of participatory journalism...."

The interview was scheduled for November 30.

"That's my birthday," said Abbie Hoffman, still on the lam at the time. "Would you wish me a happy birthday on the show?"

The "Tomorrow" show flew me from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and a chauffeured limousine delivered me to a fancy hotel, where I proceeded to partake of those magic mushrooms. My mood was intensely

**"Always
stay
in your
own
movie."
—Ken Kesey**





BY THE MID '60S THE TV AUDIENCE HAD BEEN SATURATED with Westerns, but the networks were determined to produce a few more. The most successful of the new Westerns was "The Wild Wild West," in which Robert Conrad and Ross Martin starred as James T. West and Artemis Gordon, two secret agents who reported directly to the president. The show was a James Bond takeoff of the old West, replete with ingenious gadgets, supervillains and disguises. As a supercoupe would look a bit weird tooling through the prairie, West and Gordon were given their own lavishly equipped locomotive, complete with hot and cold running lovelies. "The Wild Wild West" succeeded in spite of the fact that viewer interest in the cowboy had already peaked, because its scripts combined high adventure with just the right amount of tongue-in-cheek humor a la James Bond.

THE REPOSITORY OF ALMOST 35 YEARS OF TV-COWBOY HISTORY is a greedy pig-of-an-oil-baron, a vicious moral reprobate who leaves both financial and emotional ruin in his wake. In the '70s most Americans stopped buying the premises of the old cowboy shows, what with Watergate and everything. Yet as the frontier slipped away a new one rose to take its place. This one wasn't made of forests, rivers and mountains but of steel, glass and oil. And it took a new kind of hero to develop this frontier. It took a wheeler-dealer type who wouldn't think twice about selling his mother to the Arabs in order to make a few extra bucks. And we Americans, being what we are, would settle for nothing but the best, for nothing short of that first-class corporate sleaze weasel, J.R. □



"They took you off the streets," Manson informed Leary, "so that I could continue with your work."

sensual. What I really wanted was an exquisite massage. I called an old friend who is a professional masseuse.

Since she was also an old lover, it was not totally surprising that we began fucking on the bed before she even set up her table. She finally broke the sweet silence of our postcoital afterglow with this whisper: "But I'll have to charge you for the massage."

November 1978 was the month of that unspeakable Jonestown massacre and, a week later, the political assassination of San Francisco mayor George Moscone and gay supervisor Harvey Milk by ex-cop Dan White. The mushrooms were really coming on strong when Tom Snyder—who has an FM mind in an AM body and was apparently doing his impression of "Saturday Night Live's" Dan Aykroyd doing *him*—asked me, in effect, to *justify* San Francisco as the locale of such sequential horror.

"Nyah, nyah," I began, "my city's more violent than yours..."

When he asked me about the trip with Groucho, I replied, "Well, there's a whole *context*—but due to the demands of televised pacing, we barely got into it before Snyder wanted to know about my six months as publisher of *Hustler* and what it was I said to the Hare Krishna pushers at the airport. Just before the show ended, though, I managed to remember to wish Abbie Hoffman a happy birthday.

Recently, a *HIGH TIMES* editor recalled seeing that interview on TV and invited me to write the story, which finally completes this media cycle.

The Timothy Leary Connection

Think of this as a piece of combat history. To fully understand the context in which this battle for the will has been taking place, you need only retrace the chronological profile of G. Gordon Liddy—from his role as a Poughkeepsie district attorney who raided the Millbrook mansion where LSD was an experimental sacrament to his function as a CIA operative who offered to assassinate Jack Anderson on behalf of the Nixon administration.

Had Liddy been given the go-ahead, columnist Anderson wouldn't have been around to embarrass the Carter administration into not



invading Iran, and we might be in the middle of World War III at this very moment.

In 1963, in my capacity as editor and Zen bastard of the *Realist*, I had assigned Robert Anton Wilson to investigate the game being played at Millbrook. In my capacity as stand-up comic and drug virgin, I had been poking fun at all the highs I'd never tried.

Wilson came back and presented me with our cover story, "Timothy Leary and His Psychological H-Bomb." After it was published, Leary called to invite me for a weekend at Millbrook. Working with him were Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert. Somehow, despite all the accoutrements of Eastern religion, the scene was quite American. Even this top level of the psychedelic hierarchy consisted of a Catholic, a Protestant and a Jew.

Yet they were performing a cosmic task, this trio of Ph.D. dropouts, helping to spread the expansion of consciousness in the middle of a sadomasochistic empire whose perpetuation depended upon the mass contraction of consciousness.

Originally, the CIA had intended to use LSD as one more means of manipulating the population. That scenario backfired. A generation who trusted their friends more than their government deprogrammed themselves from the society that had shaped them, and then reprogrammed themselves into an

infinite variety of incarnations.

The think tanks had not formulated a contingency plan for this counterculture that was refusing to be brainwashed into becoming consumer and military zombies. This —*mutation!*— would certainly have to be discredited.

LSD influenced music, painting, spirituality and the stock market. Tim Leary let me listen in on a call from a Wall Street broker thanking him for turning him onto acid because it had given him the courage to sell short.

Leary had a certain sense of pride about famous folks he and his associates had introduced to the magic potion. Cary Grant had become a father at age 74, thanks to LSD, and likewise, Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute now talked about "spasms" of information.

Years later, I gave Kahn a superficial tour of the Lower East Side. We stopped in a bookstore. Among this thinker of the unthinkable's purchases was *LSD and Problem Solving* by Peter Stafford.

Meanwhile, I had become a gung-ho acidhead, a public propagandist. I wrote a lot about LSD. Sometimes I would take a tab right onstage at the beginning of a performance, verbally sharing my journey with the audience, hoping I could get a few





laughs while simultaneously maintaining my juggling act without dropping any chromosomes and damaging them.

The Charles Manson Connection

There's a new-wave band whose name itself—Sharon Tate's Baby—is a tribute to time warps everywhere. For it is now nearly a dozen years since Charles Manson, a victim-executioner sired by the prison system, dispatched his perverted commune to mutilate and kill a group of people in the privacy of their home. Among the slain was Sharon Tate, a pregnant actress.

Her husband, Roman Polanski, director of *Rosemary's Baby*, was out of the country at the time. Now he is out of the country again, this time to avoid prosecution for consorting with a voluptuous 13-year-old.

Young idealists on their way to the Woodstock Festival that weekend in the summer of '69 kept passing newsstands with headlines of the gory multiple murder. Not all the details emerged. Others dead:

- Jay Sebring, hairdresser, dealer of marijuana and cocaine—earlier that evening, a member of a coke ring had appeared at the house—his body would later be found stuffed in a car trunk in New York;

- Voytek Frokowski, who with Sebring was preparing to become U.S. distributors of MDA;

- Abigail Folger, coffee heiress, girl friend of Frokowski and campaigner for Tom Bradley, L.A.'s first black mayor—she was a far cry from the conservative image of Mrs. Olson in her father's TV commercials.

Manson was an eclectic. He borrowed techniques from

Transactional Analysis and Scientology alike. There was even a Scientology E-Meter (lie detector) on the blind man's ranch where Charlie kept his harem. He used sex and music and isolation and ritual and fakery—whatever worked. He was a pimp and a hypnotist. He dispensed LSD tablets as though they were timed-release Dog Yummies.

I interviewed Preston Guillory, who had been a deputy with the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department when they eventually busted the Manson ranch. He stated that before the murders, they had been told to leave Charlie alone—despite complaints about his violations of parole (including, ironically, statutory rape)—because "something big was coming down."

"Why were you given such an order?"

"I don't know," Guillory replied. "We didn't question our superiors."

"Did you at least speculate as to the reason?"

"Oh, we just figured they were gonna kill Black Panthers."

Thus did the racism of the sheriffs render them collaborators of Charles Manson, who had wanted to start a race war. He instructed his followers to leave clues making it appear that black militants were responsible for the killings. When the family was arrested, however, it merely served to give hippies a bad name.

Before Willie Nelson made the look respectable again, there was John Linley Frasier, a long-haired, headbanded freak in the Santa Cruz mountains who was involved in an awesome mass murder a year after Charles Manson. He later became a prison mate of Manson, mentioning in a letter that "me and Charlie are still trying to figure out how long our

leashes were and who's been pissin' on them..."

And so it came to pass that Charles Manson was stuck in solitary confinement at Folsom Prison when a new inmate was placed in the adjoining cell. It was Tim Leary, fresh from being hounded around the world. He was eventually captured with Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who later admitted working for the Drug Enforcement Agency.

"They took you off the streets," Manson informed Leary, "so that I could continue with your work."

Charlie couldn't understand how Leary had given so many people acid without trying to "control" them. Still, I remember a certain vested interest Leary had in having been a catalyst for their transformation. He enjoyed whatever influence he had wielded in the change of attitude toward LSD that Henry Luce had brought to *Time* and *Life*.

But, Leary once remarked, "I consider Otto Preminger one of our failures."

The Otto Preminger Connection

The FBI has been getting a bad press lately. They were being accused of hounding Jean Seberg to suicide. Documents proved they had spread a story that she was pregnant by a leader of the Black Panther Party. Then, in order to *defend* itself, the FBI released their tape of a tapped phone conversation wherein Jean Seberg tells a surprised Panther how *pleased* he should be that she's carrying his baby.

It is enough to make the left and right lobes of your brain start



humping each other. What will the next layer of reality be? Will yet another document reveal that the Black Panther was actually an undercover agent?

But the FBI was not the first to toy with Jean Seberg's destiny. She was originally chosen from among thousands of contestants by Otto Preminger for the starring role in his film, *Joan of Arc*. While she was being burned at the stake, her garments actually did catch on fire. Jean Seberg screamed with such a passion for survival at that moment, it seemed to preclude the possibility of ever taking her own life.

And Otto Preminger, bless his professional heart, knew that this was one scene he had on the first take.

I've met Preminger on two occasions. The first was in 1960. I was conducting a panel on censorship for *Playboy*. Preminger had defied Hollywood's official seal of approval by not censoring *The Moon Is Blue*. In retrospect, it hardly looks courageous, but Preminger refused to take out the word "virgin."

Anyway, at the end of our interview, he asked, "Ven you tronscribe dis, vill you fix op my Henglish?"

"Oh, sure," I replied quickly. "Of course."

He glared at me and shouted, "Vy? Vot's drong viz my Henglish?"

The second time I saw Preminger was a decade later. We were both guests on the Merv Griffin show (Orson Bean was guest host again). I had taken mescaline for the occasion. Another guest was comedian Jackie Vernon. Responding to the length of my hair, he said, "Why don't you take a bath?"

Nobody had ever asked me that on network television before. Later, Monday morning quarterbacking, George Carlin would have an Aikido-like suggestion—"You should've said, 'Why, thank you, Jackie, I hadn't considered that'"—but at that instant I was caught off balance and just kept silent. So did the audience. The tension was broken by Otto Preminger.

"Dot iss duh seekness ov our society, dis stereo-typical ottitood."

Now the audience applauded. And then we went to a commercial. There is a definite rhythm a director brings to a TV talk show. . . .

Between those two occasions, Otto Preminger made a movie called *Skidoo*. It was proacid propaganda thinly disguised as a comedy adventure.

And the part of God was played

by Groucho Marx.

Recently Tim Leary cheerfully admitted to me: "I was fooled by Otto Preminger. He was much hipper than I was."

The Lenny Bruce Connection

Steve Allen became the first subscriber to the *Realist* in 1958. He sent in several gift subscriptions, including one for Lenny Bruce, who was busy fighting the press label "sick comic." Lenny and I developed a close friendship. In 1962, *Playboy* assigned me as editor of his autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, which they were serializing.

Traveling around with Lenny Bruce was an incredible delight. It was a theatrical education to watch him sculpt his offstage perceptions

suspended in midair, he uttered: "Man shall rise above the rule!" Then he surrendered to the law of gravity and plummeted to the sidewalk below. Both legs had to be put in casts, and for a while he became the Hermit of Hollywood Hills.

Around that time, Jerry Hopkins—who had opened the first head shop in L.A., and later became the biographer of Elvis Presley and Jim Morrison—was producing the Steve Allen show. He arranged for me to do a one-night stand at the Steve Allen Theater. Lenny Bruce was in the audience, and so was Groucho Marx.

At one point in the show, I was talking about the importance of having empathy for other people's perversions. During a question-and-answer session that followed, Lenny stood up on his crutches and asked

Lenny fell backward through the window of his hotel room.



into onstage routines. But, as his environment became more and more the courtroom, so did the contradictions of the law become more and more the canvas for his craft.

Although Lenny was a tremendous influence on me as a performer, I was not at all into drugs at the time. Once I asked him about the apparent inconsistency between his free-form lifestyle and his having to stop everything in order to shoot up. He replied, "Well, you stop to eat, don't you?"

He described heroin—"It's like kissing God." And who could fault him for that?

In the winter of 1964, stoned on a combination of DMT and LSD, Lenny fell backward through the window of his San Francisco hotel room. At the precise moment that he was

what I had meant by that.

"Well, once I was sitting in the subway—it was rush hour and really crowded—and an elderly lady's buttocks kept rubbing against my shoulder, and I began to get aroused. . . ."

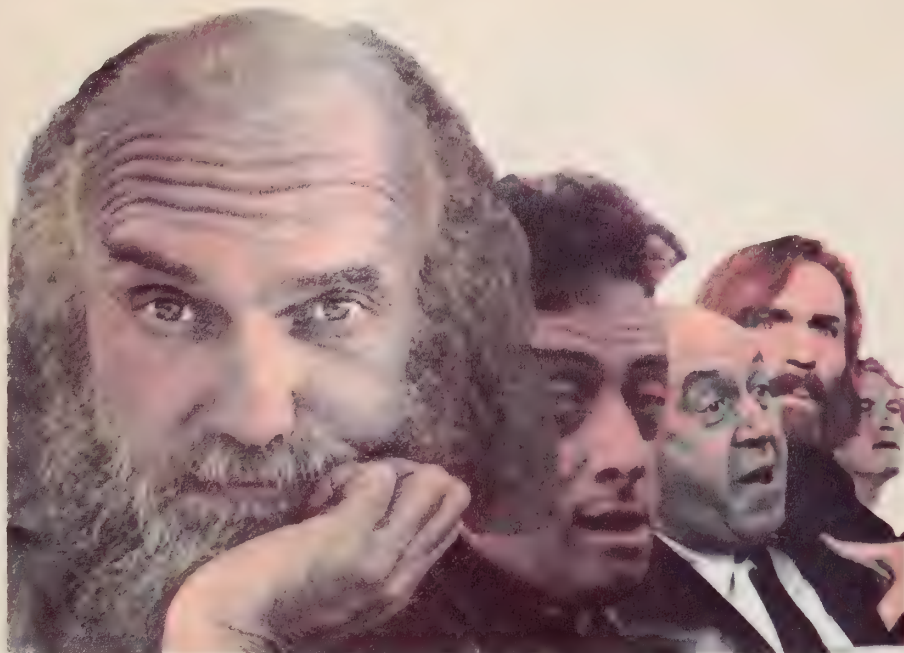
"You're sick!" Lenny yelled.

"Thank you, Mr. President," I responded, ending the show right there.

Later, I met Groucho Marx for the first time.

"That was very smart, the way you finished," he said. "Besides, I was getting fidgety in my seat."





The Ram Dass Connection

By the mid '60s I had become such a dope fiend that I kept my entire stash in a bank-vault deposit box. Once a week I would don my *Cosa Nostra* sweatshirt ("We aim to please!") and get my supply of LSD—to give away, sell, swallow, whatever.

It was, for you brand-name fans, Owsley White Lightning—300 micrograms of separate reality. I bought my acid from Dick Alpert to finance his trip to India where his guru renamed him Baba Ram Dass. "Come fuck the universe with me," his postcard beckoned, but I already had an American guru—Mortimer Snerd, ventriloquist Edgar Bergen's dummy. One time Bergen asked his main dummy, Charlie McCarthy, "What are you doing?" Charlie answered, "Nothing." And then Mortimer Snerd said in his goofy buck-tooth country bumpkin style, "Well, how d'ya know when yer finished?"

Anyway, Ram Dass kept seeking illumination and having his feet kissed by strangers, while I stayed home and got a call from Groucho Marx.

He was going to be in an Otto Preminger film called *Skidoo*, and it was pretty much advocating LSD, and he had never tried it but was not only curious but also felt a responsibility to his audience not to steer them wrong, so could I get him some pure stuff and would I care to accompany him on the trip?

I did not play hard to get.

The acid with which Ram Dass—in his final moments as Dick Alpert—failed to get his guru higher was the same acid that I had the honor of taking with Groucho Marx. As I left the bank vault that week, I

was breathing slowly and deeply so that I would not laugh my ass off in the lobby.

The Groucho Marx Connection

We ingested those little white tabs one afternoon at the home of an actress in Beverly Hills.

Groucho was interested in the social background of the drug. There were two items that particularly tickled his fancy.

One was about the day acid was outlawed. Hippies were standing around the streets, waiting for the exact appointed minute to strike so they could all publicly swallow their LSD the exact second it became illegal.

The other was how the tour bus would pass through Haight-Ashbury and passengers would try to take snapshots of the local alien creatures, who in turn would hold mirrors up to the bus windows so that the tourists would see themselves focusing their cameras.

I told Groucho about the first thing I ever sold to the old Steve Allen show. It was a sketch called "Unsung Heroes of Television." Among the heroes was the individual whose sole job it was to listen intently the whole half hour for somebody to say the secret word on *You Bet Your Life* and then to drop that decoy duck when the word was said.

He told me about one of his favorite contestants—"a gentleman with white hair, on in years but a chipper fellow. I inquired as to what he did to retain his sunny disposition. 'Well, I'll tell you, Groucho,' he says, 'every morning I get up and I *make a choice* to be happy that day.'"

We had long periods of silence, and of listening to music. I was accustomed to playing rock 'n' roll while tripping, but the record collection here was all classical and Broadway show albums. After we heard the Bach "Cantata No. 7" Groucho said, "I may be Jewish, but I was seeing the most beautiful visions of Gothic cathedrals. Do you think Bach *knew* he was doing that?"

Later, we were listening to the score of a musical comedy, *Fanny*. There was one song called "Welcome Home," where the lyrics go something like, "Welcome home, says the clock," and the chair says, "Welcome home," and so do various other pieces of furniture. Groucho started acting out each line, as if he were actually *being* greeted by the clock, the chair and so forth. He was like a child, charmed by his own ability to respond to the music that way.

There was a point when our conversation somehow got into a negative space. Groucho was equally bitter about institutions such as marriage ("like quicksand") and individuals such as Lyndon Johnson ("that potato-head"). Eventually, I asked, "What gives you hope?"

Groucho thought for a moment. Then he said just one word out loud: "People."

After a while, he started chuckling to himself. I hesitated to interrupt his revelry. Finally he spoke: "I'm really getting quite a kick out of this notion of playing God like a dirty old man in *Skidoo*. You wanna know why? Do you realize that irreverence and reverence are the *same thing*?"

"Always?"

"If they're not, then it's a misuse of your power to make people laugh."

And right after he said that, his eyes began to tear.

When he came back from peeing, he said, "Everybody is waiting for miracles to happen. The human body is a goddam *miracle*."

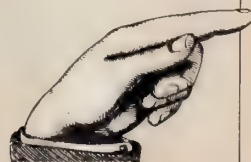
He mentioned, "I had a little crush on Marilyn Monroe when we were making *Love Happy*. I remember I got a hard-on just *talking* to her on the set."

During a little snack: "I never thought eating a fig would be the biggest thrill of my life."

He held and smelled a cigar for a long time but never smoked it.

"Everybody has their own Laurel and Hardy," he mused. "A miniature

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TUINAL CORNER

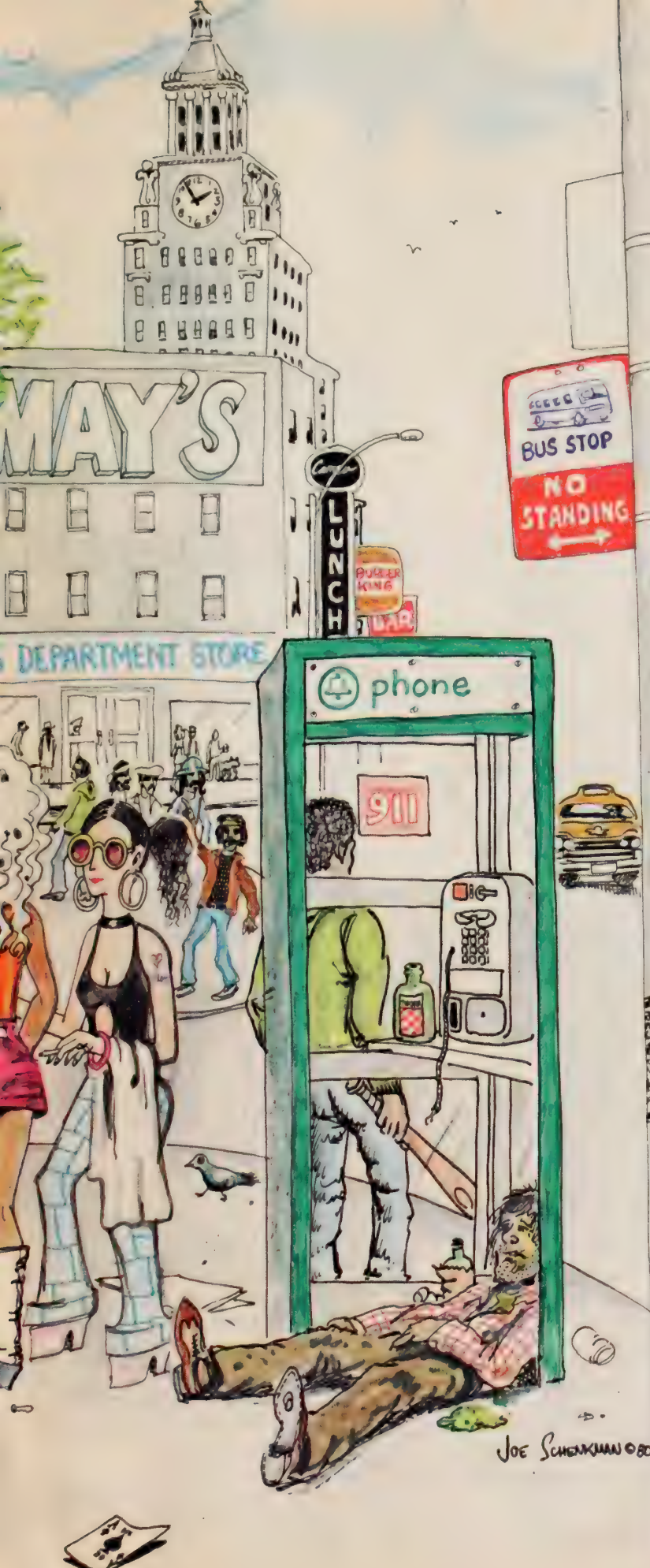
Scoring on Sleaze Street

A VW Rabbit slows down rounding the curve at the bottom of Union Square Park West, and three pill pushers take off after it like dogs. "Run, you hungry motherfuckers!" yells Willie, who's standing on a traffic island digging the scene. "The lowest of the lowly Tuinal Touts," he explains. "Chase after a car like goddamn hounds, trying to sell a pill." Just as the touts catch up to the Rabbit, the driver hits the gas, and the touts come panting back to Tuinal Corner coughing smoke.

Willie is the coolest dealer in the park. Not that that's anything too cool in itself. But Willie doesn't hang out on Tuinal Corner, or even in the park. He hangs out on the little traffic island at the side of the park, or on the corner across the street, or, more likely, at the OTB up 14th Street, where Willie specializes in figuring out every daily double, exacta, quinella and triple on a nine-race card of horse racing.

Willie doesn't tout or hawk his wares like most dealers. He stands on the corner watching the girls glide by through rose-tinted shades, sipping on a beer in a bag through a straw. "The cops think you must be drinkin' soda if you sip through a straw," he explains. Very cool.

A black man in his mid 30s, Willie is a wholesale-retail Tuinal dealer, as well as a pharmaceutical pimp. A pharmaceutical pimp is a dealer with a string of ladies who get him pills. "It's easier for women to get 'scripts than men." And around the macho streets of Placidyl Park, it's easier for men to sell them. So Seconals, rather than sex, is the exchange here. Women also stand a much better



by Joe Schenkman

chance with the hard-to-get units like Quaaludes, which happen to be one of Willie's weaknesses. (He doesn't do Tuinal.) Some of the pharmaceutical pimps think of themselves as "players" and like to dress the superstud, wide-brimmed, swallowtail Superfly look. Not Willie. He wears one of those brightly colored polyester beach hats with the pulled down brim they sell on 14th Street for a dollar, so his customers can spot him easily. Your basic \$1.98 beach-hat priced-to-go look: about as colorful as the red card

weed! Got yo speed! Coke, m'man, coke! . . . try it before you buy it! I see you reading *HIGH TIMES*, there, ya must do sumpin'!"

Others simply stumble up to you like zombies out of *Night of the Living Dead*, more concerned with instant sales than lasting clientele. It's a good bet here that the so-called Tuinal capsules you buy from these bums may have been emptied and filled with baby powder if you're lucky, PCP if you're not. At best, a tout can hope to scrape together enough dimes off

"Check it out! Got yo weed! Got yo' speed! I see you reading *High Times*, there, ya must do sumpin'!"

in a three-card monte game.

At the racetrack, a *tout* refers to the kind of sleazy trackrat who's too tapped-out to bet himself, but offers "hot" feedbox tips to bettors willing to share their winnings should the tip pan out to be front burner stuff. In Union Square Park, *tout* is street slang for the type of luckless pill pusher who sells pills he doesn't actually have. How this works is the tout assaults passers-by with all the subtlety of a country auctioneer, yelling "Tuies and Valium! Ts and Vs! Check 'em out!" Should he snag a customer, the tout says, "Wait right here," and runs off to his *man*, who's usually standing no farther than you could throw an empty pill bottle. A tout is also called a P.C., for percentage. The going rate is about ten or fifteen percent. If a tout sells a Valium for a buck, he makes a dime. No big deal. But when you add it all up, the action along the widened sidewalk before the entrance to Union Square Park called Tuinal Corner by the druggies there makes it the pill-pushingest little plaza in New York City.

Sometimes there are more than a dozen touts for each dealer, making competition heavy and customers weary. I've seen touts fight over customers. I've heard of them dying for less.

With the dealers so close by, one might wonder why the touts are needed. They're not. No more needed than roaches in a tenement kitchen. But they're there, scurrying around chattering the insect-junkie chant of Placidyl Park: "Tuies and Plaz! Tuies and Plaz!" ("Plaz" is short for Placidyl, a popular pill here that's noted for its superstupor wallop.)

Some try coked-up hard-sell sing-song jabber with the personal touch: "Check it out! Check it out! Got yo

touting to make his own wholesale pill purchase from the dealer. Then, off dealing, he can hope to save enough to pay off a croaker to write him his own phony 'script. And then, he can hope to buy more and more croakers off until he is Mr. Big Stuff himself: the man with the goodies, who turns over \$65,000 to \$100,000 annually off the roulette wheel, with his own network of touts, pharmaceutical pavement princesses, and maybe even, eventually, the double-parked Superfly Custom Cadillac that announces his presence, that even the cops (paid off, too) don't even dare ticket. Dream on, Mr. Small Time. In the beginning history of the park back in the late 1700s, this was a "potter's field" where the poor people of the city were buried. Now it offers the walking dead a quick-change chance for advance in the black market of our depressed economy.

Actually, Union Square Park is a pretty little park with its historical statues and beautiful trees towering over the flagstoned walkways. But it's not even the kind of place you'd want to take your dog for a walk. The grounds are littered with Night Train Express wine bottles and smashed up brown plastic pill bottles. (Destroy the evidence, protect your croaker: I've seen pill pushers bite off prescription labels from the bottles and chew up the little pieces after closing shop.) Violence can hang as heavy as a Midwestern thundershower about to break the calm of a mild summer day. Everything might be kool, and then suddenly somebody's being clubbed with a nine-iron golf club. (Golf clubs are favorite weapons in Union Square Park—a lot cooler to strut with, and not so clumsy or obvious as a baseball bat, though the Louisville Slugger is

still popular with heavy hitters and strikeout artists alike.) But Union Square Park really has no boundary neighborhood to look after it, surrounded on all sides by businesses. So the pill pushers and poppers who use it as a business and social club (weather permitting) have set up shop here.

The park opens for business shortly before the neighborhood stores along funky 14th Street, low-budget, cut-rate bargain marts and choke 'n' pukes with names like Junkman's Treasure Chest, National Outlet Center, Disco Donuts, Snackebob's and the old White Rose Bar, a relic from another era, and the Jefferson Movie Theatre, which used to show Puerto Rican movies, but has been for sale or rent for at least a decade now.

The early birds are the park regulars: If you don't see them there, it's a good bet they're in jail. There's Shorty, a squat, beefy black man who usually wears a ring through his nose with a gold heart dangling off it, a shark's-tooth earring and feather hanging off his left ear and a leather beret on his shaved dome. In spring and summer he wears a long-fringed leather vest with nothing underneath, and goes barefoot. ("It's good for your feet," he says.) Shorty is the loudest mouthed tout on the block. He touts like his life depends on it, and it does. Fresh out of detention after doing 38 days on four felony counts just for carrying two Tuinal and a couple of joints (or so he says: It's been my experience that in jail, everybody is innocent, by their own account), he's gotta raise the trial money. Shorty is the kind of pathetic trash certain reprobate cops like to beat up on, because they can get away with it. (Who cares?) Looking at me through his one good eye, he told me he was thrown in the back of the huge police van that some mornings is driven up over the curb and parked right at the bottom of the steps leading into the park as a sort of bad omen, warning, and makeshift jail. Shorty was thrown in the back of the truck, beat up, and left to nurse a broken nose for half a day before driven downtown to be booked. They use the most run-down, raggedy-ass van in the precinct for these Tuie Corner Roundups. Underneath the DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS sign on the side is the universal outlaw graffiti legend: COPS SUCK.

Captain Hook is another park regular, an old-time boxer who's retired to the Night Train Express wine. He loves to box, and takes on

the youngbloods of the park dawn to dusk, sparring with them until they tire him out and he has to sit down on the bench to catch his wind and grab a drink. But he's never down longer than the count of ten before he's back and pacing the benches, looking for another partner to trade jabs, roundhouse rights, and left hooks.

Flash is a wiry, tall black hustler. Not a dime bag to his name, but Flash has the fastest, baddest coked-up sounding rap I've heard. "The number 714 mean anything to you?" he asks, walking up to you with the confidence of a used car salesman. "See, I got your interest! That's right! Used to be Rorers, now they're Lemmons. Pharmaceutical name for methaqualone. I can sell 'em by the thousand, 24 bottles to the case, case closed, bottles sealed. Break open a bottle, snap one in half, test the clean break! Drop it to the bottom of a champagne glass and watch it bubble and fizz! Try it before you buy it! Only \$2 a hit if you buy a thousand. Take 'em up to Xenon's and sell 'em there for \$5! That's my Cadillac right there," and he points to some hog parked on a meter along Union Square West. "You gotta phone? Okay, don't bother—you just find a pay phone. You can be at that pay phone a certain time and I'll call you."

Boo is a 16-year-old high school junior who comes to the park after school to sell smoke and Black Beauties. He can make \$50 on a good afternoon. His brother, Big Floyd, is another boxer, younger and fitter than Captain Hook, with legs the size of tree trunks, and massive shoulders and arms. A mellow man unless aroused by injustice, Big Floyd keeps an eye on his younger brother and the park scene in general.

The cops in the 13th Precinct have a word for the Tuinal touts who chase cars, the pharmaceutical pimps with their stables of methadone whores, the fences who wander through the park hawking freshly stolen gold chains, watches, or maybe a bottle of Brut men's cologne, the Placidyl-pushing P.C.s who'll cut each other's throats over a dime customer, the craphooters who roll the dice against the base of the statue of George Washington on the horse that looks like its about to take a shit, the scavengers who scrutinize the grounds for stray drugs that might have been dropped during a stoned downer deal (as *does* often happen), and all the other quick-change artists, three-card monte and chuck-a-luck dealers, boozers, losers, and hustlers that haunt the park. The official word around the precinct is "scum."

I introduced a lady friend to

Willie. "She likes the Quaaludes, Willie. Help her out."

"Hell, she'd do better to help herself. Lessee... there's a Dr. Shapiro up at Roosevelt Hospital who'll write ya 'scripts. Shouldn't have any problem."

"But what do I tell him?" asked Mary Ellen.

"Tell em *anything*. You're a woman! Just open your mouth and bullshit woman problems. Tell him the first thing that pops into your head!"

Willie knows every scam in town,

He has up to four different identities he uses per doctor, enabling him to get close to 500 Tuinals a week. On a clear day, Willie can make \$200 or \$300. It's a business. With its ups and downs, naturally.

"Four different identities?" I'm impressed.

"Yeah, it can get really confusing who I'm supposed to be," laughs Willie. "The nurses, they straighten me out, and in return I do them li'l favors—get them the kind of drugs the ol' croakers can't get em, like

Park regulars ask, "What clinic you go to?" like straights ask, "Were you London School of Economics or Inner Temple?"

or so I believed, until Mary Ellen got back to me about this Dr. Shapiro.

"He wouldn't gimme the time of day," she snorted. "I think if I really nagged him, I might've gotten a one-time 'script for Librium or phenobarbital, but no 'ludes, no way. Tell your pal Willie he's got more shit between his ears than he moves to the street in a month!"

"Hey, my man," was Willie's response, equally indignant. "She just went to the wrong *Shapiro*, is all."

But Willie's grand scam is his 'Nam scam. Willie is a veteran of the Vietnam War. "So the doctors gimme these papers, see?" he says, digging into his pocket, "that say, in a nutshell, that if I ever stop gobbling Tuinal like a turkey, the whole 'Nam War nightmare will flash back at me like *Apocalypse Now*, motherfucker, and ain't no tellin' what this trigger-happy nigger might do!" He winks.

"Is that really true? I mean, you really see any heavy action?"

"Oh, hell no," he laughs. "Broke my ring finger trying to chase down some Singapore whore, but that's about it! But the *war*, y'see?... it's all the excuse these croakers need to write ya up papers. As if they need excuses at all! Hell, pay 'em enough and they'll write ya *anything*."

Willie claims to have four different crooked croakers who write him Tuinal 'scripts. This number naturally fluctuates. He had nine last year, but five of them got busted. "Ya probably read about them in the papers. Some of them had Swiss bank accounts and colonial estates upstate and expensive young mistresses who like rings 'n' things." The croakers write Willie 'scripts for up to 30 Tuinal a week. But Willie doesn't stop there, and neither do the greedy croakers.

weed and crystal meth. This one nurse, she says, 'Ooh! Dat crystal's so good! But Willie, y'know, I lost 17 pounds in the last two weeks. Don't understand it!' She don't realize it's the speed makin' her lose weight and she's a nurse.

"I go in to see her the other day and ask her if she's got an appointment for William Thomas Jefferson, and she says, 'Oh, no. Not today.' And looks down at her charts and says, 'Aren't you Rubin Casanova Lopez III from over First Avenue?' and I say, 'Oh yeah... that's me!'" and he strokes his scraggly afro beard laughing about how a man as black as himself can be a Puerto Rican even for a minute.

The vast majority of people who hang out in Union Square Park are black, even though there are no nearby black neighborhoods. The rest are Puerto Ricans. White people use the park to buy drugs or to walk through to or from work. Quickly. A few white garbageheads from nearby methadone centers come over to hang out with their black and Puerto Rican friends. In fact, the park serves as an outdoor, fairweather social club for the dropouts, graduates, or lifers from the various methadone clinics, halfway houses, and rehabilitation programs that dot the nearby cobblestoned streets of Second Avenue. A bright, sunny summer day in the park can be like an alumni party. Proper introductory conversation gambits for such affairs are, "What clinic you go to? Didn't I used to see you at Beth Israel?" like straights ask, "Were you London School of Economics or Inner

Temple?" Some, like perpetual college students, have been in and out of Odyssey Houses for ten years.

A few days after meeting Willie, when I've gotten to know him better, we're hanging out on Tuinal Corner one sunny beautiful spring morning. Willie has just finished his morning cup of tea and is starting on his first beer in a bag. He slips a straw into the beer and takes a sip, studying the morning line entries for Aqueduct race track in the *Daily News*. We're trying to figure out the daily double when this young, blond beauty crossing 14th Street catches the attention of all. It's not simply her youthful beauty, or her tank top that's slipped up her stomach to reveal the perfect navel, but the manner she's crossing. She's practically being *dragged* across 14th Street toward us, with her arms thrown over the shoulders of her two young male escorts. When she reaches Tuinal Corner, the touts are all over her like sharks on a wounded dolphin.

"She's too stoned to walk, and those touts are trying to cram more pills down her throat. It ain't right. I don't sell no pills to nobody already that fucked up," proclaims Willie self-righteously.

"Y'ever notice how it's always the *white* people here that you see walking into statues and trees? They really can't handle it!"

Willie has to hold onto the wall to keep from cracking up and falling onto the sidewalk laughing. "That's the kind of racist remark you can get away with and I can't," he says, regaining his composure. "But you're right. It's the Placidyl that does that."

Ira Jaffe, who counsels methadone patients in a nearby clinic, categorizes most of these touts as "garbageheads." "They'll put anything into their bodies to get high, without discrimination. They might be on a methadone program. Then they get huge pill prescriptions from some croaker doctor who writes them out a 'script for 30 Valiums, 30 Tuinals, and 30 Placidyls all at once. Then, to top it all off, they drink. These people have multiple addictions." Ira estimates 20 percent of the people on methadone to be in this category of obsessive, self-destructive, multiple addiction.

Tuinal, Valium, Placidyl, Elavil, and Seconal are the top-selling drugs here, in about that order of popularity. Tuinal is equal parts Seconal and Amytal, packed into the jazziest colored bright-brown-and-turquoise-striped pill with an orange bullethead. It's a heavy brain depressant, a barbiturate that may be habit forming, with "less than 1% idiosyncratic reactions" experienced

by its users, the *Physicians' Desk Reference* (PDR) informs us. It is the opinion of esteemed *HIGH TIMES* editor Dean Latimer, a walking, talking PDR himself, that "most of these individuals on Tuie Corner belong to this elite 1 percent club of idiosyncratics, meaning the Tuinals stir 'em up rather than crank 'em down, in much the way overactive kids tend to be cooled out by schoolhouse-administered Ritalin."

We all know about Valium, the most widely prescribed drug of the '70s. The way Valium works is it releases a natural tranquilizer in the brain called GABA. Gabba gabba hey! Yeah, Ramones and Zippy fans, there really is a gabba!

Forget the new boots: "You get everything laid out, ribbed condoms and lines of coke—and you both just lay down and go straight to sleep."

Placidyl is a nonbarbiturate that the PDR informs us is an "oral hypnotic... the usual hypnotic dose inducing sleep within 15 minutes to one hour." The "hypnotic" effect lasts up to five hours. Placidyl is a big green capsule slightly smaller than a zucchini. The space cases you see in the park, reeling methodically around as though they're trying to maintain their balance on the hull of a ship plunging full-steam into a tropical gale, are Placidyl casualties.

"Elavil is a tricyclic antidepressant, nonbarbiturate pill that's popular with certain nuthouse shrinks to prescribe to their, uh, clients," Latimer informs me. "It taps down brain enzymes that make you weird, helping to make a certain kind of crazy person better."

Quaaludes are more difficult to obtain than other pills because prescription qualifications involve a triplicate form, one copy of which goes to the health department in Albany. The other commodities require only the conventional white form. Those Quaaludes that are sold in the park are usually bootlegs.

Boot 'ludes were recognized as a good buy for years, but now the Tuie Corner industry is highly suspicious of them. These things, usually big fat

white pills stamped with a variety of bogus dyes—"Rohrer 714s," that was funny, and "Lemon 741" was a legend in its time—are generally pressed in Colombia, where the *marimba* moguls have set up high-tech methaqualone factories, and they're flown in here literally by the millions, along with Santa Marta weed. The only problem with these Latino 'ludes is that they tend to have a little *more* methaqualone in them than the standard 300 milligrams, and pretty often there's an antihistamine mixed in—some of the Colombian chemists seem to follow the formula for Mandrax, which includes stupor-inducing diphenhydramine along with methaqualone. "The result," explains Latimer, "is that the customer tends to get the official therapeutic effect of the drug—eight straight hours of safe and restful sleep, sleep, sleep. Hell of a note. You get everything laid out, ribbed condoms and lines of coke and Ping-Pong paddles and peacock feathers—and you both just lay down and go straight to sleep!"

But now, so far this year, about every fifth boot 'lude aficionado has been burnt with these new "Valium boots," which look just like any other boot—slipshod die marks and all—but count upwards of 60 to 80 milligrams of diazepam, pure *Valium*! The effect is a day and a half of fuzzed-out, spacy stupor, total lapse of body coordination, and only a vague memory afterward of how shitty it felt. "Haldol," a graduate of the Bellevue psycho ward, doing post-grad touting on the Tuie Corner campus, told me, "In the bin, when they just want to stow you somewhere for a couple of days and make sure you're still there when they come back, they shoot you up with Haldol, haloperidol. I did one of those Valium boots last week and man, I could've sworn I was right back on the ward from Tuesday to Thursday night. And shit, I dunno, maybe I was."

So since you can't tell Valium boots from "real" boots, the boot market in New York is as depressed as a Westchester housewife whose diet doc just got popped by the DEA. In fact, the DEA is a prime suspect in the Valium-boot caper, among the Union Square *cognoscenti*. "It's gotta be the Feds," a speed freak guaranteed me one afternoon on a bench. Among half a dozen lurid conspiracy theories this crankshaft was percolating was this one: "It's like the feds made poison moonshining during Prohibition, see,

continued on page 103

Dessert

**"Just Bring
Me the Usual"**





My Acid Trip with Groucho

continued from page 46

Laurel and Hardy, one on each shoulder. Your little Oliver Hardy bawls you out—he says, 'Well, this is a fine mess you've gotten us into.' And your little Stan Laurel gets all weepy—'Oh, Ollie, I couldn't help it, I'm sorry, I did the best I could....'"

Five years later, my book, *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*, was published by Putnam's. Editor William Targ sent an advance copy to Groucho, and he sent back a postcard that was as eerie as it was complimentary: "Thanks for the book. I am sending this card to you, because I don't know where Mr. Krassner lives. Or even if he is alive. At any rate, it's a hilarious book and I predict in time he will wind up as the only live Lenny Bruce."

The year after that, I was heavy into my Manson investigation. During the acid trip with three of his family members—Squeaky Fromme, Sandra Good and Brenda McCann—I got an even more awesome compliment.

Sandy Good had once seen me perform at The Committee in San Francisco. Now she was saying to me, "When people used to ask me what Charlie was like, I would compare him to Lenny Bruce and Paul Krassner."

My heart thumped rather strangely.

Sandy had been a civil-rights activist. But Charlie Manson stepped on her eyeglasses, threw away her birth control pills, remolded her personality and transformed her value system. So now she was parroting Charlie's racism and asking me to tell John Lennon that he should get rid of Yoko Ono and "marry his own kind."

I've never met Charlie Manson, although I've corresponded with him. But I have heard a tape of his rap, and he definitely used humor as a tool for evil.

For the first time I understood in my guts what Groucho Marx had meant about misusing the power to make people laugh.

The Jerry Rubin Connection

After our acid trip, I had only a couple of contacts with Groucho.

The first concerned a rumor that he had said, "I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination." I wanted to verify whether he had actually said that.

"I deny everything," he joked, then admitting he had indeed said it over a luncheon interview with a now-defunct magazine, *Flash*.

"Uh, sorry, Mr. Marx, you're under arrest for threatening the life of the president."

"Uh, sorry, Mr. Marx, you're under arrest for threatening the life of the president. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed *A Night at the Opera*. Here, now, if you'll just slip into these plastic handcuffs...."

I wrote to the San Francisco office of the U.S. Department of Justice, asking about the status of the case against Groucho, particularly in view of the indictment of Black Panther David Hilliard for using similar rhetoric. Here's the reply I received:

Dear Mr. Krassner:

Responding to your inquiry, the United States Supreme Court has held that Title 18 U.S.C., Section 87) prohibits only "true" threats. It is one thing to say "I (or we) will kill Richard Nixon" when you are the leader of an organization which advocates killing people and overthrowing the government; it is quite another to utter the words which are attributed to Mr. Marx, an alleged comedian. It was the opinion of both myself and the United States Attorney in Los Angeles (where Marx's words were alleged to have been uttered) that the latter utterance did not constitute a "true" threat.

Very truly yours,
/s/ James L. Browning, Jr.
United States Attorney

The second occasion was at the Los Angeles Book Fair in 1976, where Groucho was scheduled to speak, along with Tim Leary and Jerry Rubin.

Leary was dressed all in white except for a black string tie. He was now advocating suburban space colonies.

"Migration," he proclaimed, "is the number one tool of the DNA code."

There was speculation that this might really be a metaphor about the way we ought to behave on earth. Utopian planning for life on a celestial way station is bound to serve as a model for people changing themselves, their institutions and

systems on our own planet, whether or not we actually start sending out satellites covered with AstroTurf.

Leary took a slight swipe at Rubin, mentioning an ex-radical who said "Kill your parents" and had now written a book on how to contact your deceased parents through astral travel. Rubin had issued a press release requesting the media not to refer to him as a former Yippie leader. Somewhere there must have been a headline: FORMER YIPPIE LEADER ASKS NOT TO BE CALLED FORMER YIPPIE LEADER.

A few years previously, Jerry Rubin had helped organize a press conference to denounce Tim Leary as a snitch, although Leary insisted that he never got anybody in trouble. Now, Rubin was scheduled to appear at the Book Fair on the same evening as Leary, but he rearranged it for the next evening in order to avoid a public confrontation—or, worse yet, a public embrace—in front of all those eagerly popping flashbulbs.

Nevertheless, Jerry Rubin served as a unifier at the Book Fair.

It had been announced that Groucho Marx would not speak from the stage in the Ambassador Hotel ballroom, but rather on a one-to-one basis with folks whose books he would be autographing. This turned into a mob scene. So Jerry found Groucho's companion, Erin Fleming, and suggested that if they walked back around a certain way it would bring them directly onto the stage. She followed his advice.

Groucho looked frail and unsmiling, but he was alert and irreverent as the audience fired questions at him.

Was he working on a film now?

"No, I'm answering silly questions."

What was his favorite film?

"*Duck Soup*."

Nixon?

"He should be in jail."

Is humor an important issue in the presidential campaign?

"Get your finger out of your mouth."

What does he dream about?

"Not about you."

What inspired him to write?

"A fountain pen; a piece of paper."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I called out, "Groucho, what gives you hope?"

This time he said, "The world."

There was hardly any standing room left in the auditorium, but one man sat on the floor rather than take the seat occupied by a rubber Groucho Marx doll. □

Photo credits: Leary: Peter Simon; Manson: Sahn Doherty/Camera 5; Preminger: Steve Schapiro/Black Star; Bruce: Bell, Howarth, Ltd./Black Star; Ram Dass: Peter Simon; Groucho: Photo Trends.

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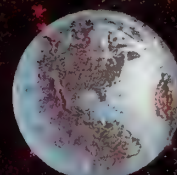
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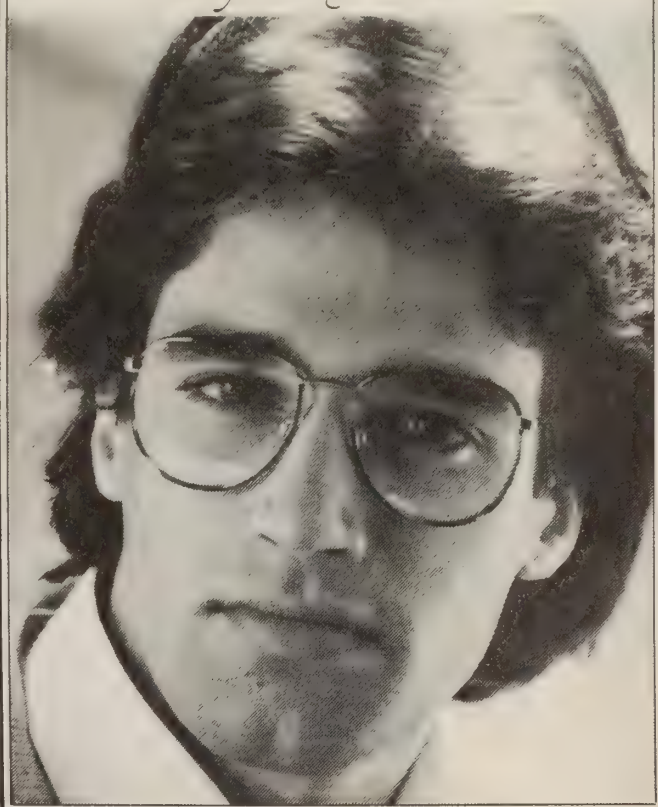
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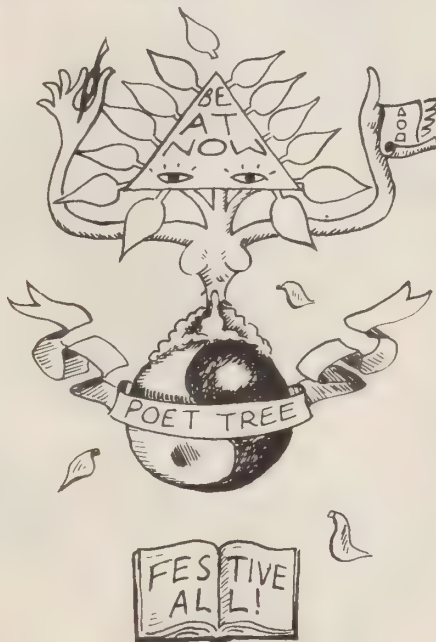


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Music

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Ex-Yippie Hoffman May Sue Nixon

New York

Abbie Hoffman said yesterday he plans to sue former President Richard Nixon and others for conspiracy to have him assaulted by hired thugs during an anti-war demonstration in Washington in May 1971.

The former Yippie leader cited a report in Thursday's New York Times quoting excerpts from what the Times called a newly disclosed tape of a White House conversation between Nixon and White House Chief of Staff H. R. Haldeman.

In the excerpts, Nixon and Haldeman discussed contacting the Teamsters Union for "thugs," and the president is quoted as saying, "They've got guys who'll go in and knock their heads off."

Haldeman replies, "They're gonna beat the (obscenity) out of some of these people. And, uh, and hope they really hurt 'em. You know, I mean go in... and smash some noses..."

The taped conversation, according to the Times, also shows Nixon and Haldeman discussing the Chicago Seven, so named for their arrests during riots at the Democratic convention in Chicago, and the then-president asking:

"Aren't the Chicago Seven all Jews? ... Hoffman, Hoffman's a Jew... About half of these are Jews."

Hoffman, who was underground for years before resurfacing to plead guilty on a cocaine charge, now is in a Manhattan halfway house working as a drug abuse counselor.

He said in a statement that he plans "to press criminal charges of conspiracy to assault, commit bodily harm, and to deprive me of my civil rights" against Nixon, Haldeman and others, and he also will file a civil suit aimed at recovering damages and also "to uncover similar tapes."

"What the Times fails to report," Hoffman said, "is that apparently these plans were carried out. During this demonstration I was bodily attacked by a group of men, some in police uniforms, others not. After a vicious beating I was struck across the face with a blunt object

Harold L.
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Rosh Hashana Love-In Plan Angers Mayor

Tel Aviv

The Great Galilee Love-In has run into outraged protest from Tiberias City Hall.

The "Night of Love on the Galilee" is set for Monday night, the eve of Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, with ads promising a rock concert, a kissing competition and other "love games with prizes to win," plus swimming, eating and "giggling and tickling."

The event, for which thousands of tickets were sold, is to take place on the southwestern shore of the biblical Sea of Galilee, a popular holiday resort.

The ads urged participants "to wear white, like in ancient times." But authorities in the lakeside town of Tiberias said a similar event last year in an nearby amphitheater ended in scenes of mass nudity.

Tiberias Mayor Yigal Bibi said he had 10 legal grounds on which to

San Francisco Chronicle 9

★ Sat., September 26, 1981

Salvadoran President Here

Salvadoran president Jose Napoleon Duarte arrived in San Francisco yesterday for a weekend visit.

Duarte will hold a press conference today and meet with supporters in his suite at the Jack Tar Hotel. His entourage is occupying 55 rooms.

A police dog sniffed the hotel corridors yesterday following a telephoned bomb threat but found nothing.

Tomorrow, Duarte will be the host at a luncheon for a small group of supporters at the hotel. He will leave for New York on Monday.

stop the show. "It's out of the question," he said. "And on Rosh Hashana Eve yet? Who could even imagine such nonsense?"

Associated Press

OPEN
DAY 10-5

Stricken Getty son sues father for support

By Joan Zyda
Herald Examiner staff writer

The penniless son of one of the world's richest men and the victim of a debilitating stroke is suing his father for \$25,000 a month to pay his medical bills.

J. Paul Getty III, 25, son of J. Paul Getty Jr. and grandson of the late legendary, self-made oil billionaire J. Paul Getty — who once refused to ransom his grandson until his abductors cut off one of the then-teen-ager's ears and sent it to the youth's mother — has filed his suit in Los Angeles Superior Court.

"To say I'm dismayed is an understatement," said the son's godfather, William A. Newsom, a state appellate judge in San Francisco. "I can't grasp the notion that Paul (Jr.) is demurring from paying these bills."

But the suit filed by the younger Getty and his mother, Gail Harris Getty, both of Brentwood, contends that is the case.

Because of his stroke, young Getty is "an incapacitated adult child," who is "blind, paralyzed and unable to speak articulately," according to the suit, which was filed by attorney Edward M. Stadum.

"He is completely incapacitated and unable to care for himself in any respect," the suit argues.

The suit estimated the elder Getty's personal income at more than \$20 million a year, but said Getty has "failed and refused" to pay for his son's care.

Nor has the elder Getty visited his son or communicated with his son in any way since the youth's stroke occurred April 5, after a night of alcohol and drug use.

The 48-year-old Getty — also known as Eugene Paul Getty — has lived as a virtual recluse in London, England, since 1958 and is fighting a subpoena to appear in court in the case. That issue will be argued by his lawyer, Robert L. Dunn, Nov. 30 before Superior Court Judge John L. Cole.

According to the suit, the younger Getty is without employment, income or assets to support himself and is wholly dependent on his family for support.

His mother — who was the junior Getty's first wife — has "only limited personal resources, is financially unable to pay the costs of support and had to incur substantial indebtedness to meet such costs," the suit said.

Newsom said the younger Getty is in line someday to inherit a share of the family wealth through a trust set up by his grandmother, but he was cut off from another trust because he married before the age of 25 and is now penniless.

Back in the early 1970s, he was known in the press as the carefree "hippie grandson" of the legendary oil billionaire who died in 1976 at the age of 83.

But young Getty has had a troubled life, Newsom said. He was deeply hurt by his parents' divorce in 1966 and psychologically harmed by his five-month abduction in Rome in 1973, when he was 17.

He was freed when his famous grandfather — who at first thought the kidnapping was a hoax and declared, "I will not pay a penny" — provided nearly \$3 million in ransom after the captors mailed his mother young Getty's severed right ear.

"He went spinning out of control," Newsom said. "He had a terrible, terrible time, a hard time settling down and was just starting to get things together" when he suffered a stroke.

"Words fail me," Newsom said. "Everything is gone except his mind. Physically he's in dreadful condition — he's blind, a quadriplegic — but he can recognize people."

The suit said young Getty requires round-the-clock specialized nursing and attendant care in his mother's Brentwood home. He must be spoon-fed. It's very diffi-

cult for him to speak, his words emerging as tortured yells.

He needs, the suit maintains, the frequent services of doctors "in a variety of specialties, including neurology, psychiatry and internal medicine. He (also needs) the regular services of qualified speech, physical and occupational therapists."

Young Getty's wife, Martine Zacher Getty, whom he married at age 17, lives in San Francisco with their two young children and talks to him every day on the telephone, Newsom said.

Timothy Leary At Oasis A Wild ,Elfish Professor

By Eleanor Cooney

It's always interesting to lay eyes on a famous person, especially a legendary one. What would a guy be like who's taken several thousand LSD trips? Would he be able to walk and talk?

It was primarily curiosity that made me go see Timothy Leary at the Oasis in Elk.

The place was packed, and the liquor flowed freely as we waited. When Leary finally bounded onto the stage, he was dressed in white. His hair was silver, short and neat.

With his slightly elfin, blue-eyed, waspish good looks, its easy to picture him in a variety of other uniforms: a Madras jacket, an army officer's uniform, a grey flannel three-piece suit. Or maybe even a dentist's coat, buttoned at the shoulder.

There's something about Leary that makes this little mental exercise irresistible; looking at him, one can see what he might easily have been but for a twist of fate. Or was it his unavoidable destiny?

This is precisely the type of material a Tim Leary talk deals with: fate, evolution, change. Don't forget, Leary was a Harvard professor in his former life; though the subject matter is flippy, the experience of listening to him talk is not unlike attending a lecture in college, complete with slides.

The professor is energetic and enthusiastic. As he warms to his subject, he draws upon many fields of study to illustrate his points. It's a little hard to discern what the

prof's field might be; is he an anthropologist, a biologist, an astrophysicist, a theologian, a chemist, or a stand-up comic?

And class discipline is pretty terrible; most of the students are drunk and becoming increasingly obstreperous. One soon begins to realize the prof's message deals specifically with the evolution of the human mind through the use of chemicals.

He begins to resemble a revivalist minister more than a college professor, and the rowdy students look more like a vociferous congregation.

As a teacher or a preacher, Leary's best talent lies in his use of the parable to get his message across. For Leary, the main oppressors of the human race are thought processes, whether they be religious doctrines or scholarly theories, which limit our conception of who and what we are and, most important, what we might become.

Timothy Leary is, it's true, a trifle flaky, a wee bit spaced. I did detect a hint of the aroma of fried brain, however, as the direct polar opposite of, and therefore an antidote to, say, Jerry Falwell of the Moral Majority.

I approve of his existence. In a world which shows a marked tendency to regress, to keep the human spirit down, to backslide into banality and boredom, I perceive that there is a place in the scheme of things for an imperfect wildman like Timothy Leary.

JULY 6, 1981

\$1.50

TIME

TV UNDER FIRE
Too Much Sex
And Gore?



HIGH ON COCAINE

**A Drug with Status
—And Menace**



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You don't have to have a sense of humor to drive a Rabbit Convertible. It's got enough for both of you. One night on the town with this baby, and you'll know why Elke calls it...the perfect car for Sommer.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



COVER STORY

Cocaine: Middle Class High

The "all-American drug" has hit like a blizzard, with casualties rising



C₁₇H₂₁NO₄. A derivative of Erythroxyton coca. Otherwise known as cocaine, coke, C, snow, blow, toot, leaf, flake, freeze, happy dust, nose candy, Peruvian, lady, white girl. A vegetable alkaloid derived from leaves of the coca plant. Origin: eastern slopes of the Andes mountains. Availability: Anywhere, U.S.A. Cost: \$2,200 per oz., five times the price of gold.

Whatever the price, by whatever name, cocaine is becoming the all-American drug. No longer is it a sinful secret of the moneyed elite, nor merely an elusive glitter of decadence in raffish society circles, as it seemed in decades past. No longer is it primarily an exotic and ballyhooed indulgence of high-gloss entrepreneurs, Hollywood types and high rollers, as it was only three or four years ago—the most conspicuous of consumptions, to be sniffed from the most chic of coffee tables through crisp, rolled-up \$100 bills. Today, in part precisely because it is such an emblem of wealth and status, coke is the drug of choice for perhaps millions of solid, conventional and often upwardly mobile citizens—lawyers, businessmen, students, government bureaucrats, politicians, policemen, secretaries, bankers, mechanics, real estate brokers, waitresses. Largely unchecked by law enforcement, a veritable blizzard of the white powder is blowing through the American middle class, and it is causing significant social and economic shifts no less than a disturbing drug problem.

Superficially, coke is a supremely beguiling and relatively risk-free drug—at least so its devotees innocently claim. A snort in each nostril and you're up and away for 30 minutes or so. Alert, witty and with it. No hangover. No physical addiction. No lung cancer. No holes in the arms or burned-out cells in the brain. Instead, drive, sparkle, energy. If it were not classified (incorrectly) by the Federal Government as a narcotic, and if it were legally distributed throughout the U.S. (as it was until 1906), cocaine might be the biggest advertiser on television. You can hear the commercials: *Endorsed by the great Dr. Sigmund Freud. The inspiration of poets, artists, inventors! You too can be inspired, thanks to a stimulant revered as sacred eight centuries ago by the great Inca civilization. Start each day right with Snowhurt or Flake Flakes. A little Leaf instead of lettuce for lunch. Toot Sweet, come the Happy Hour.*

JIM POZARIK—SAMMA LARSON

Death on Two Mountains

Accidents kill 16 on the darkest day in U.S. climbing history

As the first rays of dawn conquered the peaks of the Cascade Range last week, 23 climbers and six guides paused before attempting their final assault on the 14,410-ft. pinnacle of Washington's Mount Rainier. "The view was awesome," recalled Larry Martinson, 39, an insurance agent from Seattle. Then, while the climbers munched candy bars and took photographs some 2,000 ft. above the clouds, the morning stillness was shattered by what is surely the nation's worst mountaineering disaster.* It was only the first of two major accidents that Father's Day, the darkest day in U.S. climbing history.

Larry St. Peter, 40, a Seattle insurance broker, was among those perched at the edge of Mount Rainier's Ingraham Glacier, about 3,000 ft. from the peak, discussing the climb ahead. He recalled, "Suddenly there was a crashing sound and a thunderous roar behind us. It was as if one side of the mountain were coming down on us, an 800-ft. wall with thousands of blocks of ice tumbling down. Everybody was going 'Ooooh,' as if they were watching a Fourth



Mount Rainier 15 minutes before tragedy struck

of July display. All I could think about was running."

Martinson, St. Peter and 16 others dug their spiked ice crampons into the glacier and worked their way to the edge to avoid being swept into a crevasse. But the car-sized chunks swept eleven of their companions farther down the slope and crushed them under tons of ice. Some were buried by as much as 80 ft. of debris. A rescue party, arriving the next day, could not find any sign of the missing eleven and doubted they ever would.

Mount Rainier, a dormant volcano about 55 miles north of Mount St. Helens, is a favorite objective of amateur climbers. But the mountain has claimed the lives of at least

66 climbers since it was first conquered in 1870. Lou Whittaker, one of the organizers of last week's ill-fated expedition, is a veteran climber whose twin brother Jim was the first American to conquer Mount Everest. Said he: "This was the biggest icefall I've seen outside the Himalayas. You can predict an avalanche, but there is no way you can predict an icefall." (That natural phenomenon is the result of internal stress that builds up within a creeping glacier, eventually

causing a wall of ice to snap away.) Said Survivor Martinson of his fallen colleagues: "They didn't have a chance."

Only hours later, another group of mountaineers met disaster on Oregon's Mount Hood, roughly 100 miles south of Mount Rainier. The victims were on an outing sponsored by the Portland-based Mazamas Club, a mountaineering group founded in 1894 and specializing in assaults on Mount Hood's 11,235-ft. peak. At the 10,500-ft. level on the dormant volcano's northeast face, one or more of the 17-member party slipped. The climbers, roped together in groups for safety, tumbled 2,000 ft. down the slope.

Robert Vreeland, 35, a biologist from Portland, remembered looking up to see some of his partners beginning to slip. Said he: "I yelled for them to self-arrest, to dig in with their axes, but they didn't have time. I braced myself. I could see I was going to be hit. I got my ax in a couple of times, but it came out. It was like a ball of people falling through the air. There wasn't anything I could do." Vreeland and eleven companions survived. Four were killed outright; a fifth died a few hours later of a heart attack.

Men and women will still challenge mountains as long as—and, of course, because—they are there. But the disasters may chill some mountaineers. St. Peter felt fortunate to be able to open a Father's Day present (a checkered sports shirt) from his son Stefan, 6, following his ordeal. He may, he says, try another assault some day, "but not this year."

—By Walter Isaacson.

Reported by Jane Estes/Seattle and Steve Jennings/Portland

Fast Finish

The longest game ends quickly

First Baseman Dave Koza did not get to bed on April 18. That night, Koza and his teammates on the Class AAA Pawtucket (R.I.) Red Sox began the longest game in the history of professional baseball, an 8-hr. 7-min., 32-inning endurance contest with the visiting Rochester (N.Y.) Red Wings. The game was finally called at 4:09 the next morning with the score tied 2-2. Since then, Koza, 26, has caught up on his sleep—and spun a few dreams. "I've been thinking about being the hero," Koza said. "I'd go to bed thinking about it."

His dream came true. When the game was resumed in Pawtucket last week, it took only 18 minutes to finish. Koza hit a bases-loaded single in the bottom of the 33rd to drive across the winning run. At least 13 records were set in the game, and Koza's bat (he was 5 for 14) will be enshrined at Cooperstown, N.Y. Said Koza: "I guess this is the only way I'll make it to the Hall of Fame."



On Mount Hood, rescuers retrieve bodies of five who died after a sudden slip

"It was like a ball of people falling through the air."

[Band music swells in crescendo.]
*Mayke it bet-tah with Coke!**

But coke is no joke. Although in very small and occasional doses it is no more harmful than equally moderate doses of alcohol or marijuana, and infinitely less so than heroin, it has its dark and destructive side. The euphoric lift, the feeling of being confident and on top of things that comes from a few brief snorts, is often followed by a letdown; regular use can induce depression, edginess and weight loss. As usage increases, so does the danger of paranoia, hallucinations and a totally "strung out" physical collapse, not to mention a devastation of the nasal membrane (see box page 61). And usage does tend to increase. Says one initiate: "After one hit of cocaine I feel like a new man. The only problem is, the first thing the new man wants is another hit."

This pattern can lead to a psychological dependence whose effects are not all that different from addiction. Moreover, there is growing clinical evidence that when coke is taken in the most potent and dangerous forms—injecting in solution, or chemically converted and smoked in the process called freebasing—it may indeed become addictive.

Of all drugs in the U.S., cocaine is now the biggest producer of illicit income. Some 40 metric tons of it will be shipped into the country this year. As coke experts like to point out, if all the international dealers who supply the drug to the U.S. market—not even including the retailers—were to form a single corporation, it would probably rank seventh on the FORTUNE 500 list, between Ford Motor Co. (\$37 billion in revenue) and Gulf Oil Corp. (\$26.5 billion). Last year street sales of cocaine, by far the most expensive drug on the market, reached an estimated \$30 billion in the U.S. (Sales of marijuana, the runner-up and still the most widely used illicit drug, amounted to some \$24 billion.)

The most conservative researchers estimate that 10 million Americans now use coke with some regularity, and another 5 million have probably experimented with it. (Other estimates double that figure.) According to surveys by the National Institute on Drug Abuse, about 20% of young adults (18 to 25 years old) used cocaine in 1979, twice the number reported in NIDA's 1977 survey. Another study, by a team of Harvard Medical School researchers, has traced an "astounding" increase in cocaine use by college students. A 1979 report from the Drug Enforcement Administration has the ring of prophecy: "If present trends go

*Coca-Cola did in fact contain cocaine until 1906, when the company had to drop the drug from its secret formula.



Gold accessories for the coke elite



Raw coca leaf from the Bolivian Andes



Freebasing fixings for sale at Lady Snow's in Hollywood

Superficially beguiling, but also a dark and destructive side.

unchecked, a vast new youth market for the substance [cocaine] could be opened. High cost, rather than restricted availability, will remain the principal deterrent to regular use among less affluent persons."

And it is all-pervasive. Says Peter Bensinger, outgoing administrator of the DEA: "We see coke sales in suburbs, in recreational centers and in national parks. It is an unrecognized tornado." Nor does this overstate the case. A special investigative team of TIME correspondents found that in Vienna, Ga., or Venice, Calif., a gram of coke was about as hard to find as a six-pack of Bud. Whether in a suburban high school outside Los Angeles, on Wall Street or Madison Avenue or in the interstices of ostensibly "straight" Middle America, \$100 will rapidly summon up a gram of what goes for cocaine.

At a restaurant north of Boston, cooks celebrate the last day of their work week as Coke Day, sniffing the white stuff from their first order to their last, often joined by dishwashers, busboys and waitresses, who come by for an occasional hit. A more impatient group in Pasadena, Calif.—a cross section of professionals in their 20s and 30s—celebrates TGIW (Thank God It's Wednesday), gathering at the home of a local car dealer for a coke session at cocktail time.

Coke is found on the job as well as off. A busy Los Angeles lawyer says he uses "a lot" of it "because it helps drive me through a night's work, through a lot of grinding case preparation." Says a counselor at an upper-crust prep school in Massachusetts: "I'd say 10% to 15% of the kids here use cocaine with some regularity." A sun-bleached woman student at the University of Colorado's Boulder campus confesses: "I took all my finals coked out last semester, and I heard a lot of sniffing in the exam room."

A woman who worked as a maid at condominiums in Aspen, Colo., says, "The people used to leave a little cocaine on the table as a tip." Aspen, in fact, is known in faster circles as Toot City because it is so pervaded by coke. In another Colorado mountain resort, Telluride, six prominent citizens, including a former councilwoman, were charged last month with trafficking in cocaine. Says Mark Pautler, director of the police task force that made the arrests: "We have a strong feeling that a lot of people in Telluride knew what was going on but were looking the other way. Coke appears to have been a very acceptable form of recreation."

In a volatile "pass-along" market, almost anybody who buys coke can also be a dealer, "cutting" or adulterating his supply and then selling a por-

tion at a tidy profit. A number of young professional people add \$10,000 to \$20,000 to their annual incomes—tax free—by dealing coke. Steve, a young California lawyer who sold marijuana to put himself through law school, now has a small, discreet cocaine business. Says he: "I started selling some to close friends because I couldn't afford to buy it for my wife and myself. We found a way to beat inflation." In fact most traffickers like Steve are engaged in a game that resembles the chain letter or pyramid schemes.

In some circles coke is a barter item, readily accepted for dental work, as an accountant's fee or in exchange for a discount on a new car. "I have one friend who got stuck with staggering alimony payments," says Jim Groth, a Southern California newspaper editor. "He started dealing a little, and now he is paying off his wife in toot, and everybody is happy."

Many large-scale dealers have women who are known by them as "coke whores." Like rock groupies, they hang around in the expectation of a heart-thumping jolt. Says a juvenile court judge in California: "To the kids here, cocaine means as much in terms of social approval as a car did when we were kids. If a boy produces some coke on a date, it is just expected that the girl is going to put out."

The relative impunity with which people take coke is encouraged by the fact that judges are notoriously reluctant to hand down heavy penalties for possession. Unlike the stereotyped scruffy ghetto addict who turns to mugging or burglary to support his habit, the cocaine user may have a three-piece suit and a well-lined wallet, and probably does his sniffing in-



Sales clerk at Beverly Hills Headshop displaying user's paraphernalia
In an achievement-oriented society, a belief in a pill for every ill.

doors without becoming unruly or threatening anybody. Says a Cook County, Ill., lawman: "These people are not the dregs of society. They tend to be legitimate business people." The Fourth District Appellate Court in Illinois last March ruled that cocaine is not a narcotic and thus is misclassified in the state's criminal code. Further, the court found "no causal connection between the ingestion of cocaine and criminal behavior." The confusion in law enforcement is compounded by the fact that many coke deals are arranged by lawyers, and lawyers and judges are prominent in the social circles that use the drug.

And so the toot goes on. In some of the better Madison Avenue offices, admen offer clients coke instead of martinis. Says one New York advertising executive: "About 75% of all the bright young Turks in the advertising business use some regularly, some occasionally, but they all use it. Spill out a couple of grams of that white stuff on the table and everyone knows where you're coming from."

Such encomiums are in keeping with

the kind of raves that cocaine has enjoyed in the past. In 1885, Parke-Davis, a U.S. pharmaceutical company, promoted it as a wonder drug that would "supply the place of food, make the coward brave, the silent eloquent, and free the victims of alcohol and opium habit from their bondage." Sherlock Holmes, of course, injected a 7% solution to while away the days between cases. In his classic *Modern Times*, Charlie Chaplin snorted a white powder before taking on all challengers. Freud, who prescribed the drug for treatment of morphine addiction, stomach disorders and melancholia, wrote of getting from it "exhilaration, and lasting euphoria which in no way differed from the normal euphoria of the healthy person."

An enterprising 19th century Corsican named Angelo Mariani had the notion of blending the coca leaf with fine wine, which he marketed under the name of Vin Mariani. Mariani collected endorsements from Popes Leo XIII and Pius X, President McKinley and the Kings of Spain, Greece, and Norway and Sweden, as well as such literary luminaries as Jules Verne, Alexandre Dumas and Emile Zola. French Sculptor Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, designer of the Statue of Liberty, swore that if he had only savored Vin Mariani earlier, he would have built the old girl hundreds of meters higher.

Cocaine is the caviar of drugs, except that it is 70 times as costly as the finest beluga. While an eclectic consumer might feel that caviar and a bottle of Bollinger *brut* give a headier, cheaper and wholly licit lift to an evening, many American hedonists get more of a kick* through the nose.

Coke paraphernalia are openly displayed in "head shops" such as Washington's Pleasure Chest and Lady Snow's in Hollywood. Artifacts include gleaming jade cutting stones, gold razor blades to

Coke paraphernalia are openly displayed in "head shops" such as Washington's Pleasure Chest and Lady Snow's in Hollywood. Artifacts include gleaming jade cutting stones, gold razor blades to

*Cole Porter's song from *Anything Goes* (1934) had the line "I get no kick from cocaine." It was sometimes amended to "Some like the perfumes of Spain."



Customs officer weighing one packet of the 250 lbs. seized last month at Miami Airport



Inside a passenger's guitar, a stash of snow

chop the coke crystals and tiny brown bottles for sniffing (an antique gold Tiffany snuff bottle capable of holding two grams sold for \$28,000 in Beverly Hills last year to an Iranian). Items like silver and gold sniffing spoons are flaunted on chains around the users' necks. The process of spreading the coke on a table in "lines" for sniffing is as elaborate and careful as a Japanese tea ceremony—an affectation hilariously burlesqued in the 1977 film *Annie Hall* when Woody Allen sneezed at the wrong moment and blew away hundreds of dollars' worth of the precious powder.

In *Snowblind*, a 1976 study of cocaine dealing that has become something of a cult book, Robert Sabbag wrote: "Cocaine, like motorcycles, machine guns and White House politics, is, among many things, a virility substitute. Its mere possession imparts status—cocaine equals money, and money equals power. And, as if in mute imitation of its symbolism, cocaine's presence in the blood, like no other drug, accounts for a feeling of confidence that is rare in the behavioral sink of post-industrial America."

The pleasure is the problem.

A cocaine high is an intensely vivid, sensation-enhancing experience—though there is no evidence, as is often claimed, that it is aphrodisiacal. For many users, it goes beyond the Freudian euphoria. Says a Manhattan ballerina: "It makes you shiver in tune with the raw, volcanic energy of New York. It bleeds your sense till you see the city as an epileptic rainbow, trembling at the speed of light." Test programs at U.C.L.A. have shown that lab monkeys will forgo both food and sex in favor of an injection of a cocaine solution.

But even casual sniffing can lead to more potent and potentially damaging ways of using cocaine and other drugs. Many cokeheads take sedative pills like methaqualone, brand-named Quaaludes (tons of which are illegally imported from

Colombia) to calm down after their high and take the edge off their yearning for more coke. A few smoke marijuana for the same purpose, or mix their C with heroin in a process called "speedballing" or "boy-girl." This produces a tug-of-war in which the exhilaration of coke is undercut by the heroin. As one former user describes the sensation, "It's like taking an elevator at 100 m.p.h. to the top of the Empire State Building and then someone cuts the cable."

A few middle class users who dabble with heroin in conjunction with cocaine smoke it rather than inject it in their veins like the ghetto kid. This, they believe, prevents addiction. Not so. Heroin, however used, is a fiercely addictive drug, and treatment centers are receiving an influx of well-dressed, well-to-do men and women who have sorely underestimated it. In Manhattan alone, dozens of such people can be seen early each morning standing in line at the clinic of Greenwich House West, where they are administered methadone in an attempt to wean them from heroin.

But cocaine, all by itself, can be nightmare enough for many. "Of all the drugs I've ever done, the weirdest, because of its effects upon you, is cocaine," says a musician in Key West, Fla., who has also had experience with heroin and other drugs. "Cocaine is so subtle in the way it takes over your personality. I went through a year when I did more coke than most people will ever do in a lifetime. I went from weighing 188 lbs. to 150 lbs. The first time I did it, I was into heroin, so I cooked it up and shot it into a vein. A few minutes later my whole body was going cold. It felt like I was going to faint or was getting seasick. The whole world was going gray, everybody in the room getting real distant. I was going limp and lifeless, and the only thing I could think about

was to concentrate on my breathing."

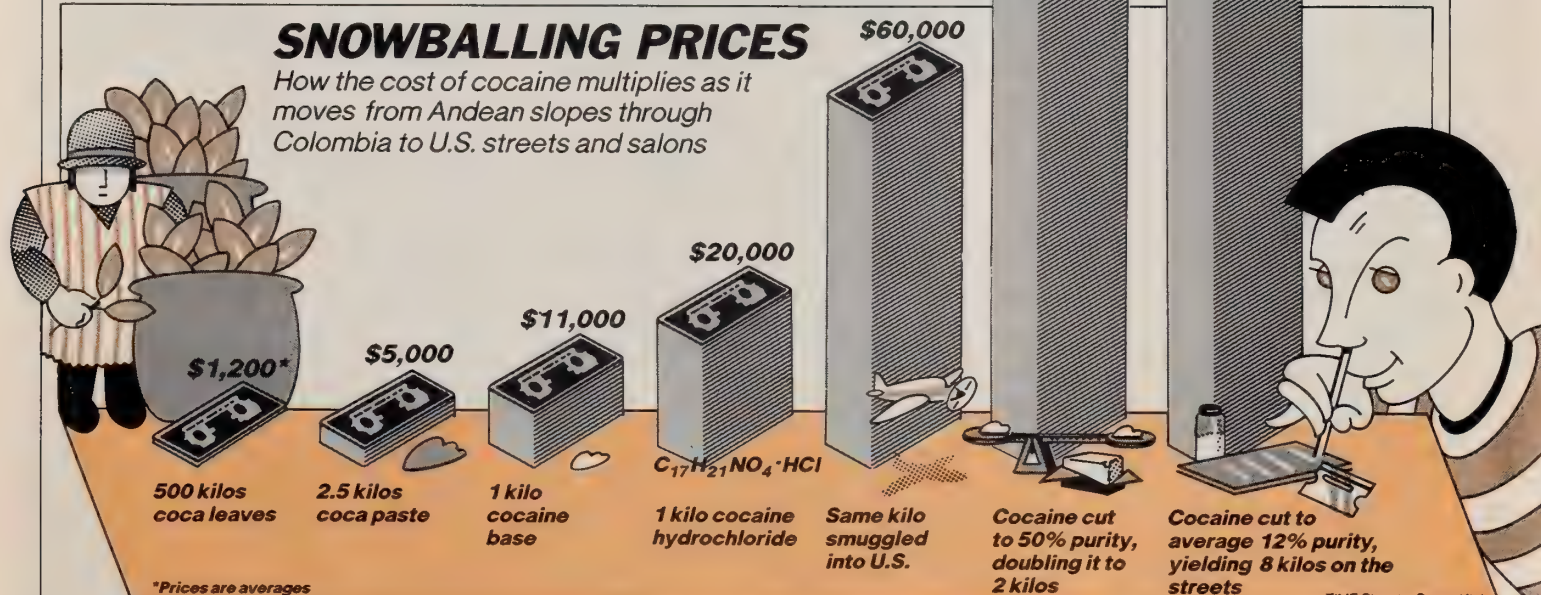
After that he switched to sniffing regularly. "I wasn't as aware of my personality changes as the people around me," he recalls. "Your life seems to be getting faster paced. After I'd done it for a while, I'd look at everybody funny. You get to where you don't trust the people you're around. You go to a pay phone in the middle of a city you've never been to before in your life and you think it's bugged—really and seriously."

Finally friends and his wife helped him to see how distorted his life had become. "Two or three sat down with me and said, 'Look, we just can't handle being around you any more, so would you mind just not coming by?'"

Since sniffing cocaine produces such a quick, short boost, more and more users have sought the deeper ecstatic "rush" that comes from "freebasing," smoking a chemically treated form of the powder. The large, concentrated doses used in freebasing require even more money than the straight powder, which is one reason why the practice has been more prevalent among highly paid celebrities such as Comedian Richard Pryor and former Dallas

SNOWBALLING PRICES

How the cost of cocaine multiplies as it moves from Andean slopes through Colombia to U.S. streets and salons



Cowboys Linebacker Thomas ("Hollywood") Henderson (see box page 62).

But anybody with a ready stash of cash can become ensnared in freebasing, as is shown by the experience of Mary (not her real name), 25, the owner of a dog kennel in Sonoma County, Calif. Mary was appalled when her brother, manager of an auto-parts store, sold his car, quit his job and began obsessively freebasing. Despite her concern, she tried it too and soon became just as hooked. Says she: "I sort of abandoned my life in every way." She and her brother had an inheritance from a wealthy grandmother, of which Mary's share was \$120,000. After a year of five- or six-day binges followed by several days of sleep and then more binges, Mary had run through most of the inheritance, lost 20 lbs. and, in her rundown condition, developed back pains and a spastic colon.

What persuaded her to seek drug treatment was an experience that could have killed her and her brother. Like many freebasers, they used sedatives to come down off a high. "You're wired up like a mad dog," says Mary, "and your body's been running at 150 miles an hour for days." One night, after freebasing in the rear of her van, they took some Quaaludes and passed out, leaving an unlit propane torch with its nozzle open—creating a risk that a stray spark might ignite the propane and blow up the van.

At least 90% of all the coca leaf in the world comes from moist, infertile mountain land in Peru and Bolivia, whose governments cherish the crop as one of their principal exports. Raw coca leaves are soaked in various chemicals and oil. The result is a muddy brown paste, which is purified into so-called coca base, a dirty white, almost odorless substance, which is usually shipped to laboratories in Colombia for refining.

The final product is not as much in demand in Europe as in the U.S. Explains an Italian drug expert: "On such things Europe is about five years behind." Nonetheless, in cosmopolitan cities from Munich to Milan, prostitutes have easy access to cocaine for their customers, and fashionable restaurants and nightclubs have a ready supply for the would-be snorter.

From the Andes to the American nose, the trade is almost entirely controlled by Colombians, who process the drug and smuggle it into the U.S., largely by boat and plane. Enterprising individuals have hidden cocaine in everything from hollowed-out candy bars and native "carvings" to wigs, souvenirs and even plastic sacks in their stomachs, which occasionally burst, causing death.

In Bogotá, the Colombian capital, a

kilo of 90% pure cocaine costs \$4,000; in New York City, it is worth \$60,000. It is then cut or "stepped on" with adulterants like lactose (a nutrient), to add weight and volume, amphetamines to give a cheaper high and procaine to simulate coke's numbing effect. Since the powder that reaches the street often contains no more than 12% pure cocaine, the original kilo, or "key," has now been fattened to some eight kilos and will bring \$500,000 or more.

Despite the dilution, so suggestive is coke's mystique, and so eager are people to believe in its efficacy, that buyers usually feel that they get high on it anyway. As a Manhattan coke connoisseur puts

ly explanation: laundered cash from drugs.

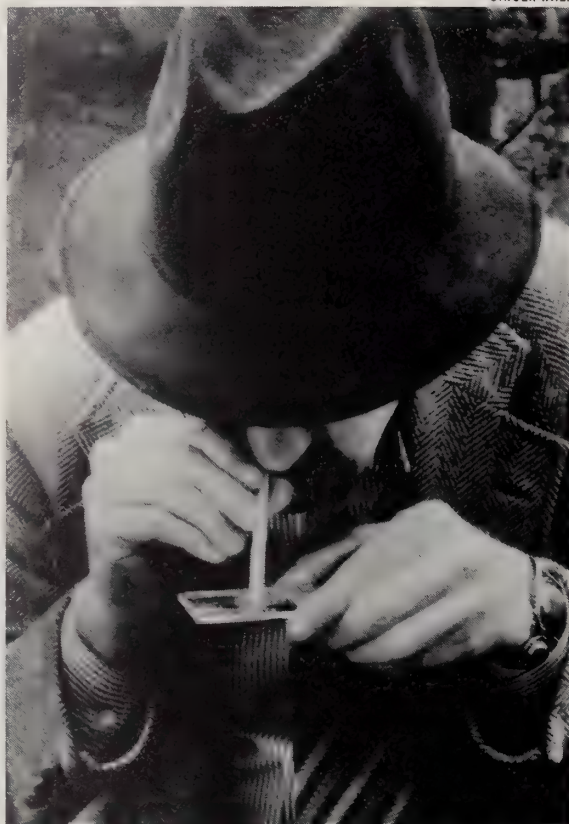
Allan Pringle, deputy regional director for the DEA, says of Miami: "The brokers are here, the financiers are here, the heads of the organizations are here." More than 80% of all cocaine seized worldwide is confiscated in Florida—yet by the most optimistic estimate, seizures of smuggled dope account for no more than 10% of the total traffic entering southern Florida. Arrests of cocaine smugglers and dealers pose a huge logistical problem: what to do with the confiscated cash. Says Pringle: "In some cases we've had so much cash on our hands that we've had difficulty transporting it for storage. We're talking literally about billions in small bills."

"We were being overwhelmed," says Peter Bensinger, whose recent firing by the Reagan Administration was precipitated by the DEA's poor showing. Says Miami Police Lieut. Robert Lamont, who heads the department's narcotics detail at the city's airport: "It's an epidemic right now. If you took all the drug money out of south Florida, the economy would totally collapse."

Thanks to drug-generated income, buyers in southern Florida frequently shell out cash for expensive yachts or condominiums. Seldom is a question asked or an eyelid batted in such cases. As Miami *Herald* Editor Jim Hampton observes, "What should a real estate dealer do when a man in his late 20s or 30s with no visible source of income plunks down \$250,000 cash for a house or condo? What should a banker do when a customer's account shows huge cash deposits, frequent wire transfers of funds to numbered accounts abroad, and other evidence that the banker knows is suspicious? None of these businessmen can be expected to turn away the customer. He'll simply find another seller who'll shrug and say, 'Well, there's nothing illegal about paying cash. And what am I anyway, a one-man morals squad?'"

With such huge profits at stake, the Colombian connection works with savage efficiency. Once landed in the U.S., the drug is distributed largely by grim professionals, many of them expatriated Cubans. The Colombians and Cubans are known as the "cocaine cowboys" for their willingness to kill in order to protect their racket. According to the DEA there were 135 confirmed drug-related murders in Florida's Dade County last year. Most were connected with the cocaine trade, say the authorities.

The "cowboy" brigades are as tightly organized as the military. Not only can they afford the best boats, planes, navigational equipment and weaponry that money can buy, but they have also hired experienced military talent to supervise their operations. The smugglers have their



A Manhattan freelance artist sniffs during his lunch break

Feeling stronger, smarter, faster, more able to cope.

it, "Anyone who puts out a hundred bucks for a gram figures it has to be good."

The cocaine trade may be the most lucrative form of commerce in the world. Periodic glimpses of its staggering scale are afforded by headlines such as those in Wilmington, N.C., early this month. DEA and U.S. Customs officials swooped in on a twin-engine Cessna that made an unscheduled nighttime landing, arresting the pilot and a passenger and seizing their cargo of 440 lbs. of cocaine. The estimated wholesale value of the shipment: \$16 million.

The drug's main port of entry is Miami. By no coincidence, the Miami branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta is the only branch bank in the U.S. Reserve system to show a cash surplus—\$4.75 billion worth in 1980. A like-

A Fire in the Brain

Drug laws in the U.S. classify cocaine as a narcotic, along with opium, heroin and morphine. Yet the last three are "downers," which quiet the body and dull the senses, while coke is a stimulant, or "upper," similar to amphetamines. It increases the heartbeat, raises blood pressure and body temperature, and curbs appetite. Like a shot of adrenalin, coke puts the body into an emergency state.

Exactly how coke does that is something of a medical puzzle. But like other stimulants, even caffeine, it apparently intensifies the action of body chemicals called neurotransmitters. Firing off one nerve cell after another like a string of firecrackers, these chemicals help send tiny electrical impulses coursing through the nervous system. (By contrast, narcotics tend to suppress these impulses.) As the signals multiply, they inundate the system's peripheral areas, which control such involuntary functions as the pulse and perspiration. They also flood at least three critical parts of the brain itself: the cerebral cortex, which governs higher mental activities like memory and reasoning; the hypothalamus (appetite, body temperature and sleep as well as such emotions as anger and fear); and the cerebellum (walking, balance and other motor activities).

The consequences are inevitable. "Like an overburdened telephone switchboard," explains Dr. Walter Riker Jr., chief of pharmacology at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, "the brain cannot handle all the messages. There is too much information flowing in, and the user becomes hyperaroused." With higher doses and chronic use, the alertness and exhilaration so prized by coke's connoisseurs quickly turn into darker effects, ranging from insomnia to full-fledged cocaine psychosis. Even a single overdose can cause severe headaches, nausea and convulsions—indeed, total respiratory and cardiovascular collapse. Says U.C.L.A. Psychopharmacologist Ronald Siegel: "Extreme cocaine dosages light a kind of fire in the brain."

Ignition can occur in various ways. "Snorting," or sniffing the white powder, ensures absorption of the drug into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes. But it also constricts the myriad little blood vessels in these membranes, reduces the blood supply and dries up the nose. With repeated coke use, ulcers form, cartilage is exposed and the nasal septum can be perforated, requiring repairs by plastic surgery. (Savvy users rinse their noses with water after sniffing to wash away the irritants.)

To avoid the impurities of street coke and obtain a greater jolt, more users are resorting to freebasing. After dissolving a substantial quantity of coke in an alkaline (basic) solution, they boil the brew until a whitish lump, or freebase, is left. The lump can be purified further by washing it in a strong solvent. Then it is smoked, often in a water pipe. That way a highly concentrated dose is absorbed into the blood even faster via the lungs than through the nasal membranes.

A few users inject a solution of it directly into the bloodstream. "Shooting" is especially perilous. Not only can the high initial dose send the body into a frenzy, but just a little more than a gram of pure coke can be fatal. There is also a great risk of deadly reactions from dirty syringes or contaminants in the coke. Dr. Charles Wetli, deputy chief medical examiner for Florida's drug-plagued Dade County, reports seeing cases where the needle was still in the dead victim's arm.

As lethal as shooting or freebasing may be, in proper hands cocaine can be medically useful. During the 19th century it was widely used as a local anesthetic because of its numbing properties. Since it constricts blood vessels and thus inhibits bleeding, it was particularly helpful during surgery on such sensitive, blood-rich parts of the body as the eye. It is still the anesthetic of choice for surgery on the nose, throat, larynx and trachea.

Unlike such downers as heroin or Quaaludes, cocaine is physically non-addictive, without strong withdrawal symptoms. Still, it can damage the liver, cause malnutrition and, especially among those with cardiac problems, increase the risk of heart attacks. Equally disturbing, says Siegel, "it is the most psychologically tenacious drug available." Coming down from a high may cause such deep gloom that the only remedy is more cocaine. Bigger doses often follow, and soon the urge may become a total obsession, with all its devastating consequences.



U.C.L.A.'s Siegel: the most "tenacious" drug

own intelligence, counterintelligence and reconnaissance units. Their logic is as blunt as their favorite Mac-10 submachine gun: any sizable bust by the feds must of necessity be the result of a tip-off. You find the squealer and eliminate him.

The drug trade has flooded the southern Florida criminal justice system with more offenders than it can handle. "Some officers are coming to the point of being totally frustrated with the court system," says Lieut. Lamont. "Even for large amounts of cocaine, we're seeing a revolving-door kind of system where there's no fine, no sentence, no slap on the wrist." Lamont and other honest policemen are aware that some fellow officers, not to mention high-standing community members, may be making big money from cocaine. The scenario of a defense attorney being paid off in cocaine and a judge being a dealer? Lamont nods. "The corruptibility factor is there. The money is there to be made."

Smuggling, murder, corruption, vast sums of money—all are deeply corrosive byproducts of the cocaine-ing of America. So too are the physical shocks, the attrition of nerves, of health, of whole years of potentially productive life. Part of the underground economy of cocaine must be calculated in vast negative numbers: labor undone, careers sidetracked, money diverted from worthy projects.

But what of the purely social impact, especially among those millions of good people who would never remotely think of themselves as criminals, even though they are regularly flouting the law and sending out signals to other segments of society that it is all right to do so? They would never consider themselves addicts either, even though they devoutly believe in getting high for a little extra edge, for relief, for fun. What does their persistent and growing use of coke say about them?

Americans inhabit a society in which they are conditioned from infancy to believe there is a pill for every ill: what one expert calls "jet-age pharmacology." By contrast, Winston Churchill is credited with the observation that "most of the world's work is done by people who do not feel very well." In the U.S. particularly, says Psychiatrist Mitchell Rosenthal, "people believe that you don't have to feel uncomfortable if you have the right doctor, the right drug connection, the right pusher. We have lost touch with the fundamental notion that people can operate not always feeling terribly well. Taking cocaine is not the answer. In the end it leaves you psychologically bankrupt."

Quite apart from the Dr. Feelgood syndrome, some observers point to the intense competitiveness of American life as a major motivation for drug use. Says English-born Author Christopher Isherwood (*Berlin Stories*), who lives in Santa Monica, Calif.: "Americans are awfully rattled about their jobs. Can they deliver properly, can they do it? Life is a nasty, rough game, always was. Some people can't face

it without some sort of backup." Rajendra Misra, Indian-born executive director of a community health center in East Cleveland, Ohio, maintains: "Right from childhood in this country there is pressure for accomplishment. Every time we do something, we are made aware of the fact that either we are achieving or we are failing. There's nothing in between."

Part of the allure of cocaine is the popular, but inaccurate, notion that it can make a male a keener achiever in bed. Says Lawrence Ross, director of a Marin

County treatment center: "There is a tremendous premium on sexual performance for men. It is the one thing that people think they have to be good at." In fact, after sustained use cocaine can cause sexual dysfunction and impotence.

More profoundly, some observers of the American scene see an existential vacuum, a widespread sense that life has lost much of its meaning. Argues Philosopher Sidney Hook: "We have abandoned our old-fashioned values. We have given up our old gods. People want things to come

easily, they no longer want to work hard, to suffer any pain, to feel any stress or anxiety." Since the turbulence of the 1960s, more and more Americans have come to feel that they have lost control over their lives. Finding Mom, God and apple pie less fulfilling, many have increasingly taken refuge in drugs, sex and disillusion.

"In a society that says drug taking is O.K.," suggests Rosenthal, "cocaine gives the user the illusion of being more in control. People feel stronger, smarter, faster, more able to cope with things. It's more

Some Close Encounters

In the latest remake of the movie *A Star Is Born*, a rock-'n'-roll manager has a cache of cocaine ready backstage at an outdoor concert. When Kris Kristofferson, playing the rock star, arrives, the manager gives him a "one and one"—a toot in each nostril—just before he leaps onstage. Fireworks!

In the public mind, glamour is the trademark of coke. The archetypal users are still rock stars, movie actors, pro athletes, jet-setters—people who might be assumed to rely on coke to meet the pressures of peak performance. It is true that some show-business figures have used cocaine to bolster their creative energies, and record producers have dispensed the drug to keep rockers recording all night. But many signs indicate that celebrities, like other people, use coke chiefly for recreation. Few dancers will snort coke before a performance; it throws off their precise mind-body coordination. Few football players toot before the big game; those who use drugs might seek the longer-lasting boost of amphetamines, or "speed." Instead, coke fuels the victory parties, fills the void when the applause is over, coaxes away inhibitions. The man in the moon sniffing coke from a spoon: under that tableau at New York City's Studio 54, trend-setters used to disco all night.



Keith Richard

Much about the use of cocaine by celebrities has been highly publicized, including the arrests. Among them: Linda Blair, cherub-faced star of *The Exorcist*; Louise Lasser, the ill-fated Mary Hartman; Symphony Conductor Michael Tilson Thomas,

who plea-bargained down to a disorderly-conduct charge; Rolling Stone Guitarist Keith Richard, whose hard living is legend; Comedian Flip Wilson, who was taken into custody only hours before a scheduled meeting with Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley. Not even the White House has been untouched. Dr. Peter Bourne, the Carter drug adviser who resigned after giving an aide a prescription for Quaaludes under a fictitious name, once stated that there was "occasional" use of cocaine among White House staffers (although a later charge that Carter's Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan had sniffed it on an outing to Studio 54 proved groundless).

Few celebrities actually go to jail for cocaine habits, but Football Players Randy Crowder and Donald Reese of the Miami Dolphins were not so lucky. Arrested in 1977 for trying to sell a pound of coke to undercover police, they were sent to the Dade County stockade for a year. Texas Rangers Pitcher Ferguson Jenkins made headlines with his arrest and conviction last year after Canadian customs officials found cocaine, marijuana and hashish in his suitcase. Although Jen-

kins' conviction was erased, he was suspended for two weeks by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Last February, Thomas ("Hollywood") Henderson, a former Dallas Cowboys linebacker, checked himself into a Scottsdale, Ariz., drug rehabilitation center. Says he: "Drugs became my downfall. I lost friends, family and career."

The National Basketball Association has sponsored a drug education program for seven years. The National Football League has retained professional drug counselors in the 28 N.F.L. cities. Houston Oilers Coach Ed Biles is starting a drug course for his players this fall, to be taught by doctors and the Houston vice squad. Says Biles: "We're trying to stay ahead of the game."

The white tornado seems to have hit Hollywood particularly hard. At this spring's Oscar ceremony, Johnny Carson remarked: "The biggest moneymaker in Hollywood last year was Colombia. Not the studio—the country." Reports abound of coked-up parties and drugged-out meetings. Earlier this year, *TV Guide* lent a degree of credence to such talk in a two-part series concluding that, among other things, cocaine was partly responsible for the low quality of television programming inflicted upon Americans. Though the articles were understandably short on names and specifics, the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control somewhat hastily set up hearings in Hollywood to probe drug abuse. Even some of the entertainment world's most outspoken opponents of drugs, such as Cathy Lee Crosby and Edward Asner, refused to testify, calling the hearings a witch hunt.

Says Grant Tinker, head of MTM Productions, who took full-page ads in the trade papers denouncing the *TV Guide* articles: "The blizzard is exaggerated. With the affluence around, I'd guess there's the same amount of use on Capitol Hill and Wall Street." That is not necessarily a comforting defense. Protests Jeff Wald, Helen Reddy's manager and husband, himself a former heavy cocaine user: "I've never seen coke used as a means of barter or a way of making a deal."

Nonetheless, cocaine may be taking its toll. Authoritative reports persist of recording sessions that have to be scrapped because of spaced-out musicians, and of movie shoots that are disrupted because



Louise Lasser



Hollywood Henderson

than the pleasure principle." What these people tend to overlook, points out Charles Schuster, director of the Drug Abuse Research Center at the University of Chicago, is the tremendous psychological risk: "One of cocaine's biggest dangers is that it diverts people from normal pursuits; it can entrap and redirect people's activities into an almost exclusive preoccupation with the drug."

On the other hand, that may be what attracts some to it. As Christopher Lasch wrote in his 1978 book *The Culture of Narcissism*: "To live for the moment is the prevailing passion—to live for yourself,

not for your predecessors or posterity. We are fast losing the sense of historical continuity, the sense of belonging to a succession of generations originating in the past and stretching into the future. It is the waning of the sense of historical time—in particular the erosion of any strong concern for posterity—that distinguishes the spiritual crisis of the '70s." This seems most distressingly true of the students and other young people among whom cocaine is spreading so rapidly—despite the fact that they are the ones who have the greatest need to believe in a future and to trust in a posterity.

There is little likelihood that the cocaine blizzard will soon abate. A drug habit born of a desire to escape the bad news in life is not likely to be discouraged by the bad news about the drug itself. And so middle class Americans continue to succumb to the powder's crystalline dazzle. Few are yet aware or willing to concede that at the very least, taking cocaine is dangerous to their psychological health. It may be no easy task to reconvince them that good times are made, not sniffed. —By Michael Demarest. Reported by Jonathan Beaty, Steven Holmes and Jeff Melvoin, with U.S. bureaus



Julia Phillips

celebrities who will talk with candor about a close encounter of the worst kind.

"The reason people who are in the entertainment business are so attracted to coke is that it picks you up," Phillips says. "It's a very erratic business. Say you're an actor and you're performing for twelve weeks and then you wait a half-year for work. I'm still not sure about why I became such a heavy user. I think I used coke as a manipulative instrument. Men traditionally have used coke for sexual favors. I dispensed it for creative favors. I mean, I did get two or three jobs done in a very short time."

During the 18-hour days of filming *Close Encounters*, Phillips became a dedicated coke user. "It didn't do much for personal relationships," she says, "and a lot of this business is personal relationships. I could stay up all night thinking up ideas, but I wasn't likely to present them in the nicest fashion possible. I mean tact goes out the window."

Phillips began the dangerous practice of freebasing in 1978. She fell into a pattern of staying awake for three days, then sleeping for 24 hours. Her weight dropped from 110 lbs. to 93.



Mackenzie Phillips

members of the cast or crew are under the influence. According to a member of the *Heaven's Gate* crew, thousands of dollars' worth of coke was being sent up to the Montana location from Hollywood regularly from July to November 1979.

Julia Phillips, 37, who won an Academy Award for *The Sting*, admits that she was using cocaine heavily while producing that otherworldly movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Hers is a terrifying odyssey from the front lines of the movie business to a retreat behind the white walls of her Benedict Canyon home. She is one of the few celebrities who will talk with candor about a close encounter of the worst kind.

"I looked like someone out of Dachau," she recalls. "I had terrible hallucinations, particularly when night fell. There was always a prowler outside my front door with evil in his heart and a gun in his hand. I thought I had bugs coming out of my skin."

Divorced in 1976 from Producer Michael Phillips, she has joint custody of their seven-year-old daughter. "My little girl used to follow me around the house with a deodorant can spraying behind me because she hated the smell from freebasing," she says. "I started locking doors behind me and finally one morning she

said, 'I know what you're doing. It's better if you leave the door unlocked.'"

Finally, worried about her own survival and her ability to care for her daughter, who was urging her to stop, Phillips turned to U.C.L.A. Psychopharmacologist Ron Siegel. "Ron showed me pictures of monkeys that had been fed freebase, battling away at unseen enemies. One of them had retreated from the whole chimp community up a palm tree. I looked at him at the end of the branch, holding on with an expression of such terror, and I saw myself in the face of the monkey."

Phillips estimates that she spent \$1 million on cocaine in ten years. Now working on film projects at MGM and a book based on her own drug experience, Phillips says: "Living on the edge is one thing, but when it becomes clear that you are about to fall off, it's another. I don't want to be caught in that cocaine maelstrom again."

Many other show-business people are finding cocaine less than glamorous. Says TV Writer-Producer Edward Zwick (*Family*): "There's a growing backlash in the industry about it. The way it exaggerates or exploits people's characterological weakness is quite evident." Actor Richard Pryor, who nearly died in a fiery explosion last June, denies that he was using cocaine at the time, although he admits that he had been freebasing for three days before the accident. He is now living on health foods in Hawaii. John Phillips, 45, former lead singer of the Mamas and the Papas (and no relation to Julia), was arrested at his house in Southampton, N.Y., last summer for conspiracy to distribute narcotics. Both he and his daughter, Actress Mackenzie Phillips, 21, checked in to a psychiatric hospital in New Jersey to cure their cocaine habits. Now they are working as counselors to help other addicts. Says John: "Getting arrested was the best thing that ever happened to me."



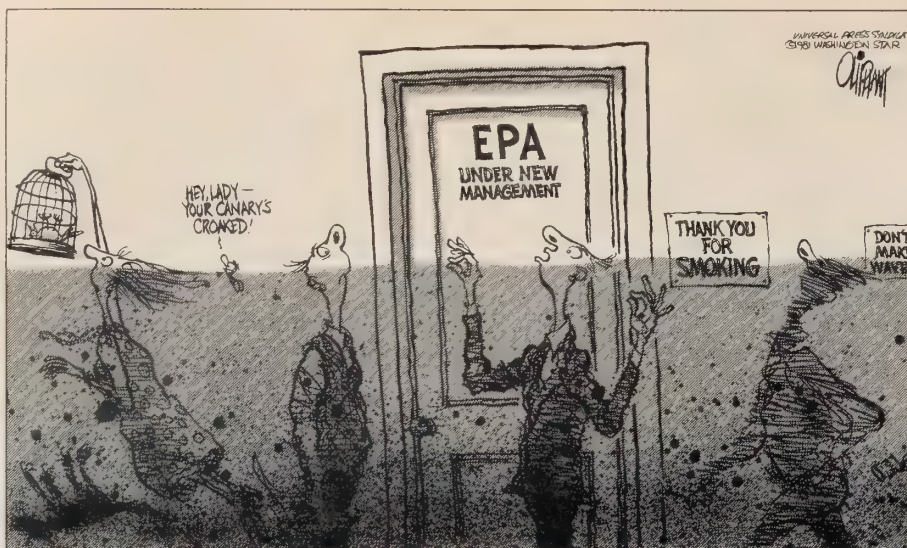
Richard Pryor

The latest antidrug crusade is by Robert Evans, producer of *Urban Cowboy* and *Popeye*: involved in a \$19,000 cocaine case last year, he agreed to create a series of musical mini-spectaculars for TV and radio, scheduled to debut this fall, in which such stars as Bob Hope, Muhammad Ali and Carol Burnett offer teen-agers an alternative to drugs—namely, self-respect. But the ultimate warning may be the drugs themselves. Says Jeff Wald: "My 18-year-old daughter is totally turned off drugs by seeing their prevalence. We may very well be entering an age of detoxification."

Perhaps. But a detoxified Julia Phillips still admits, "There isn't a day I don't think about starting again. If I were in a room where people were smoking freebase, I'd have to leave because it is still too great a temptation."

Reported by Robert L. Goldstein/Los Angeles

—By Ellie McGrath.



"Under the new standards for air purity, we will in future apply the Watt-Gorsuch test. If you can't feel any lumps in it, it's OK."

Environment

The Clash Brewing over Clean Air

Plans to ease antipollution laws create a miasma of complaint

During his campaign for the White House, Ronald Reagan described certain provisions of the Clean Air Act of 1970 as an albatross around the neck of U.S. industry and an impediment to economic growth. He cheerfully pledged to ease the regulation of private industry. Now the President seems about to keep that campaign promise—and set the stage for a full-scale environmental battle.

A set of the Administration's proposed amendments to the Clean Air Act has just been leaked by California Representative Henry Waxman. Among changes urged by the Government:

Less Enforcement. The proposals would reduce the Federal Government's role, giving individual states much greater freedom to decide not only how, but whether, to clean up polluted air. The law now requires the Environmental Protection Agency to intervene if states fail to come up with satisfactory plans for cleaning up their air; the proposed changes would make EPA action discretionary.

Lower Standards. The Administration's draft does not propose changing primary air quality standards, which protect health. But it would eliminate "secondary" standards designed to protect American agriculture from environmental damage. The draft amendments would also eliminate the requirement that new industrial polluters offset emissions by reducing pollution from other sources. Automobile emission standards would be dropped to below the levels already attained by some cars currently on the road.

Reduced Penalties. Polluters would no longer be required to use state-of-the-art technology to achieve the lowest possible emission rates. States would no longer face federal sanctions for failure to submit approvable antipollution programs to the EPA.

Business and industry, which had been pushing hard for major revisions of the Clean Air Act, are lining up in favor of the Administration's amendments. "Right in line with the things we asked for," said Mark Griffiths, the associate director for environmental matters of the National Association of Manufacturers.

But environmentalists are outraged. According to the National Clean Air Coalition, the amendments would "legalize air pollution rather than control it."

Congressmen, including some who said they would go along with some "fine tuning" of the Clean Air Act, are upset too. Waxman called the proposals "nothing less than a blueprint for the destruction of our clean air laws." The public is likely to agree; a Harris survey indicated that more than 80% of Americans oppose any weakening of the Clean Air Act.

Their opposition could prove effective. The premature release of the text of the Administration's proposals has given environmentalists a chance to marshal their forces for the fight. A preoccupation with budget politics could prevent the President from getting his own troops together. As a result a completed bill may not get through Congress this year. Until it does, the old law remains in effect. ■

Milestones

DIED. Alfred **Frankenstein**, 74, lively, irascible music and art critic for the San Francisco *Chronicle* for more than 30 years, who frequently championed local talent at the expense of internationally known performers and who, in 1939, published for the first time the sketches by Russian Artist Victor Hartmann, which inspired Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*; of a heart attack; in San Francisco.

DIED. Lola **Lane**, 75, one of the three Lane sisters (the others: Rosemary and Priscilla) who became leading ladies in Hollywood during the 1930s and '40s and who, while maintaining separate careers, appeared with another actress in *Four Daughters* (1938), *Four Wives* (1939) and *Four Mothers* (1941); in Santa Barbara.

DIED. Isadore ("Kid Cann") **Blumenfeld**, 80, colorful Minneapolis hoodlum and international Prohibition bootlegger whose career was marked by acquittals—for such crimes as kidnaping, murder and fraud—before he was convicted in 1960 on charges of white slavery and in 1961 of jury tampering and sentenced to seven years in prison; in New York City. Though he was Jewish, Blumenfeld donated 10% of his estimated \$10 million fortune to churches as well as synagogues. "I believe in playing all the angles," he explained. "I'm superstitious."

DIED. Harold **Linder**, 80, former Wall Street banker and Ambassador to Canada who served as the head of the U.S. Export-Import Bank from 1961 to '68, aggressively expanding the bank's operations to include the financing of American companies and banks and the underwriting of U.S. arms sales to foreign nations; in New York City.

DIED. Paul **Butler**, 89, Chicago industrialist and founder of Butler Aviation, one of the nation's largest general aviation companies; of injuries received when he was struck by a car near his home; in Oak Brook, Ill. Butler, an expert pilot, founded Butler Aviation in 1946 to provide fuel and service for private aircraft in airports across the country. An avid sportsman, he once maintained 3,000 acres in Oak Brook, comprising an airstrip, riding stables, a golf course and 13 polo fields.

DIED. Edward **Ball**, 93, for 46 years the shrewd, autocratic chief trustee of the \$2 billion Alfred I. du Pont Trust, one of the nation's largest financial empires; of complications from an abdominal aneurysm; in New Orleans. A school dropout at 13, Ball was working as a salesman on the West Coast when Alfred du Pont, having married Ball's sister in 1921, hired him to run a Du Pont-owned tomato-canning plant. After Du Pont's death in 1935, Ball took over the management of his estate, enlarging it to include the St. Joe Paper Co., two railroads and vast real estate holdings in Florida and Georgia.

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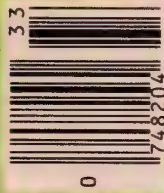


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REVIEW
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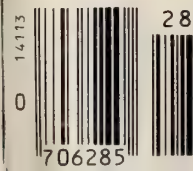
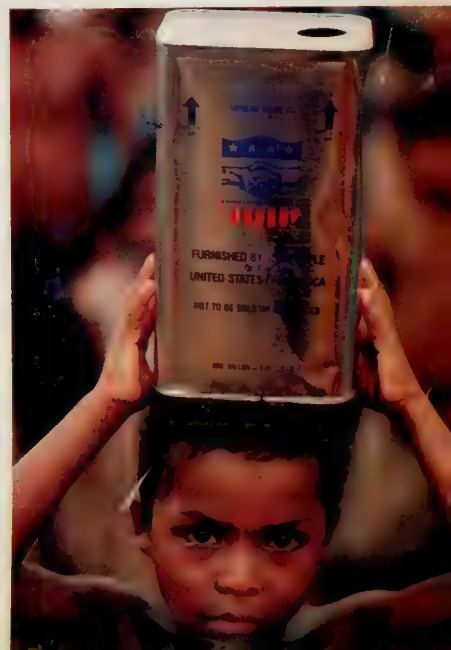
Newsweek

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What the World Thinks of America



**Loved, Hated
But Always
Imitated—
A New Poll
Shows How
America's
Image Is
Changing**



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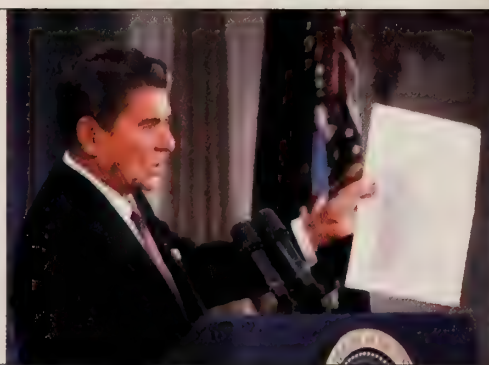


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Case of the Purloined Papers

The controversy over documents from Jimmy Carter's camp that were obtained by the Reagan staff during the 1980 presidential campaign heated up last week. White House staff members released a blizzard of Carter documents from their files, and the FBI began investigating just how the Reagan campaign got hold of the papers in the first place. *Page 20*



What the World Thinks of America

Loved, hated, misunderstood—and imitated—America remains the inescapable country. Its movies, pop music and especially TV have bypassed the traditional avenues of exchange between nations. A NEWSWEEK Poll shows that citizens of six countries, on three continents, believe U.S. influence abroad is on the rise. Another finding: foreigners perceive Americans as a good and productive people with an erratic or even dangerous government. *Page 44*



IBM Goes on the Offensive

Although it is less than two years old, IBM's Personal Computer has taken the market by storm. While independent firms race to devise new products for the PC, IBM's competitors are being outgunned. Yet small computers are only a part of IBM's drive to dominate markets in the information age. As the company applies its formidable research and marketing power to new technologies, AT&T and Japan Inc. face a serious challenge. *Page 56*



America's Olympic Hopefuls Gear Up for 1984

With this issue, NEWSWEEK introduces a new department, THE OLYMPICS, which will follow America's best athletes to the 1984 Summer and Winter games in Los Angeles and Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. This week's story reports on America's new-

found confidence in its ability to compete internationally. The optimism is based on a bumper crop of U.S. hopefuls, including Carl Lewis (right) and Mary Decker, and on a more realistic approach to the big business of amateur sports. *Page 74*



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LETTERS

Pope in Poland

Thank you for your excellent coverage of Pope John Paul II's recent visit to Poland (SPECIAL REPORT, June 27). The faith and courage he exemplifies are an inspiration for all of us to speak out in the cause of justice and peace.

Msgr. C. E. FINN
Church of the Madalene
Tulsa, Okla.

The pilgrimage of John Paul II to his homeland clearly demonstrates to the whole world the power of moral authority over the might of arms. Millions saw General Jaruzelski visibly shaking and trembling before this simple man in white, whose only "weapons" are the cross in his hand and the prayer on his lips.

GLORIA LIEU
Detroit, Mich.

Grading Teachers

The teaching profession involves the constant grading of students, but the American Federation of Teachers and the National Education Association would decline to have their teachers evaluated and paid according to merit (EDUCATION, June 27). Greater reward for better performance is

the foundation of a competitive system that encourages above-average work. The argument that good teachers may not be rewarded because "the principal doesn't like them" sounds similar to the student's lament over his latest D.

GENE NG
Boston, Mass.

OPEC in El Salvador

Your story on "How OPEC Helps the U.S. in El Salvador" (PERISCOPE, June 27) is a clear case of distortion, uncharacteristic of your magazine. The Puerto Castilla project in Honduras is cofinanced by the World Bank, the Venezuelan Investment Fund, the government of Honduras and the OPEC Fund for International Development. It is meant to provide port facilities for the export traffic expected from ongoing development schemes in the region, especially the Corfino sawmill, now nearing completion, which could not initiate operations without a functioning port. In no way is the OPEC fund involved in "helping the U.S." in El Salvador.

A. BENAMARA
IBRAHIM SHIHATA
OPEC Fund for
International Development
Vienna

Naysaying

Meg Greenfield's suggestion (June 27) that Ronald Reagan's presidency can be characterized by "The Ability to Say No" is ridiculous. Sure, Reagan has the backbone to say "no" to some people: the disabled, the poor, the powerless. But where was his "inner strength" when the Pentagon held out its tin cup? Did he stand up to big business when they asked for the chance to exploit some of this country's most precious natural resources? Reagan is quick to expound on the merits of a balanced budget but refuses to say no to tax cuts which have led us to the greatest deficit spending in this nation's history. And in response to Ms. Greenfield's assertion that the Democrats are incapable of saying no, I suggest that if she listened, she might hear them saying no to the buildup of nuclear arms, to runaway defense spending and to cuts in federal aid to education.

MICHAEL FILLER
Liverpool, N.Y.

The Most Chilling Crime

I read with complete disbelief your statement that "parricide is the most chilling of all crimes" (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, June 27). Is it, in your opinion, more chilling than the unutterable horror perpetrated on the helpless Jahnke children? Who wouldn't crack,



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smoother feeling.**

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Florida's Gulf Coast, where Hope operates, seems insufficiently congenial to McBain's urban sensibility.

McBain and Dick Francis admire one another's work, and it's easy to see why. What McBain does for cops and robbers, Francis does for the British world of turf and paddock. A former champion jockey who rode the queen mother's horse in the Grand National of 1956, Francis has turned out equine thrillers steadily and to considerable acclaim since 1962. In "Banker," he gives us a characteristically stoic hero, who as usual endures a fearful beating before getting to the bottom of the skullduggery in the stables. Tim Ekaterin, a London investment banker, takes a judicious gamble (or "banker," in racetrack slang) on a horse called Sandcastle; he arranges the loan needed to put this world-class stallion to stud. When Sandcastle's foals are born with monstrous defects, Ekaterin steps in to investigate. Add several murders, including that of the horse-breeder's daughter, and the chase is on.

Regrettably, "Banker" tries too hard to transcend its genre. Like some of John Le Carré's spy novels, it suffers from the literary equivalent of midriff bulge. Saddled with perfunctory banking scenes and an altogether expendable love interest, the book moves sluggishly out of the gate. To make matters worse, the soft-boiled Ekaterin emphasizes too much for anyone's good: "Adolescence, I thought, and not for the first time, could be hell." A strong stretch run doesn't quite save the day.

Principles: No such problems plague "Stick," Elmore Leonard's snappily paced crime novel. Much praised for his earlier thrillers "Cat Chaser" and "Split Images," Leonard parlays a command of the vernacular into dialogue that never rings false. His latest protagonist is Ernest Stickley Jr.—Stick, for short. The veteran of seven years in a state penitentiary, Stick has drifted to Miami, America's cocaine capital, where he is alternately bewildered and outraged by the habits of the nouveau leisure class. Having learned "how to jail"—you "live by your wits and a tight sphincter"—Stick is determined to go straight. But this morally principled ex-convict finds that the real world is "weirder than the movies" and that his survival instincts are equally applicable whether "inside or outside eighteen-foot walls with gun towers." The supporting cast in this admirably suspenseful, often funny book includes a number of memorable cartoon figures. There's the demented Vietnam vet hooked on "caps and tabs, red, white and blue"; the Jewish film producer who makes fashionably anti-Semitic jokes, and the stock-market whiz "sitting in the backseat of his limo in his tennis whites trying to sound like a hardass and coming off like Eddie Fisher doing Marlon Brando." In Elmore Leonard, aficionados of this lively genre have yet another reason to rejoice.

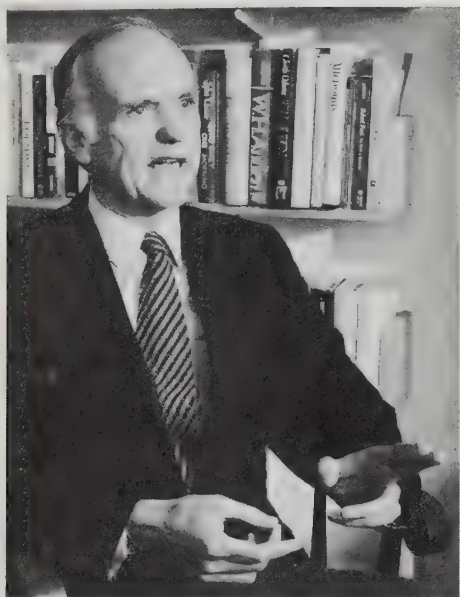
DAVID LEHMAN

Family Album

False Premises. By Winthrop Knowlton. 215 pages. Random House. \$12.95.

The story, in Winthrop Knowlton's beautifully written novel, is in a sense about the stories people make of their lives. Watching his daughter on a swing, the narrator, Peter Kempton, looks back over the enchanting, vaguely dubious stories his own mother wove and wonders: "Will my daughter feel the same way when she ponders this story, which by then will have become *hers*? Will she understand that as we uncover one mystery, another comes to take its place?"

Peter's mother, Sarah, used to tell him stories as they drove from their elegant home on Long Island's North Shore to visit her widowed mother in southwestern Massachusetts. It was 1939, Peter was 10 and Sarah softly talked, "as though she were bequeathing her past to me before I was old enough to have one of my own." On the night of March 16, 1886, before she was born, her father had gathered *everyone in*



Richard A. Chase

Knowlton: A publisher turned novelist

the county to watch the culmination of his experiments with electricity. He fussed and puttered, then took a deep breath and threw the switch: nothing happened. The crowd began to laugh. Then, Sarah tells Peter again and again on their long drives, "it came, the ghostly, flickering light. As he walked down the street, his son astride his shoulders, the light gathered strength and flung itself boldly from the storefronts and lay on the dark, damp streets like slabs of butter."

Sarah wanders dreamily through this magical past, idealizing and commemorating her father "in his white suit glowing like a filament in one of his slender bulbs." In the present, she mocks and quarrels with her husband, Henry Kempton, who works on Wall Street, and hates his

wealthy English boss, Peter Stimson. Stimson's property adjoins the Kemptons'—in fact, Stimson gave them the land—and Sarah scorns the neighboring gentry who gather at "Stim's" parties. The wives, in demure patterned dresses, look "as if they were covered all over with their husbands' neckties." One day, Sarah glances up from the Sunday Times and pronounces the whole lot "Neutrons . . . They're there . . . They have bulk. They're probably necessary, although no one can tell exactly why. But they have no *charge*."

Peter keeps trying to fix his own past in emblematic moments, to give it solidity, durability and shape: playing the game of pepper with his father, the ball sending "shock waves through my fingers and wrists and arms," left him "with a residuum of loathing." The day World War II lurched into his life, his mother was "placing zinnias in a cut-glass vase like someone throwing darts in slow-motion."

Bewildering Quarrels: Knowlton lifts this vividly specific story beyond the particular, as Peter looks back and asks: "What is it I long for when I recall those early years . . . ? Is it simply a hunger for certain sounds and sights and smells—whirring lawnmowers and poodles bounding through the orchard and the whole dazzling wisteria-drenched house standing there before me on a late spring day? Or is it a vaguer yearning for the whole of one's childhood . . . a precious but lost jewel, bright, full of magical restorative qualities if only one could grasp it? Alas, I have come to understand that what I miss most was not there at all; words never spoken, arms never thrown open, and the promise, never fulfilled, of an end to bitter and bewildering quarrels."

Peter goes on, to boarding school (where he makes friends with a botanizing Scottish boy and strikes out 12 men in 5 innings the first time he pitches for the school baseball team) and Harvard (where he does well at first, then embarks on a career of debauchery that ends in a disastrous car accident). He punishes his father and tries to rescue his mother—and learns, painfully, to see the truths and fictions and false premises of the past. Knowlton, who has been an investment banker and the president of a publishing house and is now the director of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, has created something fine and lasting in this first novel.

JEAN STROUSE

Day-Glo Decade

Flashbacks. By Timothy Leary. 397 pages. Tarcher. \$15.95.

Someone should write a group biography of the '60s. Such a book, a kind of tiedyed "Eminent Americans," would run the gamut from Bob Dylan and Martin Luther King to novelist Joseph Heller and émigré Hegelian Herbert Marcuse—and, of course, Timothy Leary, apostle of LSD, Pied Piper of the youth culture and (my



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BOOKS

favorite epithet) "the grand panjandrum of hallucination." In this picaresque autobiography, Leary writes his own version of that chapter. A beguiling mix of blarney, bunkum and broad good humor, it brings an era back to life.

At the dawn of the '60s Leary seemed poised for a staid and utterly conventional career in academia. Born in Springfield, Mass., in 1920, he was the son of a pious Roman Catholic mother and a hard-drinking, irresponsible Irish father. He grew up rowdy. After a string of youthful misadventures—he was expelled from high school, silenced at West Point and kicked out of the University of Alabama—he sowed his wild

rather sober experimentation at Harvard; the second led Leary to his immensely influential Tom Swift brand of pop transcendentalism: "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

What makes "Flashbacks" fascinating is the parade of famous figures that were drawn to Leary's magical mystery tours. For several years in the early '60s he ran—altogether legally—a star-studded psychedelic salon that included Aldous Huxley and Arthur Koestler, Allen Ginsberg and Robert Lowell, Charles Mingus and Cary Grant. He agreed to supply LSD to Mary Pinchot Meyer at a time when she was John F. Kennedy's secret White House playmate. He traveled to Morocco to introduce psychedelics to William Burroughs, a connoisseur of narcotics, who babbled in alarm at the

Leary then and now: The acid king

Peter Simon—Black Star



Rick Friedman—Black Star

experience: "I'm not feeling too well. I was struck by juxtaposition of purple fire mushroomed from the Pain Banks. Urgent Warning. There are many hostile territories in the cerebral hemispheres. I think I'll stay here in this shriveling envelope of larval flesh. I'm going to take some apomorphine."

Light Show: The pace quickens after Leary's expulsion from Harvard in 1963. In a ploy to reach the masses that was worthy of P. T. Barnum, Leary created a traveling sound-and-light show that touted LSD, "taking the astounded participants up the chakras of their bodies, twenty-four spiritual orgasms climaxing in the famous death-defying head chakra rebirth explosion"—which sounds pretty exciting, even if, like me, you haven't the faintest idea what "chakra" means. He consults Prof. Marshall McLuhan, the media sage, who solemnly advises him to plug his "product" and arouse "consumer interest," in part by keeping a blissed-out smile on his face. He coaxes John

oats and took a Ph.D. at Berkeley in 1950. A pioneer in the "interpersonal diagnosis of personality" with a special interest in behavior modification, he was, by 1960, a psychologist of sufficient distinction to win an appointment to Harvard University.

On vacation that summer in Cuernavaca, Mexico, Leary made the discovery that changed his life: at the behest of an anthropologist from the University of Mexico, he ate a sacred mushroom. "In four hours by the swimming pool in Cuernavaca I learned more about the mind, the brain, and its structures than I did in the preceding fifteen as a diligent psychologist." This epiphany, reinforced by his first use of LSD two years later, convinced him that the brain could be "reprogrammed" with the use of drugs and that "reality" itself was simply one program among many, a product of society that the creative individual was free to rewrite at will. The first idea led to three years of

Lennon into writing a song called "Come Together" for his 1970 California gubernatorial campaign, is jailed for possessing a trifling amount of marijuana, stages a daredevil escape from prison and, with the help of the Weathermen, ends up exiled in Algiers with Black Panther and screwball activist Eldridge Cleaver. Cleaver promptly put the fugitive honky under "house arrest." U.S. authorities eventually nabbed him in Kabul, Afghanistan.

Today, 13 years and some 40 jail cells later, Leary has found a comfortable career lecturing to curious college students. He's become a Buffalo Bill from the Age of Aquarius, a barnstorming spinner of yarns about the good old days on the wild frontiers of inner space. As much as any figure, he epitomizes the '60s and their naive and fertile anarchy—a spirit he makes surprisingly appealing in this Day-Glo memoir.

JIM MILLE



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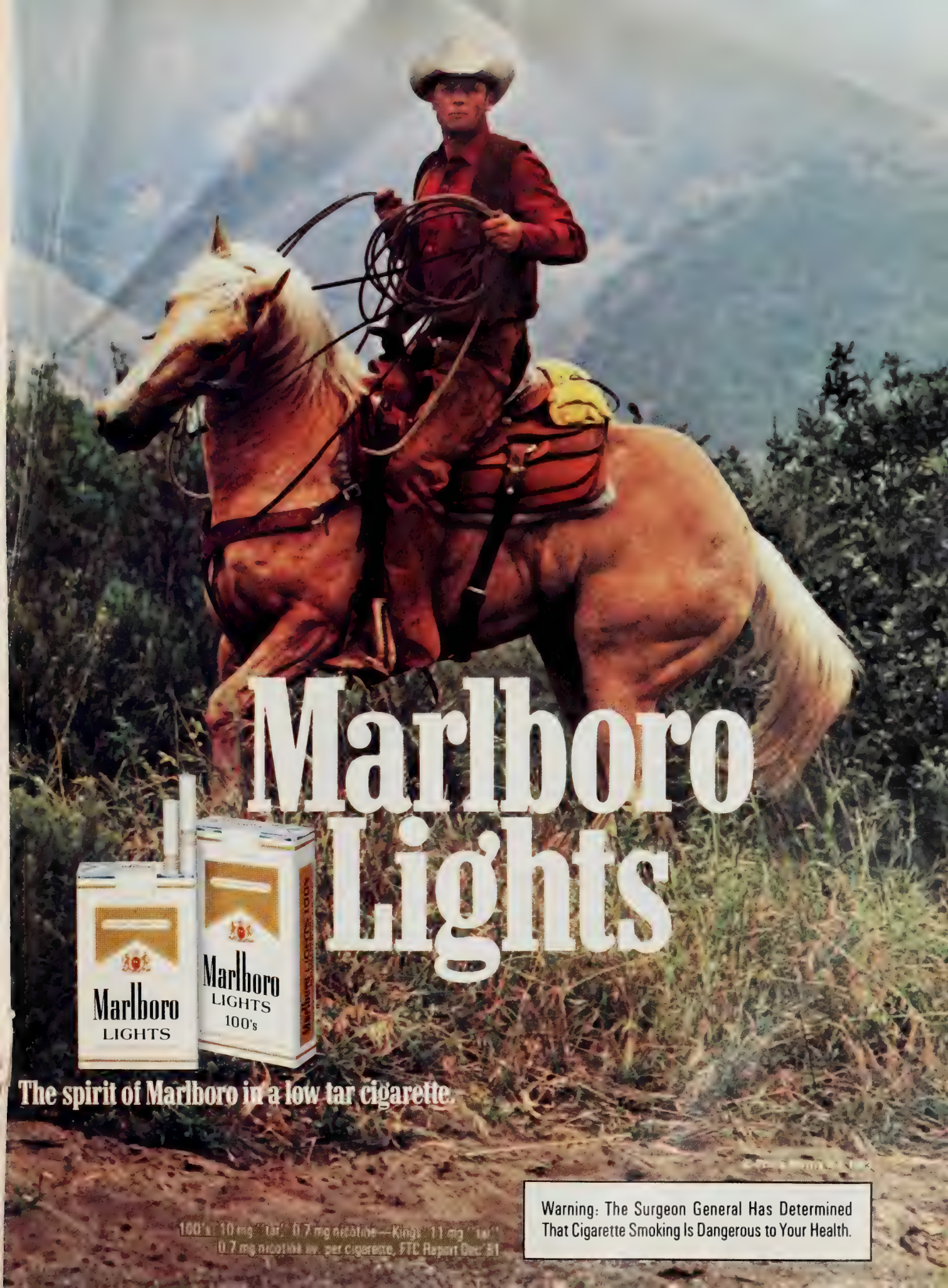
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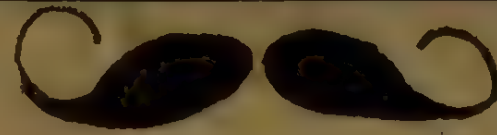


Jury: Everett
not the father

Page 24

Sex on TV:
it needs work

Page 25

Fingers 
Cy Young winner

Sports

Nevada State Journal

A Gannett newspaper Wednesday morning, Nov. 4, 1981 Reno — 25¢

Focus

THE NATURAL WAY — The instructor of a natural foods class shares her cooking suggestions in today's food section. She emphasizes alternatives to pre-packaged, chemically preserved foods. - Page 45.

Weather

FAIR WEATHER — While the Reno area's weather should be fair through Thursday, the High Sierra has a chance of snow flurries, the weatherman said Tuesday. Reno temperatures will be slightly cooler after Tuesday's readings of 69 and 25. Additional details, Page 2.

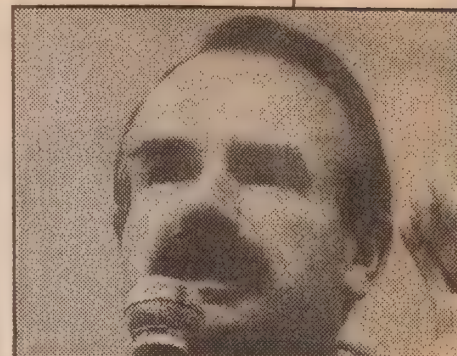
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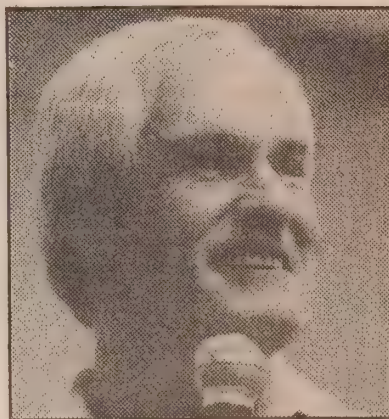
Humor prevails in debate

By KATHY HAQ
Journal staff writer

Winding up an hour and 45-minute debate before about 1,500 people, drug cult hero Timothy Leary Tuesday ac-



G. GORDON LIDDY



TIMOTHY LEARY

cused G. Gordon Liddy of being an open "covert dupe of the Soviet Union, leading Americans into emulation of the Soviet way of life."

Liddy — convicted of conspiracy, burglary, illegal wiretapping and refusing to testify before the Watergate grand jury — defended "the Responsibilities of the State" as Leary advocated "Individual Freedom."

Leary spent time in prison on a marijuana conviction.

What the Associated Students of the University of Nevada-Reno billed as "The Great Debate" seemed more like a loosely structured comedy skit, with

(Please see DEBATE, P. 5)

Elections

(Continued from Page 1)

can Thomas H. Kean with just 1 percent of the ballots still to be counted. Florio had called on voters to "send the nation a message" expressing their dissatisfaction with the administration.

The White House and the two national party organizations had large investments in money and prestige in the two races. But as the campaigns ended, the outcomes appeared as dependent on local issues as voter feelings about the Reagan presidency.

With 5,597 of New Jersey's 5,647 precincts reporting, unofficial totals gave Florio 1,116,800 votes and Kean 1,115,898 — a virtual 50-50 split. Kean had led most of the night, building a 12,000-vote margin before returns came in from Florio's home base in Camden and Gloucester counties.

It was New Jersey's tightest gubernatorial appeal to voters: "Don't let me down."

But Robb, lieutenant governor the past four years, won handily.

"It's ours," he told supporters at a victory rally in Richmond.

"Our cause will continue despite this sudden setback," Coleman said in his concession speech.

With 1,875 of the state's 1,909 precincts reporting, the unofficial vote was Robb 753,637 — 53.8 percent — and Coleman 648,226 — 46.2 percent.

Elsewhere, Mayor Edward Koch of New York, enjoying both the Democratic and Republican nominations, won a second four-year term. Republican Mayor George V. Voinovich coasted to re-election in Cleveland with 75 percent of the vote, Democrat Coleman Young won a third term as mayor of Detroit, and Democrat Donald Fraser eased to a second term in Minneapolis.

In Miami, Mayor Maurice Ferre, a native of Puerto Rico, was headed for a run-off next Tuesday against Cuban-born Manolo Reboso. Ferre is seeking a fifth two-year term.

Controller Kathy Whitmire appeared headed into a run-off against Sheriff Jack Heard in the race for mayor of Houston. Finishing out of the running was Mayor Jim McConn, who was seeking a third two-year term.

Mayor Erastus Corning II, the 72-year-old mayor of Albany, N.Y., since 1941, was easily re-elected to an 11th term.

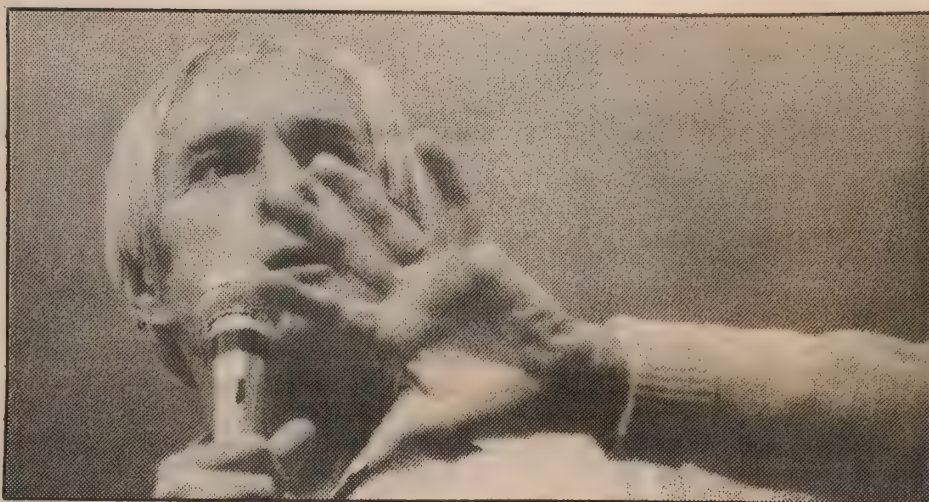
In Phoenix, Incumbent Mayor Margaret Hance was elected overwhelmingly to an unprecedented fourth term as chief executive of the nation's ninth largest city.

Final results for the non-partisan election showed the Republican mayor, who faced only token opposition, with 56,315 votes, or 70.6 percent of those cast.

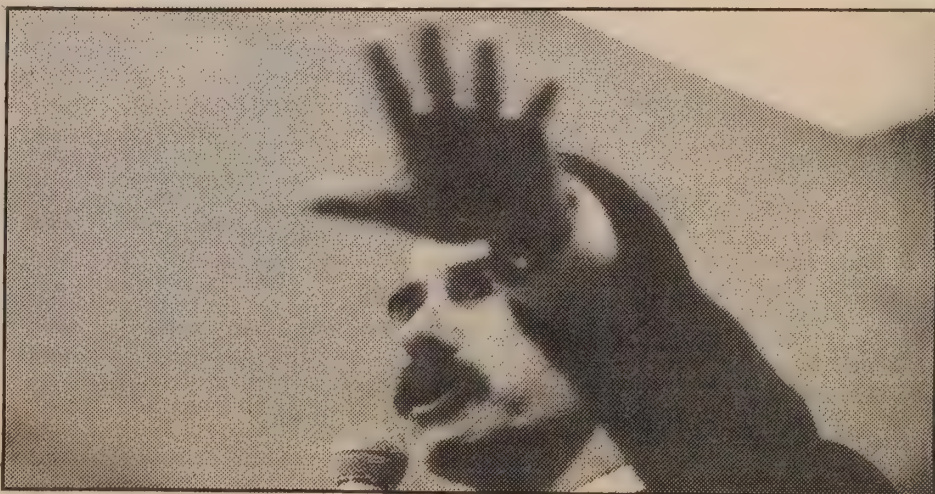
Turnout was light, with only 29.8 percent of 266,941 registered voters casting ballots.

Kentucky voters rejected a proposed constitutional amendment, strongly pushed by Gov. John Y. Brown Jr., that would have permitted state officials to run for re-election. The 47-year-old Democratic governor and former owner of Kentucky Fried Chicken was regarded as hopeful he could use a second term as a base for a possible presidential campaign in 1984.

Another Democratic governor with national political ambitions, Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia, also suffered a defeat when voters rejected his proposal for a \$750 million highway construction bond issue which would have doubled the state debt.



TIMOTHY LEARY



G. GORDON LIDDY

Journal photos by Bob Dawson

Debate

(Continued from Page 1)

more than one audience member saying it lacked cohesiveness.

Even a university political cartoonist expressed his skepticism of the so-called debate in a cartoon showing a guru-clad Liddy saying, "I'm a little Leary of the credibility of all these traveling debates." The cartoon appeared in the Nov. 3 issue of the Sagebrush, published twice weekly by the ASUN.

Nevertheless, Leary's Irish humor, coupled with Liddy's quick wit made for an entertaining evening.

The program was supposed to begin with 15-minute introductions by Liddy and Leary, followed by 10 minutes of rebuttal by each man and then five minutes each of rebuttal. The speakers' anecdotes and humorous pokes at one another added 45 minutes to the first half of the program.

Liddy, a former deputy district attorney, looked the part in a dark three-piece suit and tie. Leary paced back

and forth across the stage casually dressed in tan slacks and a pink sweater.

His wife, Barbara, and son, Zachary, were in the audience along with Liddy's wife, Frances.

The crowds' first laughs were directed at Liddy as he helped the moderator repair a faltering public address system at the Centennial Coliseum.

"I don't know why, but every time I get involved with microphones, I have trouble," he said.

Leary called Liddy's bluff as the two argued about their first encounter. "I'm the one who is supposed to be hallucinating," quipped Leary.

In his autobiography, "Will," Liddy said that during a raid on Leary's New York mansion that the so-called "high priest" was found standing on top of a flight of stairs without his pants.

Leary maintains he was in bed with his former wife, when he heard a crash and "in came James Bond or Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau."

The meandering debate touched on religion, politics, drugs, sex and social Darwinism before the two ex-convicts engaged in a question and answer period with the audience.

Opinion

Nevada State Journal

111th Year — No. 346

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4—Wednesday, November 4, 1981

Editorials

Leary and Liddy: just a couple of patriots

It's refreshing to know some folks still believe in standing up for our basic philosophical rights.

It happened right here in Reno Tuesday night.

There was that stalwart champion of Individual Rights, Timothy Leary.

With him was G. Gordon Liddy defending the Responsibility of the State.

"He's Hamilton. I'm Jefferson," said Leary.

Why of course. How could we have thought otherwise?

Take Leary.

The so-called "High Priest" of the 1960s drug culture was merely arguing basic philosophical issues when he urged an entire generation to "tune in, turn on and drop out."

It may not be what Jefferson had in mind when he espoused individual rights. But then he was probably just born ahead of his time.

Too bad. Just imagine what a great Constitution we'd have had if our forefathers had had a few icy, LSD-laced strawberries to get through the hot Philadelphia summer.

"We the people of the United States in order to...

Well, never mind.

Then there's G. Gordon Liddy.

He spent more than four years in prison for his role in breaking into the National Democratic Headquarters.

Why all the fuss?

One man's break-in is another man's philosophical mission.

After all, Liddy was merely following Hamilton's philosophy that the government should assume all policies not expressly denied it.

The Constitution doesn't say a word about not breaking into the Watergate.

What you thought all along was a burglary and a conspiracy to cover it up was just Liddy, Nixon and a few other Hamiltonians exercising the responsibility of the state.

Why, you can bet Jefferson — with all his talk about individual rights — broke into Hamilton's office now and then. Everybody did it.

The liberal Jeffersonian press just covered it up.

Cost of a trip to nowhere

Sunday Independent 18/12/83

By DAVID ORR

Flashbacks by Timothy Leary. Heinemann, £9.95 sterling.

BY THE time I got to see the film of Woodstock pop festival it was mid-1970 and punks were becoming a more common sight in Dublin than anything resembling a long-haired hippy. In fact, my only memory of association with the flower-power generation is sitting out in the back garden sometime during the 60s listening to that song "Are You Going to San Francisco" on a portable radio. I knew nothing of LSD, the student protest movement or Bob Dylan but somehow those lyrics about beautiful people with flowers in their hair struck a sympathetic note.

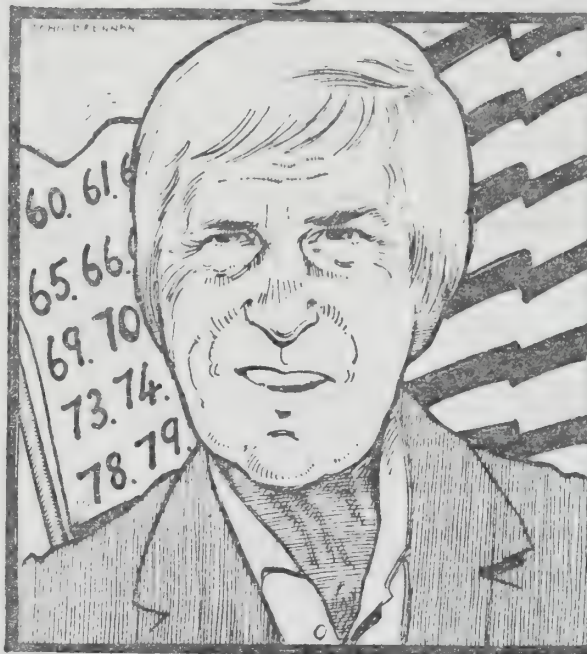
So it is a strange experience, a decade and a half later, to read a chronicle of those years of heady, psychedelic romanticism which, with me at least, were over before they had begun. Besides being an autobiography, Timothy Leary's "Flashbacks" is an exercise in documenting the whole ethos and atmosphere of the 1960s, not to mention his own trials and tribulations during the decade which followed. Written by a man who not only occupied a central position in the whole anti-establishment scene of the time but who, to a large extent, defined its parameters, this book demands immediate attention from those interested in the mechanics of alternative living.

As its title indicates, "Flashbacks" is essentially concerned with the use and

application of such mind-altering drugs as LSD, peyote and marijuana. Living in an age when the word drug is synonymous with death, destruction and decay, it is difficult to appreciate that a significant core of American scientists and academics once believed psychedelics to hold the key to human advancement. These substances would not only change the way people thought, they would change the world.

While the name of Tim Leary may not be familiar to everyone, his maxim, "Turn on, Tune in and Drop Out" will undoubtedly ring a bell. Born into a respectable New England family of Irish descent, he eventually came to be an eminent member of the Harvard Psychology Department and the world's premier expert on altered states. But like his earlier stint at West Point military academy, from which he was sent down, his professorship at Harvard was to be short-lived; university and government opposition to his experimentation with psychedelics conspired to make him the first person since Ralph Waldo Emerson to be ejected from the hallowed institution.

At this stage he was in his forties and for the next twenty years he blazed a trail of dissent across three continents which included many long spells of imprisonment for possession of marijuana. Though his crime was not in itself serious, the American authorities wanted to make an example of him. Follow-



TIMOTHY LEARY ... getting high in the 1960's

ing his escape from a federal penitentiary with the help of the infamous left-wing Weathermen group, Leary spent years of exile in Europe before being extradited back to the United States where more jail terms awaited him.

Leary's basic thesis as elaborated in the early 60's was that a whole new social order could be created if the public consciousness were reimplanted with new psychological data. The instruments of change he chose were psychedelic drugs which, at the time, were legal in the U.S. At one point he conducted sessions with hardened criminals in prison but later, as establishment opposition mounted, he moved his ex-

periments to Mexico where he founded a colony of like-minded idealists.

With his philosophy of altered states, his passion for Eastern mysticism and his stand against all forms of authoritarian discipline, Leary became the figurehead for a whole new subculture; he made extensive lecture tours, wrote numerous drug "bibles" and appeared at all sorts of "happenings", from rock concerts to love-ins. Though too much of an individualist to become a guru, he nevertheless became a symbol of revolt to many young people.

In many respects, "Flashbacks" reads like a Who's Who of the artistic and intellectual vanguard: Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac,

Andy Warhol, John Lennon and William Burroughs to list but a few of the people Leary courted and "turned on." Sometimes the litany of famous names makes one feel that he is too desperate for respect and acceptance, as does his insistence on heading each chapter with a mini-autobiography; Dante, Socrates, Joyce, they are all there. In fact, he was so obsessed with Joyce that he even adopted his name before going into temporary hiding in New Mexico.

It cannot be denied that Leary is a highly original and daring thinker — and like all innovators he has had his fair share of brushes with the system. But while his philosophy of intelligence increases, mind expansion and reality programming is not an evil one; it is littered with pitfalls which he is not always ready to accept. For a start, though psychedelic drugs are not addictive, they hands. As a scientist, Leary knew how to use them but for many of that generation they provide no more than an escape route from the realities of everyday living.

That history should have proved wrong his optimistic belief in the future of mind-altering drugs does not, however, detract from his commitment to producing a more balanced and peace-loving society. What emerges from "Flashbacks" is a very firm conviction that personal fulfilment and social evolution can be engineered by other means than those which we normally consider. With so much resignation about the build-up of nuclear arms and rising unemployment, such a conviction cannot be dismissed lightly.

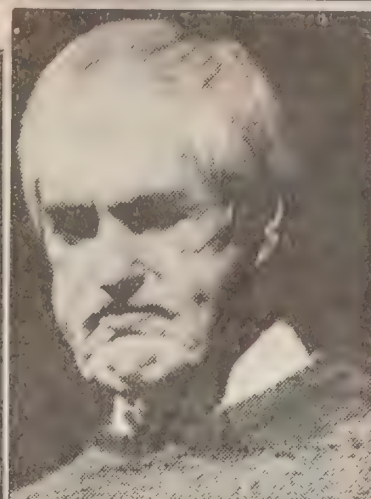
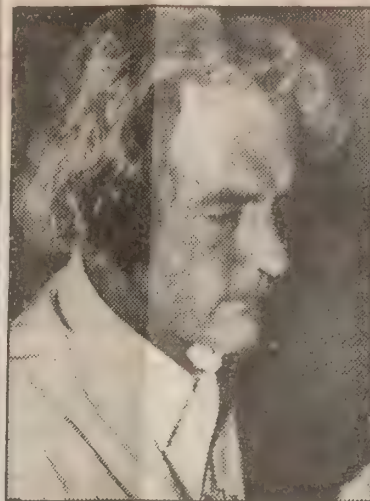
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D.H. LAWRENCE

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Michelle Frankfurter / THE POST-STANDARD



Michelle Frankfurter / THE POST-STANDARD

Timothy Leary, above right, during his presentation at Syracuse University Monday, in contrast to his appearance in 1967, above left, when he was arrested on a fraudulent check charge. Below, he and G. Gordon Liddy share the stage in 1983.



Timothy Leary: Be User Friendly

By PATRICIA DI LALLA

Dr. Timothy Leary has mechanized his odyssey of the mind. He no longer looks to drugs to "expand consciousness and get people high," but to personal home computers.

Leary, the 1960s symbol of the hippie drug culture, spoke at Syracuse University Monday to an enthusiastic audience receptive to his challenge that students "turn on, tune in and take charge."

In a press conference preceeding his speech, Leary said he was "urging individuals to expand their consciousness and increase their intelligence" with home computers, not drugs. "The advantage," he said, "is that personal computers are legal."

Leary's interest in computer software stems from his belief that a "knowledge information processor in the hands of an

individual is one way to defeat Big Brother."

The post-war generation, Leary said, is in the perfect position to take advantage of a revolution in American history.

"People born after 1946 are a different breed," Leary said. "Young people are aware of the fact you can't depend on the government, political parties or religion to solve problems. You have to think for yourself."

"Computers are the main train of mentality of the government," he said.

"Personal computers will give power to the people," Leary said, which will enable the baby boom generation to take charge politically.

Leary said the election results in New Hampshire show the power the younger generation can wield. "No one counted on

the fact that baby boom kids are turning out to vote, and they will vote for young candidates."

The social implications of home computers, Leary said, are just now becoming clear. "American education, psychology and communications will be revolutionized."

When he encouraged this generation to "take charge," Leary merely updated his old maxim "turn on, tune in and drop out."

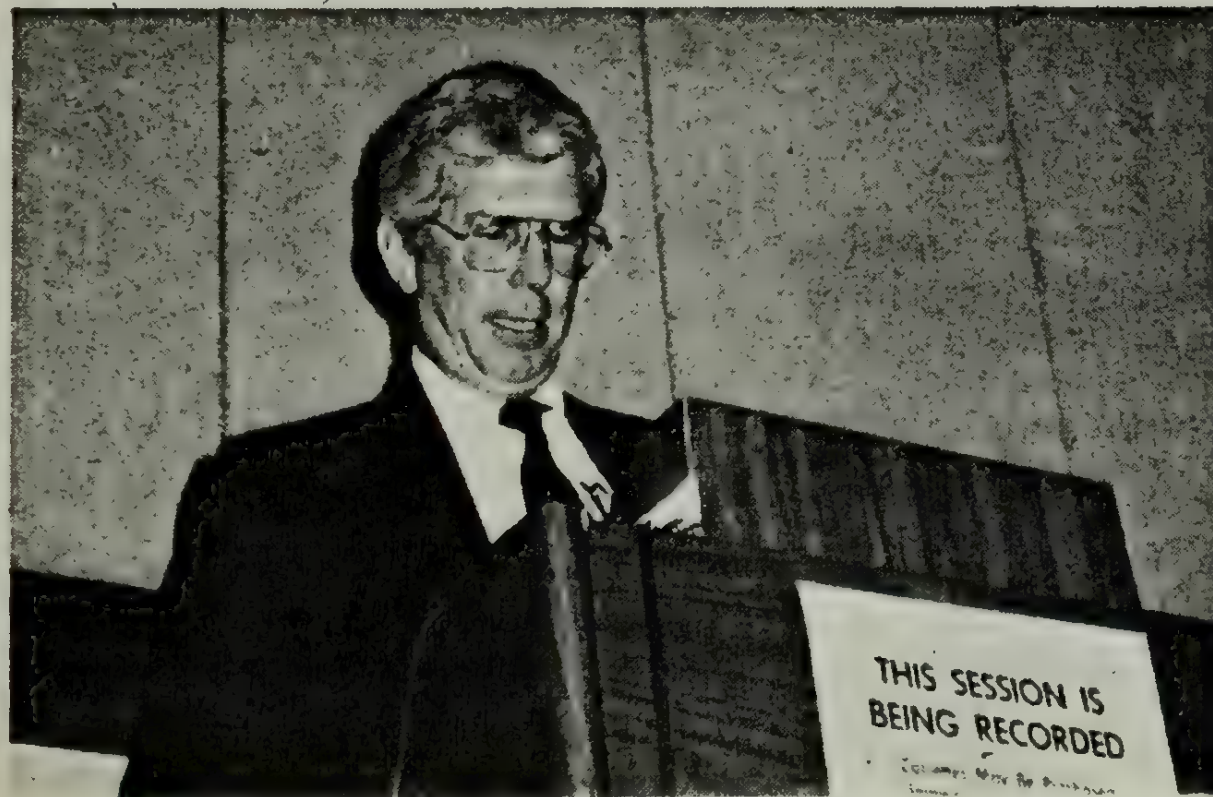
"Drop out," Leary said, meant "be your own person, evolve, change." Personal computers, he said, will help individuals do just that.

At the press conference, Leary said an intelligent use of drugs is another way to pursue personal growth. "I do not advocate abuse of drugs. But intelligent people have always used any help they can get."

InfoWorld

The Newsweekly for Microcomputer Users

IBM PC Faire was a study in contrasts



By John Markoff, IW Staff

SAN FRANCISCO, CA—Was it a case of the man in the gray flannel suit colliding head on with a phalanx of computer nerds?

The First Annual IBM PC Faire, which filled San Francisco's cavernous Brooks Hall, as well as its Civic Center, from August 26 to 28, ended up being more like a mature and sedate brother of the wild and wooly West Coast Computer Faire.

The stage was set earlier this year when computer giant IBM decided to lend its blessings to Jim Warren, the foremost impresario of grass-roots computer exhibitions. The results were—well—predictable.

For one thing, Warren, who recently sold the Computer Faires to book pub-

("Don") Estridge, vice-president of the Systems Products Division of IBM, admitting during the plenary session that Big Blue still hasn't figured out what personal computers can be used for in the home.

And, on the other hand, there was Dr. Timothy Leary, former high priest of the Acid Generation, tuning in and

See PC Faire, page 6

*VisiCorp introduces
strrrrrreeetched
version of VisiCalc*

By Paul Freiburger, IW Staff

VisiCorp has stretched the utility of its stalwart spreadsheet program into

This Week

Leary: computer as partner in symbiotic relationship

By David Needle, IW Staff

SAN FRANCISCO, CA—Dr. Timothy Leary, the man who encouraged the 60s generation to "turn on, tune in, drop out," was at the IBM PC Faire here with a new message for the masses of Personal Computer enthusiasts: "Turn on, tune in, link up!"

Leary told *InfoWorld* the PC Faire was the first computer show he's attended. The former Harvard professor said he'd been using an Apple II computer to do word processing—he composed his most recent book, *Flashbacks*, on it—and to play games. He plans to get an IBM PC soon.

Leary was attending the Faire at the

behest of XOR (pronounced *exor*) Corporation, a software company based in Minnetonka, Minnesota, that introduced its first series of games and application software for the PC at the Faire.

Although Leary indicated he may do some software development or consulting work for XOR, neither party has made any commitments as of this writing.

"I'm interested in the concept of video games that increase our intelligence as we play them," enthused Leary. "If we can program our self and personality into software that is both highly intelligent and funny, then the

computer can, in turn, teach us," Leary told *InfoWorld*.

"People think of computers as being impersonal; I don't think that at all," continued Leary. "There are all kinds of special-interest groups using computers and 'friendship nets' forming because of computers.

"Just as Gutenberg inventing the printing press brought us the idea of the 'personal Bible' that was accessible to anyone, so have [Steve] Jobs and [Steve] Wozniak [cofounders of Apple] brought us the concept of the personal computer. But I'd like to get beyond this idea that people are 'users' and talk more in terms of the com-

puter as a partner in a symbiotic relationship."

XOR Corporation was founded in July 1982 to design and develop application and utility programs for the PC and PC-compatibles.

Among the firm's six products scheduled for release later this fall is an "action list" data-base manager called Thoth (\$99.95), which features three interactive data bases: a notepad for free text entry, with up to 12 links to other records for each record; a personnel data base; and a time manager that tracks dates and activity priorities.

Choice of data bases

You can call up information from any one of the three data bases while you're operating within another. You create files in various windows displayed on the screen.

XOR also plans to bring out an adventure game called Agent 2.0 for \$49.95. It also functions as a tutorial for learning DOS 2.0, the IBM PC's stan-

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InfoWorld

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• CITATION's text editor is built-in, so you don't have to use a separate program

you will appreciate these advanced features which make CITATION a true productivity tool

Social Reconstruction's board of editors are lots of people who live on the Eastern Airlines shuttles from Boston to New York to Washington, but not one information-transmitter with a sunny-funny Western Airlines accent.

We sense the soviet, coercive, belligerent state-moralism thundering from every paragraph of Doug Ireland's *pronunciamento*. Listen to this Calvinist-Maoist quote: "addressing himself to his 'fellow knowledge workers' [!] Raskin notes that 'even those of us who seek humane ends are personally torn apart because we are doing something wrong. We are often unaware of the matrix in which research fits. There is no nook or cranny of inquiry, even artistic work, which is exempt from this crisis. The political and moral code and the music which reflects it must fit the contemporary situation. Music as a political and moral instrument must fit the situation...'"

Please listen, Mr. Raskin: There's a whole new culture out here, *L.A. Weekly* readers of Michael Ventura and Big Boy Medlin and Laurel Delp who are not "workers" in the pink-hand paper-factory tradition and are not torn apart and are not "doing something wrong" and are all too aware of the "matrix" that you Institute guys have been imposing on us for 2,000 years. And we don't accept East Coast office workers who tell us that we "must" do anything, most of all use our music as a "political and moral instrument."

Don't underestimate us. The truth is that we Westerners have been so busy fabricating a new, free, hopeful, self-

confident blue-sky-free-way culture that we haven't bothered to rebut East Coast complaints about human nature, i.e., about us. We read you, but you don't read us. We've grown up through your old culture and we respect it and we know exactly where we're going beyond it.

Take our ignored Western literature for example: Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, Nathanael West, James N. Cain, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck, Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, Joan Didion, Thomas Pynchon, Thomas Robbins, Gary Snyder, Gregory Bateson, Ken Kesey, Gold, Bukowski, Marcuse, Anais Nin, Ray Bradbury, Henry Miller, Alan Watts, Howard Fast. Recently Carl Sagan, Ariel and Will Durant. (Don't intimidate us

with Marxist history, Marcus Raskin. We Westerners are making the post-Marxist history. Have you recently, respectfully reread Frederick Jackson Turner and his modern, more sophisticated interpreters? "The traits which Turner saw as characteristic of the frontier were democracy [e.g., Propositions 13 and 9], individualism, freedom, coarseness, strength, acuteness, inquisitiveness, materialism, exuberance, laxness of morals. The West was a region of great individualism — 'society became atomic' — even though westerners cooperated effectively for the things they wanted. Westerners were impatient of restraint

Continued on page 20

[no *musts* for us] even though they developed and were willing to follow innovative leadership. Being inquisitive and meeting new conditions, they were ingenious innovators in material things and radicals in social and political thought." (Quoted from *America Moves West*, by Robert E. Riegel.)

Here is a magnificent, coherent literary tradition, totally different from your Hemingway, Mailer, Bellow, Cheever school. The Western intellectual style is fresh, futique, hopeful, visionary, sci-fi, individualistic, brash, epic.

And we have our very own journal, too. One wonders if any of the intellectual mandarins east of La Brea-Sacramento ever read the *Co-Evolution Quarterly* which is, allow me to gush, the first "historical and cultural watershed" magazine published since the original *Harpers*. And how come Stewart Brand, editor of *C.O.* and publisher of the *Whole Earth Catalogue*, isn't on the Board of Editors of the Transnational Policy Studies National Security National Endowment for the Humanities Social Reconstruction Institute? Among his many successful attempts to fuse science and culture, he has regularly devoted a section of his journal to sympathetically review other magazines.

Well, anyway, Doug Ireland, don't take all this rhetoric seriously. We're just joking, just sending up a parody of our intellectual senior citizens, just reminding the editors of our beloved *L.A. Weekly* to curb their occasional tendencies to become the Western edition of the *Village Voice*. We can always visit the out-of-town newsstands if we want Manhattan nostalgia. ■

Micros Model Physical Systems

InfoWorld

The Newsweekly for Microcomputer Users

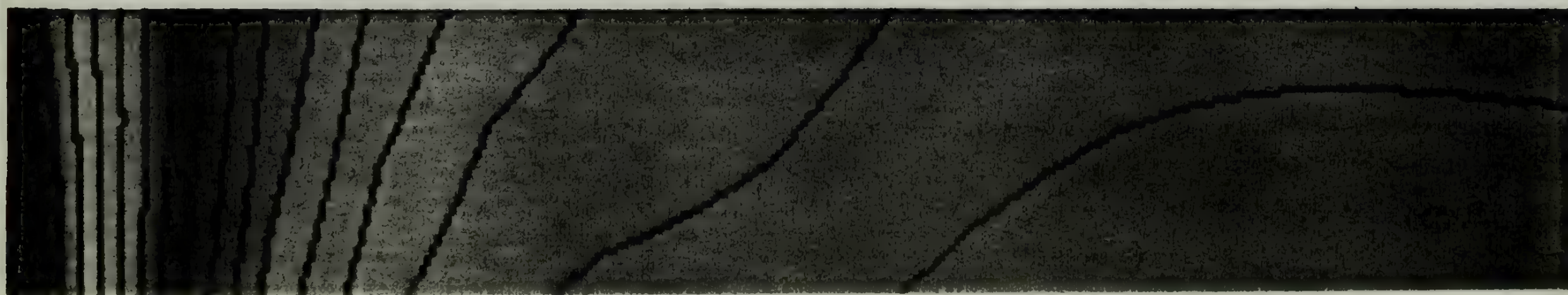
September 19, 1983

Volume 5, Number 38

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Leary Tunes in to Micros
\$10 Word Processor

The Final Word Reviewed
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From

FLASHBACKS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY TIMOTHY LEARY

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Kirkus Reviews

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FLASHBACKS

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"Someday in a more enlightened age, Tim Leary may be remembered as the Galileo of the twentieth century. Meanwhile, as FLASHBACKS jauntily demonstrates, we can have a lot more fun with our neuronaut than the Italians had with their astronomer."

Tom Robbins

"Not only a glittering panorama of the '60s, but an essential history of the beginnings of the new human race."

William Burroughs

"Timothy Leary takes us on a haunting and nostalgic 'trip' back into the sixties, where *everything* was important, where even garbage cans glowed and winked and breathed. He's brought enormous intelligence and compassion to a breathtaking vision."

Carolyn See

"FLASHBACKS is filled with good stories, celebrities, zaniness, and solid information about the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s and the man who was its chief proponent."

Andrew Weil

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FLASHBACKS

"[A] whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor, and later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s."*

"The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility."**

"Hundreds—thousands—of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period: Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more."*

"These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty."**

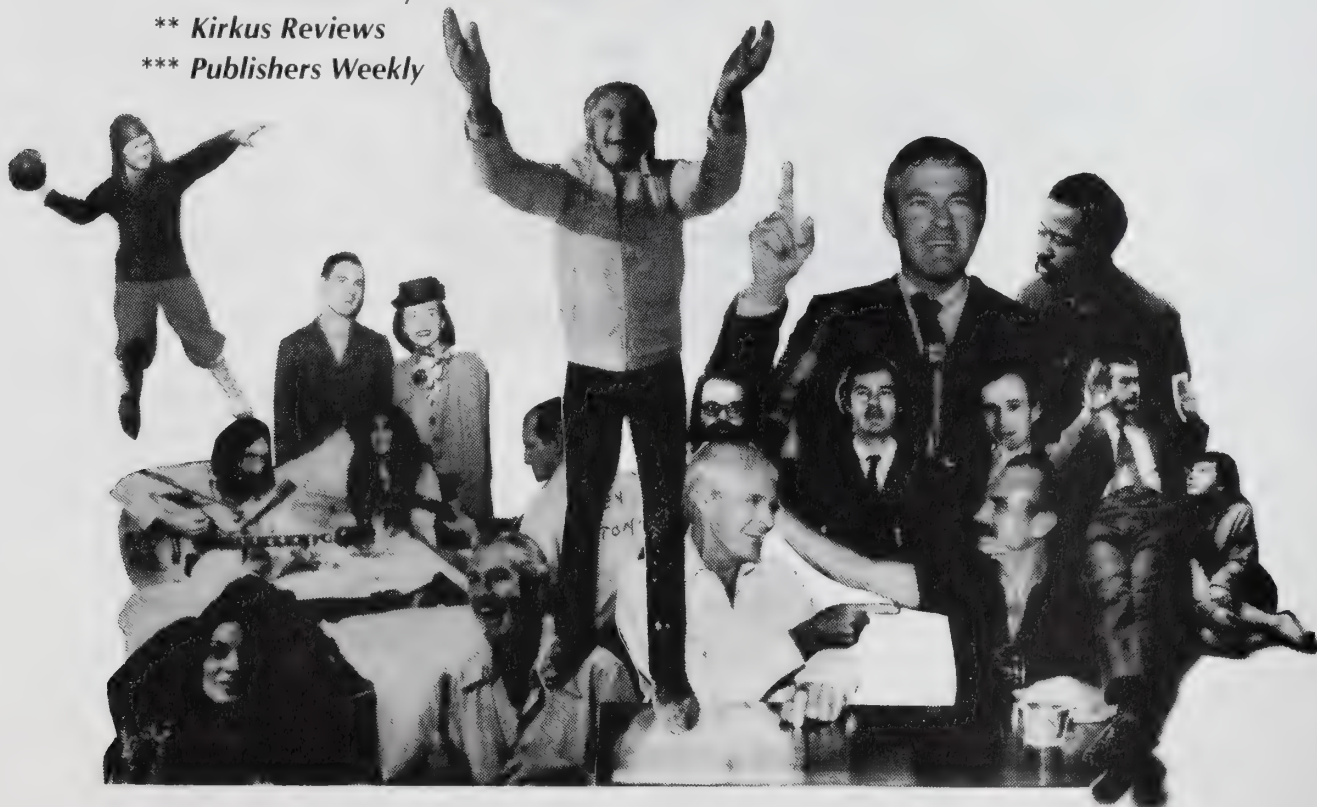
"In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Massachusetts, he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard, and the 'establishment' opposition that led to his public role as a 'cheerleader for change.'****

"There are glamorous days of high living and travel...prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor... The blow-by-blow description of the [prison] escape has the tension of detective fiction."**

* American Library Association *Booklist*

** *Kirkus Reviews*

*** *Publishers Weekly*



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FLASHBACKS

FLASHBACKS is a veritable Who's Who of the 1960s and 1970s: Kerouac and Koestler, John and Yoko, the Kennedys, Charles Manson, G. Gordon Liddy, Eldridge Cleaver, along with Afghani generals, Hindu gurus, Folsom Prison bikers, CIA agents, and Hollywood celebrities.

FLASHBACKS is the story of one of the most daring, charismatic, and controversial figures of the twentieth century, told with wit, charm, humor, intelligence, and love.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, FLASHBACK.



FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography

By Timothy Leary

Published by J. P. Tarcher, Inc.

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J. P. Tarcher, Inc. 9110 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

Leary says 'scientific paganism' is key to change

Tells audience here better drugs, longer life and space colonization will result from it

By Jane Rosenberg

Staff Writer

Better drugs and advances in space colonization and life extension will be the major changes of the 1980s, counter culture figure Timothy Leary told an Ackerman Grand Ballroom audience Wednesday.

"It's getting to be that time again—a time for change," the ex-Harvard University lecturer told about 500 students. "We've been too easygoing. We're getting intolerant of intolerance."

Leary complimented his audience by telling them they were "the key descendents of incredibly wonderful and intelligent people who knew the smart thing to do was to move west."

"If you (UCLA student) aren't ready for change, than who is?" Leary asked.

He prescribed a strong dose of laughter to facilitate change. "Evolution runs on humor," he said. "The young dinosaurs see those old dinosaurs—J. Edgar Hoover and Ronald Reagan—swamping around, and they just say 'Ha ha ha.'"

The rise of the Moral Majority is a sign of stagnation, Leary said. "There is a shooting script to shoot down anyone who stands up for peace, harmony or change. That shooting script is the Old and New Testament," he said.

"Aren't you a little bored of listening to heavy-duty theologians like Roger Staubach and Terry Bradshaw?" he asked.

Leary said that the new science—"scientific paganism"—will be responsible for the changes that will make the '60 look like a "Boy Scout's tea

party."

Scientific paganism is the "philosophy of the future—the workshop of nature in the form of DNA and galaxies," Leary said. "Scientific paganism gives us the best of both worlds."

The engineers behind this new science are the men and woman who has college students in the 1960s discovered themselves through neurological exploration, Leary added. "They were wired to enjoy change and have the courage to stand up front and speak against the M.S.W.—the Main Street Way," he said.

With new drug research, ideas for space colonization, and life

The engineers behind this new science are the men and women who as college students in the 1960s discovered themselves through neurological exploration, Leary said.

extending drugs, Leary said that these "smart ones are blowing away the orthodoxy of every science." "The smart ones have always been in trouble," he continued. "They've been called shamen, they've been called devils. But you know what my motto is: If you're not in trouble, you're *in trouble*."

Leary said there was a correlation between the development of the United States space program in the 1960s and the drug movement of the same

period. "It's not an accident that our space program correlated with the interest in inner-tripping—acid. But in the late '60 and early '70s there was less and less acid and less and less space," he said.

Today, with new, stronger and more precise drugs being produced, and the renewal of interest in the space program, things will change, Leary said. "It's a dumb thing to live on this planet," he added. "It's like being an extra on somebody else's black-and-white low-budget movie."

Leary said that it was no surprise to him that few people in the audience had heard of the citizens' space colonization movement. "The military doesn't want people to know about space. But (Pres.) Kennedy realized that you can never have full employment, or reach any of our highest dreams, unless there is a war or you move into space," Leary said.

In an interview with The Bruin Tuesday, Leary predicted that more people will leave Earth in the year 2120 for space migration than will be born here.

Leary also predicted in his speech that in two to five years, there will be inoculations to slow the aging process. "There is no reason why anyone in this room should ever die," he said.

Life extension is intimately tied to space colonization, Leary said. "We've been trained to think that this is a zero-sum game," he explained. "There's enough topsoil on the moon to build 50,000 little worlds. We

(Continued on Page 8)



ANDY SCHLEI/Daily Bruin

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Tom Robbins

"Not only a glittering panorama of the '60s, but an essential history of the beginnings of the new human race."

William Burroughs

"Timothy Leary takes us on a haunting and nostalgic 'trip' back into the sixties, where *everything* was important, where even garbage cans glowed and winked and breathed. He's brought enormous intelligence and compassion to a breathtaking vision."

Carolyn See

"FLASHBACKS is filled with good stories, celebrities, zaniness, and solid information about the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s and the man who was its chief proponent."

Andrew Weil

FLASHBACKS

"[A] whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor, and later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s."*

"The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility."**

"Hundreds—thousands—of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period: Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more."*

"These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty."**

"In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Massachusetts, he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard, and the 'establishment' opposition that led to his public role as a 'cheerleader for change.'****

"There are glamorous days of high living and travel...prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor...The blow-by-blow description of the [prison] escape has the tension of detective fiction."**

* American Library Association *Booklist*

** *Kirkus Reviews*

*** *Publishers Weekly*



J. P. Tarcher, Inc. 9110 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

FLASHBACKS

FLASHBACKS is a veritable Who's Who of the 1960s and 1970s: Kerouac and Koestler, John and Yoko, the Kennedys, Charles Manson, G. Gordon Liddy, Eldridge Cleaver, along with Afghani generals, Hindu gurus, Folsom Prison bikers, CIA agents, and Hollywood celebrities.

FLASHBACKS is the story of one of the most daring, charismatic, and controversial figures of the twentieth century, told with wit, charm, humor, intelligence, and love.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, FLASHBACK.



FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography

By Timothy Leary

Published by J. P. Tarcher, Inc.

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J. P. Tarcher, Inc. 9110 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

Moral freedom

Moral Majority leaders make one simple but ominous mistake when they try to pass laws imposing their lifestyles and ethical preferences upon the rest of us. They consistently suggest that their God has laid down in their Bible the laws which all Americans must obey. They imply that our Founding Fathers wanted a republic legislated by harsh, intolerant, fundamentalist concepts of human nature.

There are, actually, many more of us in this land who do not believe in a vengeful God who favors the death penalty, the Cold War, censorship, unlimited gun possession, laws penalizing abortion and contraception, invasion of our personal lives with laws against marijuana and consenting adult sexuality. Or, for that matter, a God who votes Republican.

Jefferson, Franklin, Paine and company must be laughing their heads off in their heaven of life, liberty and happiness. These fanatic moralists forget that the Declaration was designed to give us independence from religious trendism.

The real majority in this country, according to opinion polls and common sense, believes in a higher intelligence which is tolerant, forgiving, loving to all her creatures. Isn't it great to be a jolly, fun-loving American?

IRVING BLUM
Los Angeles

Herald Examiner, March 12, 1981

Q&A

L.A.'s ideas on how we should ring in the new

Tired of watching a videotaped New Year's Eve rebroadcast of the ball dropping on Times Square in New York? Of course you are. We all are. It's bad enough that we're saddled with "The Western Edition" of the Nightly News, but New Year's Eve? Come on, L.A., we can do better, can't we? Isn't it about time Los Angeles staged its own party? If you could create a New Year's Eve singular to L.A., what would it be? This is exactly what Q&A editor Mitchell Fink asked some of Our Town's visionary men and women.

Michael Jackson, KABC radio personality: I'd create an event, and its theme would be unity. Because Los Angeles is the

Q&A

Continued from page A-2

hell-raising good . fun, with singing, dancing, big bands, you name it. We could turn the downtown into a big festival.

Stan Seiden, president of the Nederlander Companies, West: Instead of the ball dropping like it does in New York, we should send a ball up, and therefore we would be one up on New York.

Danny Kaye, entertainer and the grand marshal of Monday's Rose Parade: I don't think I'd stage anything. New Year's Eve never really was a great source of celebration for me, even when I was a kid. There is a driven quality about "Gee, let's have a terrific time on New Year's Eve." I feel the same way about New Year's Eve as I do about this whole holiday period. When I was a kid, you could give somebody a little book of matches for Christmas and it was nice, an indication that somebody cared.

Today the holidays are more commercial. Even Mother's Day and Father's Day are commercial. I would rather give out presents on July 11, or November 7, or June 21. I love to walk down a street, look in a store, and say, "You know who would really like that?" Or, "I'm going to buy this for so and so." I don't know, maybe the way I feel about New Year's Eve and the holiday season in general is a hangover from when I was a kid and we didn't have very much money. I have lived my life with spontaneity planning a New Year's Eve takes away a great sense of craziness.

Henry Weinstein, producer of "Lyndon," Jack Klugman's new one-man show: We should turn off the lights on the Hollywood sign, and light up 1984 in its place.

Timothy Leary, guru emeritus: There are at least three California companies that are developing civilian rockets. I'd send one of the rockets up from San Pedro Harbor every New Year's Eve. It would carry our hopes and higher aspirations with it. Just launch it up. We in Southern California are the future. The world looks to us for the future. We don't want balls dropping, we want hopes rising.

*****RECORD NUMBER 3*****

FUNCTION : TRANSFORMATION
ATTRIBUTE : RECHARGING ENERGY
ATTRIBUTE :
LEVEL :
KEY CODE :

*****RECORD NUMBER 4*****

FUNCTION : INPUT
ATTRIBUTE : HIGH ECSTASY POTENTIAL
ATTRIBUTE :
LEVEL :
KEY CODE :

*****RECORD NUMBER 5*****

FUNCTION : TRANSMISSION
ATTRIBUTE : COMPASSION
ATTRIBUTE :
LEVEL :
KEY CODE :

*****RECORD NUMBER 6*****

FUNCTION : INPUT
ATTRIBUTE : ABILITY TO EXPERIENCE LI
FE WITH FRESHNESS AND
ATTRIBUTE : UNIQUENESS
LEVEL :
KEY CODE :

*****RECORD NUMBER 7*****

FUNCTION : TRANSMISSION
ATTRIBUTE : LIMITLESS LOVE CAPACITY
ATTRIBUTE :
LEVEL :
KEY CODE :

*****RECORD NUMBER 8*****

FUNCTION : TRANSFORMATION/TRANSMISS
ION
ATTRIBUTE : EFFICIENT NEUROLOGICAL F
UNCTION CAPABLE OF
ATTRIBUTE : OPTIMAL ACCESS TO INTERN
AL MEMORY FILES AND EXTER
LEVEL :
KEY CODE :

#6

Faces



Richard Pryor

RICHARD PRYOR started 1984 on a positive, if chastened note, celebrating one year of sobriety at a meeting of Hollywood Alcoholics Anonymous. After sampling his one-candle birthday cake Richard, speaking in a subdued, meek tone of voice told the group of 100 fellow abstainers that A.A. had cured the addiction to booze (and base) which threatened to destroy his life. The brilliant comedian talked frankly about his fear that (without the rage generated by booze) he would have no creative material for his shows. Pryor credits the public wave of support and encouragement during his hospitalization for his new-born mellow mood.

FACES wishes Pryor many happy returns, but don't lean over the candle.



David Bowie

In the early 1970s DAVID BOWIE

especially "Young Rebels" were joyous anthems of sophisticated individualism and sexual freedom. But what's happened to Bowie now that we really need him in 1984?

Alas, the grim hands of age and greed have cut down yet another Pagan Piper. Bowie's album *Let's Dance* was a bland marshmallow commercial dish. And his end-of-the-year tour came on like a Las Vegas revue.

Recent interviews have done nothing to quiet the complaints of Bowie's more rebellious admirers. Dig this one! David now claims that his highly-advertised celebrations of bisexuality were just publicity stunts! Say it ain't so, Ziggy! Were all those wild orgies just staged career moves? The imagination boggles. Trading in all that heavy breathing, sexy skin and sin for shillings, Davie?



Al Pacino

A mafioso mentality has muscled in on Hollywood. And film-lovers, fun-lovers and just plain civilized folks are becoming restive. Can the gangster element be thrown out of town?

We're talking about the avalanche of big-budget movies glorifying blood-soaked violence featuring, as heroes, foul-mouthed, dwarfish, macho bullies in elevator shoes.

The Godfather (make an offer they can't refuse, ha, ha), *Apocalypse Now* (bigger body count than *My Lai*!), *Taxi Driver* (Hinckley's favorite), *Dressed To Kill* (wonderful slash-ups of women!), *Raging Bull* (some delicious wife-beating), *Blow Out* (mayhem in the blood-drenched streets). Etc.

Resistance to this wave of sick violence is emerging from parents, educators, psychologists. Women's groups are angry—the mafioso crowd invariably depicts women as victims or sluts. Italian-American groups are also miffed that their hard-working people are being given a bad name. But when they released *SCARFACE*, the tough-guys bit off more than they could handle.

In an ill-conceived attempt to avoid criticism **PACINO** and **DI PALMA** tried to locate their chain-saw movie in Miami and make the bad-guys Cuban. You get it? Sicilians pretending to be Latins.

But the scam rebounded. The influential and rapidly-growing

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The Newsweekly for Microcomputer Users

September 19, 1983

Volume 5, Number 38

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Flashbacks

TIMOTHY LEARY *Heinemann* £9.95

This is a wonderful book, the chronicle of a heady, expansive age, a tribute to the energy of America. No other nation could have produced a man like Timothy Leary, who gets thrown out of a college, becomes a Harvard psychology professor and then, after experiencing 'magic mushrooms' in Mexico, sets out to convert the world to mind-expanding drugs. Equally, only in America could this same man be hounded out of his job, thrown in gaol on trumped-up charges and subjected to endless games of cat-and-mouse with the authorities. It's typical of Leary, however, that he thrives on all this. He sees himself as a Tom Sawyer figure, upsetting the crab-apple Annies in the CIA and the White House. He is a paradoxical mixture of cowboy, visionary and subversive imp.

This book reads like a psychedelic dream; there are night-long 'sessions' in ornate apartments, communes in Mexico, Indian gurus; a mysterious woman who 'turned on' JFK himself, and was murdered for her pains. It all seems a long way from Ronald Reagan and the entrenched Eighties. And yet Leary's philosophy is not as naive as it might appear. During his Harvard period, when he was experimenting with psychedelic drugs, he came to believe in Hallucinations For All, but only under the supervision of trained guides who would control and administer them. Shades of *Brave New World*? Certainly the fight for drug freedom has some odd over-tones. The passages concerning his imprisonment reveal a playful banter between Leary and his captors, eager for inside information on the counter-culture. They become quite chummy in fact, and you get the feeling that the battle for liberation is a private game played between maverick and Establishment, with the poor public drifting on the sidelines.

Flashbacks is a stylish piece of work, switching from the Sixties to Leary's youth and back again. The language is breathless, convoluted, colourful, mind-blown; Tokyo, for example, is 'an urban hive fascinating to any diligent student of insectoid interpersonal relations' - which should please the Japanese Tourist Board. At the end of the book you are left wondering whether the drug culture was indeed a feasible plan for the high-tech future, or whether it was merely a burst of frustrated energy after post-war austerity and Vietnam stupidity. Whatever the reason, Leary has written a valuable document about the period.

David Lancaster

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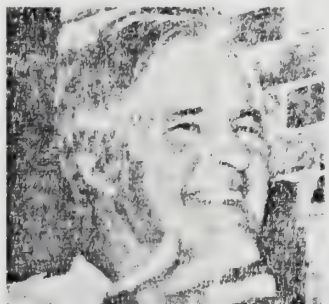
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Deborah Davis

Poor Ben Bradlee. Just as he and *Washington Post* chief Katherine Graham were sleeping soundly with the knowledge that no one would ever read *Katherine The Great*, author **DEBORAH DAVIS** won her long standing suit against her publishers Harcourt Brace, Jovanovich. Not only is she planning to republish her informative expose of the *Washington Post* empire and its CIA connections but she has sold the film rights to the book as well. If that weren't enough to keep many prominent Washingtonians staring at the ceiling in the wee hours, wait until they hear who is going to write the screenplay . . . none other than two ex-*Saturday Night Live* geniuses (remember when it was funny?), Nelson Lyon and Michael O'Donoghue. Yes, the same pair who wrote the suppressed skit "Freddy Silverman's Last Ten Days in the Bunker" that drove NBC crazy.

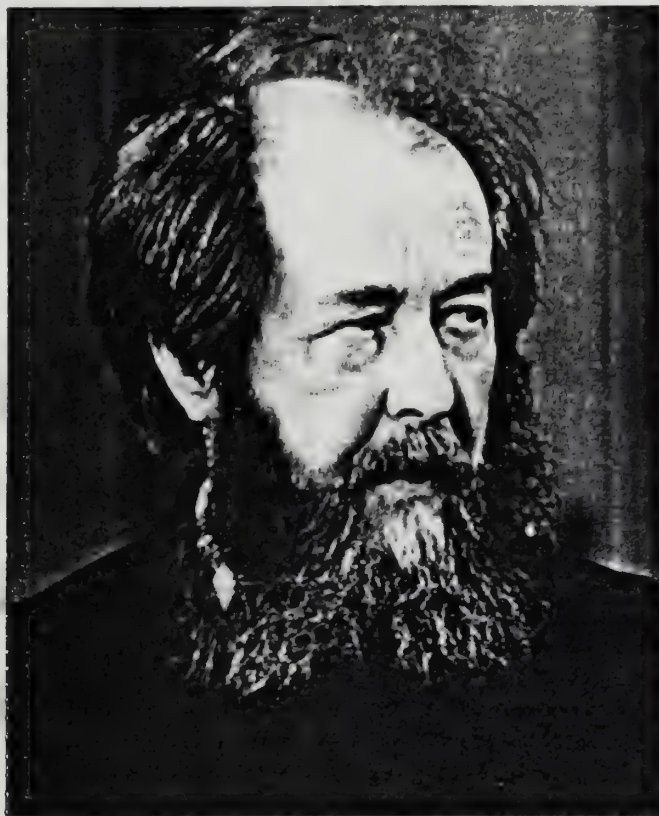
Perhaps Jason Robards can play the real Ben Bradlee this time around.



Jerry Hall

Mick Jagger's super-friend **JERRY HALL** is infanticipating. The svelte Texas model is so enormous that friends are speculat-

ing about twins or even triplets. Is it possible that Jer was taking fertility drugs so that she could produce an heir for the alter-shy Prince of Rock? Well, in any case Mick was quick to say that he won't marry the gorgeous blonde no matter how many kids she has!



Alexander Solzhenitsyn

The books of **ALEXANDRE SOLZHENITZYN** revealed to the world the terrors of the KGB gulag-prison system and the totalitarian Soviet society. For his passionate and poignant denunciations of the unsmiling Russian tyranny Solzhenitsyn was awarded the Nobel Prize. Right on, Solly!

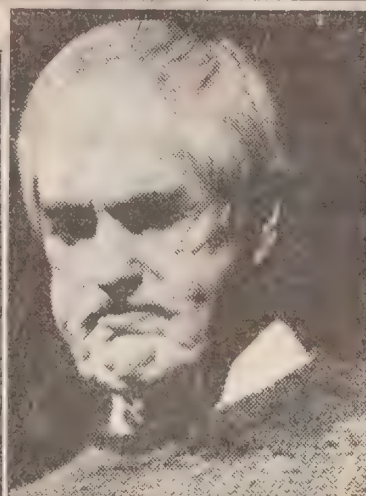
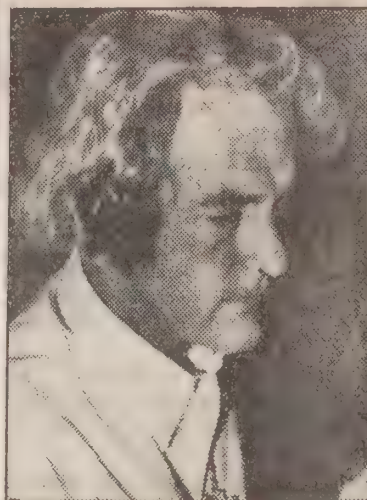
But alas, the Great Peter Principle of Celebrity seems to have struck again. After receiving political asylum in America the embittered author locked himself behind the guarded prison walls of his Vermont estate and started spraying out vitriolic attacks on our free-and-easy, Yankee Doodle, goofy life-style.

Solly particularly abhors the freedom of American youth. Hey, let's face it, fans, we're talking about a gloomy Slav here who's never gonna eat popcorn watching anti-adult, whiz-kid flicks like *War Games* or *Risky Business*. When the chips are down, Solzhenitsyn is not gonna put his rubles on Larry Flynt for President. Give him Nick the Second for Czar and that bearded guy with the sad eyes dressed in the Russian Orthodox black robe for Pope—plus a hundred year points-spread and you got yourself a bet, Mister.

As it turns out Solly gambled on the wrong team. According to exclusive dispatches from our Vermont observers, Solzhenitsyn's kids aren't betting their lives on the Old Man's favorites. Son Dmitri enjoys hanging around the video arcades in the village, wearing black leather and sporting a punk fish-hook in his ear. The two younger brothers are hot-rodders joyfully tooling around the New England dirt roads. And, like kids on both sides of the Iron Curtain, the three young immigrants to the New World love rock and roll.

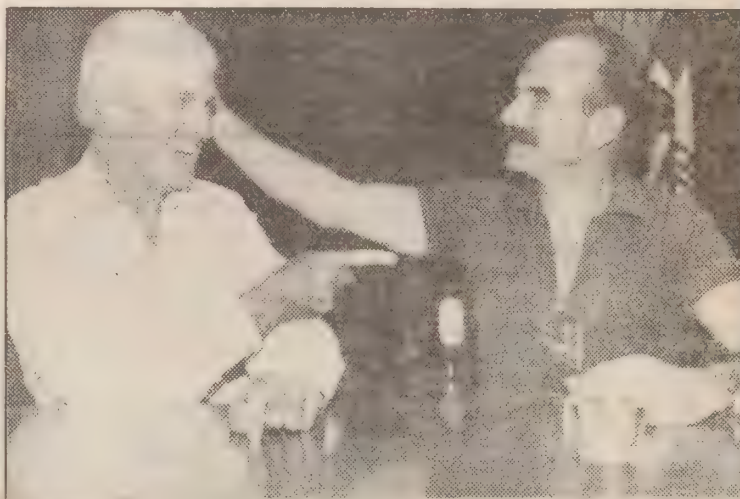
Thus the unsmiling Nobel Prize novelist finds himself in the ultimately democratic position of learning about what's happening from his children. Just like every other American Dad.

So welcome to the future of the human race, neighbor. Was it all right for us to call you Solly? ■



Michelle Frankfurter/THE POST-STANDARD

Timothy Leary, above right, during his presentation at Syracuse University Monday, in contrast to his appearance in 1967, above left, when he was arrested on a fraudulent check charge. Below, he and G. Gordon Liddy share the stage in 1983.



Michelle Frankfurter/THE POST-STANDARD

Timothy Leary: Be User Friendly

By PATRICIA DI LALLA

Dr. Timothy Leary has mechanized his odyssey of the mind. He no longer looks to drugs to "expand consciousness and get people high," but to personal home computers.

Leary, the 1960s symbol of the hippie drug culture, spoke at Syracuse University Monday to an enthusiastic audience receptive to his challenge that students "turn on, tune in and take charge."

In a press conference preceeding his speech, Leary said he was "urging individuals to expand their consciousness and increase their intelligence" with home computers, not drugs. "The advantage," he said, "is that personal computers are legal."

Leary's interest in computer software stems from his belief that a "knowledge information processor in the hands of an

individual is one way to defeat Big Brother."

The post-war generation, Leary said, is in the perfect position to take advantage of a revolution in American history.

"People born after 1946 are a different breed," Leary said. "Young people are aware of the fact you can't depend on the government, political parties or religion to solve problems. You have to think for yourself."

"Computers are the main train of mentality of the government," he said.

"Personal computers will give power to the people," Leary said, which will enable the baby boom generation to take charge politically.

Leary said the election results in New Hampshire show the power the younger generation can wield. "No one counted on

the fact that baby boom kids are turning out to vote, and they will vote for young candidates."

The social implications of home computers, Leary said, are just now becoming clear. "American education, psychology and communications will be revolutionized."

When he encouraged this generation to "take charge," Leary merely updated his old maxim "turn on, tune in and drop out."

"Drop out," Leary said, meant "be your own person, evolve, change." Personal computers, he said, will help individuals do just that.

At the press conference, Leary said an intelligent use of drugs is another way to pursue personal growth. "I do not advocate abuse of drugs. But intelligent people have always used any help they can get."

The Publication of News, People, Entertainment

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Entertainment, Art and Imagination in

July 25-July 31, 1980 Volume 2, Number 34

And The Twain Shall Never Meet

by Barbara Chase

L.A. Weekly, you are wonderful. You tell us what's happening along the Strip. And your Foreign Affairs desk warns us, your faithful readers, about nefarious plots against our sunny tranquility by those who oppose our way of life.

For example: thanks for publishing Doug Ireland's pumped-up hype for "America's most important intellectual" Marcus Raskin and his new magazine, "a historical and cultural watershed." This is a wonderful sample of the Wisdom-of-the-East-Coast, a convincing demonstration of the "never-the-twain-shall-meet" cultural gap that exists between our California forntier and the Ancient Hierarchical Brahmin Civilization of Anglo-Manhattan.

Bless you for giving Doug (I refuse to call him Ireland) the space to socio-babble so shamelessly, thus reminding us how seriously Oriental intellectuals take themselves. Devotee Doug gushes that Raskin's *Journal of Social Reconstruction* is nothing less than "the opening salvo in a battle to reshape the nature of our intellectual life." Who, we ask, is this Raskin who so pugnaciously proposes to reconstruct us? Well, listen to his bureaucratic credits: National Security Council, National Endowment for the

Humanities! Doug, with hushed voice has Raskin founding two prestigious foundations in two sentences!

And to prove to us impressionable, non-institutional Californians that Raskin, like Marx and Sartre, is a *philosophe engage*, Doug cites Marc's tenure as assistant to none other than the B. & B. himself, McGeorge Bundy! And his indictment in that infamous 1968 Boston anti-war conspiracy case along with Yale prep-pie Chaplain William Sloane Coffin.

Shit, how naive we sunshine-state papaya-brains are. We thought that the engaged people in the '60s were outraged anti-bureaucrats like King, Cleaver, Ginsberg, Jagger, Hendrix, Dylan, Angela Davis and the hundreds of thousands who went to jail for long hair and dissent and dope. By the way, while Marcus Raskin is busy founding new institutes, the unreconstructed narcs are still busting 40,000 a year for grass.

Doug's PR duff for Swami Raskin reminds us once again how completely isolated East Coast intellectuals are from our wild, Western culture. Yeah, Doug, we realize that there are no American writers west of the Hudson, because *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *New York Review of Books* have told us so. We understand that we are too granola-dazed to support a ballet-stage-symphonic-museum culture worthy to be reviewed in these same American publications.

Yeah, we've heard the verdict of Atlantic historians, pronounced by Edmund Wilson in 1940, that we Californians are a rootless, self-indulgent, bland people without a proper appreciation of the past. We have been admonished that the sense

of history grows as one moves eastward, that we in lotus-land have no more sense of history "than a housefly," that the canny European, by contrast, is a vintage fellow, and that every peasant in Pakistan vibrates passionately to those ancient tribal rhythms that we *L.A. Weekly* readers are too cheerfully shallow to revere. And yes, we're resigned to the fact that Solzhenitsyn lives in snowy Vermont, gives commencement addresses at Harvard, writes essays for *Time*, and would literally curl up and die if condemned to live in a house-with-swimming-pool in Bel Air.

Now please, Mr. Raskin, just because we're happy doesn't mean we are dumb. We dig why the Pope fired. *his* salvos against "easy sex" and hedonism and consumerism to reverent audiences in Boston, Yankee Stadium and Philadelphia, but can you imagine John Paul II landing at LAX, touring triumphantly up the Pacific Coast Highway past Marina del Rey, past Venice, down Santa Monica Boulevard to address his faithful flock assembled in Dodger Stadium?

Yeah, Doug, we get the message. We know how the stern *Village Voice* and the *Washington Post* would like to reconstruct us *L.A. Weekly* readers. We hear the "opening salvos" from behind the paper curtain. When we gave Woody an Oscar for ridiculing us we weren't blind. We just like to laugh at ourselves. But don't be fooled by our "have a nice day" friendliness. We read you loud and clear. We note that "among those whose names grace" ("grace"! can you believe this Oriental ass-kissing?) the *Journal of*

G/R Copy

Giardini/Russell Inc., 100 Galen Street, Watertown, MA 02172, 617-926-5030

Client: Giardini/Russell

Date: 4/2/84

Title: Ad Club Breakfast Announcement

Number: GR4-559

(Head)

LEARY ABOUT SOFTWARE?

(Copy)

Yes! The Counter-cultural Hero of the Sixties, the Champion of Raised Consciousness in the Seventies is back--and this time when he steps up to the podium, it will be as the High Tech Guru of the Eighties.

Scrambled eggs and boggled minds will be the order of the day at the 57 Restaurant on Tuesday morning, May 8, 1984. For as the sun rises high over HoJo's, none other than Timothy Leary himself will address the Boston Ad Club and its honored guests on the subject of "Very Highly Interactive Software (VHIS) for the Personal Computer."

Love him or hate him, this is one breakfast lecture you just can't miss! Leary has proven beyond any shadow of a doubt that wherever he decides to make his presence felt, he is a force to be reckoned with. Rest assured that the opinions he expresses will carry impact and interest. The man's calling card is Controversy.

Hear how Leary the Legendary Promoter plans to open the public's eyes to VHIS. Learn about Leary the Pop Philosopher's theory of the Three Generations

of Software. Discover how Leary the Eternal Shaker and Mover intends to change the way people think and live with his own amazing 24-module "Brain Game."

All this and a fabulous 57 breakfast for just \$17.50 for members, \$22 for non-members, and \$200 for tables of ten. Call (617) 262-1100 for reservations. Cancellations will be accepted up to 5 p.m. Friday, May 4. No-shows will be billed.

Remember the date: Tuesday, May 8 at the 57! Registration starts at 8:15 a.m., breakfast's at half-past, and the trouble commences at 9. Leary's one lecturer who'll make you think. And you'll think twice before you drink your orange juice.

(Ad Club logo)

Leary's words

Well, folks it's the eighties now. Time to shake things up again! But consider Dr. Timothy Leary's words in relation to my favorite "Mailbag" soapbox:

"As we apply the Correspondence Principle to Sociobiology and Exopsychology, we expect that each new Einsteinian, relativistic theory of human behavior and neurogenetic evolution will include a translation back to the old theory it replaced.

"Darwinians are clearly in violation when they fanatically, summarily reject the Monotheistic Creation theories of the Judeo-Christian Bible. Newer theories of evolution must provide new insights into the validity of the older theories — specifying the historical, neurotechnical factors which limited the earlier metaphors.

"Any new theory of neuro-genetics must relate to and lovingly demonstrate why the previous philosophic theory was 'right' for its time and its gene-pool —

knowing that those to come will affectionately do the same for our theories." (The Intelligence Agents, 1979.)

Leary goes on to concede that the Genesis story "obviously fails to take into account the newer evidence from Darwinian, Mendelian, DNA, Sociological and Behavior Genetics."

I've come across some wholly respectable scientists who have taken it into account and still see no rift with Genesis (natural selection and genetic facts have a place in creationism). May they be as kind to his concession as he was to their position!

MIKE HEFFLEY

Loses Disc Jockey Job

Orange County Turned Off, Leary Turned Out

Former drug guru Timothy Leary's weather reports of a 50-foot surf and big ice packs off Malibu did not cost him his new job as a radio disc jockey and talk show host in Anaheim.

Nor did the traffic bulletins he put out warning of the disappearance of the San Diego Freeway.

The "High Priest of LSD" of the 1960s was fired last week after a month on the job at KEZY-AM/FM because too many older people could not forget his drug proselytizing of the nation's youth, said Dan Mitchell, station general manager.

The older generation apparently did not think that Leary's stream-of-consciousness style of chatter was too entertaining, either, even for a rock 'n' roll station whose slogan is "KEZY Kicks Ass."

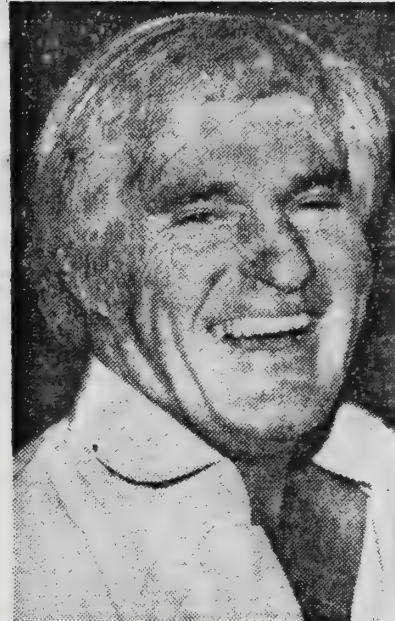
Mitchell said he hired the 60-year-old Leary, a one-time West Point cadet and ex-Harvard psychologist, while the station's owner, Harris H. Thomson, was vacationing in South America.

Thomson, acting on a flood of negative reaction to Leary, fired him Oct. 23.

"He was very entertaining," Mitchell said of Leary. "He was beguiling, witty, intelligent—he has a lot to say. But some people will never forgive him for being anti-Establishment."

Mitchell said the negative reaction to Leary began after The Times published a story on Leary and his new job.

"The people who read The Times don't like him," Mitchell said. "They hold him responsible for all the kids



Associated Press

Timothy Leary

who killed themselves on drugs in the '60s."

Actually, Leary worked only one full week as a morning disc jockey, starting Sept. 29, and then hosted hour-long Sunday evening talk shows Oct. 12 and 19.

But even that was too much for Orange County.

Reached at his Beverly Hills apartment, Leary was resigned and even a little cheerful over his ouster.

"Orange County needed me more than I needed them," he said. "I was just trying to fill a void."

While these divisions are rather arbitrary, they are only the scaffolding on which Keen constructs a profound meditation on the dynamics of loving. [May 25]

ON BECOMING A NOVELIST

John Gardner, introduction by Raymond Carver. Harper & Row, \$13.95 ISBN 0-06-014956-6

As a poet, essayist, critic and teacher of creative writing, as well as a novelist, Gardner was in a good position, from personal experience, to advise young would-be writers, and in this book, completed just before his death last year, he tried to deal with, and if possible get rid of, the beginning novelist's worries. Here are helpful remarks about the opportunities, conflicts and pitfalls of a career as a writer of fiction, the necessary talent and education, how to overcome writer's block, even whether to write with a pencil, pen or typewriter. Although Gardner suggests that the best way to keep going is to live off one's spouse, he provides more practical advice and the encouragement that will help young writers learn their craft, get started and sustain faith in themselves. *First serial to Esquire; Writers Digest Book Club main selection.* Foreign rights: Georges Borchart. [May 25]

DANGEROUS CURRENTS: The State of Economics

Lester Thurow. Random House, \$16.95 ISBN 0-394-53150-7

Thurow, MIT professor of economics, *Newsweek* columnist and author of the bestselling *Zero-Sum Society*, here argues forcefully and convincingly against the dangerous currents of our present economic policies. Theorists, we learn, juggle supply, demand, "real income," etc., and posit equations that suit a scholarly sense of order, but prove nothing. People trying to make a living look to business and government, while politicians look to economists whose advice may be followed by increased unemployment. Thurow sifts through the wreckage of misapplied or misshapen aspects of economic theory—econometrics, macro- and micro-modeling, monetarism, rational expectationism, etc., of recent years, including Reaganomics, which, he indicates, won't do. Business school academics are bound to get stirred up as Thurow nudges them toward a more empirical analysis of "the real world." Foreign rights: Bill Leigh, 49-51 State Rd., Princeton, N.J. 06540. [May 25]

IMPRINTS: The Lifelong Effects of the Birth Experience

Arthur Janov. Coward-McCann, \$17.95 ISBN 0-698-11183-4

Janov's controversial *The Primal Scream* motivated patients to reexperience their birth traumas. Here the father of Primal Therapy offers new

evidence that the intrauterine environment, as well as the act of birth itself, leaves an emotional imprint on the newborn. Even a mother's attitude toward her unborn child can affect the baby's health and disposition, according to recent studies. Janov says that normal birth is a rare occurrence. In the much more common "drugged birth," an anesthetic taken by the mother passes through the placental barrier and prevents the drugged baby from responding normally to facilitate its own birth. Perhaps the most important part of the book deals with recommendations for birth practices. Sections on primal pain and its lifelong effects on personality, sexual orientation and philosophical outlook are apt to create new controversy. Janov ends with a caveat to those who seek quick therapeutic cures. [May 26]

LANGSTON HUGHES: Before and Beyond Harlem

Faith Berry. Lawrence Hill, \$19.95; paper \$12.95

Hughes (1902-1967), a leading figure of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s, was a versatile, prolific black writer (poetry, fiction, drama, journalism, etc.) who, for all his autobiographical writing, remained a very private man. Denied access to Hughes's full papers at Yale, Berry has nonetheless written a detailed biographical and critical study of Hughes, one that focuses on his life through the 1940s (with an overview of the later years). There is a wealth of material on his broken childhood, his early years as jazz-and-blues poet, his travels and proletarian writing of the '30s, his work as a screenwriter and lyricist. And there are stories of relationships with Arna Bon Temps, Alain Locke and others. Yet Hughes remains a strikingly elusive figure. Berry, while offering a mass of information, never gives a sure sense of the man (whose personal struggle involved not only racial matters but also his homosexuality) and offers few firm critical judgments on his work, much of it written out of constant financial need. [May 26]

THE SHADOW WARRIORS: O.S.S. and the Origins of the C.I.A.

Bradley F. Smith. Basic Books, \$20.75 ISBN 0-465-00756-0

Following two recent laudatory biographies of William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, founder-director of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II, this history of the O.S.S. is surprisingly critical of the American spymaster. Smith characterizes him as rash, erratic, politically naive and a dismally poor administrator. He contends that Donovan not only overrated the efficacy of irregular warfare but also spent too much time promoting his organization at the expense of long-

range planning. The book is not primarily an attack on Donovan per se, however, but a detailed account of the origin, operation and abrupt demise of the O.S.S. Smith covers a lot of ground expertly; he describes, for instance, the wartime relationship between the O.S.S. and the Soviet N.K.V.D. He also discusses how O.S.S. veterans contributed to the creation of the Central Intelligence Agency after the war. [May 27]

FLASHBACKS: An Autobiography

Timothy Leary. J. P. Tarcher (Houghton Mifflin, dist.), \$15.95 ISBN 0-87477-177-3

In this irreverent, readable memoir, Leary, self-styled guru of the 1960s drug culture, recalls a career in psychology and drug research that brought him, within a decade's time, from a Harvard post to federal imprisonment on drug charges. In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Mass., he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard (on such volunteers as Aldous Huxley and Allen Ginsberg) and the "establishment" opposition that led to his public role as a "cheerleader for change." Nostalgic ("Oh the excitement of those days") and still arguing for "intelligent, moderate" drug use for self-exploration, he ends with his years in prison, on the lam and in prison again. Leary now lectures on space migration and other topics. Photos. [May 30]

A JOURNEY FOR OUR TIMES: A Memoir

Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row/A Cornelia and Michael Bessie Book, \$22.50 ISBN 0-06-039006-9

In this long, absorbing, richly detailed memoir, Salisbury, long-time correspondent and editor at the *New York Times*, tells how a shy, gawky midwesterner became the stubborn, hard-nosed journalist celebrated for his reporting from Moscow and elsewhere. Starting in Minnesota, where he took his first news job in 1926, at 18, the author's "journey" continues through the 1940s with United Press in Chicago, Washington, London and Russia; and ends with his coverage of Stalin and Khrushchev for the *Times*. In a bright, engaging narrative he writes of innumerable figures, such as Al Capone and Huey Long, Averell Harriman and George Kennan, and of such places as a Depression-ravaged U.S. and Moscow in the "fear and terror" of the '50s. The book abounds in stories, none more vivid than those of Russia, where this "cranky, skeptical Minnesotan" walked the streets, met poets, peasants and diplomats, and discovered the So-

2 Reporter 4/14

FILM REVIEWS

Return Engagement

Four Star Theatre, April 14, 7:30 p.m.

Talk about strange bedfellows. G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the bungled Watergate burglary and Dr. Timothy Leary, '60s LSD guru, are chronicled in this 90-minute documentary as they tour on the lucrative college lecture circuit. Director Alan Rudolph has captured a curious part of Americana as the Liddy/Leary act plays in "Great Debate" staging before a throng of 1,500 theatregoers at the Wilshire Ebell.

Liddy chitchats about "the code" he has lived by, while Leary lights out about the future being with video games. Presented through a series of 19 sequences, including one deliciously droll white wine/Hollywood/literati party, where the two mingle with the easy aplomb of those of "celebrity" status, "Return" is a dryly ironic film. Both Liddy and Leary seem somewhat bemused, realizing they are now seemingly dependent on each other for the bulk of their income, as they argue and nigger about drugs, Watergate and morality. As an observer in the film exclaims, "You two sound like an old married couple." —Duane Byrge

'RETURN ENGAGEMENT' *LA Times*

United States, 1983

Today at 7 p.m. at the Four Star

Film maker Alan Rudolph's curious piece of Americana documents eight days in the lives of G. Gordon Liddy of Watergate infamy and Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor and LSD guru, who are on the road on a paid lecture circuit together. The unlikely duo are depicted in public and private sequences, which reveal as much about the society that spawned them as the men themselves. In addition, Rudolph is too much of a dramatic artist not to expose the devastating similarities between these two very glib, middle-aged, middle-class men. This is an entertaining, well-edited film, except it makes one very queasy because it gives such a large and rather frightening show biz forum to Liddy, who is as articulate and intelligent as he is unrepentant.

—LINDA GROSS

MUSIC

The Moody Blues

[Cont. from 43] but fans have not only bought more than 26 million of their records worldwide, they also apparently swear by every word of it.

"That's how the Moodies made their success, by shouting and wanting to save the world," insists Hayward, at thirty-five the band's youngest member and chief songwriter. "We still believe in a lot of the things we shouted about. We believe in love and peace and all those unfashionable things."

The Moody Blues may mean what they say in hit songs like "Question" and "Isn't Life Strange," yet thirty-nine-year-old Ray Thomas—a member when the band was still playing hard-core blues in its native Birmingham, England, in the early Sixties—is anxious to point out that the Moody Blues are not as humorless as their records and press notices might suggest.

Take "Legend of a Mind," a song Thomas wrote about Dr. Timothy Leary for the 1968 LP *In Search of the Lost Chord*. "The only person I ever met who really knew what I was saying in that song was Timothy Leary himself. I was taking the piss out of him, ribbing him in that song. I saw the 'astral plane' as some gaily painted little biplane: you pay your two bucks, and he'll take you around the bay for a little flight. Tim laughed about it, I laughed about it, but everybody else sat around saying, 'Oh, man, that's so heavy.'"

"I tried to explain that to a guy and he said, 'No, your hand was guided when you wrote it.' And I kept telling him, 'No, I had a bloody awful hangover when I was writing the lyrics, and it was damned hard work to make it that funny.'"

Thomas, a former tool designer in a Birmingham steel factory, admits somewhat sheepishly that the Moody Blues on tour are "more like a bunch of Trappist monks than a rock & roll band." And sure

Hayward:

'We believe in love and peace and those things.'

enough, the craziest they got this trip was an impromptu performance by Thomas and forty-year-old drummer Graeme Edge of bawdy English songs back at the hotel. These days, they enjoy all the trappings of life in rock's leisure class: big houses in the Surrey countryside, their own record label (Threshold) and almost a dozen solo albums between them. But while New Wave upstarts contin-

ually blast them and their peers as old and in the way, the Moodies defend both their integrity and their success with the contention that they, too, once suffered for their art-rock.

"For a long time, remember, we were an underground band," notes Hayward, whose angelic good looks and quiet demeanor are in stark contrast to Thomas' earthy, working-class airs. "That was our tag because we weren't on the singles charts yet. We knew what it was like to be one of those bands and to be treated that way."

Thomas claims he got all of fifty pounds (\$100) for "Go Now," the 1965 British Invasion smash by the original Moodies (which included Denny Laine, later with Paul McCartney's Wings). According to Hayward, *Days of Future Passed*, which introduced his romantic pop tunes and former keyboard player Mike Pinder's Mellotron to the group's sound, was made for 10,000 pounds (\$25,000) in less than two weeks, compared to the fifteen months it took to complete *Long*

Some people go
part of the way.

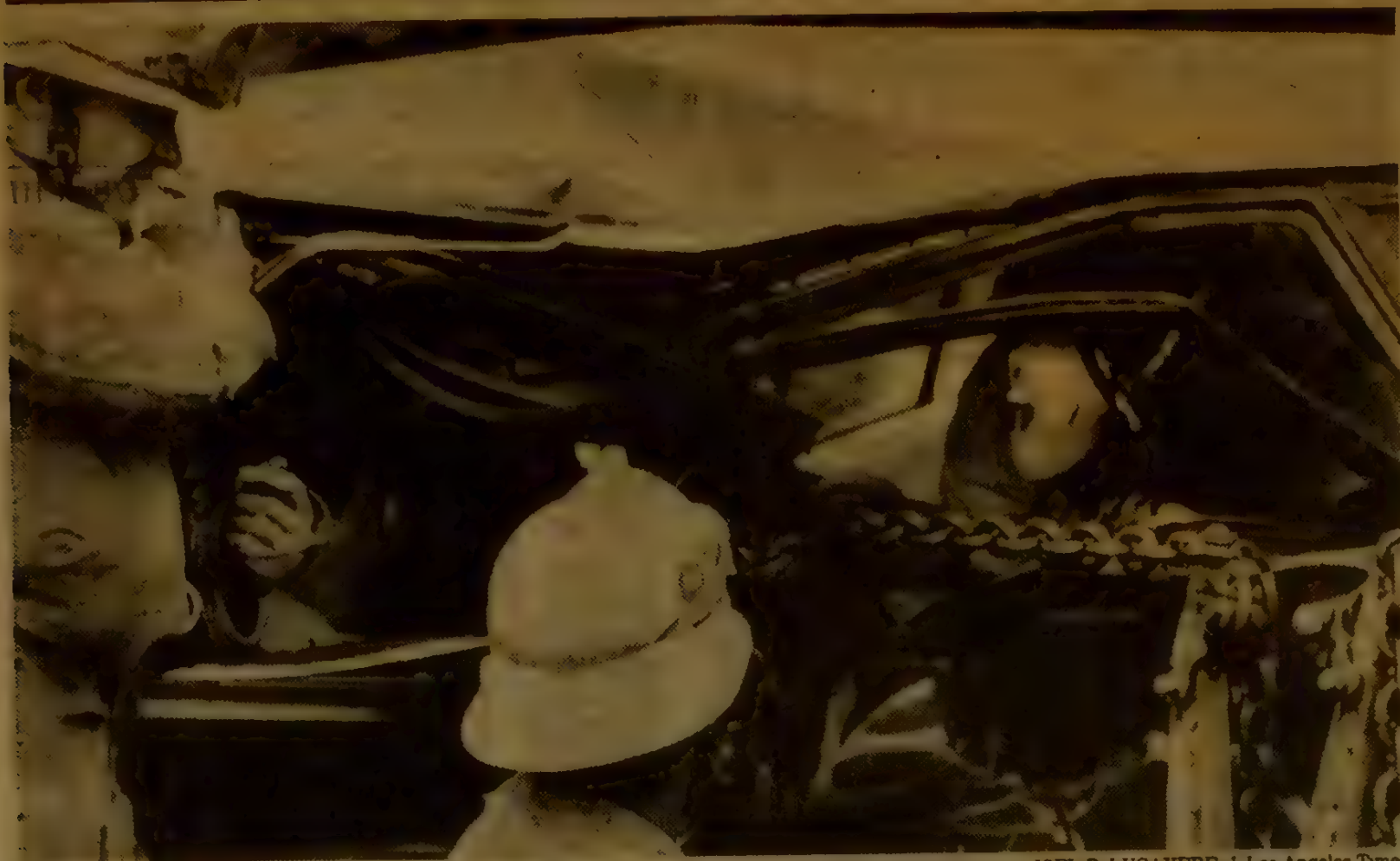
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Frozen in terror—Firemen work to free girl from mangled auto after two-car collision at Vanowen and Lindley in Reseda. Reynaldo

Estrada, 46, who police said ran a red light, was killed and his wife and three daughters injured, as were a mother and daughter in the other car.

JOEL P. LUGAVERE / Los Angeles Times

Man Fatally Shot When He Invades Neighbor's Home

By ERIC MALNIC, Times Staff Writer

A Chatsworth man who broke into a neighbor's home while fleeing in terror from a real or imagined assailant was shot to death by the neighbor early Tuesday after the intruder ignored repeated requests to halt, according to Los Angeles police.

Officers gave this account:

John Paul Smith, 42, a used car dealer who resided in the 20000 block of Hiawatha Street, first ran to a home on nearby Lubao Street at about 6 a.m. and awakened the residents with shouts of "Help me!" and "Let me in!"

When the residents failed to

When Smith refused to stop, the homeowner fired a shot that struck Smith in the shoulder. Smith staggered into a bathroom, where he dropped a .25-caliber pistol that the homeowner had not previously seen into the toilet.

Then, despite the wound that was to cost his life through loss of blood, Smith began crawling back into the bedroom.

Despite two warning shots from the homeowner, Smith continued to crawl toward the bed until he collapsed in the arms of a policeman who arrived at the home in response to a call from the security

CYANIDE: Test Capsules

Continued from First Page

In the San Jose incident, one of the tainted capsules contained 202 milligrams of cyanide and another contained 160 milligrams, Slagle said.

The San Jose victim, Susan Bowen, 30, survived and has been released from San Jose's Good Samaritan Hospital. But she is now a patient at Valley Medical Center in San Jose. Doctors there report that she is suffering from neurological damage, including a speech impairment, but they believe that she will eventually be able to return home.

Detective Ed Peters of the Los Angeles Police Department's Robbery-Homicide Division said that he

Infant Dies of Wounds; Father May Be Charged

Ronald Bass, convicted of knifing his 10-day-old son and sentenced to seven years in prison, may face murder charges. The infant died Sunday after a 10-month struggle for life.

Bass was sentenced Sept. 15 to seven years at Soledad Correctional Facility after he was found guilty on two counts of assault with a deadly weapon and another charge of causing great bodily harm to the infant.

Ronald Bass Jr. died Sunday at UCLA Medical Center after undergoing extensive treatment for stomach slash wounds inflicted Feb. 16 at Bass' Vernon Avenue home.

Detective Joan Wolf of the Los Angeles Police Department's child abuse unit said Tuesday that the exact cause of the baby's death will be determined by an autopsy. She said police will ask the district attorney's office to file a murder complaint against the baby's father.

Bass claimed during his trial that he was under the influence of PCP at the time of the assault, during which he also seriously wounded the boy's mother, Carolyn Black, 31. She has since recovered. But Wolf said tests indicated no presence of PCP in Bass' body at the time of the attack, although she said he may have been smoking marijuana.

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MAY 26 1983

BURRELLE'S

If Marilyn Monroe has slept with all the men who have listed her as a bed-mate in texts written since her death, she never would have had time to make a film. Now, here we go again, in the *Flash Backs* autobiography of LSD guru Timothy Leary. The only thing that makes his disclosure different is that, the way he tells it, after she lured him into the bedroom, he passed out before anything happened.

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SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.
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Byholes
MAY 29 1983



REDFORD: no plans to run



NAVRATILOVA: ached on service



CARON: sticking to stories

It's movies, not politics, for Redford

By ROBIN ADAMS SLOAN

Q. I can't believe this but I was told that Robert Redford is definitely giving up movies to retire to his place in Utah and run for public office. The explanation I heard was that his wife gave him an ultimatum — quit movies or else. — D.V.

A. You're right not to believe it. The rumors about Redford turning politician from his Sundance, Utah, base come up periodically. But as of now he's not quitting the film business and Lola Redford, who is busy with her own environmental commitments, would not make such a demand. As a matter of fact, Redford has just signed for his next movie, "The Natural," based on a novel by Bernard Malamud.

Q. Martina Navratilova seems like such a driving person on the tennis court. What's she like otherwise? — G.J.

A. Martina dined at a favorite out-of-town restaurant while on a cross-country tour recently. After her meal, she warmly told the maitre d', "Thank you. I enjoyed your service." Smilingly, he shot back, "Thank you, Miss Navratilova. And I enjoyed your service, too!"

A DOG'S LIFE: TV's favorite veterinarian, the handsome Stephen Kritsick, has just written a book, "Creature Comforts," with Patti Goldstein. Kritsick's experiences as a Manhattan vet are a far cry from the bucolic stories Dr. James Herriot tells from his Yorkshire, England, practice. In Kritsick's book he describes treating dogs who have been mugged on city streets and cats who have suicidally hurled themselves from penthouse terraces. Even more unusual is his confession that the wedding band he always wears is merely a ruse to ward off admirers. Kritsick, who looks like a movie star or male model, is still very much an eligible bachelor.

Q. What's this about Jackie Gleason having a run of bad luck? Is it anything serious? — C.Q.

A. For a while it looked that way. After completing a cable TV movie in England opposite none other than Sir Laurence Olivier, Gleason returned to Los Angeles in high spirits. Misfortune hit. He was felled by a serious blood clot condition and rushed to the hospital for surgery. Gleason was in intensive care when his wife Marilyn discovered

the gossip column

that an air-conditioning unit had caught fire at home. Things aren't all bleak, however. Gleason's condition is improving, and the word about his movie with Lord Larry is terrific.

Q. I understand that Timothy Leary, the controversial professor and researcher into psychedelic experiences, met Cary Grant during the time Grant was experimenting with LSD. What happened? — P.O.

A. Timothy Leary divulges interesting details of his meeting with Grant in "Flashbacks," his new autobiography. Leary claims the legendary star told him at that time, "LSD changed my life. I've lived more, felt more, enjoyed life more in the last few years than I had dreamed possible." Leary adds, "Cary said there was nothing he would rather do than a movie about LSD. He could see himself in the part of a Harvard professor discovering the key to the universe. The only problem was that we needed a script." Further, he claims Grant then said, "Put on paper the grandeur and the splendor and the romance and the revelation of LSD, and then I'll be begging for a part in the movie."

Q. Why hasn't Leslie Caron written her autobiography? I know she has done a book of short stories so at least she can write. And by the way, was she ever married? — R.V.

A. Leslie, who had a long romance with Warren Beatty and three marriages, feels that too many people would be hurt by such a book. She does admit that real-life incidents have crept into her stories and at the moment she is at work on a novel, but won't talk about the plot. The former ballet dancer, who'll be 52 in July, shares her life with Australian lawyer Roger Vincent but when asked about marriage says, "We're having too much fun to get married."

HEAVY PROTECTION: British taxpayers are up in arms these days over Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's son Mark. The young man seems to suffer from a touch of paranoia and has demanded extra protection and his mother obviously is indulging him. He has three bodyguards in constant attendance. The watchbirds are costing the British taxpayers about \$100,000 a year.

Q. We've seen Peter Falk often on TV and in the movies, and he's always struck us as looking a little funny. Does he have one false eye? — W.C.

A. Peter lost his right eye when he was three years old, and has been wearing an artificial one for the last 52 years. Falk doesn't regard the special circumstance with anguish. In fact, he jokes about it. He recalls a story about when he first went to Hollywood and confronted Columbia Pictures magnate Harry Cohn about a screen test Falk didn't want to take. Cohn ended the discussion with: "For the same price, I can get a guy with two eyes." Peter says now that people misinterpret that story as callousness on Cohn's part. But, he adds, "I got a kick out of it."

Q. I saw "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" starring Peter Strauss and I think it was the most exciting space movie ever. The 3-D special effects made it seem so real. But I know 3-D has been around for a long time. Can you tell me about it? — D.D.

A. 3-D has been around in one form or another since the Greeks, and movie-makers have been interested in the effects from the very beginning. But it was not until the 1950s that 3-D movies became popular in America. Most of these were cheap exploitation films and audiences soon wearied of this kind of fare. However, film technology has improved with high-speed cameras and new polarized glasses so that a 3-D movie like "Spacehunter" can now emphasize story over mere exploitation.

Q. After seeing and enjoying the play "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" in its current Broadway revival, I tried to recall the actor who played the part of Captain Queeg, the paranoid skipper, in the movie version. Wasn't it the great Jimmy Cagney? — O.V.

A. No. On screen, that role was portrayed by Humphrey Bogart. Most likely, as many readers have done, you've confused this movie with "Mr. Roberts" (released a year later) in which Cagney was cast as an equally eccentric and difficult captain — in this case — of a cargo ship.

Got a question? Robin Adams Sloan is a syndicated gossip columnist. Write to her in care of The Sun, 399 N. D St., San Bernardino, Ca. 92401.



LIZ SMITH

The cheerleader for the drug culture

NO PRICE IS SET on the lavish summer; June may be had by the poorest comer," wrote James Russell Lowell.

Starting the month with a bang is Dakin Williams, the brother of the late Tennessee. Just as this column reported recently, Dakin is indeed suing to break the will of the great playwright and he has tapped one of America's finest trial lawyers to help him—Florida's Murray Sams. "We are not going to go after these people with a peashooter," says Dakin. (He means Tennessee's attorney John Eastman and the Southeast Miami Bank, which controls the estate.)

Dakin, oblivious to criticism, seems very happy over the success of the book he has authored with Shepherd Mead, "Tennessee Williams: An Intimate Biography."

He says that, to his knowledge, there is no play or fragment of his late brother's work waiting to be completed by any other writer. In fact, Dakin says Tennessee's will specifically forbids anyone to "touch his stuff."

Hmmm, well, Tennessee's will said a



Elaine Princi: entering a new stage

t of things that people still living em perfectly willing to overlook.

NOW WHEN young blond Christopher Atkins begins to appear on the TV series "Dallas" on a limited basis, I hope you will remember that you read here first! But of course, you won't. In any case, "Dallas" regulars are in for a treat with the "Blue Lagoon" boy.

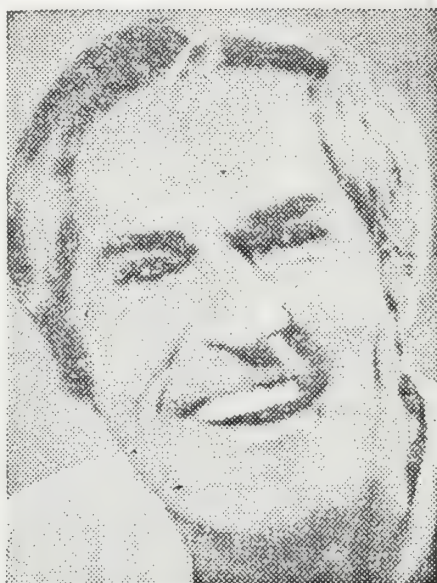
THE BRAND new autobiography of Timothy Leary, titled "Flashbacks," is an extraordinary memoir, even if one disapproves of the pro-drug stance of this seminal figure of the '60s.

Most fascinating part of it all are the adventures Leary recounts in about 38 different jails and prisons in which he inhabited during his years in the Establishment.)

Typical is a story of meeting Aldous Huxley, the famed English author, who favored the use of mind-bending drugs. Huxley told Leary:

"Your role is quite simple. Become the cheerleader for evolution. That's all I did and my grandfather before me."

These brain-drugs, mass-produced in the laboratories, will bring about changes in society. This will happen with or without you or me. All we do is spread the word. The obstacle



Dr. Timothy Leary: tales from the jails to this evolution, Timothy, is the Bible."

Leary said he didn't recall any brain-change drugs in the Bible. Huxley exclaimed, "Have you forgotten the very first chapters of Genesis? Jehovah says to Adam and Eve, 'I've built you this wonderful resort eastward of Eden. You can do anything you want, except you are forbidden to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.'"

Leary decided that this fruit was "the first controlled substance." Huxley said, "Exactly. The Bible begins with Food and Drug prohibitions." Leary countered, "So the Fall and Original Sin were caused by the taking of illegal drugs."

SOAP OPERA'S Elaine Princi is known to fans of "As the World Turns," but she will also be seen after today starring in Off Broadway's play "Thirteen" at the Sargent Theater. The drama was written by Lynda Myles, one of the regular writers for the soap.

Was close friendship involved in Elaine's getting the role? Everybody says no. Elaine had to audition three times for director Nell Robinson and producer Ruth Ann Morris before they decided she was right.

THE VILLAIN in the piece of Suzanne Somers' ongoing controversial career continues to be her husband-manager, Alan Hamel. (He's used to playing the heavy. Alan was blamed for outrageous salary demands that pushed Suzanne right out of her choice role in "Three's Company.") Well, now they say in Las Vegas that Suzanne's contract will not be picked up by the Hilton's "Moulin Rouge" show in which she is currently starring. Again, Alan wants too much money and everything else to keep Suzy going in this SRO entertainment. So when June ends, that's that!

INS WHO ARE OUT—Cafe Central on Amsterdam Ave. is getting them, night after night—Cher celebrated her birthday there recently with Meryl Streep and Bruce McGill (of "My One and Only" on B'way) as well as Paul Stanley from Kiss. John Travolta was with Carly Simon. And lamp these other names who are on tap—Mikhail Baryshkinov, Harry Hamlin, Chris Reeve, Chris Walken, Cina Lollobrigida, Ronce Blakely, Elizabeth Ashley, Tyne Daly. This is definitely the West Side's version of Elaine's on the East Side.

Look back, like self and live on

FLASHBACKS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Timothy Leary
(Tarcher: \$15.95; 395 pp., illustrated)

The drug guru of the 1960s takes us on his own personal magical mystery tour, an improbable journey of psychedelic experiences shared with such luminaries as Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady, Arthur Koestler, William Burroughs, Cary Grant, Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley and Otto Preminger.

Along the way, Leary encounters a remarkable array of friends and enemies. A young county official, G. Gordon Liddy, invades his Upstate New York research colony; Marshall McLuhan counsels him on how to present himself to the media; John Lennon and Yoko Ono help him write a campaign song ("Come Together") for his aborted run as a California gubernatorial candidate; Ted Kennedy badgers him at a Senate drug hearing; Eldridge Cleaver keeps him under house arrest during exile in Algeria.

Unfortunately, Leary is often so consumed by searching within himself that he shortchanges the reader by failing to observe the world around him. He painstakingly reconstructs the evening of his conception, right down to his father's white BVDs and the movement of the egg down his mother's "Fallopian Highway," yet devotes only one page to a pill-popping session with Marilyn Monroe. He dismisses his meeting with Ken Kesey in two lines, and offers us a mere half-page of a Folsom Prison conversation with Charles Manson, the man who confirmed America's worst fears about the evils of LSD.

Each of the 40 chapters in "Flashbacks" begins with a thumbnail biographical sketch of a heretic, free-thinker, martyr or famous drug-user; men and women who defied the scientific, literary and religious communities of their day

and later were judged by history as ahead of their time. The pantheon includes Socrates, Dante, Emerson, William James, Wilhelm Reich, and Leary's fellow LSD pioneers, Frank Barron and Richard Alpert. This device does provide an interesting almanac for the history of ideas.

"Flashbacks" begins on the day Leary's first wife committed suicide, then cross-cuts back and forth through time in

Reviewed by Thomas Ruffen.

scattered interludes of the drug years, a repressive Catholic boyhood, Jesuit undergraduate days at Holy Cross, his silenced years at West Point, his introduction to the wonders of psychology at the University of Alabama.

Part II settles into a more satisfying chronological account of drug busts, police harassment, legal battles, prison confinements, escapes, exile, FBI set-ups and ultimate freedom.

For the most part, the book is breezy and entertaining, with only a few lapses

into such unabashed Learyisms as "The sun drenched me with stellar information fresh from the solar oven. Every time I breathed, in came millions of airborne organisms, each squirming with DNA network news."

Leary often has interesting things to say about the necessity of unpopular research, and recounts successes he has had in reducing prison recidivism rates and the suffering of the terminally ill via psycho-active drugs. But for all his researching, eclectic reading, publishing and academic training, the good doctor's insights are strangely empty, his thinking naive and quixotic.

Leary's message is that drugs are the key to solving the world's problems, that euphoria is the road to Utopia. He maintains a simplistic and comfortable middle-class world view, completely out of touch with the harsh realities of a planet beset with hunger, economic woe, political chaos and a continuum of hatred and warfare.

Ruffen is a Vancouver, B.C., radio and television writer.

KIRKUS, REVIEWS
NEW YORK, N.Y.
CIRC. N. AVAIL.

APR 15 1983 *Bukeller*

▲ Leary, Timothy
FLASHBACKS: *An*
Autobiography
Tarcher—dist. by
Houghton Mifflin \$15.95
5/30 SBN: 87477-177-3

"You've been a hopelessly non-adjusted mad Celt since the day you were born. Drugs helped settle you down. They were a challenging research tool to play with." So said psychologist buddy Frank Barron to Timothy Leary—then in Folsom prison awaiting trial for the sensational Weatherman-aided escape from jail that took him and Rosemary across four continents. The scene comes late in the book. Rosemary has already left, and been replaced by Joanna; she will exit, and Barbara will enter. The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility. The Irish charm and Irish weakness were there in his father, the West Pointer and boozier who exited when the money ran out. Mother was also Irish Catholic and well-born but devout, and doomed to be disappointed by Tim—who was constantly expelled from schools and colleges, and even suffered The Silence at West Point. These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty. There are glamorous days of high living and travel, encounters with Huxley and Koestler, prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor. (About a Minnesota jail: "The hole was clean as a whistle. A metal bunk. A Muriel Humphrey mattress. A beautifully painted (gray) washbasin and toilet. Minimalist design.") The blow-by-blow description of the escape has the tension of detective fiction. Was it worth it after all? Yes, if you're Leary. Today he's fit, happily married, writing, talking, even debating old enemies like Gordon Liddy and making up with Eldridge Cleaver and Ram Dass (Richard Alpert). Gorgeous story-telling—along with the blarney that makes Leary his own best disciple.

DEC

1982

By Belles

In Print

OUT IN DECEMBER: *NO Fond Return of Love* (\$11.95), by Barbara Pym, is the eighth novel to date by the late British writer to be published by E. P. Dutton. Profound in an unprepossessing way, the work is another of Pym's astringent seriocomedies about circumscribed female lives. . . . For anyone who still cares, *Flashbacks* (J. P. Tarcher, \$15.95) is the autobiography of Timothy Leary, in which he chats about, among many other things, his experiences with people ranging from Arthur Koestler to Charles Manson. . . . *The Story-Teller: 13 Tales by Saki* (David Godine, \$10.95) collects some of the best short stories by an acknowledged master of the form; illustrated by Jeanne Titherington. . . . *On Sakharov* (Knopf, \$15 cloth, \$5.95 paper), edited by Alexander Babyonyshev, twenty-five contributors from inside the Soviet Union examine the political and scientific work of the great Russian dissident.

Her last hurrah? There is a sizzling critique of B. F. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* in the late Ayn Rand's collection of essays, *Philosophy: Who Needs It* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$15.95). Aside from that, this is a mixed bag of worthwhile pieces ("Causality vs. Duty," "The Establishing of an Establishment") and uneducated speculations. Rand is at her best when sticking to contemporary issues, at her most embarrassing when discoursing on the history of ideas. Anyone serious about freedom of expression (as she, to her credit, certainly was) will enjoy her dissection of several Supreme Court decisions on pornography in "Censorship: Local and Express."

INQUIRY folk: Our esteemed contributor Nat Hentoff, who has been speaking his mind in these pages every other

has two somewhat offbeat works in the fall lists. *Blues for Charlie Darwin* (Morrow, \$11.50) is an engrossing, fast-paced detective novel, set in Greenwich Village. *The Day They Came to Arrest the Book* (Delacorte, \$10.95), a novel for Young Adults, tackles the question of book censorship in a high school. . . . Dana Gioia, our long-standing poetry editor and consultant on literary matters, has been very active recently. Not only have his poems and essays been appearing in magazines like *Poetry*, the *Hudson Review*, and the *New Yorker*, but he has also had two small poetry chapbooks come out in fine-press editions. In collaboration with Matrix Press, he has put together a series called Chimera Broad-sides, luxuriously printed single poems by internationally known authors. And he has recently finished editing *The Selected Stories of Weldon Kees*, for the first time bringing together the fiction of this important but underrated American poet. Dana, incidentally, works full-time as a business executive in New York.

New in paperback: Alfred Lilienthal's *The Zionist Connection: What Price Peace?* is now out in paperback (North American Press, \$9.95), titled in this edition *The Zionist Connection II*, because of the addition of a new chapter on Reagan and Begin. It contains over 900 pages filled with facts on the recent history and current politics of Israel and its neighbors and the methods used to keep these facts from a dismally uninformed American public. Very readable and highly illuminating—to the point where the Arabic translation of the original edition has been banned in the Israeli-occupied territories. Lilienthal is also the editor of the long-running *Middle East Perspective* (850 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10103).

Pure delight: With virtually everyone connected with publishing complaining about this season's slim pickings, it is good to be able to note that some publishers continue to bring out art books of a very high quality indeed. Abbeville Press is, of course, one of the premier houses specializing in illustrated books; two recent ones are of extraordinary interest. *Political Graphics: Art as a Weapon* (\$50), by Robert Phillippe, excitingly depicts the political uses of art on both sides of the barricades—by governments and dissidents—over the past four centuries. *Great Magazine Covers of the World* (\$65), by Patricia Frantz Kery, with hundreds of such covers from nineteenth- and twentieth-century periodicals, is not only beautiful but a contribution to social history as well.

A good deal of Americana is included among the new offerings. *An American Chronology: The Photographs of David Plowden* (Viking, \$45) concentrates on "man-made America," and tries, in the artist's words, "to confer a kind of immortality on certain aspects of American civilization before they vanish"; his powerful images do just that. The loveliest from Sierra Club Books this season is Fred Beckey's *Mountains of North America* (\$35), mostly U.S. It is standard, amazing Sierra Club visual precision applied to a glorious subject. But the best of a superb lot, in my view, is the product of a relatively new house, Stewart, Tabori, and Chang, *American Anthem* (\$55 until December 31, \$65 thereafter). The words are by E. L. Doctorow, and the stunning pictures were selected by J. C. Suarès from the works of dozens of photographers. I can think of no previous work that, attempting to capture the texture of the most complex society that ever existed, has come as close. —R.R.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST

April 15th issue of Booklist's feature, "UPFRONT."

"UPFRONT is comprised of reviews of books that the BOOKLIST staff predicts will be in demand in libraries and for which it is likely that libraries will place multi-copy orders.

Librarians and others engaged in media selection depend of BOOKLIST reviews for their reliability, consistency and fairness. They know that each review is a recommendation for purchase."

Leary, Timothy. Flashbacks: an autobiography. 1983. [416p.] illus. Tarcher; dist. by Houghton, \$15.95 (0-87477-177-3). Galley. May.

"Up ahead, I saw to my astonishment that Miss Egg, far from being a passive, dumb glob with round heels waiting to be knocked up by some first-to-arrive, breathless, sweaty, muscular sperm, was a luminescent sun, radiating amused intelligence, surrounded by magnetic fields bristling with phosphorescent radar scanners and laser-defenses." And so begins this whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor and, later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s. Hundreds--thousands--of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period--Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more. Whatever reputation Leary has rightfully or wrongfully been tagged with, he offers here an important historical document and a well-considered apologia for the use of mind-expanding drugs. To include 32 black-and-white photos. Notes; no index. AM. 150'.092 (B) Leary, Timothy Francis//Psychologists--U.S.--Biography [CIP] 82-16915

PAGE 2

Edited by Sally Jenkins

Fleet Street furor

I think it's the best thing that could happen to a boring election. I've put a little pep back into it," says **Shirley MacLaine** on the eve of Britain's general elections. It seems Shirley's causing something of a stir on the Fleet Street front pages with her new book, "Out On A Limb." That's the one in which she reveals that she believes in reincarnation and has lived several different lives, including that of a man. What is really startling to the Brits, however, is another revelation: that she carried on a tempestuous affair with a British minister of the Labor persuasion — and the married persuasion, as well. Of course, all England is trying to identify the rascal, particularly the conservatives. Shirley is mum on the subject. ■

Concerning Paramount

Is **Gary Nardino** negotiating an independent production deal with Paramount-TV? That from the rumor mill, along with talk that the TV prez would be replaced by **Rich Frank**, currently head of Paramount-TV distribution. Nardino, who took over in 1977, oversaw the blockbusters "Winds of War" and "Shogun," among other things, but also saw a lackluster selling season this year, leading some to think that might be the reason for his reported departure. Others, however, say Nardino has been leaning in the producing direction for sometime. "The rumor is that he would oversee television but be free to do more production, which has been his goal for some time," says one Paramouter. As for the mediocre season, "He would have looked better if he had gotten out last year," says our source, "but he has been trying to get out for sometime." ■

Royal report

Princess Diana and **Prince Charles** joined a host of celebrities, including **Liza Minnelli** and tennis ace **John McEnroe**, for the charity premiere of the new James Bond movie, "Octopussy." After the showing, the royal couple joined up with **Roger Moore**, leading lady **Maud Adams**, who plays the title role of Octopussy, and other members of the cast, including the usual Bond beauties. ...

Meanwhile, **Prince Andrew** is making like the

Warren Beatty of the Royals. He is credited with seeing four different girls at once: **Koo Stark**, **Vicky Hodge**, **Joanna Latham** and **Carolyn Seward**, reports **Liz Smith**. The latter was Miss United Kingdom 1979, and who better to date Britain's younger prince? ■

Bunny bucks

Playboy Enterprises is cutting back on raises for its employees after a "very disappointing" showing over the last year. According to a memo making the rounds at the skin factory, bunny workers making less than \$75,000 will get maximum raises of 3 percent, while those making more won't get raises at all. Playboy lost \$10.5 million during the nine months ending March 31. That's better than last fiscal year, when it lost \$30.3 million by March 31. ■

Movers and shakers

Dudley Moore played piano to a sold-out house at Carnegie Hall, one of three soloists in a St. Paul Chamber Orchestra concert. ...

A slew of celebs turned out for **David Bowie's** opening concert at Wembley, his first there in five years. Among the glitterers were **Liza Minnelli**, **Koo Stark** and **Steven Spielberg**. ■

On the Dole

Sen. **Bob Dole** is leading the race to acquire the best "hideaway" on Capitol Hill. It seems a senator's standing is privately rated by his colleagues on the basis of those "hideaways," the unlisted offices in the Capitol that only the most senior of members possess. The idea is for the politico to do business near the Senate floor without having to walk blocks back to his official office. The rating goes: Does the senator have a hideaway? How big is it? How close to the floor? Does it have a kitchen or only the mandatory refrigerator? Dole not only has a convenient little meeting place, he also has *another* one halfway between his regular one and the office. ■

Acid tongue

Timothy Leary, the turn-on-tune-in-drop-out guru, has dropped in long enough to churn out a new book in which he voices suspicions that **John F. Kennedy** experimented with acid. "Flashback," reports **Diana McLellan**, talks all about JFK's association with the late painter **Mary Eno Pinchot Meyer**. She was a one-time amour of JFK's, as well as the ex-wife of CIA agent **Cord Meyer**, and the sister of **Ben Bradlee's** former wife **Toni**. Tim, who says he taught Mary how to trip, suspects she taught the art to her beau. "My friends and I have been turning on some of the most important people in Washington," he says she said. ■

trary, they are only the scaffolding on which Keen constructs a profound meditation on the dynamics of loving.

[May 25]

ON BECOMING A NOVELIST

John Gardner, introduction by Raymond Carver. Harper & Row, \$13.95 ISBN 0-06-014956-6

As a poet, essayist, critic and teacher of creative writing, as well as a novelist, Gardner was in a good position, from personal experience, to advise young would-be writers, and in this book, completed just before his death last year, he tried to deal with, and if possible get rid of, the beginning novelist's worries. Here are helpful remarks about the opportunities, conflicts and pitfalls of a career as a writer of fiction, the necessary talent and education, how to overcome writer's block, even whether to write with a pencil, pen or typewriter. Although Gardner suggests that the best way to keep going is to live off one's spouse, he provides more practical advice and the encouragement that will help young writers learn their craft, get started and sustain faith in themselves. *First serial to Esquire; Writers Digest Book Club main selection.* Foreign rights: Georges Borchardt.

[May 25]

DANGEROUS CURRENTS: The State of Economics

Lester Thurow. Random House, \$16.95 ISBN 0-394-53150-7

Thurow, MIT professor of economics, *Newsweek* columnist and author of the bestselling *Zero-Sum Society*, here argues forcefully and convincingly against the dangerous currents of our present economic policies. Theorists, we learn, juggle supply, demand, "real income," etc., and posit equations that suit a scholarly sense of order, but prove nothing. People trying to make a living look to business and government, while politicians look to economists whose advice may be followed by increased unemployment. Thurow sifts through the wreckage of misapplied or misshapen aspects of economic theory—econometrics, macro- and micro-modeling, monetarism, rational expectationism, etc., of recent years, including Reaganomics, which, he indicates, won't do. Business school academics are bound to get stirred up as Thurow nudges them toward a more empirical analysis of "the real world." Foreign rights: Bill Leigh, 49-51 State Rd., Princeton, N.J. 06540. [May 25]

IMPRINTS: The Lifelong Effects of the Birth Experience

Arthur Janov. Coward-McCann, \$17.95 ISBN 0-698-11183-4

Janov's controversial *The Primal Scream* motivated patients to reexperience their birth traumas. Here the father of Primal Therapy offers new

ment, as well as the act of birth itself, leaves an emotional imprint on the newborn. Even a mother's attitude toward her unborn child can affect the baby's health and disposition, according to recent studies. Janov says that normal birth is a rare occurrence. In the much more common "drugged birth," an anesthetic taken by the mother passes through the placental barrier and prevents the drugged baby from responding normally to facilitate its own birth. Perhaps the most important part of the book deals with recommendations for birth practices. Sections on primal pain and its lifelong effects on personality, sexual orientation and philosophical outlook are apt to create new controversy. Janov ends with a caveat to those who seek quick therapeutic cures.

[May 26]

LANGSTON HUGHES: Before and Beyond Harlem

Faith Berry. Lawrence Hill, \$19.95; paper \$12.95

Hughes (1902-1967), a leading figure of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s, was a versatile, prolific black writer (poetry, fiction, drama, journalism, etc.) who, for all his autobiographical writing, remained a very private man. Denied access to Hughes's full papers at Yale, Berry has nonetheless written a detailed biographical and critical study of Hughes, one that focuses on his life through the 1940s (with an overview of the later years). There is a wealth of material on his broken childhood, his early years as jazz-and-blues poet, his travels and proletarian writing of the '30s, his work as a screenwriter and lyricist. And there are stories of relationships with Arna Bon Temps, Alain Locke and others. Yet Hughes remains a strikingly elusive figure. Berry, while offering a mass of information, never gives a sure sense of the man (whose personal struggle involved not only racial matters but also his homosexuality) and offers few firm critical judgments on his work, much of it written out of constant financial need.

[May 26]

THE SHADOW WARRIORS: O.S.S. and the Origins of the C.I.A.

Bradley F. Smith. Basic Books, \$20.75 ISBN 0-465-00756-0

Following two recent laudatory biographies of William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, founder-director of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II, this history of the O.S.S. is surprisingly critical of the American spymaster. Smith characterizes him as rash, erratic, politically naive and a dimly poor administrator. He contends that Donovan not only overrated the efficacy of irregular warfare but also spent too much time promoting his organization at the expense of long-

range planning. The book is not primarily an attack on Donovan per se, however, but a detailed account of the origin, operation and abrupt demise of the O.S.S. Smith covers a lot of ground expertly: he describes, for instance, the wartime relationship between the O.S.S. and the Soviet N.K.V.D. He also discusses how O.S.S. veterans contributed to the creation of the Central Intelligence Agency after the war.

[May 27]

FLASHBACKS: An Autobiography

Timothy Leary. J. P. Tarcher (Houghton Mifflin, dist.), \$15.95 ISBN 0-87477-177-3

In this irreverent, readable memoir, Leary, self-styled guru of the 1960s drug culture, recalls a career in psychology and drug research that brought him, within a decade's time, from a Harvard post to federal imprisonment on drug charges. In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Mass., he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard (on such volunteers as Aldous Huxley and Allen Ginsberg) and the "establishment" opposition that led to his public role as a "cheerleader for change." Nostalgic ("Oh the excitement of those days") and still arguing for "intelligent, moderate" drug use for self-exploration, he ends with his years in prison, on the lam and in prison again. Leary now lectures on space migration and other topics. Photos.

[May 30]

A JOURNEY FOR OUR TIMES: A Memoir

Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row/A Cornelia and Michael Bessie Book, \$22.50 ISBN 0-06-039006-9

In this long, absorbing, richly detailed memoir, Salisbury, long-time correspondent and editor at the *New York Times*, tells how a shy, gawky midwesterner became the stubborn, hard-nosed journalist celebrated for his reporting from Moscow and elsewhere. Starting in Minnesota, where he took his first news job in 1926, at 18, the author's "journey" continues through the 1940s with United Press in Chicago, Washington, London and Russia; and ends with his coverage of Stalin and Khrushchev for the *Times*. In a bright, engaging narrative he writes of innumerable figures, such as Al Capone and Huey Long, Averell Harriman and George Kennan, and of such places as a Depression-ravaged U.S. and Moscow in the "fear and terror" of the '50s. The book abounds in stories, none more vivid than those of Russia, where this "cranky, skeptical Minnesotan" walked the streets, met poets, peasants and diplomats, and discovered the So-

DALTON BOOKSELLER
MERCHANDISE BULLETIN
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
WEEKLY

B. K. Keller

FEB 11 1983

FLASHBACKS An Autobiography, Timothy Leary, Houghton Mifflin, \$15.95, (a J. P. Tarcher book) Timothy Leary has been lecturing on the college circuit and drawing good crowds (his co-lecturer has been Gordon Liddy) - which leads me to believe there will be interest in his autobiography. Timothy Leary has long been a controversial figure. In his book Dr. Leary writes of his relationships with Arthur Koestler, Aldous Huxley, and Ram Dass, Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs and Ken Kersey, CIA operatives, politicians, and fellow prisoners Eldridge Cleaver and Charles Manson.

From his conception at West Point, "The night after alcohol became an illegal drug." through his year as a cadet, from his life as an award-winning psychologist, to his 10 year jail sentence for possession of half an ounce of marijuana; from his prison escape and life as an international fugitive, through his present life as a lecturer and writer, Leary recounts one of the most singular lives of our times. Mike Hejny placed through the J stores. It's a February pub. date.

On Books

★★★★★ Excellent ★★★★★ Very Good
★★★★ Good ★★ Fair ★ Poor

Timothy Leary's Autobiography Turn-On For Lovers Of Novels

FLASHBACKS

★★★★★

By Timothy Leary;
J.P. Tarcher Inc.; \$15.95

BY ALICE HORNBAKER

Enquirer Book Critic

"Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out."

Those words from the psychedelic '60s still sum up Timothy Leary.

You remember Leary. He was (and is) LSD's cheerleader and Harvard's bad boy professor (eventually fired).

In and out of prison for two decades now (currently out), Leary, at 61, is neither contrite nor remorseful. Indeed, his autobiography shows us an often-arrogant man who still sometimes thumbs his nose at the society which alternately condemns and supports him.

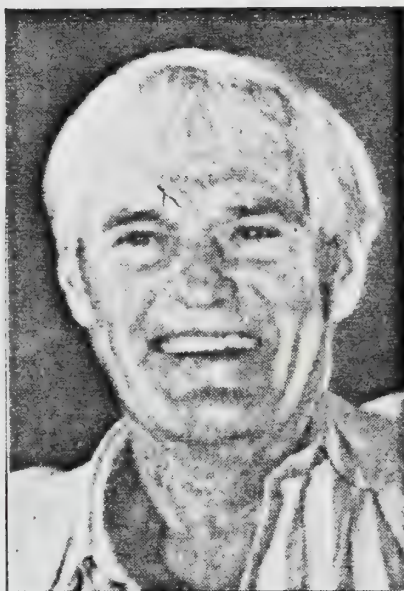
Like him or not, it cannot be denied that Leary's intellect, his articulate and persuasive rhetoric and his ability to survive are impressive. His has been an extraordinary life. And this is an extraordinary, reads-like-a-novel book you won't want to miss.

THE PAGES pulsate with running commentary as Leary breaks laws, gets busted, breaks out of prison and goes on the run to foreign countries, returns to prison and loves and leaves women by the dozens.

There is no novel that can outdo Leary's life.

The cast of characters reads like a list of Who's Who in Contemporary America: the CIA's G. Gordon Liddy (who busted Leary), J. Edgar Hoover, the Kennedys, the Weathermen, the Black Panthers, author Thomas Huxley. There are famous scientists, politicians, professors, musicians, actors and many common folk. Their tastes, appetites and peccadilloes are all exposed by Leary.

"All resemblances between the



TIMOTHY LEARY

... still expanding intelligence

characters in this book and real people, living or dead, are intentional," he asserts.

Leary's mandate to be society's celebrity miscreant came when his dying grandfather told a young Timothy: "Never do anything like anyone else, boy. Be one of a kind." Leary was and is.

Reading James Joyce's book, *Ulysses*, was a major factor in Leary's dervish spinout toward psychedelic drugs. "Joyce stopped words from their prudish structures and let them split like charged particles... Reading *Ulysses* prepared me for the psychedelic experience."

HIS USE of drugs to expand his mind began with a sampling of Mexico's "sacred mushrooms." That first time he turned on, he "laughed at my own everyday pomposity, the narrow arrogance of scholars, the impudence of the rational, the smug naivete of words in contrast to the raw, rich

ever-changing panoramas that flooded my brain.

"I came back," he says, "a changed man."

A man who now believes in taking mind-altering drugs under controlled conditions.

"We discover abruptly that we have been programmed all these years, that everything we accept as reality is just social fabrication. In the 21 years since eating mushrooms in a garden in Mexico, I have devoted most of my time and energy to the exploration and classification of these circuits of the brain and their implications for evolution, past and future... The brain is an underutilized bio-computer, containing billions of unaccessed neutrons. I learned that normal consciousness is one drop in the ocean of intelligence."

Psychologist Leary began using psilocybin for his controlled mind studies at Harvard University. Then came LSD. He also has tried other drugs, he writes, but always as the careful scientist who explores benefits and risks.

Before he was fired from Harvard, he worked with graduate students, who assisted him, and who helped him turn on professors, New York personalities and show business people.

IS THERE any redeeming value in a life of a drummer man who always must march to a different tune?

Leary thinks so. He believes he has proved that "Survival in the future will be based on intelligence increase: expanding the spectrum of information we receive, improving our models for analyzing these facts and developing more powerful modes of transmitting updated signals to others.

"I can make this prediction with confidence and serenity: The Young Ones are ready to *Turn On* the higher circuits of their brains, *Tune In* to the awesome strength of their numbers, and *Take Charge* of evolution."

By Belles

APR 26 1983

Patient audience for Merman

By JOAN HANAUER
United Press International

MORNING CONCERTS: Ethel Merman's fellow patients at a New York hospital are getting a treat Broadway buffs have paid big dollars for in the past — a morning concert by Merman. Miss Merman, 76, was hospitalized April 7 and underwent surgery for the removal of a brain tumor. "Her speech is improving and she has been increasingly singing," said hospital spokeswoman Bernie Wisniewski. "The nurse can hear her down the hall in the morning. The patients love it." Miss Merman has been receiving cards, telegrams and flowers from many of her famous friends, including President Reagan, Bob Hope and Mary Martin.

PARADE OF STARS: Alexander H. Cohen, who staged "The Night of 100 Stars" last year to benefit the Actors Fund, will do an encore May 2 with a "Parade of Stars" at New York's Palace Theater on the 70th birthday of the old vaudeville house. Milton Berle, George Burns and Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, who played the Palace in its heyday, will be on hand. Performers of today will imitate stars of yesteryear, including Debbie Reynolds as Eva Tanguay, Dick Cavett as Fred Allen, Jack Klugman and Jack Giltord as Smith & Dale, Rich Little as Jack Benny, Jeanne Moreau as Sarah Bernhardt, Ann Reinking and Pam Dawber as the Dolly Sisters, Gregory Hines as Bill Robinson, Larry Kert as Al Jolson, Shelley Winters as Sophie Tucker and Debbie Allen as Josephine Baker.

are about 10 million single women between 20 and 35," he said, "and, of those, maybe 100 would be ideal for me." Meanwhile Halberstadt is planning another movie — about how to meet people with special hand signals.

"DON'T LOOK DOWN": Debra Winger has a reputation for being difficult, talented and hot at the box office — all because of her role in "An Officer and a Gentleman." She admits she was no angel on the film set, but for that she blames the producers.

Peopletalk

"They were pigs. They were terrible and I was terrible back," she told Life magazine. She said her only rule in life is "Don't look down." She was in an accident at 18 that left her partially paralyzed and in and out of hospitals for a year and she said, "I think anyone who's been near death looks at life differently. It feels like extra time now."

QUOTE OF THE DAY: Barbara Cartland, who at 82 has written 350 romantic novels and has 350 million books in circulation, still has plenty to

say. Among the things the British novelist told Women's Wear Daily: "Pornography is entirely due to bad feeding. There is something wrong if you have to be stimulated to sex, like the Georgian rakes who liked to be beaten with nettles. If you have the right diet, people are naturally stimulated."

GLIMPSES: Donald Brooks did the costumes for "Dance A Little Closer," the updated musical version of Robert Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight" ... Timothy Leary, who was expelled from Harvard 20 years ago, has written his autobiography, "Flashbacks".

Liddy, Leary on joint speaking tour, but opinions go their separate ways

By Yarden Arar
Associated Press

Los Angeles, Calif.

They are an odd couple—a former political dirty trickster and an ex-acid freak. But G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary have one of the hottest acts around.

The convicted Watergate conspirator and the convicted (for drug use) former drug-cult ringleader cheerfully admit that they don't agree on a thing. But their dialogue has been drawing capacity crowds wherever they go.

"He's Darth Vader to my Luke Skywalker," Leary says of Liddy. "I have always felt that Mr. Liddy is one of the most dangerous and eloquent advocates of a disastrous political program which has ruined the United States in the past 40 years."

"He hasn't changed his ideas one bit," Liddy counters. "He's putting forth the same ideas to another generation, and God forbid he should succeed These ideas are very dangerous."

Liddy and Leary recently did a two-night stand at the Wilshire Ebell theater in Los Angeles. They are taking a break from the talk circuit, and

plan to resume their traveling debate in the fall.

But despite the distaste each holds for the other's ideas, they hasten to add that it does not extend to their personal relationship. In fact, the two men profess to being fast friends.

"Gordon Liddy is intelligent, he's highly educated, he's deeply idealistic, he's demonstrated extraordinary courage in standing up for his beliefs, including having willingly, almost voluntarily, gone to prison for a long time," Leary said.

Said Liddy: "Tim Leary has a marvelous elfin sense of wit and Irish humor. He doesn't get ponderous and heavy. In fact, he gets so light, sometimes he floats. It becomes a difficult task for me to penetrate that veil of charm and show these ideas for what they really are, which is very dangerous principles."

The Liddy-Leary connection goes back to the 1960s, when Liddy, as assistant district attorney in Dutchess County, N.Y., prosecuted Leary for smoking marijuana. For a brief time in the 1970s, the two men also were behind bars at the same federal prison at Terminal Island off Los Angeles.

But the debates that led to their friendship began only about a year ago, when both men—heavy travelers on the lecture circuit—were speaking separately at the University of Texas at Austin.

A friend of Leary's, who owned what Liddy described as "a counterculture bookstore," suggested that they air their opposing views on the same platform.

Each debate opens with the opponents stating their views on individual freedom versus the power of the state. A moderator from the community then poses specific questions, usually geared to current events. After an intermission, the two men field questions from the audience.

"I was asked one time what I thought of group sex by a very attractive woman in front of a thousand people," Liddy recalled. "I asked her how big a group she had in mind. She got very upset, said I wasn't taking her seriously."

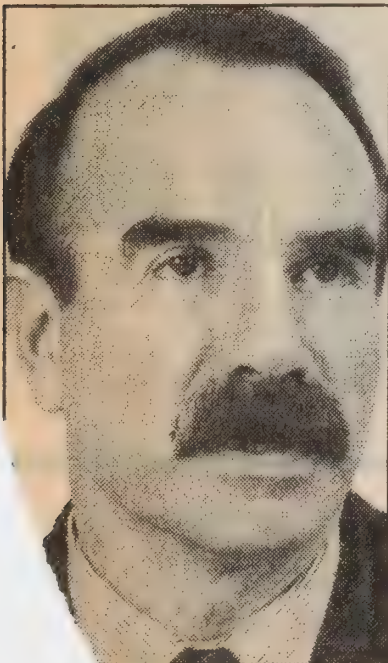
Asked whether Leary contributed to that particular exchange, Liddy laughed and replied, "No, he was too busy laughing at my discomfiture."

Leary said that his most difficult moments come when Liddy "presents my position in an exaggerating way and makes it sound as though I'm defending the Hillside Strangler and drug use by children, neither of which I do."

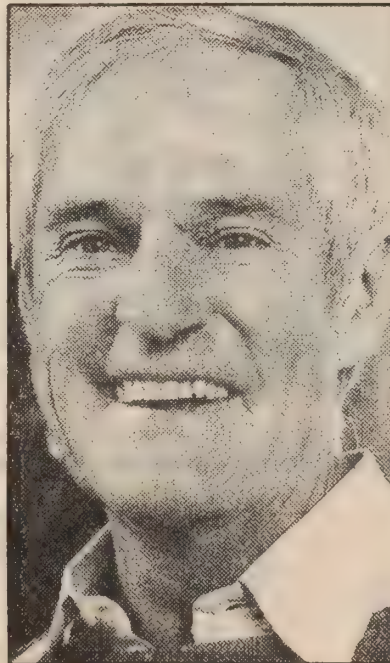
"But I must tell you, neither Liddy or I squirm," he added. "We're two of the most controversial people in America. We've listened to every insult and personal attack possible; we're both tough cookies and so we're not easily intimidated by a peaceful argument."

"In my opinion," Liddy said of Leary's beliefs, "they suggest the acceptability of totally self-centered, irresponsible behavior, and license as distinguished from liberty."

"I think Mr. Liddy's ideas are turning America into a banana republic, and are robbing American youth of their hope for the future," Leary said. "Gordon Liddy is a rock-ribbed Republican somewhere to the right of the 3-H boys—Herbert Hoover, J. Edgar Hoover and Jesse Helms."



G. Gordon Liddy



Timothy Leary

Rank gets rights to projects

continued from page 1 —

Rediffusion, the U.K. cable company, will contribute a further \$1.6 million.

"The Bostonians," adapted from the Henry James story, starts shooting in July in Boston. To be directed by James Ivory with Christopher Reeve, it's budgeted at \$3.3 million. The screenplay for the 19th-century love story is by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, novelist and longtime collaborator with Merchant and Ivory. Picture should be ready by spring of 1984, with Cannes screenings a possibility.

"The Deceivers," from the classic John Masters story of high adventure in India during the 1890s, starts shooting January 1984 in India on a \$5-6 million budget. Director and cast are soon to be finalized, but executive producer is U.K. impresario Michael White ("Rocky Horror Picture Show," "Moonlighting").

Merchant says that the Rank-Rediffusion deal will account for approximately 45% of the combined \$8.5 million budget. Another 40-45% he expects from presales to a USA major, soon to be announced, and the remaining investment comes from private U.K. sources. The new two-picture pact follows Rank's investment (approximately 20%) in Merchant's current picture, "Heat and Dust," budgeted at \$2.4 million, shot in India, and starring Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. "Heat and Dust" plays in competition here this week and is tipped as one of the front-runners for the Palme d'Or. The picture — which goes out through Universal Classics in

the United States — has had a highly successive U.K. release so far, taking \$550,000 in 13 weeks at one screen in London. Merchant says he is confident that the picture will eventually take "at least \$800,000 at that single screen," and expects a final worldwide gross in the range of \$20 million. The success of the current picture, he says, "may not explain our new deal with Rank, but it obviously helps." At script stage "Heat and Dust" had been rejected by several of the majors, who thought the project not viable. The picture opens at nine screens in France in August, and in Boston, L.A., New York and other U.S. cities in September.

In addition to taking U.K. distribution and non-North American sales rights on the two new Merchant projects, Rank is to sell the catalogue of the producer's past films, which remain virtually unsold to TV outside the U.K. describing Rank as "reliable and straightforward partners," Merchant said that he obviously hoped "Heat and Dust" would win the Cannes prize, but added that "it's not crucial in any sense." "Heat and Dust" was sold to virtually all European territories, and all those buyers have put in bids for the new pictures, either singly or as a package. But Merchant emphasized that for the U.S. sale, the two pictures, of which "The Deceivers" is the bigger and more commercial project, are not tied together. Meanwhile, Rank's \$2.4 million investment represents a striking policy development, since the company itself exited production in some disarray four years ago.

Col TV, Centerpoint pact

continued from page 1 —

rently under a production contract with CPT, will develop and produce properties in tandem with Grosso-Jacobson.

The pact was set up by CPT president Herman Rush, Centerpoint CEO Bill Ellis and president — TV Thomas Tannenbaum.

"Pompeii" is from executive producer David Gerber for ABC, and films in Italy and Britain beginning in June. Peter Hunt directs the script by Carmen Culver. Richard Irving is producer.

"Sadat," from the script by Lionel Chetwynd, is produced by Daniel Blatt and Robert Singer with production to

begin in early June. It stars Lou Gossett Jr. and Madolyn Smith.

George Segal stars in "Trackdown," a telefeature based on the Goodbar murder case.

"This deal made sense for us," Rush told The Hollywood Reporter. "In addition to sharing the risk on the projects, Centerpoint will be able to handle 'Sadat' for foreign theatrical release, which our company was not in a position to do since our film people already have enough on their hands. And, there are additional projects in development, including those being worked on in New York by our Alan Wagner and their Grosso-Jacobson."

MPAA distributes 'Laughter' proceeds

continued from page 3 —

Los Angeles.

Seven institutions have received \$124,500 each. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; the American Film Institute; California Institute of the Arts Film School; the Motion Picture Television Fund; New York University School of the Arts; University of Southern California at Los Angeles Film School; and the Uni-

versity of Southern California Film School. Columbia University received \$74,500.

"Hollywood: The Gift of Laughter" is being syndicated in the United States by 20th Century-Fox.

The MPAA has so far donated all but \$1,000 of the receipts from the special. Additional funds still to come will also be divided among the recipient institutions.

'Flashdance'

continued from page 4 —

1,192 screens (\$1,795 per screen). The only other film to take in over \$1 million was Columbia's "Tootsie," which in 805 theatres nabbed \$1,546,976 (\$1,922 per screen), off 21% with the loss of 60 outlets. Its total to date is an impressive \$163,485,230.

A reissue of "Rocky" from MGM/UA garnered \$902,228 from 1,071 theatres (\$842 per screen). The studio's "Exposed" widened its run by 122 outlets to 145, and collected \$215,694 (\$1,488 per screen), a gain of 73%.

Cinecom opened Robert Duvall's film "Angelo My Love" in two Los Angeles theatres, widening its run to three. It took in \$28,000. In its second weekend in one theatre in New York, Embassy's reissue of "The Ruling Class" fell 25% to \$12,103. "My Tutor" from Crown posted \$692,230, a drop of 71% as it lost 143 outlets to 319. Universal dropped down to 27 theatres for its test of "Private School" in Chicago (a loss of nine) and the film's gross slipped 49% to \$76,128.

From Warner Bros., Zoetrope's "The Outsiders" notched \$701,670 from 604 theatres, a drop of 37% with the loss of 102 screens; "High Road to China" grossed \$556,510 from 519 screens (down 88), off 36%; "Local Hero" eased 21% to \$485,616 from 184 theatres, down six. Total to date is \$3,797,321.

Universal's "Monty Python's the Meaning of Life" fell 56% to \$569,681 as it lost 161 screens to 380. "La Traviata" gained 3% to \$39,290 from two theatres. "E.T. — The Extra-Terrestrial" took in \$574,740 from 407 outlets. The studio stopped tracking

"Tender Mercies," which had accumulated \$1,074,238 through the prior weekend. Columbia's "Gandhi" managed \$823,234 from 411 screens (off 37% with the loss of 168 theatres) while "Spring Break" garnered \$494,273 from 412.

"Baby, It's You" from Paramount in 13 theatres registered \$80,947 from 13 screens, off 12%. The studio's "48 HRS." grabbed \$389,548 from 350 outlets; "An Officer and a Gentleman," \$295,680 from 270 situations; "Raiders of the Lost Ark" \$599,738 from 480 for \$8,622,487 in its latest reissue, \$239,622,487 to date. Orion's "Lone Wolf McQuade" took in \$691,521 from 560 theatres, a drop of 55% with the loss of 324 screens. "Losin' It" from Embassy in only 9 theatres (down from 47) grossed \$7,696 for \$1,158,955 to date; "Savannah Smiles" on 57 screens notched \$57,227 for \$8,881,253 to date.

From Fox, "Max Dugan Returns" fell 50% to take in \$501,597 as it lost 160 theatres to 386; "Tough Enough" nabbed \$36,606 from 48 screens; "The King of Comedy" registered \$65,693 in 44 outlets for \$2,536,242 to date; "The Verdict" grossed \$174,585 from 210 situations and "The Man From Snowy River" grabbed \$158,716 from 189 theatres for \$19,602,611 to date. Fox Classics' "Betrayal" added six outlets to 58 and notched \$169,340 for \$1,890,460 to date. "To Begin Again" managed \$21,890, a drop of 13% as it went into one more theatre for a total of four. The studio stopped tracking "Heart Like a Wheel," whose cumulative gross through the previous weekend was \$260,298.

Cumulative grosses for most pictures in release are contained in the box-office chart, p. 89.

Three major vid distributors stock up for Australian mkt.

By BETH QUINLIVAN

SYDNEY — Three of the major video distributors in Australia have announced significant acquisitions, demonstrating the continued activity as the video market here expands.

CBS-Fox has just reported that it has taken over the Australian distribution of Intermission Video Product, boosting its catalogue of videocassettes by about 100 to 265 films. The Intermission catalogue had a strong adventure/horror and R-rated film presence.

Elsewhere, Publishing and Broadcasting Video has substantially boosted its education and training film interests with the purchase from Max Lambe and Associates of the right to market and distribute that company's product.

PBV has also acquired the rights to distribute the large educational film library of the Learning Corp. of America, which includes videos in a huge variety of educational topics plus a number of films that might be of value to a course of study, including "Ham-

let," "Holocaust" and "The Laverder Hill Mob."

In other moves, Roadshow Video, signifying its intention to broaden the scope of its video catalogue, has purchased the rights to the German, award-winning film, "Mephisto."

Roadshow says they are building up their foreign-language films as well as other quality films in a bid to service the total video market.

Traditionally, the top-selling videocassettes in Australia are the horror and soft-core films, as well as the box-office winners.

Foreign-language films have in the past mostly been left to PBV for the major purchases.

TCA wins Peabody

The George Foster Peabody award has been given to the Television Corp. of America for its documentary "784 Days That Changed America: From Watergate to Resignation." Nancy Dickerson, TCA executive producer, will accept the award.

Rudolph tackles docu genre with 'Return Engagement'

By TINA DANIELL

After directing four features, the last being the \$10 million-budgeted "Endangered Species" for MGM, Alan Rudolph changed tracks to try his hand at a documentary. The result is "Return Engagement," about the debate between, character and world-views of, convicted Watergate burglar G. Gordon Liddy and psychedelia guru Timothy Leary. The film was not only a change of form but a change in finances, since Rudolph and producer Carolyn Pfeiffer made it for \$250,000.

Financial constraints meant that Rudolph and his editor, Tom Walls, couldn't afford a screening room that accommodated their cut of the film, since it was shot in 16mm with 35mm sound, so they only viewed it on a KEM editing machine. It also meant that Adrian Belew (of King Crimson), who lives in Illinois and did the score, had to compose music working with only an audiotape of the cut, not a videotape. The shoot itself was done with a five-person crew, and Pfeiffer and Rudolph took only nominal fees.

Despite this, it was a positive experience, Rudolph said. For one thing, "It was the only film I made where the studio head didn't change during production, because there was no studio." Also, though he acknowledged that filming an event does affect what happens, "I never told people what to do — it was the most fun I ever had." Liddy and Leary were both "very professional. It's probably because there's more theatricality in what they do than anything else."

"Return Engagement" premiered at Filmex in Los Angeles this year and is currently being screened out of competition at the Cannes Film Festival by producer Pfeiffer, who's there looking for both foreign and domestic distribution deals. It is the third collaboration of Pfeiffer and Rudolph. She first worked with him on "Roadie," Rudolph's third film, then "Endangered Species." (Rudolph's first two films, "Welcome to L.A." and "Remember My Name" were produced by Robert Altman.)

The idea for "Return Engagement" was hatched over lunch between the two. Rudolph recalls that "the idea was smaller than the subject," since Leary and Liddy were already touring and were a big draw on college campuses. However, Rudolph noted that he was "not just interested in the debates — I wanted to peel those onions." While still at lunch, Pfeiffer asked Rudolph to estimate a budget. He came up with \$250,000 and she got

up and made one phone call — to Chris Blackwell of Island Records and now Island Pictures — who supplied the financing.

The film took eight months to shoot and eight to edit, mainly because they had 30 hours of footage due to extensive filming of the debates. But the debates make up only about a third of the finished film. While not making any claims to objectivity, Rudolph said he exercised restraint and doesn't think "Engagement" sides with either Liddy or Leary.

In fact, Rudolph said he found a lot of similarities between the two (who have a rapport that's obvious in the film.) "They're both positive, optimistic, patriotic people," Rudolph explained. "They both love their country, and both are moths to the flames of publicity."

Rudolph was drawn to the subjects because both Liddy and Leary were notorious for being involved in events that affected history. With Liddy, it was Watergate, of course, and with Leary, Rudolph observed that his impact, along with others who pioneered drug research from 1960-1963 at the Harvard Psychedelic Research Project, was "far-reaching." "If you could make a direct cut from April 1961 to April 1983, then you would see the cultural impact of what Leary and his group did."

Major events in U.S. history are "often the results of acts by less-than-important figures," Rudolph opined, so if you can put those figures on stage, there's an opportunity to learn something. "If I had filmed Richard Nixon and Bob Dylan, we might not learn anything." "Return Engagement" has been shown in some schools, Rudolph said, and there has been interest from people who want to screen it educationally because it stimulates discussion.

Though doing the film offered him great freedom and a "purge from a couple years of body blows," Rudolph said he isn't sure he would do another documentary. "I wouldn't rule anything out, but I'm not a realist. I think the reason I did a good job on 'Return Engagement' is that these guys are not that real. Theatricality is their core."

But the film was sort of a starting over, he added, and he wants now to get back to doing "good work at reasonable prices." (Both his first films were made for about \$1 million.) He's written a number of scripts, but the one he'd like to do most now is called "The Moderns," about Paris in the '20s, but with a story that could be any time, he said — Paris in the '30s, London in the '60s, etc.

Honigberg renews

Gail Honigberg, executive story editor of CBS "Alice" series, has renewed her contract for a fourth season.

Tri-Star new name of Nova

continued from page 3 —

yesterday settled on the name Tri-Star Pictures to reflect the tripartite nature of the joint venture.

In a statement issued jointly by Tri-Star chairman and chief executive officer Victor A. Kaufman and company president and chief operating officer Gary Hendler, the two officials said they "believe the name Tri-Star Pictures accurately reflects the studio's unique organizational structure and the leadership status of the three partners." Officials said they decided on the name "after an extensive search."

At the same time, the company has filled in three more slots in its executive roster with the appointments of David Matalon as executive vp with responsibility for worldwide marketing and distribution, and Leslie Jacobson as senior vp and general counsel. Matalon has been with Columbia for 19 years, most recently serving as senior executive vp and international theatrical manager for Columbia Pictures International for the past two years. Jacobson has been with HBO since 1979, serving as vp and associate general counsel of HBO since February.

Also named was Jay Walkingshaw, who, as previously reported here (HR 5/2), is serving as chief financial officer for the new studio has been given the additional title of senior vp. He had previously served as senior vp of finance and administration at Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Co.

Matalon, who will begin his new post June 15, will be headquartered in New York, reporting directly to Hendler based in the company's Los Angeles office. Jacobson and Walkingshaw, whose appointments are effective immediately, will also be based in New York, but will report directly to Kaufman, who is headquartered there.

Embassy

continued from page 1 —

major new novel due out next month. Cameras roll in August on the \$14 million film.

"Mandrake the Magician" will be made with Eric Roach in association with Goldcrest Films and TV Ltd. for \$18 million and is set for a November lensing start. Also scheduled to begin in November is "The Chinese Bandit," which will be the first film personally produced by Barry Spikings since "The Deer Hunter." The action adventure story bears a price tag of \$20 million.

Steven Tesich ("Breaking Away," "The World According to Garp," "Four Friends") is currently writing the script for "Cinderella City," which will start shooting in September. It is expected the film will be in the \$8 million range or slightly higher.

"Suder" will also start sometime in September. Negotiations are ongoing with an undisclosed major name star for the farcical comedy, which is budgeted at \$10 million.

Being readied for a February 1984

The three appointments continue to increase the presence of Columbia and HBO in the new venture, particularly since Kaufman was a former Columbia vice chairman and Hendler, who though outside the ranks of any company, had considerable contacts at Columbia through the clients he represented as an attorney. So far, no top Tri-Star executive has come from CBS, raising speculation about the possible appointment of CBS Theatrical Films president William Self to a top production post at Tri-Star. It is believed Self is among many others currently being considered for that spot.

Matalon began his career with the agency handling Columbia's film distribution in his native Israel. In 1964 he joined the Columbia staff, serving as general manager in Iran, then assistant to the general manager in Italy, before returning in 1971 as executive assistant to the continental manager in Columbia's European headquarters. A stint as managing director in Brazil was followed by a return to Europe in 1974 as continental manager. He was made senior vp in 1978 and upped to executive vp a year later.

Jacobson started at HBO as associate counsel-programming and was promoted to chief counsel-programming in January 1980. She was named associate general counsel last June.

Walkingshaw, before his nine-month stint at Warner Amex, served as vp and controller of Group W Cable for a year. He held offices in various divisions of Time Inc. for eight years before that, including vp finance and administration of Time Life Films, vp corporate development of HBO July 1979 to December 1979, and vp program operations for HBO for the three years prior to that.

start is a project representing the first collaboration between Oscar-winning screenwriter Ernest Thompson, multi-Academy Award winner Katharine Hepburn and producer Martin Starger since "On Golden Pond," "West Side Waltz" will feature two other important actors, other than Hepburn, and will cost \$14 million.

Besides these motion pictures, Lord Grade said there are 35 projects in active development at Embassy. Basing his assumption on "what I've seen so far," he anticipates at least 10 of these will definitely move forward.

Meanwhile Embassy has "Champion" still before the cameras on location in Atlanta, after which the film, produced by Peter Shaw and starring John Hurt, will conclude lensing in Liverpool.

Lord Grade, who arrived in Cannes last weekend, is leaving tomorrow to fly to Los Angeles to attend ABC's 30th anniversary dinner. After the dinner he will immediately wing back to Cannes to finish out the festival.

Fred Pinkard in the "Blue Murder" episode of "T.J. Hooker."

Poledouris scores

Basil Poledouris has been set to compose the score for Paramount's "Uncommon Valor" feature produced by Buzz Feitshans and John Milius.

650-7130

News and the law

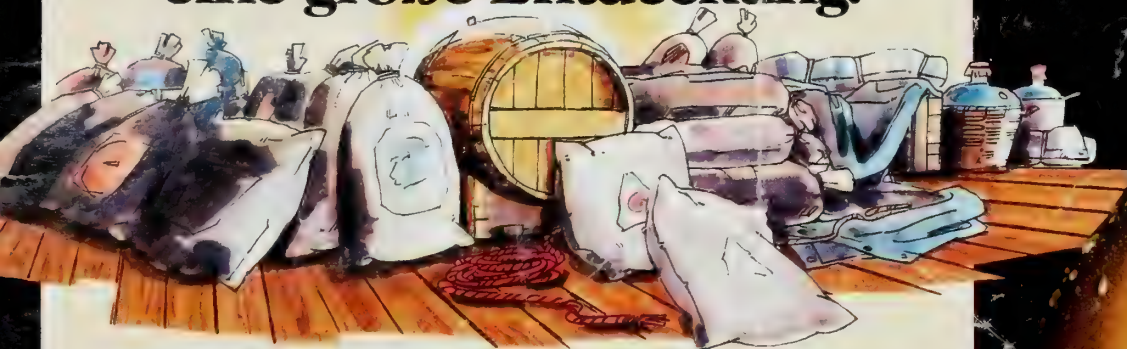
I sympathize with the decision of Channel 2 news reporter Dave Lopez to violate the journalistic code and testify against an alleged heinous murderer. He believed that his loyalty to law enforcement and to the understandably anguished parents of victims was more important than the principles of his profession.

But I am appalled that he assumes that he can have it both ways. Independence of the press, another precious aspect of a free society, depends upon the integrity of reporters who will not cave in under social pressure.

Dave Lopez should gracefully resign his job as journalist and become a cop. He'd probably be a good one.

BARBARA CHASE
Los Angeles

Knapp 400 Jahre nach Columbus machten norwegische Seefahrer eine große Entdeckung.



Und das kam so: Wie jeder an-
ständige Sailor, so hatte sich auch
dieser Captain für eine lange
Australien-Reise mit ein paar
Fäßchen Aquavit eingedeckt.

Zurück in Norwegen,
war eines dieser Fäßchen
aber völlig unberührt
geblieben.

Man kostete.

Und siehe
da: Der
übrig-

ge-
bliebene

Aquavit schmeckte
viel weicher und reifer als
jener, den man zu Beginn der Welt-
umsegelung getrunken hatte. Die
Geburtsstunde des LINIE-Aquavit.

Von da an schickten die Norweger
ihren LINIE-Aquavit in ausge-

suchten Sherry-Fässern immer
wieder nach Australien und zu-
rück. Also zweimal über den
Äquator. Und daher auch der
Name: Denn „Linie“ ist norwe-
gisch und heißt schlicht Äquator.

Noch heute entsteht so der wohl
aufwendigste und
ungewöhnlichste
Aquavit der Welt.
Ein unvergleich-
bar edler Tropfen
– wie Sie vom
ersten bis zum
letzten Schlück-
chen feststellen
können. Ein Skål
dem Entdecker, einem
Windjammer-Captain.

Auf der Rückseite jedes LINIE-
Enkett's steht die „amtliche“
Nachricht, wann, wie lange und
mit welchem Schiff dieser LINIE-
Aquavit auf „Weltreise“ war.
Blicken Sie mal durch Ihre
LINIE-Flasche.



Staatliche Garantie

A/S Vinmonopolet verbürgt:
Dieser LINIE-Aquavit
hat in allen Sherry-Fässern
auf der Reise von
Norwegen nach Australien
mit dem
Wih. Wilhelmsen-Frachter

M/S „TOURCOING“

den Äquator passiert.
Zeit der Reise:
27.8.81 - 21.11.81



**LINIE aus Norwegen.
Der Aquavit
mit der Äquator-Reife.**



6 LINIE-
Gläser,
mundgeblasen,
Vorratungsscheck DM 30,-
frei Haus.
Herrn G. Dethlefsen,
1050 Flensburg,
Postfach 14 79/81

FUTURE: Fears of Downward Mobility

Continued from 10th Page

young persons instinctively measure their homes against the ones they grew up in. "I can't foresee ever affording a house like the one my parents have," Ryan O'Rielly said. "That's just the way it is."

"It does seem unfair," said Raymond Watson of Newport Beach, a former president of the Irvine Co., the giant Orange County land firm. "I grew up in a rooming house in Oakland, and every move I've made has been to a bigger and better house. My kids leave home and start backwards."

Real estate agents say that almost all the first-time buyers they see these days are two-income couples. The 1980 census found that 52% of married women are now working, with the highest percentage in the 25-to-34 age group. Some scholars suggest that many of those working wives would rather stay home but find that housing costs have made their income indispensable.

"What this generation has basically done is to maintain its material aspirations at the expense of having children," USC economist Richard Easterlin said. "The experience that they were failing to come up to their aspirations generated pressure for wives to work. Because of working wives, they've been able to maintain a relatively high real income . . . but they've sacrificed their home life."

"My father, with one income, was able to support a middle-class family," Ned Robinson agreed. "To reach the standard of living our parents had, we're going to need two incomes."

Some of these changes appear here to stay.

Cheaper Housing Unlikely

Most housing economists agree that the prices of single-family homes, and their mortgages, are unlikely to fall back to the levels of the 1960s. And most sociologists believe the increased number of two-income families is probably a lasting addition to the social landscape.

But the other concerns of the newly worried young—the job market, the decline in real incomes—are linked more closely to the performance of the economy. Among scholars, a lively debate rages over whether the baby boom generation is truly "doomed to a life of low earnings, career disappointments and personal struggle," as Landon Y. Jones, an editor of *People* magazine, warned in a best-selling book on the young, "Great Expectations."

Paul Blumberg, a sociologist at the City University of New York, believes that the problems of the young are but one visible part of what he calls "the long-term decline of the American economy."

"I think we're witnessing the Europeanization of the American class structure," he said, "a combination of declining living standards, increasing inequality and lower social mobility."

But others, like Harvard sociologist Bell, believe most of the problems will prove to be temporary. A recovery from the recession, a basic shift in the economy toward high-technology industries and a smaller post-baby-boom generation should transform the job market within a decade, Bell predicts.

"On upward mobility, the answer is relatively simple," he said. "Ten years from now, if the economy recovers, the oversupply (of workers) now will become a shortage" because birth rates have been on the decline since 1964.

"If you're talking about the upper middle class, I think the situation will change radically in the next 20 years," he added. "There's going to be more employment for highly skilled technical personnel in computers, in business, in analysis."

Until then, Bell said, "My advice to anyone getting

out of college this year is, if you can afford to, travel around the world a couple of years. I've thought about it; my son is graduating in June. He's applying for fellowships to go to Paris."

The discontent of the young who do not have the luxury of that option could well carry political consequences over the rest of the 1980s. Now that the children of the baby boom have all reached 18, Harvard's Freeman pointed out, "they are the largest group of voters. Their political influence will be higher even as their fortunes are lower."

"How that will catalyze—if it will at all—no one knows," Freeman said. "You may see some difference in tax policies. A lot of people without children will be unwilling to raise taxes for schools. There may be action on middle-class housing issues, a push for more federal mortgage money."

"The political reaction to the denial of housing opportunities is as inevitable as tomorrow morning's sunshine," predicted Leonard Shane, chief executive of Mercury Savings & Loan Assn. in Huntington Beach. "The American people will not settle for a major reduction of their life style. . . . It will become a primary issue in campaigns."

Some even foresee a conflict between generations, fought over such issues as Social Security. "The circumstances of one's age—as much as one's race, sex or social class—have become a prime determinant of one's economic destiny and political self-interest," Phillip Longman, a 26-year-old journalist, wrote recently. "If there were ever a generation that had reason to take to the streets, it is this one."

But such a polarization between parents and children—the kind of "generation gap" that was widely noted during the prosperous 1960s—has yet to develop. For the moment, adversity seems to have united the generations, not divided them: When the young are struggling, their parents also feel the pain.

"Is it tougher for the kids? Yeah, it really is tougher," Edward Hanlon mused. "It's tougher because their parents put such expectations on them. It's harder for them to be considered successful. . . . I think I am, by nature, an optimist. But I've had to learn to be a realist."

Gov. Gallen Dies of Liver Failure

BOSTON (AP)—New Hampshire Gov. Hugh Gallen died Wednesday of kidney and liver failure and complications from internal bleeding, after being hospitalized for more than a month with a blood infection. Gallen, 58, was to have left office next week.

The governor died at 3:49 p.m. with his wife, Irene, and other family members at his bedside at Brigham and Women's Hospital, his office in Concord, N.H., said. Earlier in the day, doctors had controlled a fourth bout of internal bleeding.

Records dating to the late 1700s indicated that Gallen was the first New Hampshire governor to die in office. A Democrat, he defeated maverick Republican Meldrim Thomson in 1978 and 1980 but lost his bid for a third term in November to Republican John Sununu.

Sununu will be inaugurated next Thursday. Senate President Vesta Roy, a Republican from Salem, has been acting governor since Gallen was hospitalized here Nov. 20.

He held office during the state's worst fiscal crisis in years and insisted, during his final campaign, that the state badly needed tax reform. Gallen attributed his defeat in November largely to his refusal to pledge veto a state sales or income tax if one was passed.

time. But the drug is already widely used for stomach ulcers as well, according to the FDA's Temple.

The agency is still weighing the evidence for the drug's usefulness in treating stomach ulcers and does not permit its manufacturer to promote the drug for that disorder.

Sponsored Seminars

Claims that cannot be made directly in ads and promotional brochures are often made at company-sponsored seminars and press conferences, which are much more difficult for the FDA to monitor.

The FDA has generally regarded a "free exchange of scientific infor-

mation" as beyond its regulatory authority, but the FDA advertising branch has concerns over how such meetings can be used to promote a product.

"These guys (physicians at seminars) know what side their bread is buttered on," said Dr. J. Michael Criley, head of cardiology at Los Angeles County Harbor-UCLA Medical Center.

Criley speaks disparagingly of certain colleagues at other institutions who he believes have compromised their scientific standards because of heavy reliance on drug company funds for continued re-

search. Other physician-scientists are simply overenthusiastic about whatever drugs they are testing, Criley said.

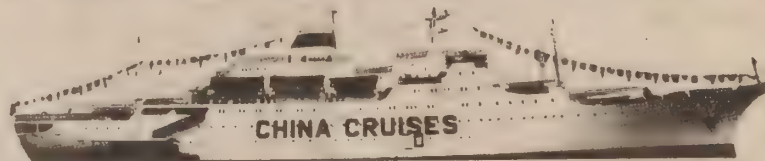
At the best of the company-sponsored sessions, those attending "let their hair down" in a frank, open discussion of drugs. However, the resulting press releases, Criley said, "get out of the hands of scientists and into the hands of marketing people," often without participants being informed of how they are going to be quoted.

Each year, the FDA sends advertising staff members to a handful of

Please see DRUGS, Page 13

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„Ich bin ein Geschichten-Erzähler“

SPIEGEL-Reporter Fritz Rumler über den Wanderpropheten Timothy Leary

Er wirkt immer so, als sei er gerade auf dem Wege von der Hollywood-Schaukel zum Tennisplatz – eine Geliebte hinter sich, einen schon Geschlagenen vor sich; vergnügter Sinne stets, locker, propper, mit elastischen Beinen in federndem Schuhwerk.

Tritt er vor seine Gemeinde, zu Vorträgen oder Workshops, tänzelt und hopst er wie ein Las-Vegas-Entertainer übers Podium. Jokes zwischen den Jaketkronen, bizarre Geschichten im Kaschmir-Ärmel, und ab und an reckt er den Propheten-Finger.

Drei Dinge braucht der Mensch zum Glück, verheißt er – „Space Migration“ (Auswanderung ins All), „Intelligence Increase“ (Intelligenz-Steigerung) und „Life Extension“ (Lebens-Verlängerung). Aus den Anfangsbuchstaben der Trias formiert sich das erlösende Motto: „S.M.I.L.E.“

Leary war da, der Altvater der psychedelischen Blumenkinder, der LSD-Prophet und Drogen-Papst der hochfliegenden 60er Jahre, der Mann, den Richard Nixon, gerade der, einst zu den „gefährlichsten Menschen der Vereinigten Staaten“ zählte. Timothy Leary war da, nicht Bob Hope.

Während zweier September-Wochen tingelte er, von Adepten verhimmelt, von einer Anti-Drogenliga getriezt, durch deutsche Metropolen, hielt hof im hochsauerländischen Willingen bei einer internationalen Konferenz über „Neue Dimensionen des Lebens“ und spielte dabei beides, Bob Hope wie Timothy Leary.

Überraschendes Comeback eines Dinosauriers: Im heimischen Kalifornien, dem Peenemünde saisonaler Psycho-Neuheiten, hat es Leary, 62, seit zwei, drei Jahren geschafft, aus dem Diluvium der 60er aufzutauchen und in den Medien und Köpfen wieder präsent zu sein, mit „S.M.I.L.E.“, seinem neuen Familien-Programm.

Wo war er geblieben, all die Zeit, in der die Welt sich so zum Jammertal veränderte? Ein Haschisch-Delikt hatte den einstigen Harvard-Dozenten 1970 ins Gefängnis gebracht; nach dem Ausbruch irrte er, ein Dr. Kimble der Psychedelik, zweieinhalb Jahre durch die halbe Welt, lernte an die 40 Gefängnisse kennen, und seit 1978, nach vier Jahren US-Knast, ist er wieder ein freier Mann.

Das Gefängnis sei in seinem Beruf „die Gefahr Nummer eins“, berichtet Leary. Seine großen Vorbilder Gandhi, Jesus, Sokrates, Laotse hätten immer Schergen hinter sich gehabt; „Alchimisten des Geistes“, „Gelehrte des Bewußtseins“ lebten riskant.

Manch einer, der eine große Zukunft vor sich sieht, schaut vielleicht nur in die

verkehrte Richtung. King Leary ist ungebrochen der Ansicht, daß die psychedelische Bewegung, der er präsiidierte, die „wichtigste Bewegung des 20. Jahrhunderts“ bleiben werde.

Tatsächlich haben die von ihm gepriesenen und von ihm satt genossenen Halluzinogene, bewußtseinsweiternde Mittelchen wie Haschisch, LSD, Peyote, Meskalin, bestimmte Äcker tief umgepflügt, in Malerei wie Musik, im Film wie im Leben; manch ein Erdenkloß ließ sich so in ein „schwereloses Verzüklungs-Vehikel“ (Leary) transformieren.

Ohne die Tropfen des Dr. Hofmann aus Basel, dem LSD, hätte ein Großteil

kundung des DNS-Codes vor allem, jenes „kosmischen Zell-Textes“ (Leary), der alle Vererbungs-Informationen birgt und „die Vorschau auf die Zukunft“.

Läßt man sich von einem LSD-Illuminierten berichten, was auf einem Trip so alles los ist, stellt sich ein merkwürdiger Parallel-Katalog zusammen: Zeit- und Raum-Reisen werden notiert, All-Erfahrungen, Eindringen ins eigene Zellgewebe und in Nerven-Schaltkreise, Durchleben der Evolution von der Amöbe bis zum Angestellten.

Kein Wunder, daß ein so Erleuchteter auf die Großtaten der Alles-ist-machbar-Epoche abfährt und den Sinn des Lebens



Leary in Deutschland*: „Exakt das katholische Ding“

der grassierenden spirituellen Bewegungen nicht den Initial-Kick bekommen, ob es nun zum Ruhe-Sanft auf fernöstlichen Diwanen führte oder zur Seelenfliegerei indianischer Schamanen.

Das Verführerische am LSD war der Nescafé-Effekt. Ekstasen und Erleuchtungen, die sich alte Kulturen durch jahrelange Kasteiung und mühselige Exerzitien erstrampeln, lieferte LSD per „Einschmeißen“ – ex und hopp in die Achterbahn.

Leary, die Nase stets im Wind, haut nun mit seinem „S.M.I.L.E.“-Programm, so bizarr es auch wirkt, auf einen anderen Nerv. Er kopuliert LSD-Erfahrungen mit Novitäten des Wissenschaftlichen Zeitalters, mit Weltraumfahrt, Hirnforschung, Computertechnik, Er-

und den Zweck des Menschen nicht mehr im Irgendwo, sondern im DNS-Code sucht: Da liegt das Pudels Kern, das Existenz-Geheimnis, die mögliche Mutation.

Er sehe sich somit als „PR-Agent für DNS“, sagt Leary, „und mein Produkt ist Lebens-Verlängerung“, die Pille dafür werde es bald geben. Und weil der Evolutions-Plan vorsehe, daß der Mensch über den Angestellten hinauswache, sei die nächste Stufe, nach Wasser- und Erdleben, folgerichtig der Sprung ins All – in „Weltraumkolo-hien“, die sich jeder nach eigenem Gusto einrichten könne.

Wen Leary verscheißert, sich selber oder die Welt, ist nicht immer ganz klar. „Ich bin ein keltischer Geschichten-Erzähler“, sagt er, ein Ire von Geblüt. Leute von diesem Stamme lieben das

* Beim Hamburger „Literatrubel“.

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BURRELLE'S



Photo/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Flashbacks

'60s drug guru **Timothy Leary**, center, celebrates with his wife **Barbara**, left, and **Susan Sarandon** at a party in New York's Studio 54, Tuesday. The party was to announce the publication of "Flashbacks," Leary's autobiography.

Fabulieren, das Spiel mit der Sprache, die Clownerie. Als er noch ein irisch-katholischer Chorknabe in West Point war, hatte sich ihm eine Frohbotschaft tief eingeprägt: „Mein Reich ist nicht von dieser Welt.“

Auf einem Trip war er mal die Ahnen-Galerie zurückgeklettert. Wilde, bärtige Burschen traten ihm da vors Auge, schwertschwingende Nimrode, die weder Gott noch Gattin fürchteten und es mit rothaarigen Irinnen trieben, wo es gerade ging, auf Heu und auf Stroh und auf „feuchtem Dschungelboden“.

Leary ist zum fünften Mal verheiratet, ein Bildnis der schönen Barbara trägt er bei sich. Fünf Frauen innerhalb von 45 Jahren, das sei doch nicht viel, sagt Leary voll Heiterkeit. Tief im Herzen ist dieser amerikanische Eulenspiegel ein Puritaner geblieben.

Kaum ein Erlebnis seines Deutschland-Trips hat ihn so bewegt wie eine Bums-Show auf der Reeperbahn; er sah so was zum erstenmal. Rätselvoll schien ihm die öffentliche Standfestigkeit des ausführenden Künstlers, und die zu wiederholten Malen.

Nicht nur bei Frauen, die sich daran gewöhnt haben, ihre „Sexualität wegzumeditieren“ (Szene-Jargon), fand der ambulante Prophet starken Anklang; auch Psychiater und Psychotherapeuten unter seinen Gästen, Fachkollegen mithin, zeigten sich fasziniert.

Das unorthodoxe, interdisziplinäre Denken des „S.M.I.L.E.“-Meisters vor allem beeindruckte die Knechte deutsch-konservativer Institute. Als LSD-Illuminaten verstanden sie auch Learys gelegentliches selbstvergessenes Verstummen – Minderung des Kurzzeitgedächtnisses – tiefer; in diesen Pausen sandte er ihnen Botschaften zu.

Es ist etwas Sektenhaftes um die LSD-Brüderschaft, eine schwer definierbare Aura aus ewig lächelnder Passivität, geheimem Wissen und schwach verschleierter Egozentrik. Und als Mysterien-Priester made in USA wird Timothy Leary wohl in die Weltgeschichte eingehen, in die der Kuriositäten.

Auswanderung ins All, Intelligenz-Steigerung, Lebens-Verlängerung, die ganze „S.M.I.L.E.“-Trinität – in populärwissenschaftlicher Form trivialisiert Leary nur, was andere Sekten-Priester, und Amerika ist ihr Land, in immer neuen Bemalungen verabreichen: uralte religiöse Sehnsüchte.

Als katholischer Chorknabe hatte Leary ja die biblischen Verheißungen vernommen, die vom ewigen Leben, von der Allwissenheit, von der Auffahrt in den Himmel, wo man dann zur Rechten Gottes sitzt, der Über-Intelligenz, und auf den blauen Planeten hinunterblickt als auf etwas Gottverlassenes.

Eine solche Interpretation seines Programms hört sich Leary listig-geduldig an. „Richtig“, sagt er, „S.M.I.L.E.“ ist exakt das katholische Ding.“

BÜCHER

Um Kopf und Kelch

Christian Beutler: „Statua. Die Entstehung der nachantiken Statue und der europäischen Individualismus“. Prestel, München. 296 Seiten; 39,50 Mark.

Für sein Altenteil im Odenwald wünschte sich Einhard, vormaliger Berater und Biograph Karls des Großen, allerhöchsten Segen. Er entsandte deswegen im Jahr 826 zwielichtige Mittelsmänner nach Rom, die ihm dort grabchänderisch die Reste zweier frühchristlicher Märtyrer besorgten: des Exorzisten Petrus und seines Gefährten Marcellinus.

Diese Heiligen brachten solches Prestige mit sich und taten prompt derartige Wunder, daß Einhard für sie in Seligenstadt eine neue Kirche baute. Davor ließ er ihnen vollplastische Standbilder errichten, die ersten oder so ziemlich die ersten nachantiken Statuen im Abendland. War das so?

Der unglaublichste Teil der Geschichte, der dreiste Reliquienraub, ist zuverlässig verbürgt. Drahtzieher Einhard selber hat ihn stolz für die Nachwelt aufgeschrieben. Den Rest will der in Hamburg lehrende Kunsthistoriker Christian Beutler mit Indizien absichern.



Seligenstädter Statue
Lange Indizienkette

Zentrales Beweisstück ist ein steinernes Bildwerk, das bis zu seiner Entdeckung 1870/71 in der Außenwand eines damals abgebrochenen Seligenstädter Klostergebäudes eingemauert gewesen war. Genauer: Es waren zwei Statuenfragmente, Kopf und Körper. Zusammen ergaben sie die gut einen Meter hohe Figur eines Geistlichen, der mit Hilfe eines Tuches ein geräumiges Gefäß in beiden Händen hält. Das in Seligenstadt aufbewahrte Werk ist überwiegend ins 13. Jahrhundert datiert worden.

Beutler nun schließt, so aus stilistischen Diskrepanzen, aus der Tracht der Figur und der Form des (Kelch-)Gefäßes, erstens, der Fund müsse deutlich älter sein. Außerdem aber teilt er ihn zwei verschiedenen ursprünglichen Figuren zu: denen der beiden Kirchen-Patrone. Denn mit Kelch wurde in Seligenstadt der heilige Marcellinus dargestellt, Petrus hingegen als Jüngling mit Tonsur – eine freilich erst seit Ende des 17. Jahrhunderts nachweisbare Bildtradition.

Nach Beutler wären also eine Marcellinus-Statue, deren Torso, und eine Petrus-Figur, deren Kopf erhalten blieb, für Einhard angefertigt worden und hätten vor seiner Basilika gestanden, bis sie wohl im Dreißigjährigen Krieg demoliert und später durch barocke Standbilder derselben Heiligen ersetzt wurden.

Diese These hat viele einleuchtende Beobachtungen für sich. Der Forscher stützt sie auch durch ausgiebige Quellenzitate und macht damit plausibel: Wenn irgendwem im fränkischen Reich, dann war dem gebildeten „doctor artium“ Einhard ein solcher Auftrag zuzutrauen, der einen Rückgriff auf antike Muster und eine für lange Zeit ungewöhnliche Hochschätzung des Individuums bedeutete. Auf den Übergang zwischen Altertum und Mittelalter fällt ein möglicherweise erhellendes Schlaglicht.

Nur ist die Indizienkette lang und aus lauter Wahrscheinlichkeiten geknüpft, die sich eben nicht zum strikten Beweis ergänzen. Ob die Seligenstädter Bruchstücke zusammen mit – sehr verschiedenen – Skulpturen im friaulischen Cividale und im graubündischen Münstair wirklich einen nachantiken Neubeginn der Gattung markieren, darüber hat Beutler das erste, bestimmt noch nicht das letzte Wort gesagt.

Asche vom Messias

Pierre Restany: „Yves Klein“. Schirmer/Mosel, München. 252 Seiten; 148 Mark.

Im Schock-Reportagefilm „Mondo Cane“ des italienischen Regisseurs Jacopetti war dem französischen Künstler Yves Klein ein Auftritt eigener Art vorbehalten: Er dirigierte weibliche Aktmodelle, ihre mit blauer Farbe bestrichenen Körper als „Anthropometrien“ auf Leinwände abzudrücken. Naiv überzeugt, diese Aktion müsse den feierlichen Höhepunkt des Films bilden, fuhr Klein

SIE WIRD IHNEN NICHT DIE KALTE SCHULTER ZEIGEN.



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EIN DIAMANT IST UNVERGÄNGLICH

"Someone so familiar with our Government ought not to be pointing the finger, middle or otherwise."

I said, "you told us you got your fresh script ideas from ordinary people."

"For Venice, California, that is ordinary people!"

I gave up.

Three thousand miles away, in New York City, ordinary people are more subtle. As I walked up Broadway a few days ago to visit my lecture agent, Brian Winthrop, I passed the usual streetlight poles characteristically plastered with so many posters that they serve as informal neighborhood bulletin boards. On pole after pole, down low, I saw crudely reproduced posters announcing the forthcoming meeting of an organization named Jews for Jesus. On the very next pole, down in the same position, was a poster of the same over-all design but of a contrasting background color and clearly superior reproduction. It advertised:

GOYIM FOR JESUS

I love it.

My favorite graffito from that time was FLOWER CHILDREN, GO PLUCK YOURSELVES. But of all the figures of the Sixties, my favorite is Timothy Leary. He has a marvelous sense of humor, which makes debating him always new, always fun and always difficult, because he can say the most outrageous things and get away with it. He is dead set against smoking marijuana. Why? Not because of what it does to one's head or genes but because it does more damage to the lungs than smoking tobacco cigarettes. He counsels people who want to ingest marijuana to eat it in brownies. Now, if we could just get kids to crumble cigarettes into their school lunch instead of smoking tobacco, we could substitute gastritis for cancer, heart disease and emphysema; not ideal but, as liberals are so fond of saying of their newest regulatory schemes, it's a *beginning*...

The workings of the minds of the bureaucrats are a fountainhead of funny things. Certainly, someone as familiar with our own Government as I ought not to be pointing the finger, middle or otherwise, at any other government for its foibles; but I can't help noting that after my release from prison, I was permitted entry to the United Kingdom and to such present or former members of the commonwealth as Canada, Ireland, Singapore, Hong Kong and Australia—and made very welcome, too, thank you. But not New Zealand. They denied me entry. At the time, I thought

that because I had just emerged from a prison term longer than World War Two, they were concerned for their womenfolk. Recently, however, a horrifying thought occurred to me: Could they have been worried about their *sheep*?

Some of the large amount of mail I get is hilarious. I was solicited the other day for membership and a contribution to yet another nonprofit corporation. As evidence of the organization's legitimacy, included with the solicitation letter was a copy of the articles of incorporation. According to the articles, the corporation was formed for, among others, the following purposes:

I want to set up a new Organization that destroys "all" Inter-racial couples, including two people that "are not" in the same "Race" that are: just going together, sleeping together, living together and doing personal things together. (It is good to be "nice," but it is not good to be "too nice.")

Although asserting that it is within the bounds of "nice" to destroy interracial couples, the document of incorporation assures us that it is not the intent of the corporation to "spread hate." Nor is taking the law into one's own hands encouraged. The interracial couples are not to be destroyed until a law has been passed requiring their destruction.

The accompanying letter lists 38 reasons (and one postscript) for joining. The dominant grievance is interracial sex:

30. If the few black women and the few black men that are looking for white people to go to bed with

"get hot in the behind," they "better find" someone in their own Race, "the Black Race" to go to bed with. . . .

32. Black female movie stars "hang loose" for white men, and black male movie stars "hang loose" for white women.

35. "Black people," do you want to "stop" white persons from "marrying and sleeping" with your people? "Join this Organization!"

The name of the organization? Are you ready? It's the Dorothy White Company.

But I don't have to depend on travel or the mail to provide things to amuse me; I get plenty of laughs at home. Without in any way intending it, my wife is one of the funniest people I know. She suffers from what is known in her family as a Dutch tongue. In listening to her, one must pay close attention to the context of the conversation. Fran's problem arises from her use of any word or words that pop into her head and sound roughly like what she intends. *She* knows what she means, so you should be able to figure it out. For example, Fran thinks I look a lot younger than I am, especially in view of the life I have led. At a recent party, she intended to allude to the classic story *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and ended up telling a puzzled group of friends, "Gordon looks remarkably young for his age. But, of course, up there in the attic, we have a picture of the Andrea Doria."

Fran's best, however, was her praise of the toughness and courage of her 92-year-old aunt, who, at the age of 90, had undergone successful surgery for cancer of both breasts.

"She's a brave and remarkable woman," said Fran to a stunned gathering. "At the age of 90, she survived a double vasectomy!"

Top that one, Mrs. Malaprop.



"Look at it this way—a prurient interest is better than no interest at all!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CORKING GOOD READ

In 1927, a Parisian wine merchant commissioned the writing of *Monseigneur le Vin*, a combination cellar book and guide to wine profusely illustrated with charming renderings and quaint line drawings. As that book is about as rare as a bottle of 1927 Lafite, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan has just come out with an abridged reprint called *The Wine Album* that's available in bookstores for \$15.95. Oenophiles everywhere are licking their lips.



TINY TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Whoever said that the difference between men and boys is the price of their toys must have had the Executive Trainer in mind. It's a custom-made Z-gauge Märklin train set complete with an electric engine and two passenger cars, all fitted into a rosewood-veneer attaché case. (Even the tiny street lamps light up.) The Executive Trainer costs \$800 sent to The Fine Tool Shops, 20 Backus Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut 06810. Those with lots of bucks—all aboard!

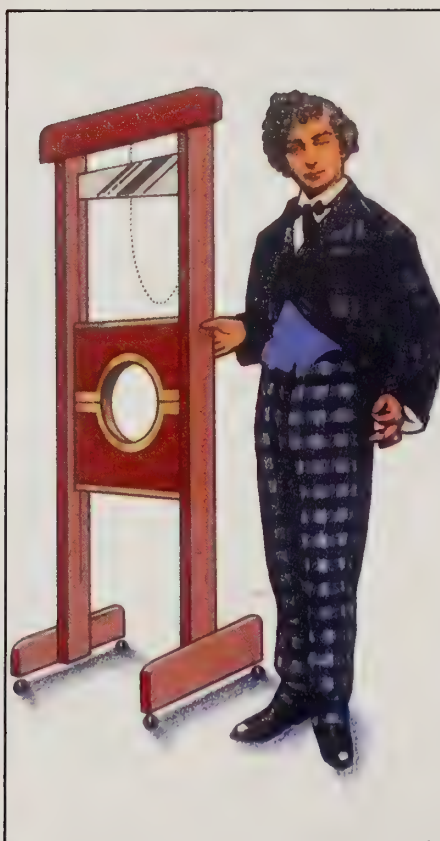


GAMES ADULTS PLAY

Charades is a party game for consenting children; Escapades is a party game for consenting adults—a very special party game, we might add, as some of the situations you and your partner have to act out include doing a striptease on a busy street and removing a chastity belt without a key. All this naughty fun can be yours for only \$10 sent to Feathre Luv Enterprises, 363 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118. And while you're ordering, ask about its line of fur G strings. Frisky you!

CHOP SHOP

Wander down East Griffith Street in Galveston, Indiana 46932, and there at number 218 is the local head store—Larry & Lori's Guillotine Shop, a simple cottage industry that specializes in designer head choppers. (Relax, right-to-lifers, Larry and Lori Lawrence's guillotines aren't working models; the blades are dull and unweighted.) For indoor display, Larry and Lori recommend their Marie Antoinette Model I, an \$895 six-foot chopper made of hardwood that's ideal as a hatrack. But if you *really* want to keep ahead of the Joneses, go for the Robespierre, a 20-foot-tall \$3000 slicer with a blade that can be engraved with the owner's street address. Now, that's what we call being a cut above.





THE WORD PROCESSOR

his nephew had built it from mongrel parts. did it work? oh, yes, and in a way he couldn't believe

fiction **By STEPHEN KING** At first glance, it looked like a Wang word processor—it had a Wang keyboard and a Wang casing. It was only at second glance that Richard Hagstrom saw that the casing had been slit open (and not gently, either; it looked to him as if the job had been done with a hack-saw blade) to admit a slightly larger IBM cathode-ray tube. The archive disks that had come with this odd mongrel were not floppy at all; they were as hard as the 45s Richard had listened to as a kid.

"What in the name of *God* is that?" his wife, Lina, asked as he and Mr. Nordhoff lugged it over to his study piece by piece. Nordhoff had lived next door to Richard's brother's family—Roger, Belinda and their boy, Jonathan.

"It's something Jon built," *(continued on page 217)*

TEN THINGS THAT MAKE ME LAUGH

they say you can tell a lot about a man by his sense of humor—but then, they've never met the iceman of watergate

article

By G. GORDON LIDDY

HUGH HEFNER's bucking the establishment again. No sooner does *The Washington Post* dub me "the Darth Vader of the Nixon Administration" than PLAYBOY asks me to play Han Solo and tell you the kinds of things I find funny. Well, aside from the fact that I find such a request the funniest thing since they sat down to grade John Sirica's bar-exam paper, there are at least nine other things I find to laugh about in this world.

For instance, I find jargon funny. The next time you're aboard a commercial flight, listen to the stewardess as she announces, "In the unlikely event of a water landing, your seat cushion may be employed as a flotation device. . . ."

In plain English, what the woman is saying is, "If we crash at sea, you can use your seat cushion as a float." If she were to say *that*, of course, half the passengers would get up and leave before take-off.

Stewardesses are a funny lot, anyway. Listen to the inflection, the emphasis, as any one of them announces:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Spinwell is beginning our final descent into the Fudville area, and he *has* turned on the NO SMOKING and FASTEN SEAT BELT signs and *does* request that you bring all seat backs. . . ."

The clear implication is that a mass of hostile passengers have somehow challenged her statements and asserted that the captain had done no such things.

Military jargon is funny, too. As the last time I was on active duty was in 1954, I'd forgotten that. Then my son, Tom, returned from having his eyes examined and showed me the result on standard form 513. He passed. But under REASON FOR REQUEST was typed the following: "This 19 y/o male with a history of applying for a commission in the U.S. Marine Corps as an aviator."

If that sounds to you like a complaint of illness ("This 19 y/o male with a history of hip dysplasia and deafness in one eye"), it's probably because the form had been filled out by a member of the U.S. Navy requesting a medical facility of the U.S. Air Force to examine a young man with the good sense to want to fly with

the U.S. Marine Corps. What it meant to say was, "This 19-year-old male has applied for a commission in the U.S. Marine Corps as an aviator." But the military couldn't do that. We are dealing here with people for whom the verbs load and unload are impossible to understand. They have to onload and offload the aircraft.

Another thing I find funny is the press. The ladies and gentlemen of the fourth estate don't often coin new words, but their creative ability should not be underestimated. Recently, as I was checking into a hotel on Hilton Head Island in South Carolina, a young lady representing *The Island Packet* was on hand and interviewed me. In the course of telling her what I was doing these days, I mentioned that I was the host of a soon-to-be-syndicated television interview program and gave as an example of my guests Admiral Gene La Rocque of the Center for Defense Information in Washington, D.C. Although the young lady wrote that down, she must not have been able to read her notes when she got back to her paper. Undaunted, she just made something up, creating an officer with a name I'd never heard and, uncertain of his rank, appointed him a "general admiral"—surely a first in American military and naval history. Not to worry. When she grows up, she can join *The Washington Post*, make up entire stories and win the Pulitzer Prize.

The aftermath of Watergate continues to amuse me. The latest source of amusement is the report that Jeb Magruder has made a mid-life career change and has metamorphosed into a Protestant minister. Somehow, I did not find his ghostwritten autobiography on a par with *The Confessions of Saint Augustine*; instead of the awe inspired by the account of the striking to the ground of Saul of Tarsus by the hand of God, a chuckle is all I can manage for this mincing away from marketing. I wonder who's watching the poor box?

Sex, as some people practice it, makes me laugh. The subject came up recently when my friend the noted screenwriter

Bob Dellinger had my wife, Fran, and me in tow, showing off his home town of Venice, California. As we walked along the waterfront, dodging microbikined teenyboppers hurtling by on state-of-the-art roller skates like so many Exocet missiles with jammed guidance systems, Bob spotted an attractive young woman limping toward us pushing a bicycle. He hailed her and we were all introduced by our first names (surnames have been outlawed in California); the usual "How are ya?" elicited the fact that his friend was suffering from shin splints. We all commiserated and the poor woman hobbled off, leaning on her bicycle for support.

"Now, there's an interesting woman," Bob commented. "I used her case as the basis for a television script for a cop show a while ago. There's nothing like ordinary people to give you something fresh for a long-running series."

According to Dellinger, since puberty the woman had had a fantasy of making it with a uniformed policeman (preferably one assigned to motorcycle duty); upon reaching adulthood, she proceeded to act out her fantasy in spades. At the end of each episode, as her officer of the day got back into his uniform preparatory to hopping on his Harley to hit the freeway, relieved of the stresses built up in the war against crime, she would hand him his gun belt lovingly—but not without first slipping from the cartridge carrier a souvenir round of .38 special.

"By the time I met her," said Bob, "that chick had more ammunition than we left on the ground in Vietnam."

"My God," said my awe-struck wife, "no wonder the poor thing can't walk! You'd think she'd find another fantasy."

"She did," said Dellinger. "Ran out of cops. Still digs uniforms, though. Now she's into bus drivers. Waits till everyone else gets off at the end of the line, then hits on them."

"Don't tell me," said Fran. "Now she collects. . . ."

"You got it," Bob said. "Transfers!"

"I thought," (concluded on page 237)



MIDNIGHT RIDE

(continued from page 157)

"When dawn breaks, the ride's nearly over. Eye openers and nourishment will lift flagging spirits."

gallop into 1983: Pop a few champagne corks around midnight to get the ride on the road. Then trot out the Stockholm Punch, prepared earlier that day; unlike so many of its sort, it's a brisk, well-laced potion. Snacks for the early furlongs are simple and savory: a Scandinavian herring platter; a smoked-seafood platter; Danish Flares; shrimps cooked in beer; several zesty Danish cheeses, such as Saga Blue and Havarti; and a delicious taste for the new year—sun-dried-Italian-tomato canapés. Fill any spaces on the table with tangy Niçoise olives, pickled baby beets and crisp vegetable sticks—celery, zucchini, carrot and cucumber. Directions for preparation, where required, follow.

Sometime around three A.M., the crowd will be ready to regroup and refuel; that's the time for your star attraction—lobster, ham and turkey in an avocado dressing—and a change of quaffs. Champagne punch is a sparkling idea and complements the main dish handsomely. Supplement the punch with jugs of red and white wines and a choice of beers. Since party appetites aren't predictable, you may augment the lobster mélange with a fresh roast ham or a whole poached salmon. (Add a jar of preserved lingonberries to the buffet if ham is on your program.) Complete the gastronomic still life with cole slaw, potato salad, cherry tomatoes and *cornichons* or half-sour pickles.

When dawn breaks, the ride's nearly over. Eye openers and a bit of nourishment will lift flagging spirits. That means Mary Peppers or black velvets, eggs and Danish pastry. One for the road? Make it black coffee.

MARY PEPPER

1 oz. vodka
3 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled
½ teaspoon prepared horseradish, optional

Lemon pepper, to taste

Pinch garlic powder

Dash salt, if desired

2 teaspoons lime juice

Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into tumbler or wine-glass.

Note: This is on the light side, about right for the time and circumstance.

CHAMPAGNE-MELON PUNCH (20 servings)

A punch is a nice way to extend champagne without diluting the spell it casts.

3 ozs. cognac

1 oz. Midori melon liqueur, optional

1 pint pineapple juice, chilled

½ package frozen melon balls, half-thawed

2 bottles champagne, chilled

Place small block of hard-frozen ice in 1-gallon bowl. Add everything but champagne; stir quickly. Pour in champagne, stir once and serve immediately, dipping a melon ball into each portion.

Note: When replenishing, start from scratch, including fresh ice.

STOCKHOLM PUNCH (25 servings)

1 liter vodka

1 bottle (500 ml.) apricot liqueur

2 cups lemon juice

1 can (15½ ozs.) apricot halves, with syrup

Superfine sugar, if desired

Pour all ingredients except sugar over block of ice in large punch bowl. Stir well to chill and dilute. Taste for sweetness. Serve in cocktail glasses, small wineglasses or punch cups; a 3-oz. portion is a good drink.

HERRING PLATTER

Choose several from among herring in cream sauce, wine sauce, oil, mustard or spice. Decorate with red onion rings.

SMOKED-SEAFOOD PLATTER

Serve slices of smoked salmon and sturgeon and fillets of smoked eel. Decorate with sprays of dill or parsley and lemon wedges. Present pepper mill.

PUMATE SANREMO CANAPES (About 50 servings)

1 jar (7 ozs.) Pumate Sanremo (sun-dried tomatoes)

2 long French breads

12 ozs. to 1 lb. goat cheese or cream cheese

Black pepper

Halve breads horizontally. Brush cut sides with olive oil from jar of tomatoes. Spread with soft, mild goat cheese or cream cheese. Separate tomatoes and layer over cheese. Grind on pepper or

sprinkle lightly with oregano. Cut through bread at 1-inch intervals to make individual canapés.

DANISH FLARES (40 to 50 servings)

2 lbs. cocktail franks

Unsalted butter

Crosscut each wiener on both ends, about ¼ inch deep. Grill franks in hot butter or oil. As franks heat and brown, the ends will flare out. Impale on picks; flank with mustard.

COLD LOBSTER, HAM AND TURKEY IN AVOCADO DRESSING (About 20 servings)

4 cups diced cooked lobster-tail chunks

4 cups diced cooked turkey breast

2 cups boiled or baked ham, in strips

1 can (8 ozs.) water chestnuts, thinly sliced

1 large Bosc pear, unpeeled, cored and diced

6 ozs. fresh or frozen snow peas, crisp-cooked and halved

2 cups long, seedless cucumbers, peeled and chopped

½ cup pimientos, rinsed and diced

Avocado dressing (see below)

Combine all ingredients except dressing in large container. Fold in dressing in stages, mixing well, until properly moist. To serve, arrange half of mixture on large platter or in decorative bowl. Garnish with sprigs of water cress or ring of kiwi slices. Replenish platter as needed.

AVOCADO DRESSING

1 ripe avocado

3 cups mayonnaise

⅓ cup white-wine vinegar or lemon juice

1 large garlic clove, crushed

Salt, if desired

White pepper, to taste

1 teaspoon dried tarragon, optional

⅓ cup minced scallions, including some of green

Mash avocado with fork until smooth. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Stir in vinegar; add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Taste for seasoning; correct if necessary. If you like, thin with nip of vinegar or dry vermouth—but not too much. Dressing should be fairly thick.

Since January first is on a Saturday, you have the whole weekend to recuperate from your wild and crazy midnight ride into 1983. And so to bed. You've earned your rest.



The Trip Trap

by Alan Furst

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WORKS FOR A BANK. THE OTHER DAY HE GOT SOMETHING HE'S WANTED—AND WORKED HARD TO GET—FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS: A PROMOTION TO THE INTERNATIONAL DIVISION, WHICH HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON. THE BANK'S PRESS-

relations people asked him for a photo so they could send a release to the local papers. That got him hunting around in neglected dresser drawers. He came across a manila envelope: felt strange to him, soft and pliable—definitely not papers. So he opened it up, and there was his old ponytail. A woman friend had cut it off one day—just about the time he finished sculpting a résumé (from very thin material)—and neither had wanted to just throw the thing away; so, hairband and all, they put it in a drawer. He held it up in front of him, he said, stared balefully at it for a moment, and then, in a voice utterly dispassionate and cold, said “Eek.”

My banking friend's confrontation with his past may have been an omen. Recently, three new LSD books have come out on the market: the **Psychedelics Encyclopedia** (first issued in the Seventies), by Peter Stafford, with a foreword by Andrew Weil; **LSD: My Problem Child**, by Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist who discovered LSD; and **Flashbacks**, Timothy Leary's autobiography, which is, of course, largely about drugs. All are published by J.P. Tarcher in Los Angeles and distributed by Houghton Mifflin. Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Are these books *late*—a few last words, informed by distance and objectivity, about a time gone by? Or—*eek*, indeed—are they *early*? Why do I have the queasy feeling that some editorial board meeting out there just heard the words *Sixties renaissance*? Only fourteen years have passed since the Woodstock/Altamont watermark of 1969, which would seem to make the notion of renaissance premature, but in an accelerated culture I suppose anything is possible.

Psychedelics Encyclopedia is one of those information catalogs that tidbit junkies will find irresistible. There's a 1953 photograph of Aldous Huxley. According to the caption, he has ingested four hundred milligrams of mescaline sulfate and is gazing out over Los Angeles from the Hollywood Hills. From

the look on his face—curious fascination, like a Tibetan lama experiencing his first taste of pizza—you can practically hear the “doors of perception” creaking open. There is a discussion of the ancient Greek mysteries practiced at the temple of Eleusis that states that a who's who of the classical world—Aristotle, Sophocles, Plato, Aeschylus, Cicero, Pindar, maybe Homer, and the emperors Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius—all got high. Perhaps they did, but my problem with such statements (and with all pious arguments proving that drug culture is really terribly serious and dignified) is that I am unable to resist the accompanying visuals. All I can see are Plato, Aristotle, and Sophocles standing around the kitchen late at night contemplating with melancholy expressions an empty peanut butter jar. As a *practical* guide the encyclopedia is detailed and specific, describing every form of blast-off and space candy ever eaten anywhere, by anybody—Inca, anthropologist, or swami—so, if you're intending to do some *yagé* or *yohimbe* this weekend, this is probably the book you want to have. Just don't blame me when the Magic Moomba starts eating your toes.

Albert Hofmann's *LSD: My Problem Child* combines factual autobiography with firsthand descriptions of psychedelic experiences. The former is, frankly, not very interesting: “My first years in the Sandoz laboratories were devoted almost exclusively to studying the active principles of Mediterranean squill”—that kind of thing. I have always found blow-by-blow accounts of people's drug trips to be on a par with those conversations wherein you must listen to a friend describing, at very great length and in agonizing detail, what a totally fascinating dream he had last night. There's a *reason*

psychoanalysts are paid a hundred twenty-five bucks an hour to listen to that stuff.

All in all, Hofmann is worth reading to the extent you've ever wondered what a Swiss acid trip might be like. Well, there's bad news, and the bad news is...

Last Friday, April 16, 1943, I was forced to interrupt my work in the laboratory in the middle of the afternoon and proceed home, being affected by a remarkable restlessness, combined with a slight dizziness. At home I lay down and sank into a not unpleasant intoxicated-like condition, characterized by an extremely stimulated imagination. In a dreamlike state, with eyes closed (I found the daylight to be unpleasantly glaring), I perceived an uninterrupted stream of fantastic pictures, extraordinary shapes with intense, kaleidoscopic play of colors. After some two hours this condition faded away.

...it's just exactly what you thought it would be.

By the time I got to Leary my set and setting weren't the greatest. The Stafford and Hofmann books brought back a lot of old stuff I hadn't thought about in years—the breathless, faintly paranoid phone calls of those dear, bygone days: “Robert and Jennifer are definitely coming, we'll drop about nine so we can catch the sunrise, bring the new *Dead* album, maybe some oranges, and a

few hits of niacin just in case.”

In the throes of sextophobia—an irrational dread of the Sixties—I tend to remember the worst of it. All the tie-dyeing and God's-eyes and those movies where the girls in long dresses run across the flowered fields to embrace the boys with the flowing hair. Crazy rhetoric, gaga metaphysics, glib slogans: it was, the Sixties, a real *foolmaker* of a decade. What I expected *Flashbacks* to have in store for me was a good dose of drug foolishness,



plus the new-sci, interplanetary babble that Leary has always been partial to.

But *Flashbacks* wasn't at all what I thought, feared, it would be. It isn't of the Sixties, it's *about* the Sixties, and it isn't sentimental or preachy. It is a fairly straight autobiography, an American adventure story. Whatever you might think of him, Leary has lived a real Harold Robbins novel of a life. His book has naked holy men, New England aristocrats, Marilyn Monroe, Deborah Harry, Mickey Mantle, Merry Pranksters, earnest graduate students, the Black Panther embassy in Algiers, faculty politics, a CIA subplot, a very well-written and exciting prison escape, a Kennedy assassination theory (it had something to do with LSD, *naturellement*), the requisite tripalogues, thirty-six jails, and various sexual encounters. There is Charles Mingus, too big and heavy to fit into the time chamber. There is the gray-haired psychologist from California whose LSD trip turned into the wrong end of a safari: "An hour later, while I was sitting on the patio watching the moon, a medium-sized gorilla with the smooth skin of a naked man shuffled in, leapt on a table, beat its chest, bounded to another table, uttered a cry, and swung over the ledge into the shrubbery below." Later, he swings through the trees and climbs a drainpipe—a crowd of professors in hot pursuit.

Of course, to get at all this high-calorie nutrition you must first deal with the foreground presence of Leary himself. If you are a veteran of great-and-famous books this should prove no problem—they are essentially variations on the theme "Why I am neat." If not, you may have to temper justice with mercy to some considerable extent. Leary is a voracious celebrity with a gale-force ego, and a hustler to his very bones, which he admits cheerfully enough. Perhaps that is the LSD speaking—while initial experience tends to prune ego right back to the ground, with time and repetition, use of the drug is equivalent to hurling plant food onto the banks of the Amazon.

A few days after finishing the Leary book, I discovered that the little acid library sitting on the desk had sensitized me to events that I might otherwise have ignored. For instance, TV listings for the week included this: "Dr. Andrew Weil, a Harvard-trained physician and pharmacologist, discusses his book: *Chocolate to Morphine: Understanding Mind-Active Drugs*." The morning paper mentioned that Abbie Hoffman was back on the lecture circuit. And that night they showed *Altered States* on the

ABC Sunday Night Movie. That's the one where William Hurt, instead of believing he's a four-foot-high hairy primal man-ape, actually becomes one. Whereupon he goes to the zoo and hits an elephant with a piece of downspout.

Media focus gets my ears up like a German shepherd. After all, media people spend more time than I do finding out what's hot and what's not. They make lists; they have meetings. And once they decide something's hot, it is. Magic. So I

thought: All these books on LSD, talk shows, lectures, what is this? Renaissance? Or nostalgia? But is nostalgia their style? What phantom headline out there are they reaching for? OLD HIPPIES REMEMBER IT ALL! I can't see it. Far easier to imagine JOGGERS TRIPPING IN MARIN!

Acid in the Eighties? Perhaps a theory of reactive decades at work: Fifties boring, Sixties crazy, Seventies introspective; therefore, Eighties weird. Not Sixties nostalgia, Sixties *again*. Do it until you get it right, dummy. Myself, I don't find the Eighties weird, I find it cerebral. Wizard computers, new parts for old bodies, space shuttle journeys. In the Sixties we were promised technological miracles. Well, here they are. If the Sixties was a growth spurt for romantic mysticism, the Eighties is a sudden burst of applied science. Could that be the rationale for a new round of consciousness expansion? Leary the *scientist*, not Leary the guru. In the Eighties, getting high might be reexamined in the cold, clinical light of the laboratory. No music this time around, it will be one big psych conference where we read one another's scholarly papers; you can leave the incense burner in the attic.

And yet there is evidence that some media planner out there has a Sixties redux in mind. I went to a large department store in New York and there I saw a tie-dyed T-shirt. A fifteen-year-old girl was buying it. She looked like the teenager I overheard last month talking to a friend: "Did you know that Paul McCartney was in another band before Wings?" Now the paranoia was really sweeping in hard. My overheated imagination summoned up a key conspirator: the World's Largest Single Retailer. Roaming pensively through some forgotten warehouse, coming upon ten thousand gross of unsold Mao shirts, tapping his index finger against his nose, pensively, pensively.

They can't bring back the Sixties, of course, but they can bring back the style.

That's really what it was, after all the revelations had been revealed—a style. This is the land of the Sorcerer's Apprentice—once the magic spell is laid, momentum takes over and we are swept away into Fashion. I discovered that one day in 1969, standing on a street in a small French town with my landlady, who was in her seventies. A French hippie appeared. This guy had absolutely *everything*, a walking album cover. Elf shoes, floppy hat, long hair, beard and moustache, earring, beads, feathers, huge bell-bottoms, billowing shirt, leather vest, a fringed bag over one shoulder and—so help me, Lord—a flute over the other. I asked my landlady what she thought about that. She gave a French shrug. "It's the style," she said. "They see it on the television." She was right and not just in France.

But even if the Sixties renaissance is no more than a resurgence of style, I worry about my old Sixties friends. Plugging away, paying the mortgage, mowing the lawn, trying to do something—anything—*well*, luxuriating in the conventional because they got on the train a little late. Can they cope? Can they pass the 1984 version of the acid test? I doubt it. They will be out of fashion, unhip, uncool, uncontemporary, and woe unto them. They will be made to stand exposed before their smoking barbecues and bear the taunts of psychoactive youth. The exponents of the theory of karma are about to get an earful of it. They will be the New Stodgies of the New Sixties. Whining, complaining, griping about how good it *used* to be, how *they* pondered the mystical secret of the universe, how *they* sat around the fire all night long, *they* certainly didn't stay inside all day and play computer games.

Leave 'em alone, okay? They've been sufficiently tormented. Saw their magical swoop to the stars come back at them in Moonies' eyes. Saw their language turned into appesalace by the media. Saw their groovy country style—"Let's paint the mailbox!"—turn into rural chic in the hipper suburbs. Privately, they will admit they never expected anything else.

Maybe you publishers, talk shows, trend setters, ought to consider another kind of renaissance. How about Italian? A helluva time—grace, wit, style, intrigue, passionate conviction, flowering of science. And I just happen to know where there's a warehouse chock-full of maroon-velvet doublets.

ALAN FURST's most recent book is *Shadow Trade*, published by Delacorte Press.

Coming Attractions:
The most hated man in Hollywood,
plus: *Entertainment Tonight*,
Latin America books, Carly Simon,
and more

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in defence.

Protestants a chance to find out the hard way how the numbers game must, regretfully, but necessarily work here as a prelude to full unity, which does *not* mean the false "pluralism" of tolerating manifest error but a huge experiment in finding out, all of us together, as a Catholic Nation, why the

gets "I take your point" as a response, it strikes me that while the Irish may not be able to deal with the sophisticated world, they are very well able to deal with the non-sophisticated view.

Material poverty and the maldistribution of wealth face us with problems which we are only

secretary and his colleagues were celebrating this triumph of US democracy with a quick world tour. Their views on women, politics and wine revealed poor potty training.

We concluded that all Americans were big of mouth, wallet, and ambition, but lacked

MISS HARTY came to Ireland "romantically looking for her roots" and is disappointed with what she found. In fact she seems to have done rather well, and to have turned up a fair crop of

made it at all up to now. Perhaps there is a case for our indulgent progeniture after all? I would at least demonstrate method to madness. We could out-breed American-Indians, which admittedly shouldn't be all that difficult, but then where would we be?

Leary-Liddy debates pull in the crowds

Coalition of opposites fit to blow the mind

by MICHAEL DWYER

IMAGINE Margaret Thatcher and Ken Livingstone teaming up to do public debates for large fees. Or Conor Cruise O'Brien and Gerry Adams doing a two-hander. It could only happen in America where the unlikely team of Watergate bugger Gordon Liddy and LSD-experimenter Dr Timothy Leary are now one of the biggest draws on the lecture circuit.

"We're 180 degrees opposed on all the issues," says Dr Leary, whose research into psychedelic drugs at Harvard in the 1960s made him a herald of the flowerpower generation whom he advised to "tune in, turn on and drop out." At that time, Liddy, who later unwittingly helped bring about President Nixon's downfall, was a rising star in the FBI.

I met Leary, now 63, and Liddy, ten years his junior, at the Cannes Film Festival where they were promoting an illuminating and entertaining documentary film of their debates and their personalities — *Return Engagement*, directed by Robert Altman protégé, Alan Rudolph.

They remain diametrically opposed on most issues — an exception is sexual morality where Liddy has moved over to Leary's side — and only a few of their arguments registered as a tinge contrived, despite the genuine *bonhomie* that has grown from their professional association.

Their paths first crossed in 1967

when Liddy arrested Leary in New York State. "He was in Dutchess County," Liddy explains, "and I was the assistant prosecutor for the county. I was given two search warrants by the court commanding me to search Timothy Leary's headquarters."

"I disagree with that," Leary interrupts. "Mr Liddy, as a good authoritarian obeyer of laws, says he was commanded. Therefore as a loyal Eichmann he would have done whatever he was commanded . . . He had been going round the county stirring up the poor natives about this terrible monstrous scientist. He came up with one of the greatest lines of cop poetry: 'In Leary's lair the panties were dropping faster than the acid.' Not only had he no proof whatsoever for that, but after stirring up the poor judges, the poor dinosaurs, they finally gave him what he wanted, which was a licence to stir up trouble. And that's what he did."

"Not only did he bust me two times," Leary continued, "but he harassed us so much that he drove us out of the county. Because of that he was recognised as a great victor over the dreaded drug doctor, and in the Peter Principle he was promoted to the White House where he went on to other burglaries and other harassments of poor Democrats like myself."

The language of both sides is vitriolic, but there's no malice. The "dreaded drug doctor" is the livelier of the pair, an infectiously good-humoured, trim and dapper



Timothy Leary, at the piano, and G. Gordon Liddy: their "Return Engagement" film is an entertaining documentary following the notorious duo for eight days around the American lecture-tour circuit

man. He recently completed his latest book, appropriately titled *Flashbacks*, and is on a world tour to promote it.

Gordon Liddy is more intense. He holds a doctorate in law and has 20 years experience of public speaking which have made him an articulate conversationalist. During our discussion of the

volatile political climate in Central America he calmly bombarded me with an extraordinary flow of statistics to advance his case that "the United States ought to be doubling the Salvadorean armed forces so that they can protect themselves from the incursion of communist guerrillas who are being sent in from Nicaragua."

Liddy supports Ronald Reagan as staunchly as he supported Nixon and he is perturbed by the lack of support given to Reagan by Congress on the nuclear issue. "I see it as verging on insanity for the United States to agree to freeze itself into nuclear inferiority against the Soviet Union. It's just crazy to even entertain the notion," he says. "Fortunately, the American people will pay about as much attention to the Catholic bishops on the subject of nuclear arms control as they do on birth control, which is to say none at all."

And Dr Leary's view of Reagan's candidature? "Gimme a laugh."

Timothy Leary feels no responsibility for people who died as a result of acid trips or who fell into drug addiction as a result of the philosophies he espoused. He claims that he has always been against addictive drugs "including hard liquor" and has campaigned more than most people against them.

He goes on to claim that the first really popular advocates of LSD in the US were Cary Grant, Aldous Huxley, and Henry Luce, the founder of *Time* magazine. "And Claire Booth Luce who was turned on to LSD by Sidney Cohen who was (Lyndon) Johnson's big drug doctor. So I cannot take credit or blame for the popularity of LSD in America."

Gordon Liddy is aghast at the suggestion that he might ever have taken dope or felt the desire to do so. Before Liddy can reply Leary interrupts: "As a good authoritarian — only if a doctor commands him."

Liddy eventually replies that the only time he has taken anything stronger than an aspirin was when he was given morphine in a military hospital. "I can understand the attraction of it," he says. "It was certainly a pleasant feeling."

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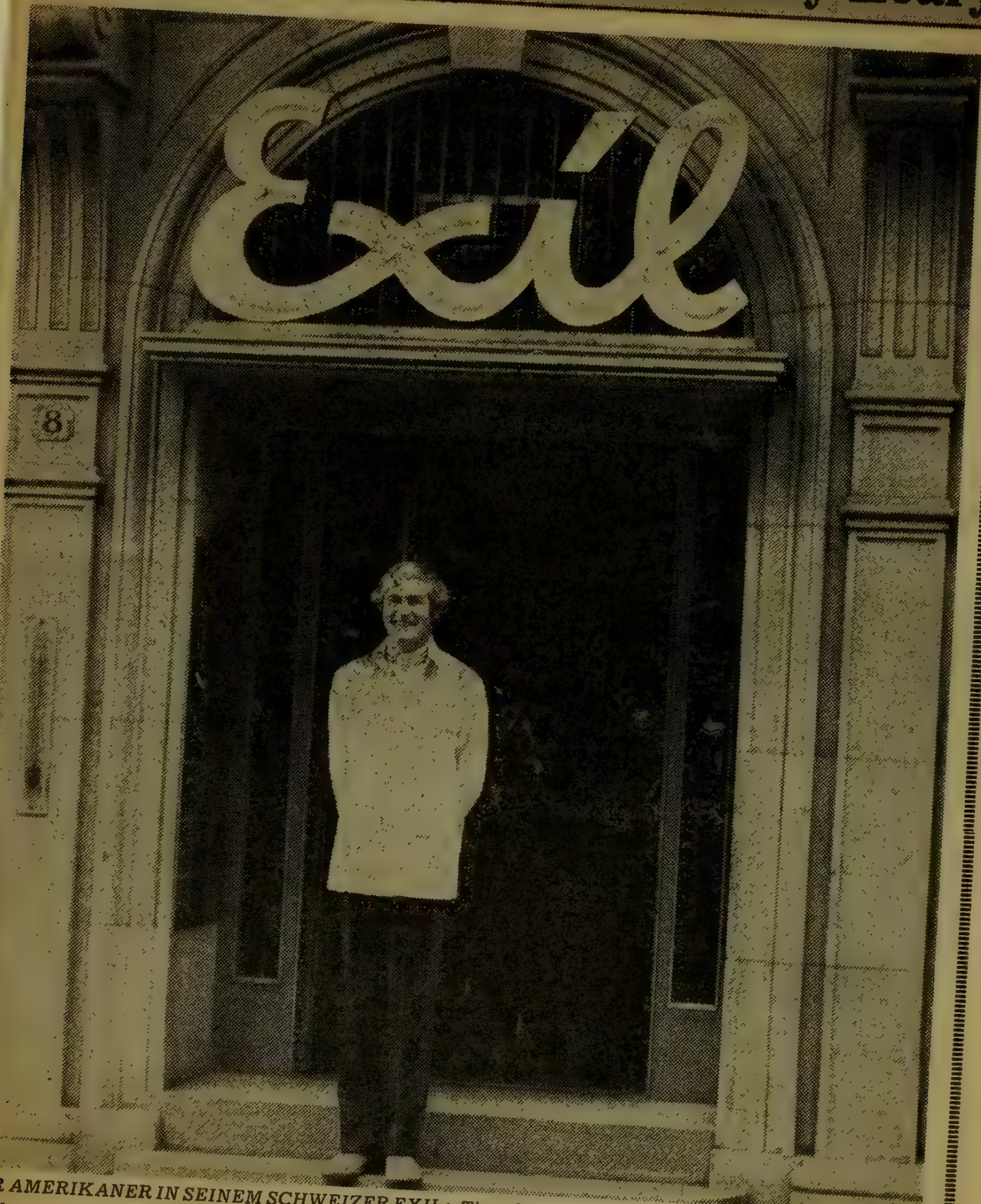
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LEAVE ON CLIP

6

kanischen Philosophen Timothy Leary



DER AMERIKANER IN SEINEM SCHWEIZER EXIL: Timothy Leary vor seinem Lieblingscafé „Exil“ in Bern.
Fotos: Frönmann

nicht irgendwelche Dinge äußerlich zu tun, nein, innerlich, muß in sich hineinarbeiten. Völlig individuell“

„Ich beschäftige mich besonders mit dem Begriff Freiheit, mit den Möglichkeiten, frei zu

stalten, individuell zu denken. Dabei müssen wir in einem System leben, das wir nicht wollen.“

★

In diesem Moment taucht unweigerlich die Frage nach dem

in einigen Generationen, die viel mehr Zugang zu ihrem Nervensystem haben. „In diesem Stadium“, schreibt Leary, „wird der Mensch erkennen, daß der Schlüssel zum menschlichen Leben das Bewußtsein ein mög-

HOWARD ROSENBERG

THE LIDDY AND LEARY CIRCUS

How easy the media are manipulated.

Or maybe they're not manipulated at all. Certainly KNXT Channel 2 knew the score when it invited former foes G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary to appear on its "Live at 5" news Wednesday to blab on and on about their speaking tour that pays them handsomely to ridicule and attack each other.

When the guests are Barnum & Bailey, you've got to expect a circus.

"Live at 5" gave almost five minutes of airtime to Liddy and Leary. Why even the Greengrocer doesn't get that much time on Channel 2. That's an idea. Bring back Liddy and Leary Friday and

How can society possibly be enlightened by hearing these men, one whose claim to notoriety rests on his being caught burglarizing in the Watergate affair, the other famous only for being a drug-promoting acid head?

No one bothered to ask Leary if he still advocated the use of LSD. In the lighthearted atmosphere of their news appearance, drugs didn't sound like a very serious subject, anyway.

"We're going to relieve you of your pain, Gordon," said Leary. "Not with the stuff you sniff, you're not," said Liddy. Everyone laughed.

Two wild and crazy guys.

"News or hype?" Story summed up with a deep philosophical question the

The interview covered only movie fun, nothing about Williams' reported connection to the John Belushi case under police investigation. After the interview had run, Franklin reported live on the news set that Williams' lawyer had advised him not to talk about the Belushi case. Only in reply to a question from 6 p.m. anchorman Jess Marlow did Franklin reveal that his interview with Williams was arranged on the condition that he ask no Belushi questions (Franklin elaborated on the 11 p.m. news, saying that Williams and Warner Brothers had nixed Belushi questions as a pre-condition for the interview).

Franklin said on the 6 p.m. program that he didn't want to go back on his word and ambush Williams on camera with a Belushi question. Good decision.

But he also said, "I didn't want to make those kind of waves." Oh.

Channel 2's news programs gave off mixed messages Wednesday. There were Liddy, inducing laughter with a snappy joke about Leary and drugs, and Franklin, not wanting to ruin a lighthearted feature on Williams with "waves" about Belushi's drug-induced death. And meanwhile, Channel 2 is running a series shaking a finger at over-boozing in Hollywood.

The Hollywood/alcohol series, by the way, is a rerun, something that wasn't noted on the air Wednesday. That's it: old news, new Liddy and Leary.

If Sitting Bull hadn't knocked off Custer at Little Big Horn, they could have made a fortune together on the lecture circuit.



Ralph Story and Marcia Brandwynne of Channel 2's "Live at 5."

have them squeeze vegetables —live— with Joe Carcione. That would really help promote the debates those two rutabagas are holding this week at the Wilshire Ebell Theater.

"I get a terrible feeling that I'm talking to lovable and mellowing ex-cons who have decided to cash in," anchorman Ralph Story said to lovable and mellowing Liddy and Leary. "Am I wrong?"

To her credit, anchorwoman Marcia Brandwynne seemed uncomfortable even to be there. "Do you find your debate becomes a little tiresome since you've done it so many times?" she asked. Well, no, answered Liddy. "Because I never know what this man is going to come up with."

Besides, this is no mere profit-motivated speaking tour. This is Liddy's chance to serve his fellow citizens by ripping into a man whose philosophies threaten America, right? "I happen to consider Dr. Leary's ideas to be very dangerous to this country," he said.

Aha! So he uses these debates to blast the ideas of a man who would have no forum for his ideas were it not for these debates at which Liddy blasts his ideas. Yes. Of course. For sure.

"We put our particular ideas to the test of the crucible of debate," said Liddy.

"I'm going to take this man kicking and screaming into the future, whether he likes it or not," said Leary. But not kicking and screaming to the bank.

At this point, Story or Brandwynne should have asked: Who cares?

answer of which was obvious. The time to ask that question was *before* putting these guys on the air live, not after. Or maybe it was asked and no one cared about the answer.

Wednesday's dose of Liddy and Leary recalled the glory period of Muhammad Ali, when the media would suspend their usual criteria for stories and lavish him with all the time he wanted to promote his fights. Never has anyone had so little to say and said it so entertainingly. But that was sports—an aberration of journalism even at its best, not *real* news.

Why were Liddy and Leary put on live, anyway? What did they have to say that couldn't have been taped and run next week? Next year? Their segment almost certainly would have been much shorter on tape, but "live" has a magical sound.

More times than not, the "live" camera is a dangerous gimmick designed to give viewers a sense of false immediacy. Well, that's disco for you. But the real danger comes in having no control over material that is going over the air live, not having time to weigh and sift through it.

"Live" carries more clout than "news." Have we reached a point where the delivery system has become the end to justify the story? Or non-story?

From the world according to Leary and Liddy, meanwhile, we move on to "The World According to Garp," the new movie whose star, Robin Williams, was interviewed on tape Wednesday by Channel 2 entertainment reporter Gary Franklin.

LIDDY VS. LEARY

FROM PAGE 13

calls the "new civil war" of the '60s — both expressed unexpected fondness for one another.

"The great thing about Liddy is that he's so honest he will stand up at the lecture platform and say things right out that people like Reagan, Haig and Kissinger might think, but know it's not politic to say," said Leary. Of course, he still finds fault with Liddy's sentiments, likening them to a "barrel of a gun, caveman barbarous foreign policy."

For Liddy, "Leary has a good sense of proportion about himself and he has a wonderful Irish wit . . . which allows him to say what are to me some of the most outrageous things without offending anyone."

Claiming that "Liddy and I were really the only two political prisoners in this country who served any significant length of time," and that "of all the people who went to jail in the '60s and '70s, we are two who were absolutely not rehabilitated," Leary described his opponent as "a very effective proponent of banana republic fascist dictatorship."

At the same time, he conceded respect for Liddy's willingness to go "face to face, eyeball to eyeball with the audience."

"I am a good speaker," acknowledged Liddy, who has emerged as a surprise success on the college lecture circuit. "But more importantly, I am willing to take on in the crucible of debate, anyone in the audience, faculty, students or otherwise, who wishes to challenge what I've said or debate the issue with me. I think young people respect that very much."

And, added the author of "Will" who was portrayed by a mustached, macho Robert Conrad in a recent TV movie of the book, "I try to do it with a sense of humor."

That — the humor — might be the most unexpected facet of this still sinister appearing figure, who easily outdistanced his opponent as "the most dangerous" in an impromptu poll taken by Phil Donahue.

"I once debated Dan Ellsberg and it was an absolute disaster," said Liddy. "He has absolutely no sense of humor. He takes himself inordinately seriously, as though he was the fourth member of the blessed trinity."

Were it not for humor, Liddy continued, "the world

would be a dreadful place to inhabit."

According to Leary, the idea for the unlikely team of himself and Liddy came about from Leary's friends who had sponsored his previous appearances in places like Austin, Texas and Boulder, Colo. The fact that they are both represented by the same talent agency didn't hurt, either.

From his standpoint, the idea was "to see if I could take him on and show him up," said former Harvard faculty member Leary. Leary admitted that along the way, "I had to learn to debate. I'm not a debater, I'm a scientist — and he's a prosecutor."

Describing Liddy as "a powerful speaker with a top sense of humor," Leary went on, "debaters don't care about the truth. They rely on macho, hubris, whatever, to win their points."

Both men, each the product of early Jesuit education before pursuing their divergent courses, were questioned about the relationship in their own lives between politics, religion and entertainment.

Leary, invoking the ideas of Marshall McLuhan, expressed the view that "education, entertainment and advertising must go together."

"Entertainment means holding someone's attention," he said. "It means making my position more attractive."

Liddy suggested that "there's always been an element of entertainment in religion."

As an example, he cited "some of the horrors during the Middle Ages, when they were going to torture some poor SOB to death — and people would pack a picnic basket."

He saw links between politics and religion as being "a dangerous, lethal combination which our forefathers finally had the good sense to attempt to keep separate."

The shift from operating in the shadows to taking centerstage in the entertainment world was a matter of "making a virtue of necessity," he concluded.

"I don't think I could sneak into Yankee Stadium in a crowd on World Series day," he said. "How the hell I could involve myself in clandestine activities in this day and age, I just don't know — and I've got to make a living somehow."

SFO

FROM PAGE 13

During his studio, Arconti success stories.

"All the bands 'getting their album' And I'm just going Arconti and Ch SFO songwriting guitar and played

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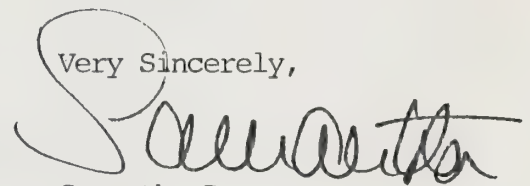
Dear Kim:

I am delighted to forward an advance copy (July 31st) of FAMILY WEEKLY which contains an interview we arranged for Tim with Mary Ellin Bruns.

I am looking forward to seeing Tim in New York next week.

All the best.

Very Sincerely,



Samantha Dean

cc: J.P. Tarcher
Timothy Leary

Warren Cowan
Linda Dozoretz
Stephanie Martin
Mark Gelfond
Kathie Berlin

TIMOTHY LEARY

THE HIGH PRIEST OF LSD EMBARKS ON A NEW TRIP



Leary with wife Barbara and stepson Zachary: "Am I getting respectable?"

Perhaps no man has been more often held responsible for the highs (and lows) of the 60's counterculture than Dr. Timothy Leary, psychologist, pioneer in drug research and proponent of "the intelligent use" of LSD. Although Leary's followers praised him for being a head of his time, he was also blamed for encouraging millions of young people to take psychedelic trips, sometimes with tragic results. In 1965 he was arrested for possession of marijuana and he was imprisoned in 1970. After several months he made a dramatic escape to Europe, was captured and returned to prison in 1973. Since his 1976 release, Leary has been leading a quiet life with his fourth wife, Barbara, and stepson, Zachary, (he also has two children of his own from his first marriage). He has been lecturing and writing; his most recent effort is an autobiography aptly titled *Flashbacks* (J.P. Tarcher Inc.). When FAMILY WEEKLY's Mary Ellin Bruns recently dropped in on Leary, 62, he reflected on his colorful life.

Bruns: How have psychedelic drugs changed your life?

Leary: The first time you have a sexual experience your life is changed because you see that there's a whole other reality there. I use that as an example of [what happened] the first time I had the psychedelic experience. You discover multiple realities.

Q: Did your children get involved in the drug experiments?

Leary: Yes. My daughter had two or three experiences. But she's always been a conservative person, probably as a reaction to having a wild, Irish father. She stopped using drugs and today she's a churchgoer and she doesn't drink. My son experimented with LSD and marijuana and is a little tougher. But now he's calmed down.

Q: Do you ever regret that you perhaps unwittingly encouraged

some people to do themselves harm?

Leary: I have always been against or at least neutral on the use of all drugs except psychedelics. I certainly regret that I wasn't able to be more forceful about planning and preparation [for taking psychedelic drugs]. I regret that I got so involved in the pressures of the times that I wasn't a better husband, a better father. My going to prison... had catastrophic effects on my marriage and my kids... Now I have a 9-year-old stepson who is playing Little League and I was amazed and amused when I was offered the job of Honorary Team Father. I came home and looked in the mirror and asked myself, "Am I getting respectable?"

Q: Recently you were interviewed about the possibility that J.F.K. took LSD. Do you really think that happened?

Leary: It's my hunch, and I've heard this from other sources, that he was experimenting with psychedelic drugs.

Q: Do you think the spirit of the 60's is still around?

Leary: It's pervasive. I think that the born-again Christian movement is a byproduct of the drug culture. The very concept of born again is the notion of turn on, change your life.

Q: Who were the most influential people of the 60's?

Leary: The musicians. They were like an enormous swarm of wonderful, multicolored flying objects that changed everything.

Q: You've been called "a megalomaniac." Are you one?

Leary: I think everyone should be allowed a half hour of megalomania a week. I'm in favor of high standards: At times you have to boast a little.

Q: You've written a lot about space migration. Is it really right to think in terms of using up and discarding our planet?

Leary: Why did we leave Ireland? Did we use it up? No, the Irish immigrants set out to find something better. Why do the bees leave the hive? Why do the termites leave the old colony? Because it's time to move on. Don't worry, people will continue to live in America, although some of us move on. When a beehive gets too big and when a queen flies off and starts another one, now, is that leaving the world?

Q: I guess you'll be on the first available spaceship.

Leary: I don't care about that. I love it down here. **FW**

ELENI'S CHOICE

a swim and forced the lock of his apartment. I found him asleep in an armchair, his pajama top open to reveal his caved-in, withered chest, his mouth gaping to show the missing teeth; a wreck of a man who appeared already dead. As I pointed the gun at his temple, I realized I could smother him with a pillow and his family would think he died in his sleep. But as I stood there, thoughts of my children crowded into my head. My children and my mother. Her last words, according to a neighbor passing by the execution site, had been not a cry of vengeance, but of love: "My children!" In order to summon the hate necessary to kill Katis, I would have to destroy the part of me that is most like my mother.

I'm still not at peace, nor has the longing for revenge left me. But the long and painful journey that ended in the judge's apartment has yielded me many rewards that I didn't expect.

As I tried to recreate the last 10 years of my mother's life — years of war, famine and hardship — I learned that her story was not one of total misery, but of joy as well. I rediscovered the good times we had together, the games we played and the jokes we shared. And I found an understanding of her as she really was — not a fountain of strength, as I had seen her from a child's perspective — but a complicated, troubled woman subject to fears and doubts. But when she was pushed to the wall, she possessed the intelligence to know what she had to do and the courage to do it. I have a new knowledge of my mother now and, as a result, a new joy in my own children and in the life she bequeathed us.

I have also come to know the strange, primitive world in which Eleni lived — a world of magic and superstition, rich in customs and practices that now seem as distant as the Middle Ages. The story of my mother is the story of a woman trapped, like so many women around the world, in a rigid society and victimized by political forces that she couldn't comprehend — for my mother was a stranger to politics; she was motivated solely by human compassion. She even hid two young Communist guerrillas in our house to protect them from persecution, yet it was their comrades who ultimately killed her.

I found a new understanding of the plight of all civilians caught in the path of a revolution. I gained a new respect for women and especially for the power of a mother's love. But most of all, I discovered a new appreciation of what she has given me: my life in a free country, my children, the richness

Nicholas Gage, former investigator, reporter and foreign correspondent for The New York Times, is the author of Eleni (Random House)

of opportunities open to us.

All these things are her legacy and, having finished my journey and committed what I have learned to paper, I know that the story of Eleni is not one

of tragedy but of triumph. The only material things I have left of her are her burgundy wedding kerchief, some sepia photographs, a few words written in her hand on the back of an

icon. But we, her children, and the grandchildren who never saw her, are her legacy. She was one of those few whose courage makes the rest of us possible. **FW**



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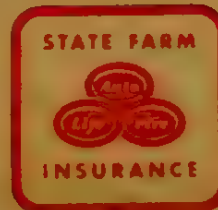
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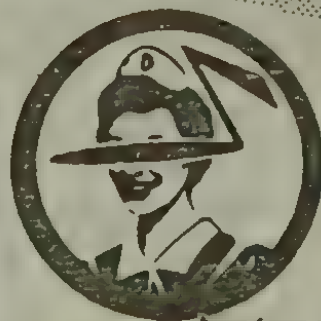
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MEANWHILE BACK IN NEW YORK CITY...



TIMOTHY LEARY:

by Stephen Saban

TL: Hello.

SS: Hello Dr. Leary.

This is Stephen Saban calling from New York.

TL: Hi, Stephen. Sorry the line was tied up; someone else was using the phone.

SS: That's all right. How are you?

TL: Good.

SS: I have your autobiography, *Flashbacks*, and I've been reading it. It's well written and very funny, too. What are you up to when you're not promoting the book?

TL: Well, I'm writing a new book.

SS: A sequel to this one?

TL: Yeah. And I'm learning personal computers and designing educational video games.

SS: Can you explain them to me?

TL: There are a lot of scientists and teachers who are now realizing that the way to teach chemistry and physics and biology and botany is not through printed words on a page or formulas on a blackboard, but in the language of the processes themselves. So instead of Asteroids, you'd have hydrogen, atoms, electrons, and protons. Here comes oxygen, and hydrogen and oxygen hit, and you see the way that the atomic structures intersect and create water. And don't let that beam of electrons hit the uranium or you lose the game and your quarter. Get the picture?

SS: Yes, I do. Do you see these in an arcade or in the classroom?

TL: In a classroom, in a home.

SS: Has a video game company picked these up yet? Like Atari?

TL: I'm working with a group of people called Neuro Linguistic Programming, and they've had two educational video games sold to Atari. One is called Typing Mastery, and the other's called Word Man. It's a spelling game. You have to type the letters correctly, and you can't slow down or miss a letter because you're being chased.

SS: I haven't finished reading your book yet, but I know you mention your experiences with Cary Grant and Marilyn Monroe. I wonder if you could tell me about that.

TL: Well, Cary Grant had been taking LSD administered by a Hollywood doctor in the 1950s. He had always been a very shy person, but after the experiences he became very outgoing and gave many interviews praising the effects of LSD. He was the first prominent LSD enthusiast.

SS: And then you met him.

TL: Yeah, I met him. And Richard Alpert met him a couple of times. And we met the researchers he was involved with. Another person—I don't know whether you've gotten

to that in the book—who was a leading advocate of LSD before I came along, was Henry Luce, as well as his wife, Claire Booth Luce. They had many experiences in their mansion down in Arizona. He came to the board of editors of *Life* Magazine and urged them to do an article or devote an issue to LSD. And that resulted in the famous 1966 cover story, which probably did more to stir up interest in LSD than anything else. Of course, they were using pure LSD and they were doing it for serious purposes, for personal growth. The problem was, in the late '60s and the early '70s, suddenly a million people were taking something that was not LSD, simply because there wasn't any pure LSD around after 1966.

SS: Is there pure LSD now?

TL: Yes, I'm told. I just got a book in the mail on psychedelics written by two Harvard professors, and they say that LSD use is quite high now, but it's done thoughtfully by intelligent people who know what they're doing.

SS: Do you recommend LSD use?

TL: I don't recommend anything. Except that everyone should try to get more intelligent.

SS: Do you know how we can do that?

TL: They have to figure it out themselves.

SS: How do you think the world has changed in 15 years?

TL: The main change that has taken place in America—let's not talk about the world—is the baby boom, the seventy-six million people born between the years 1946 and 1964. The '60s was all about this enormous group, forty million more than we expected, hitting high school and college and changing every aspect of American culture as they moved through it. This group is now getting into their twenties and thirties. In the year

2000, the baby boomers will be between the ages of—my God!—and 54. Thirty-six million of them between the ages of 36 and 54, totally a changed America; it won't be any of the older generation around. Your generation going to make it a much better world.

SS: You really think so?

TL: Oh yeah. Your generation, the first post-Hiroshima generation, the first generation to have been brought up on television, learning how to change reality. Because of Dr. Spock, you're the first generation to be brought up to believe your job was to improve yourself and that you can go all day, this is your world, and

take no for an answer. That's what happened in the '60s. When your generation hit high school and college, you changed the war, wanted different music, wanted more intelligent and realistic sexual relations. The key to your generation is realism. You're going to totally change American society when you're at the age when you can do it.

SS: But do you think we'll be around in 15 years?

TL: Yes. What do you think?

SS: I don't count on the future. I live from day to day.

TL: A lot depends on whether Reagan is re-elected in '84. It's a big issue, isn't it?

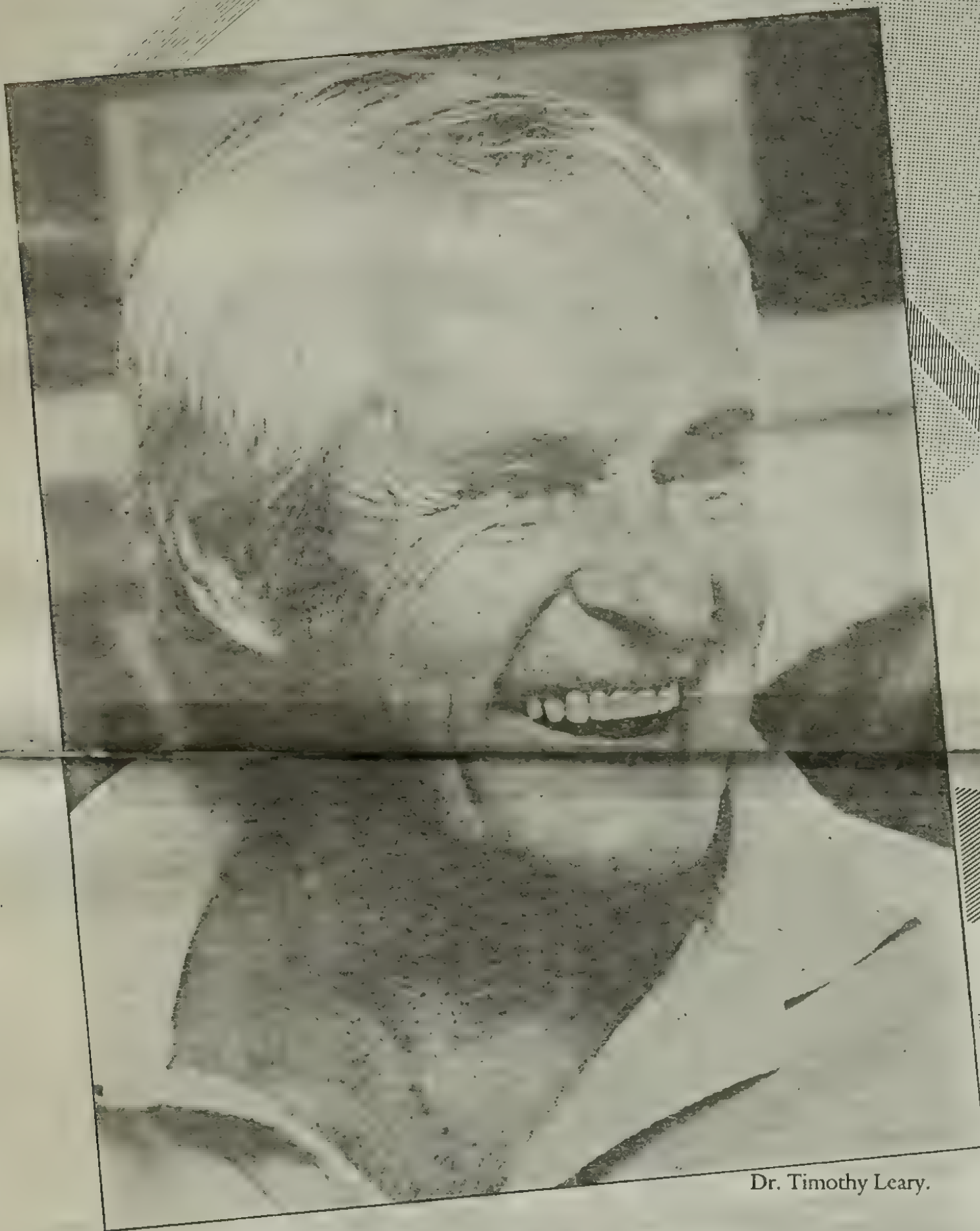
SS: It's frightening.

TL: Yeah. It's looking more and more as if he will be re-elected. That's a disastrous situation because the men behind Reagan, I've watched them for many years, are mean, cold, cruel, cynical, greedy men. They really are nice people.

SS: What do you think of the current cocaine usage?

TL: Well, cocaine is kind of a dumb energizer. You have to

...AT DANCETERIA & CONGO BILL.



Dr. Timothy Leary.

the energy back. It tends to go with the period now because it gives you immediate self-confidence, a self-enhancing drug. It's certainly less dangerous than alcohol. If it were legalized and prescribed by a doctor as an appetite suppressant or an aphrodisiac, no one would pay much attention to it! It's been glamorized now. As soon as the baby boom generation takes over—probably 1988—I think we'll have

a different drug policy because the baby boomers are realistic and they know it's unrealistic to have a \$90 billion underground drug business in this country which benefits only the liquor lobby and Bolivian generals. They will legalize and put into prescription all currently illegal drugs.

SS: How would you like to be remembered many years from now?

TL: I belong to a long line of phi-

losophers dedicated to individual freedom. I think I'll be seen in the 21st century as a philosopher from the ancient, primitive 20th century who forecasted and predicted and encouraged the great blossoming of human freedom that's going to take place in the 21st century.

SS: And is that how you want to be remembered?

TL: I don't care.

SS: Okay, thanks. I'll let you go,

because I know you have to be somewhere.

TL: I'm just going over to Burbank. How is it in the Hamptons?

SS: I actually haven't been there yet this summer. But it seems as if everyone in Manhattan eventually ends up there.

TL: Well, it's a little bit of heaven on earth. I might go there myself. Goodbye. ☺

LEARY'S THEORIES

THE NATION'S NEWSPAPER

USA TODAY LIFE

SECTION D

Leary's older — but younger, too

By Ben Brown
USA TODAY

LOS ANGELES — After two decades of being hounded by all manner of local police, the CIA, the Justice Department, the Black Panthers, G. Gordon Liddy and his own fans, Timothy Leary is still the 1960s "hope fiend."

"Most of us sense that we have passed through a significant period in human history," he writes in his just-released autobiography, *Flashbacks* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$15.95). "(We're) part of a powerful population of secure, sophisticated '60s veterans, tens of millions of us, who have . . . pushed consciousness to the far limits and shared, in one way or another, the paradoxes and ecstasies faced by brain explorers."

Some skeptics accuse him of pushing more than the limits of consciousness. After all, this is the famous LSD professor, booted out of Harvard for his experiments with drugs and sentenced to prison for possession of marijuana. Leary may quibble with his critics, but he doesn't back down:

"I vigorously oppose laws prohibiting American citizens from altering their nervous systems," he writes in *Flashbacks*.

And himself? "My wife and I take acid regularly," he says, from his dining room seat in his Laurel Canyon home. "Just as a telescope is for astronomers and a microscope is for biologists, LSD is for philosophers."

As unorthodox as that may sound, Leary looks as conventional as any of his neighbors here in suburban Los Angeles where, between brain explorations, this philosopher in tennis



TIMOTHY LEARY: Evolution occurs in kids, not adults.

togs plays Little League father to his stepson Zack.

When his wife, Barbara, calls from another room, she uses the name "Timmy" — a boy's name for a 63-year-old international felon. But it fits.

Flashbacks vibrates with youthful energy. It begins with Leary's whimsical account of his own conception and ends "To be continued." In between, is a picaresque adventure that covers more territory than the space shuttle.

Timmy goes to West Point, Mexico, the Himalayas, Algiers and Folsom prison. Timmy meets Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Aldous Huxley, Cary Grant, Charlie Manson, G. Gordon Liddy and Multiple Reality. And Timmy tells all.

What's missing from the tale is the man at the end, the boy grown older and wiser by his experience. But Leary doesn't care. He's into "juvenilization, the theory that evolution occurs not in the adult of a species, but in juveniles, larvae, adolescents, pre-adults." And Timmy is pleased with the notion that he himself is "wired by nature to innovate rather than conform."

Florida's Gulf Coast, where Hope operates, seems insufficiently congenial to McBain's urban sensibility.

McBain and Dick Francis admire one another's work, and it's easy to see why. What McBain does for cops and robbers, Francis does for the British world of turf and paddock. A former champion jockey who rode the queen mother's horse in the Grand National of 1956, Francis has turned out equine thrillers steadily and to considerable acclaim since 1962. In "Banker," he gives us a characteristically stoic hero, who as usual endures a fearful beating before getting to the bottom of the skulduggery in the stables. Tim Ekaterin, a London investment banker, takes a judicious gamble (or "banker," in racetrack slang) on a horse called Sandcastle; he arranges the loan needed to put this world-class stallion to stud. When Sandcastle's foals are born with monstrous defects, Ekaterin steps in to investigate. Add several murders, including that of the horse-breeder's daughter, and the chase is on.

Regrettably, "Banker" tries too hard to transcend its genre. Like some of John Le Carré's spy novels, it suffers from the literary equivalent of midriff bulge. Saddled with perfunctory banking scenes and an altogether expendable love interest, the book moves sluggishly out of the gate. To make matters worse, the soft-boiled Ekaterin emphasizes too much for anyone's good: "Adolescence, I thought, and not for the first time, could be hell." A strong stretch run doesn't quite save the day.

Principles: No such problems plague "Stick," Elmore Leonard's snappily paced crime novel. Much praised for his earlier thrillers "Cat Chaser" and "Split Images," Leonard parlays a command of the vernacular into dialogue that never rings false. His latest protagonist is Ernest Stickley Jr.—Stick, for short. The veteran of seven years in a state penitentiary, Stick has drifted to Miami, America's cocaine capital, where he is alternately bewildered and outraged by the habits of the nouveau leisure class. Having learned "how to jail"—you "live by your wits and a tight sphincter"—Stick is determined to go straight. But this morally principled ex-convict finds that the real world is "weirder than the movies" and that his survival instincts are equally applicable whether "inside or outside eighteen-foot walls with gun towers." The supporting cast in this admirably suspenseful, often funny book includes a number of memorable cartoon figures. There's the demented Vietnam vet hooked on "caps and tabs, red, white and blue"; the Jewish film producer who makes fashionably anti-Semitic jokes, and the stock-market whiz "sitting in the backseat of his limo in his tennis whites trying to sound like a hardass and coming off like Eddie Fisher doing Marlon Brando." In Elmore Leonard, aficionados of this lively genre have yet another reason to rejoice.

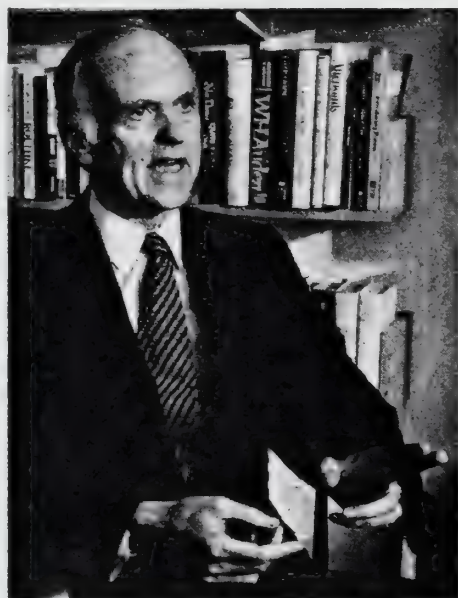
DAVID LEHMAN

Family Album

False Premises. By Winthrop Knowlton. 215 pages. Random House. \$12.95.

The story, in Winthrop Knowlton's beautifully written novel, is in a sense about the stories people make of their lives. Watching his daughter on a swing, the narrator, Peter Kempton, looks back over the enchanting, vaguely dubious stories his own mother wove and wonders: "Will my daughter feel the same way when she ponders this story, which by then will have become *hers*? Will she understand that as we uncover one mystery, another comes to take its place?"

Peter's mother, Sarah, used to tell him stories as they drove from their elegant home on Long Island's North Shore to visit her widowed mother in southwestern Massachusetts. It was 1939, Peter was 10 and Sarah softly talked, "as though she were bequeathing her past to me before I was old enough to have one of my own." On the night of March 16, 1886, before she was born, her father had gathered *everyone in*



Richard A. Chase

Knowlton: A publisher turned novelist

the county to watch the culmination of his experiments with electricity. He fussed and puttered, then took a deep breath and threw the switch: nothing happened. The crowd began to laugh. Then, Sarah tells Peter again and again on their long drives, "it came, the ghostly, flickering light. As he walked down the street, his son astride his shoulders, the light gathered strength and flung itself boldly from the storefronts and lay on the dark, damp streets like slabs of butter."

Sarah wanders dreamily through this magical past, idealizing and commemorating her father "in his white suit glowing like a filament in one of his slender bulbs." In the present, she mocks and quarrels with her husband, Henry Kempton, who works on Wall Street, and hates his

wealthy English boss, Peter Stimson. Stimson's property adjoins the Kemptons'—in fact, Stimson gave them the land—and Sarah scorns the neighboring gentry who gather at "Stim's" parties. The wives, in demure patterned dresses, look "as if they were covered all over with their husbands' neckties." One day, Sarah glances up from the Sunday Times and pronounces the whole lot "Neutrons . . . They're there . . . They have bulk. They're probably necessary, although no one can tell exactly why. But they have no charge."

Peter keeps trying to fix his own past in emblematic moments, to give it solidity, durability and shape: playing the game of pepper with his father, the ball sending "shock waves through my fingers and wrists and arms," left him "with a residuum of loathing." The day World War II lurched into his life, his mother was "placing zinnias in a cut-glass vase like someone throwing darts in slow-motion."

Bewildering Quarrels: Knowlton lifts this vividly specific story beyond the particular, as Peter looks back and asks: "What is it I long for when I recall those early years . . . ? Is it simply a hunger for certain sounds and sights and smells—whirring lawnmowers and poodles bounding through the orchard and the whole dazzling wisteria-drenched house standing there before me on a late spring day? Or is it a vaguer yearning for the whole of one's childhood . . . a precious but lost jewel, bright, full of magical restorative qualities if only one could grasp it? Alas, I have come to understand that what I miss most was not there at all; words never spoken, arms never thrown open, and the promise, never fulfilled, of an end to bitter and bewildering quarrels."

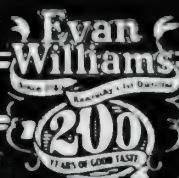
Peter goes on, to boarding school (where he makes friends with a botanizing Scottish boy and strikes out 12 men in 5 innings the first time he pitches for the school baseball team) and Harvard (where he does well at first, then embarks on a career of debauchery that ends in a disastrous car accident). He punishes his father and tries to rescue his mother—and learns, painfully, to see the truths and fictions and false premises of the past. Knowlton, who has been an investment banker and the president of a publishing house and is now the director of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, has created something fine and lasting in this first novel.

JEAN STROUSE

Day-Glo Decade

Flashbacks. By Timothy Leary. 397 pages. Tarcher. \$15.95.

Someone should write a group biography of the '60s. Such a book, a kind of tie-dyed "Eminent Americans," would run the gamut from Bob Dylan and Martin Luther King to novelist Joseph Heller and émigré Hegelian Herbert Marcuse—and, of course, Timothy Leary, apostle of LSD, Pied Piper of the youth culture and (my



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BOOKS

favorite epithet) "the grand panjandrum of hallucination." In this picaresque autobiography, Leary writes his own version of that chapter. A beguiling mix of blarney, bunkum and broad good humor, it brings an era back to life.

At the dawn of the '60s Leary seemed poised for a staid and utterly conventional career in academia. Born in Springfield, Mass., in 1920, he was the son of a pious Roman Catholic mother and a hard-drinking, irresponsible Irish father. He grew up rowdy. After a string of youthful misadventures—he was expelled from high school, silenced at West Point and kicked out of the University of Alabama—he sowed his wild

rather sober experimentation at Harvard; the second led Leary to his immensely influential Tom Swift brand of pop transcendentalism: "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

What makes "Flashbacks" fascinating is the parade of famous figures that were drawn to Leary's magical mystery tours. For several years in the early '60s he ran—altogether legally—a star-studded psychedelic salon that included Aldous Huxley and Arthur Koestler, Allen Ginsberg and Robert Lowell, Charles Mingus and Cary Grant. He agreed to supply LSD to Mary Pinchot Meyer at a time when she was John F. Kennedy's secret White House playmate. He traveled to Morocco to introduce psychedelics to William Burroughs, a connoisseur of narcotics, who babbled in alarm at the

experience: "I'm not feeling too well. I was struck by juxtaposition of purple fire mushroomed from the Pain Banks. Urgent Warning. There are many hostile territories in the cerebral hemispheres. I think I'll stay here in this shriveling envelope of larval flesh. I'm going to take some apomorphine."

Light Show: The pace quickens after Leary's expulsion from Harvard in 1963. In a ploy to reach the masses that was worthy of P. T. Barnum, Leary created a traveling sound-and-light show that touted LSD, "taking the astounded participants up the chakras of their bodies, twenty-four spiritual orgasms climaxing in the famous death-defying head chakra rebirth explosion"—which sounds pretty exciting, even if, like me, you haven't the faintest idea what "chakra" means. He consults Prof. Marshall McLuhan, the media sage, who solemnly advises him to plug his "product" and arouse "consumer interest," in part by keeping a blissed-out smile on his face. He coaxes John

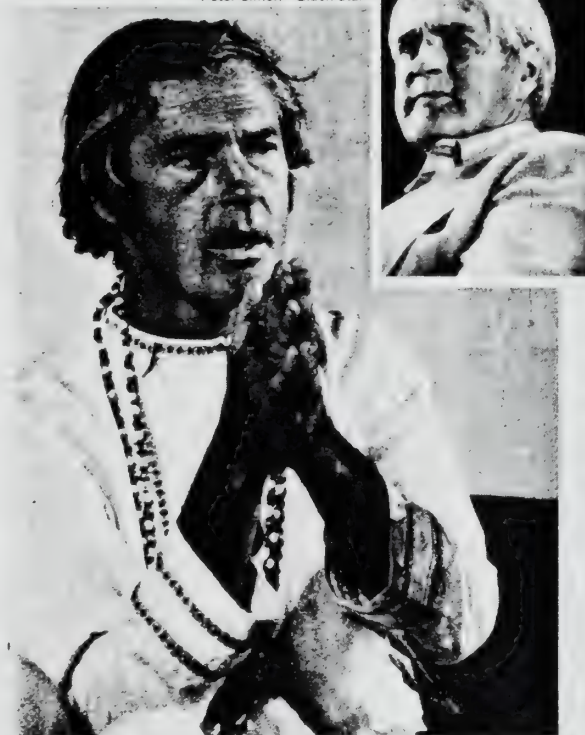
Lennon into writing a song called "Come Together" for his 1970 California gubernatorial campaign, is jailed for possessing a trifling amount of marijuana, stages a daredevil escape from prison and, with the help of the Weathermen, ends up exiled in Algiers with Black Panther and screwball activist Eldridge Cleaver. Cleaver promptly put the fugitive honky under "house arrest." U.S. authorities eventually nabbed him in Kabul, Afghanistan.

Today, 13 years and some 40 jail cells later, Leary has found a comfortable career lecturing to curious college students. He's become a Buffalo Bill from the Age of Aquarius, a barnstorming spinner of yarns about the good old days on the wild frontiers of inner space. As much as any figure, he epitomizes the '60s and their naive and fertile anarchy—a spirit he makes surprisingly appealing in this Day-Glo memoir.

JIM MILLER

Leary then and now: The acid king

Peter Simon—Black Star



Rick Friedman—Black Star



am Wright.
ted. 372 pp. New York:
te Press. \$16.95.

DUDLEY CLENDINEN

9 and again in 1980, Mar-
ny) Von Bulow, heiress
le-known American for-
psed into a coma while
ning at Clarendon Court,
port mansion. The first
e recovered. The second
e didn't.

wo-month trial in 1982 of
on Bulow, charged with
empted murder of his
ew some of the most ex-
coverage of any crimi-
l in American history as
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d professors, private de-
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low's lover and a New-
unde dame followed one
to the witness stand.

ormerly anonymous Mr.
ulow, an aristocratic
hose greatest' achieve-
d been to marry a very
woman, took on new
a celebrity. The jury
im guilty of a ghoulish
and he was sentenced to
in jail — but the public
im fascinating. He got
of sympathetic mail. He
erviewed on television,
he made claims dis-
at the trial. While ap-
his conviction, he has
in his wife's Fifth Ave-
artment, his household
en care of by her trust,
me guaranteed by a gift
er, his claim on her will
en.

while, his wife has re-
in the hospital. As Wil-
Wright describes her
in "The Von Bulow Af-
'Curled in the fetal posi-
ie was nearly skeletal,
n waxy and livid, the
nde hair now com-
gray."

Wright's sympathies are
the victim. He writes,
urse, it was in Von
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ut the disparagements
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y a public all too eager to
ill of the victim." His
ves the public the infor-
that the jury had, and
bout the Von Bulows and
e together. The picture

ing. It was he, according to Mr.
Wright, who spread the ruinous
rumor that his wife was an alco-
holic.

Much of Mr. Wright's materi-
al, as he acknowledges, comes
from the prosecution. Most of
the rest is from a long interview
with Mr. Von Bulow and from
other interviews. But some of
the detail obviously has been
vacuumed from stories pub-
lished elsewhere, and the im-
pression is left that in getting
his book to market, Mr. Wright
did not take the time to vacuum
his own notes for the names, the
dates, the direct quotes that
would have given it the author-
ity of detail it often lacks.

Nevertheless, of the seven
books so far drawn from this
trial, Mr. Wright's is the best,
particularly as it dispels the
aura in which the very rich are
veiled. Most important, this ac-
count redresses the public bal-
ance and gives back to Sunny
Von Bulow a measure of the dig-
nity that was stolen from her.

FLASHBACKS

By Timothy Leary.

Illustrated. 397 pp. Los Angeles:
J. P. Tarcher/Distributed by
Houghton Mifflin Co. \$15.95.

By HERBERT GOLD

The dawning of the age of
Aquarius provided a new career
for Timothy Leary. A re-
searcher and teacher of psy-
chology at Berkeley, then at
Harvard, he became the LSD
guru of the 1960's. His slogan
"Turn on, tune in, drop out" an-
swered the ethical and meta-
physical needs of part of a ge-
neration. His image is fixed in the
history of the period — that
handsome smile on posters, that
ardent manipulation of the
media, that assumption of the
dual role of genial cutup and
philosopher to the Youthquake.
And now in "Flashbacks" he at-
tempts a summation of his life
and times.

An essential task for the auto-
biographer is to find the subject
of his book, but Mr. Leary can't
seem to think through the mean-
ing of his frantic insouciance.
Yet there is surely a book for
someone to write in the story of
the former psychologist who
still wants to lead everybody
into the meaning of life with his
trademark smile and psyche-
delic patter.



Claus Von Bulow.

His memories are copious. He
recalls his own conception, his
alcoholic father, his term as a
West Point cadet, his first wife's
suicide in 1955. He introduces
his chapters with capsule bio-
ographies of such colleagues as
Dante, William James and
Mark Twain. He undergoes
education, he flounders, he falls
in love a lot, and then he finds
the cause that gives his life
meaning — "plotting the neuro-
logical revolution, moving be-
yond scientific detachment to
social activism."

With his friend, Dr. Richard
Alpert (later Baba Ram Dass);
Mr. Leary became a crusader.
In 1963, as he explains it, due to
the complaints of uptight par-
ents and timeserving academi-
cs, he lost his job at Harvard
when a few students freaked out
on LSD. (He reports that one ate
the bark off a tree.)

By 1965 it was time to search
out a guru in India. Three
months later Sri Krishna Prem
"patted me affectionately on
the back. 'It is time, my friend,
for you to return to the West,
and there you will meet difficult
challenges and be forced to pass
many arduous tests.'"

The tests came promptly.
Busted for pot in Texas, he de-
fended his First Amendment
right "as a scientist and as an
initiated Hindu to use mari-
juana as a research tool and a
sacrament." This did not play
too well in Laredo, but the
psychedelic frontiersman rode
on, thanks to the appeals sys-
tem. He did a stage show in
which he lectured Jesus on the
Cross: "Hey, Jesus, for God's
sake come on down and let's
have a party." He wrote a book,

dismal turn with his imprison-
ment on the drug charge in 1970,
a cowboy turn with his escape
from prison abetted by the
Weathermen, a weird turn with
his exile in Algiers in the cus-
tody of Eldridge Cleaver. He
tells us, as usual, both what he
thinks we want to hear and what
he wants us to believe.

Much of "Flashbacks" pro-
vides a reminder of the good old
days of Woodstock, Altamont,
funny clothes and the LSD dad
riding high, along with other
babas and swamis and sris. Mr.
Leary's handsome grin said it
was all right to have fun. He was
just horsing around and hap-
pened to turn into the messiah.
But along with the charm,
whiffs of pathos drift through
this self-praising narrative —
heroin experiments when a wife
left him, hints about the trou-
bles of his children. Despite be-
trayals and reversals, Timothy
Leary keeps the faith that
proper drugs and rock music
can make everybody young for-
ever.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

By Brock Yates.

301 pp. New York:
Empire Books. \$13.95.

By WILLIAM SERRIN

In May 1981, after much time
and energy and the expenditure
of many millions of dollars,
General Motors put its new
J-car on the market. The sub-
compact, G.M.'s first "world
car," was designed to blunt the
sales of foreign automobiles in
the United States. Instead,
Brock Yates says in "The De-
cline and Fall of the American
Automobile Industry," the
highly touted J-car, overweight,
underpowered and overpriced,
was a flop in the showrooms. He
calls it "the Edsel of the 1980's."

The J-car, as Mr. Yates sees
it, is emblematic of the prob-
lems that have confronted the
American automobile industry
in recent years, problems, he
contends, that are largely of the
industry's own making. Mr.
Yates, who writes for Car and
Driver magazine, believes that
the "lush cultural isolation from
the non-automotive society" in

Mr. Yates
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Marking the 20th anniversary of their dismissal from Harvard University, Timothy Leary (right) and Richard Alpert spoke yesterday at the school's Sanders Theater. UPI PHOTO

Leary, Alpert play to full Harvard house

By Arnold Zeitlin
Associated Press

For the first time since Harvard fired him 20 years ago for experimenting with mind-bending drugs, 1960s drug guru Timothy Leary returned yesterday to Cambridge to speak of the university as being in the "big league of chemical psychedelic experimentation."

"Since the day we were canned, I never have felt any rancor against Harvard," Leary, 62, who advised a generation to "drop out and turn on," told a laughing, applauding full house during a lecture in Sanders Theater at Harvard University. "Harvard is the mainline of American transcendental thinking."

Appearing also was Richard Alpert, 49, an assistant clinical psychology professor fired in May 1963 along with Leary, who was a lecturer. He sat on the bare stage, his shoes off and legs drawn up on his chair in the lotus position, often closing his eyes.

Leary claimed Harvard always has attracted scholars interested in drugs and the mind. He cited Emer-

son, who he said visited British romantic writers Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth, who, according to Leary, experimented with hashish and opium. Emerson returned to Harvard in 1838 to advise students "to do your own thing," he said.

"He was not allowed back for 33 years," said Leary to the laughing crowd. "We're back after 20 years. They're more forgiving now. I hope that is evidence that evolution is speeding up."

He claimed that the Central Intelligence Agency in the 1950s recruited Harvard students through ads in the campus newspaper, The Crimson, to participate in experiments with mind-altering drugs.

Joseph A. Kasof, a first-year Harvard graduate student in sociology, said he promoted the lecture because of his interest in psychedelic drugs. He hired the hall and security force and advertising the occasion for a total cost of about \$2300, he said.

Leary said he has appeared at Boston-area schools since his firing, but yesterday's appearance was his first at Harvard.

PAGE 2

Edited by David Barton

Nix on the whole thing

At this point in time, it's hard to make a book about **Richard Nixon** perfectly clear, which may or may not explain the press release touting **Seymour Hersh's** latest, "The Price of Power." Either there's an 18-page gap in the published version of the tome or the release writer has a better imagination than the Tricky One himself.

The blurb accompanying the book claimed, for example, that Dick was "apparently drunk" when he ordered the bombing of PLO forces in Jordan. Hersh did write that Nixon issued such an order (ignored by all the president's men) but the book doesn't mention the drinking part.

The release also described **Al Haig**, then a White House aide, as taking over a National Security Council meeting in late 1972 by saying he was "in control now," recalling **Big Al's** infamous comment to reporters at the White House just after the attempted assassination of President Reagan in 1981. But that's not in print, either.

An unimpeachable source at Summit Books says the mistakes resulted from a misunderstood telephone conversation with Hersh. Heh-heh. ■

In the beginning, it was, like, far-out

"Flashbacks," the just-out autobiography of acid casualty **Timothy Leary**, will be a real mind-blower, too, even to those who disapprove of the pro-drug stance of this seminal '60s figure. (The most fascinating part of it all, says **Liz Smith**, are Tim's adventures in some 38 different jails and prisons during his up-the-Establishment years.)

Typically trippy is a story of meeting **Aldous Huxley**, the great English author, who was also for mind-changing drug use. Huxley told Leary: "Your role is quite simple. Become a cheerleader for evolution. That's what I did and my grandfather before me. These brain-drugs, mass-produced in the laboratories, will bring about vast changes in society. This will happen with or without you or me. All we can do is spread the word. The obstacle to this evolution, Timothy, is the Bible."

But Al, Tim says he said, I don't recall any brain-change drugs mentioned in the Good Book. To which Huxley exclaimed acidly, "Have you forgotten the very first chapters of Genesis? Jehovah says to Adam and Eve, 'I've built you

this wonderful resort eastward of Eden. You can do anything you want, except you are forbidden to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.' " So it's "the first controlled substance," deduced Leary. "Exactly," Hux howled. "The Bible *begins* with Food and Drug prohibitions." Oh, deduced Tim, "so the Fall and Original Sin were caused by the taking of illegal drugs." Ah, so. Now it's turning perfectly clear. Better stay tuned — in or out. ■

Tell a friend — Somers ending ...

By now, **Suzanne Somers'** hubby/manager **Alan Hamel** is used to playing the heavy in her continually-controversial career. He took the rap for the outrageous salary demands that aced her right out of her choice "Three's Company" role. Well, now the word in Vegas is that Suzanne's contract will not be picked up by the Hilton's "Moulin Rouge" show in which she's now starring. Again, Al wants too much money and everything else to keep Suz in the SRO show. So when June ends, so does her job. Lost Wages, indeed! ■

... but not the heat

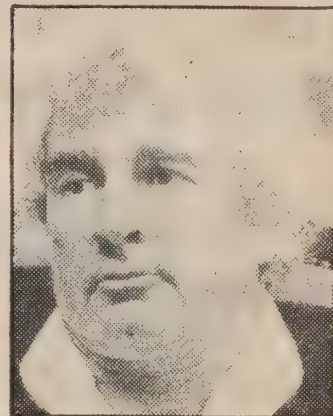
Meanwhile, other trauma in another city of sin. Expect fireworks July 4 when "Hollywood on **Ronald Reagan: Friends and Enemies Discuss Our President**," is unleashed. It's by **Doug McClelland**, author of Hollywood hot sauce like "Susan Hayward: The Divine Bitch," and "The Unkindest Cuts." (Everyone dishes dirt to Dougie, nudges **Diana McLellan**, just a wee bit enviously.) **Jane Bryan Dart**, pal of **The First Nancy**, dates Ronzo's ripening as an egghead to the time he began to read editorials. Dame **Judith Anderson**, who co-starred in "King's Row" with Himself, unfortunately can't remember working with him at all. But **Bob Cummings**, another co-star, recalls quite enough for two, thank you. In fact, his memories of **Jane Wyman** critically discussing RR's mucho private performances have been cut out completely by Faber and Faber's tasteful editors. Curse those standards! ■

The times that try men's fingers

Admit it, you've been practicing the old thumbs-in-the-ears finger wiggle in the Reagan mode. You didn't know it's passe already, in favor of yet another nouveau GOP gesture. Fun-loving RNC Chair **Frank Fahrenkopf Jr.** was asked, at the National Press Club, if he had a message for donkey counterpart **Charles Manatt**. "Yes, I do!" he cried merrily, sticking thumb to nose and letting loose a wee wave. "Where will this digital escalation lead?" fretted a waggish party pro. "A rebirth of the Rockefeller?" "Hot dog! Ain't politics grand? ■

Other's death

ound Eleni's killers



Beyond the primal scream

Arthur Janov, who brought us screaming as therapy, now argues that we must relive our birth to overcome our neuroses/E-3.

TODAY

IF YOU SHOULD step out the door this morning and find 1,000 women running straight at you, *don't panic* (and don't flatter yourself, either). It's not another case of mass hysteria, it's just another case of the Avon International Marathon for women, here in L.A. for the first time and getting under way this morning at 6:30 at Santa Monica City Hall. It ends 26.2 miles later at the L.A. Coliseum, whenever.

WE KEPT HEARING about these "flea markets." We'd see announcements in the paper. Our friends would say, "You should go."

They're really fun." Finally, we went and, boy, were we disappointed! We spent *hours* there and couldn't find one single flea — just clothes and books and records and jewelry and furniture and so on. And now we see that another one of these grossly misnamed events is taking place, this time at Pasadena City College (1570 E. Colorado Blvd., 9 a.m.-3 p.m., free). They claim that over 350 sellers will be on hand. And, take it from the sadder but wiser Today



WHY JOHNNY CAN'T COME

Two essays on the sexual rights of minors.

The question Carlos Casteneda never asked Don Juan was: "Is it possible to feel horny for a tree?" If he had asked, there's no doubt he'd have been treated to gales of derisive Indian laughter, but I'll bet a peso the wily old shaman has schtupped a slippery elm or two in his day.

Thinking back on the inanimate objects I found myself attracted to in my youth, those that come sharply to mind include milk bottles, mailing tubes, an oscillating Kelvinator washing machine, assorted knotholes, a vacuum cleaner (Electrolux), and, most cherished, a tattered copy of *Sunshine and Health* wherein nudists played volleyball.

"The object of his passion" is more than a literary turn of phrase to me. I showered my affection on things because I didn't have people...by which I mean young girls who might have been interested in a young boy like me. The reason young boys don't have young girls and young girls don't have young boys is that a long time ago, somebody decided it was better that way. Now the sexual revolution has arrived, and we've got open marriages, free love, cheap love, massage parlors, group sex, and swingers' bars. But what have the kids got?

The most sexually liberated people I know still go apeshit when asked: "If your

daughter felt ready at age 13 or so to go to bed with a boy, would you affirm her right to do so?"

"Blah, blah, blah," they answer. "Too immature.... Wouldn't want her to get hurt.... Difficult in our society.... Later on will be plenty early.... Boys might exploit her.... Blah, blah, blah." Even the swingers, who seem to feel they've found the secret of sexual happiness in marriage, apparently go to great lengths to keep that secret from their kids. Why shouldn't Johnny know that mom and dad have found a terrific new couple from Encino?

"Let the children keep their innocence a while longer," a lady said to me. "The sexual rat-race will start for them soon enough." What innocence? Leave them to their knotholes, she meant.

Dr. Spock sold over 22 million copies of his book on baby care. Listen to what the kindly old physician has to say on the subject of childhood sex play and masturbation: "We were all brought up to be disturbed by it, and we can never unlearn that. We can't be comfortable with our children if they are doing things we dislike. Even if we could magically get over our disapproval (which I don't think would be desirable), the fact would remain that our children live in and must adapt to a society that disapproves.... I think it's quite

appropriate when a mother discovers a child in sex play to give him the idea that she doesn't want him to do it anymore."

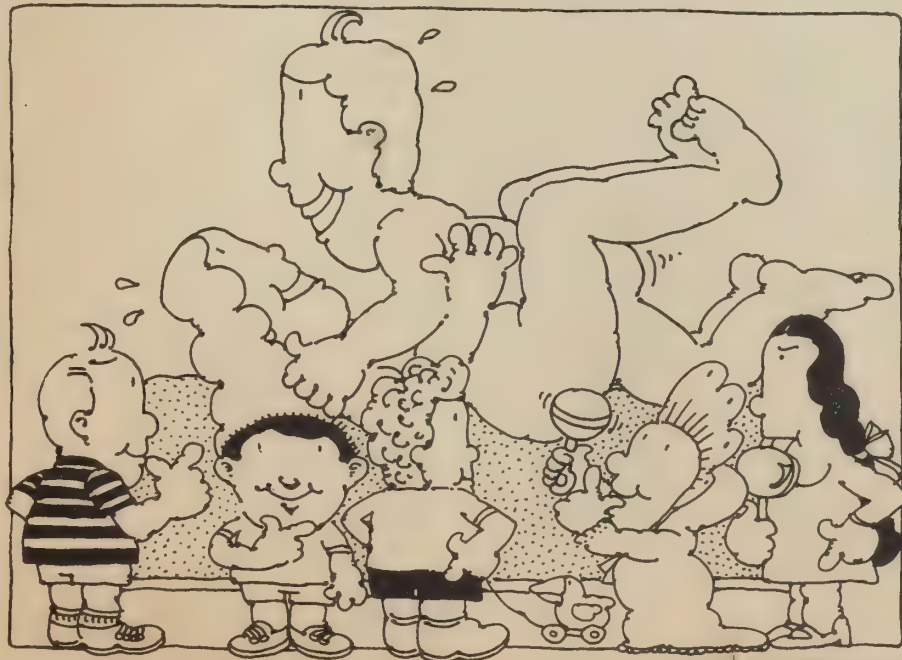
Listen, Doc. All kids masturbate and play with each other. Either it's healthy or it isn't. If it is, we should affirm their right to do it; if it isn't, we should say so. Any other attitude confuses the hell out of them. To say that "our children live in and must adapt to a society that disapproves" is pure horseshit! The idea that we have to screw up our kids to help them get along in a screwed-up world is ridiculous. Happy people with good sex lives get along best in any kind of world.

For a long time I was married to a wonderful lady named Carolyn Bean. When one of our sons was seven, he developed the annoying habit of waking up in the middle of the night, coming to our room, and wanting to get into our bed. We let him sleep with us a couple of times, hoping he'd be satisfied, which he wasn't. Then we stonewalled it and made him go back to his own room every night, where he cried himself to sleep. On and on it went, for weeks on end. We couldn't figure out why it was happening.

One night, we came home drunk and horny from an evening of bar-hopping. We inadvertently left the door to our room standing wide open with all the lights and the radio on. Then we tore each other's clothes off and went at it on the bedroom floor. Ten minutes later, while trying to effect a particularly lascivious position from page 43 of *The Joy of Sex*, the booze had worn off sufficiently for me to become aware of a third presence in the room.

I looked around and there he stood, wearing his Dr. Dentons and a grin as wide as the Snake River Canyon. It was obvious he'd been there from the beginning. Not being able to think of anything else to do, I climbed off my wife, and we got into our bed and pulled him onto it with us.

Continued on 121



KIMBLE MEAD

" 'Let the children keep their innocence a while longer,' a lady said. 'The sexual rat-race will start for them soon enough.' "

STRANGE HEADFELLOWS: The Leary/Liddy Connection

"I put Liddy in the White House. Liddy put me in jail and Nixon in the hospital and blew the country up in pregnant anarchy."

There was this belly dancer who used to sleep surrounded by razor blades because she wanted to be in control of her body even when she wasn't awake. It was a strange discipline, but it worked. She never cut herself. Of course, she didn't have many dates, either. Any man who wanted to fuck her had to temper his desire with extreme carefulness.

Whatever anybody does to strengthen his will power—no matter how bizarre—can be effective. That guru in India who drank his own urine may have become illuminated in the process, but it wasn't his piss itself that did the trick—it was his decision to drink it. Once you make that kind of commitment, the rest is, well, gravy.

And so we come to G. Gordon Liddy, who transcended his culture by eating a rat. (Maybe the G. in his name stands for Gross.) It doesn't matter how you prepare your rat—whether you saute it with onions and mushrooms, roast

it with barbecue sauce, or just slice it raw along with lettuce and tomato for a hero sandwich—you're still eating a rat. And you're eating it out of choice, not because you're starving.

That original rat, in some twisted way gave Liddy a certain strength of purpose when he ultimately led the break-in at Democratic headquarters in the Watergate Hotel a dreary decade ago. This was the first dirty trick he'd been caught at, although, as a CIA operative, he had traveled around the country freely playing his neo-Nazi games. In fact, as a hobby, he collected the soap wrappers from all those hotel bathrooms, presumably melting down the little soap bars into miniature Jews.

Sixteen years ago, G. Gordon Liddy was an assistant district attorney in upstate New York, where a former Harvard professor, Timothy Leary, was running an experimental LSD community. At that time, this drug was considered the psychological equivalent to the atomic bomb as well as the sacrament in a religious revival whose theme was summed up by Lenny Bruce: "People are leaving the church in droves and going back to God."

Out of the drug's initial letters came the League for Spiritual Discovery, but this was a time when the pleasures of the flesh and the spirit were becoming harmonized, so there was no real inconsistency between spirituality and the counter-cultural slogan of Sex, Dope, and Rock 'n' Roll.

"My philosophy of life," Leary told me, "has been tremendously influenced by my study of Oriental philosophy and religion. Of course, what the Americans, regardless of religious beliefs, don't understand is that the aim of Oriental religion



"We don't agree about anything, except that neither of us has a high regard for the prison system or the Internal Revenue Service."

TIMOTHY LEARY

licies the others brush over."

Why debate, though? Liddy admits: "I earn a living. And I have access to Tim's constituency—it does me no good to talk to Noah about the flood. But I am able to turn a few minds around which have not been permanently damaged by Colombian nose candy."

While Leary was ingesting acid, Liddy had hopes of applying the chemical to the steering wheel of columnist Jack Anderson's car. That is the essential difference between them. Leary wanted to expand his consciousness; Liddy wanted to murder a journalist.

Now, why, in this land of freedom of the press, would anybody want to do a thing like that? Liddy explains:

"Well, there had never been any orders to move physically against Jack Anderson, even after he had crossed us. One of our best technical sources in intelligence was our ability to intercept the car-to-car transmissions of [Premier] Kosygin and other Soviet leaders driving around the streets of Moscow. Anderson learned this, and [then CIA Director] Richard Helms found out that Anderson had this information. Helms took Anderson to lunch and requested that he not publish it. Anderson promised not to, but subsequently he did, putting certain CIA operatives in danger of torture and death. It could be presumed that Jack Anderson was planning to continue publishing such material. We were asked to guarantee that this would not happen again. We examined all of the alternatives and very quickly came to the conclusion that the only way we'd be able to stop him was to kill him. This was completely justifiable because *he* was killing *our* people. In the FBI, we were taught to take that 'guarantee' business as a clue. Now, the only way you can *guarantee* that Jack Anderson won't do it again is to kill him. Unfortunately, it was decided that this was too severe a sanction."

When a friend learned that I intended to see a debate between the incongruous pair of Leary and Liddy, he snarled, "Liddy is Hitler! Would you pay to go see Hitler?"

Another friend interjected, "I'd pay to see Hitler." Then he turned to me. "Wouldn't *you* pay to see Hitler?"

"I guess I'd try to get a free backstage pass first," I replied.

"Oh, sure," said the first friend, "you could just tell the security guard, 'It's okay. I'm with the *Bund*.'"

"The only way you can guarantee that he won't do it again is to kill him. Unfortunately, this was considered too severe a sanction."

G. GORDON LIDDY

But even a latter-day Adolf Hitler has his groupies. In central California, a woman in the audience called out, "Mr. Giddy—I mean Mr. Liddy—how's your sex life?" Before he could respond, she added, "And have you ever paid for it?"

"Well, madam," he replied, "how much do you charge?"

"For you, honey, it's free. Meet me at the Santa Cruz Hotel after the debate."

Liddy's position—in the debate, that is—revolves around his argument that "the rights of the state transcend those of the individual." Leary warns the audience that Liddy is a lawyer—"trained in the adversary process, not to seek truth. I was trained as a scientist—looking for truth, delighted to be proved wrong."

In cowboy movies, you could always tell the bad guy from the good guy because the bad guy wore a black hat and the good guy wore a white hat. But on the stage of the Berkeley Community Theater, they aren't wearing hats, so you have to tell by their shoes and socks. Liddy is wearing black socks under black shoes. Leary is wearing white socks under white sneakers.

Liddy is also wearing a suit and tie. Leary has on slacks and a salmon-colored pullover sweater. But it is by their body language that they reveal themselves. Leary practically dances along the inner borders of a surrealistic jigsaw puzzle that has no model but is invisibly laid out upon the stage. Liddy just stands there, microphone in his right hand, never removing the left hand from his pocket. He exudes a programmed casualness belied by the quivering vein in his temple. He projects the sincerity of a holocaust insurance salesman who is merely trying to support his family.

According to Leary, Liddy represents "forces opposed to human evolution." Yet, he likes him because "Gordon is basically an individualist. Behind all the right-wing talk, nobody can push him around. He fought the prison establishment. He secretly bugged the warden's office."

So maybe it was time for me to let go of my self-righteousness about G. Gordon Liddy. Hadn't Leary forgiven him for that midnight raid? Didn't Jack Anderson shake hands with him on *Good Morning, America*? Why should I continue to place judgment on him?

My cynicism was beginning to waver. This debate was, after all, the First Amendment in action. The vibes were friendly. True, one thing had led logically to

another. The Millbrook raid led logically to the Watergate break-in, and the Watergate morality led logically to the potential murder of a muckraker. But people like Liddy need to perpetuate brainwashing themselves for the sake of their self-esteem. And why should I dwell on his past history?

Hadn't their dialogue created a counter-cultural ideal? At the height of the Vietnam War, weren't the anarchic Haight-Ashbury Diggers distributing a poster showing Lyndon Johnson and Ho Chi Minh embracing? In *Yellow Submarine*, didn't the Beatles bring the Nowhere Man along with them?

In 1967, I opened for the Grateful Dead at a concert in Pittsburgh, and between shows, while tripping on LSD, I imprinted on Jerry Garcia's words: "There are no evil people; there are only victims." Now, I was able to look at poor G. Gordon Liddy as a victim—of his own obsessive quest for will power.

This debate format is not new. In the sixties, Norman Mailer and William F. Buckley traveled the same circuit. They needed each other the way the Drug Enforcement Administration needs dope, the way the FBI needs Communists; the way Leary and Liddy need each other. Leary confesses that Liddy "is the Moriarty to my Sherlock Holmes."

Liddy's basic premise is stated by Mr. Spock in *Star Trek II*: "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few." And yet Leary also identifies with Spock. He refers to Liddy as "the Darth Vader to my Mr. Spock."

"As long as it's not *Doctor Spock*," says Liddy, returning the volley.

"It's my duty to turn you on," warns Tim Leary, "and I'm gonna do it before these debates are over." And then he makes a unique offer. "I will eat a rat if you will eat a hashish brownie."

Liddy refuses. He knows where to draw the line, all right. You can only go so far in trying to prove your *machismo*.

Well, then, this is a job for the Psychedelic Liberation Front. We have met and decided upon our course of action. We are going to feed hashish brownies to a rat. Then we shall release that rat in G. Gordon Liddy's hotel room. Liddy will be unable to resist the temptation. He will prepare for himself a bowl of delicious rat salad, and he will eat it with relish.

He will never know what got him so stoned. ■

"Leary wanted to expand his consciousness by ingesting acid; Liddy wanted to murder a journalist. That is the essential difference between them."

BY PAUL KRASSNER

is to get high, to have an ecstasy, to tune in, to turn on, to contact incredible diversity, beauty, living, pulsating meaning of the sense organs, and the much more complicated and pleasurable and revelatory messages of cellular energy."

Liddy had a simpler view: "The word was that the panties were dropping as fast as the acid." And so a midnight raid was planned. Liddy and a couple of dozen deputies figured they would execute a classic no-knock entry, which is a euphemism for kicking in the door. This proved to be unnecessary, since the door to the Millbrook mansion was unlocked.

According to Leary's version of the incident, in *Ramparts* magazine, in an article titled, "The Day I Was Busted," he and his wife Rosemary were "rousted out of our bed. I stood up and looked into the wild eyes of G. Gordon Liddy." But, according to Liddy's version in *True* magazine, in an article titled, "How I Caught Timothy Leary With His Pants Down," the deputies, who had hoped to raid a sex-and-dope orgy, were met by Leary and his wife on the stairway, not in the bedroom. "Rosemary was wearing a diaphanous gown. Leary was wearing a Hathaway shirt. Period. As the stairs were steep and we were craning our necks upward as Leary bounded downward, our first view of the good doctor was, to say the least, spectacular."

Leary predicted that "the time will come when there will be a statue of me erected in Millbrook." Liddy responded, "I'm afraid the closest you'll get to that is to be burned in effigy in the village square."

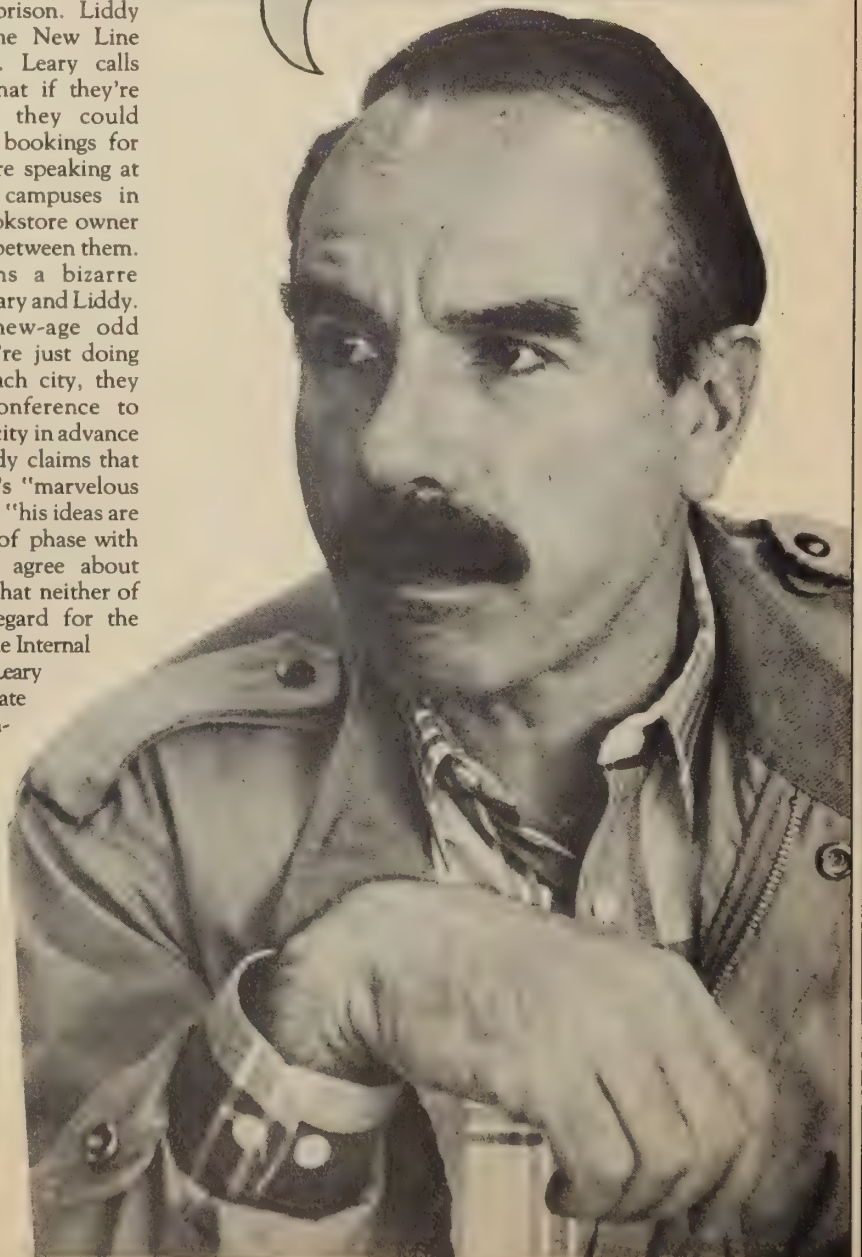
Liddy later ran for Congress as "The Cop Who Ran Timothy Leary Out of Town." Although he lost that election, he eventually used his new reputation as a drug expert to get hired onto Richard Nixon's team of plumbers looking for leaks.

Leary later boasted sarcastically, "I put Liddy in the White House. Liddy put me in jail and Nixon in the hospital and blew the whole country up in pregnant anarchy." Liddy described Leary as "just one more problem of the sick sixties to be dealt with by someone else—like an outbreak of plague in Bombay."

But now we come to the present. G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary have both served time in prison. Liddy signs up with the New Line speakers' bureau. Leary calls them and says that if they're handling Liddy, they could certainly arrange bookings for him, too. They are speaking at separate college campuses in Texas when a bookstore owner suggests a debate between them.

And so begins a bizarre lecture tour by Leary and Liddy. They are the new-age odd couple, and they're just doing their thing. In each city, they hold a press conference to garner local publicity in advance of the event. Liddy claims that he admires Leary's "marvelous Irish wit" but that "his ideas are 180 degrees out of phase with mine. We don't agree about anything, except that neither of us has a high regard for the prison system or the Internal Revenue Service." Leary claims that the debate is of "utmost importance, because I consider our country today menaced by the Paleolithic paranoid philosophy of the Liddys, the Kissingers, the Haigs, the Reagans—but Liddy is a courageous person who will stand up in public and answer directly questions which reveal the barbaric nature of those foreign and domestic po-

"I am able to turn a few minds around which have not been permanently damaged by Colombian nose candy."



Laurel Canyon's friendliest celebrity is Timothy Leary's dog

By Roy Hayes

The tour bus does not go by my place in Laurel Canyon; these streets are too narrow for buses. Many of the streets, mine among them, dead-end into mountains or high bluffs. Yet if the buses could get through, I suspect we would have caravans of them every weekend.

How this modest, middle-class neighborhood became so celebrity-ridden is not entirely clear. It's possible that some of them moved here when they were just people. With others, I think it may be a case of newer celebrities being wiser and more cautious with money than the bigwigs of old, buying here rather than in Malibu or Bel-Air because the price of property seems to

increase exponentially as you move west.

Frank Zappa lives up here somewhere. Jerry Brown lives just around the corner from me, and Barbara and Timothy Leary are a few doors down from Brown. Actually, Brown lives in an apartment in Sacramento, but he maintains his home and voting residence here in Laurel Canyon. You can always tell when he is here, for there will be one or two plainclothes California State Police officers at the bottom of his long driveway.

Glen Campbell has a place about 45 seconds from me by car, and I can throw a rock from my terrace and hit the roof of Robert Bloch, that sardonic writer of macabre novels. A famous, hyperkinetic rock 'n' roll couple once lived near Bob and Ellie Bloch, but have since moved out, for which everyone around is thankful. Sometime after they were divorced, or perhaps while they

were going through the pangs of divorce, the rock 'n' roll husband one night shot out the windshield of the rock 'n' roll wife's automobile. I was not at home that night, but was told by neighbors that the noise was quite impressive and the automobile a terrible mess.

One of the Candolis used to live down by the Blochs also. I don't recall which he was, Pete or Conte, but he warmed up his lip on weekends, and it was pleasant hearing the thin, pure notes of his horn reverberating through the canyons. Al Stewart's manager lives across from me, but Stewart never warms up his vocal cords there. I suppose he does that in Bel-Air, where he lives.

Marvin Michelson, the lawyer who sometimes seeks to divorce people who have not yet gotten around to being married, used to live near here, too. I can see what used to be his A-frame from my windows. Michelson drove a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, and the two times I saw him, he drove it badly, ostentatiously even, down the middle of the road, which is not wise when you must negotiate narrow canyon streets daily. There is hardly enough room for two cars to pass on these roads; one wallowing along the middle stripe makes oncoming cars lurch for the curb. Michelson finally moved away, and frankly, I'm happy he did.

We used to see Jerry Brown every election, when the polls were in the house across from us. He is a very approachable guy, as I suspect even you or I would be if we were driven about in an inexpensive blue Plymouth. Sometimes he has been seen running on Mulholland Drive, where I used to run, although I have not caught him at it. My neighbor three doors down says

he once saw Brown running on Mulholland with Tom Hayden. Whether you can make any political hay from that is a question I could not answer.

Barbara and Timothy Leary I have not seen, but I can vouch for their dog, who is among the most intelligent, personable and lively people in Laurel Canyon. Six days a week I run, walk and limp the mountainous four-mile round trip from my place to Mulholland Drive and back, often taking with me a Spanish lesson on a cassette tape machine. As I near the Learys' house, their dog comes bounding at me, and I must turn off the Spanish and pocket the instruction manual, for the dog is suddenly all over me like cheap cologne.

The dog is young and enthusiastic as only young dogs can be. He jumps at me, then makes a lunatic run at someone's yard, tearing crazily through a garden, then comes at me again. For the remainder of the walk the dog stays with me, barking and running and telling the world he's on his way and look out, pal, it's going to be one heck of a day.

He has a lot of friends in the canyon, dogs and humans. Certainly he knows more people than I, though I suspect we're about equal in our canine acquaintances. We go past the Mulholland Club and downhill and then return, ending at the last and steepest slope to my place. By then I am ready to die, but the Leary dog is all teeth and saliva, ready to go another four miles. I walk in circles to cool down, my heart banging heavily in my chest, not at all pleased with the thought that the dog can outwalk me but comforting myself with the knowledge that I am at least marginally more conversant in Spanish than he. ■

Roy Hayes, novelist, outdoorsman and photographer, lives in Laurel Canyon



Leary's
furry
friend

Massachusetts and by scholars of religious philosophy, Leary's grandiose aspirations soon collided with the conservative academic structure at Harvard and, more ominously, with a national political leadership that viewed experimentation with drugs as deviant and dangerous. Thus began a series of catastrophes—dismissal from Harvard, deportation from Mexico and other countries, drug busts, legal harassment, imprisonment, exile and reimprisonment—that form the backbone of this extraordinary memoir.

The writing is lively, the contents fascinating, the point of view serious and sincere. Leary, in these pages, is neither fool nor buffoon, but rather a victim of his own naive enthusiasm and of the irrational anger of the powers he threatened. His reminiscences of growing up are quite charming.

Much of Leary's political testimony is amply documented by other sources, including secret CIA papers that clearly demonstrate the difference between paranoia and real persecution. But tantalizing episodes—especially Leary's account of his relationship with Mary Pinchot Meyer, the well-known socialite who purportedly experimented with drugs, had a White House love affair with President John F. Kennedy and was murdered mysteriously, shortly after the assassination—are based entirely on Leary's memory and are presented here in the form of stilted and unpersuasive dialogue. Similarly, his troubles with fellow-exile Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers, his meeting with Hollywood celebrities and literary luminaries and his encounters with the FBI sometimes seem too coincidental to believe.

But what is remarkable and undeniable in this narrative is the central role Leary has played in accelerating an enormous revolution in popular attitudes toward drugs in this country—and the heavy personal price he has paid for his advocacy. His flamboyant style too easily provoked attack both from political conservatives, who feared the anarchism of the credo "Tune in, Turn on, Drop Out" and the New Left radicals who wanted greater politicization. It is surprising to discover, for example, that in testifying to Congress in 1966, Leary advocated licensing legislation to control the indiscriminate distribution of drugs.

Leary's emphasis on the potential of the psychedelic revolution continues to reflect his scientific-religious optimism about initiating social change within the hearts and minds of the individual convert. His current interest in space migration, increased intelligence and life extension, like his older passion for psychic tripping, speaks from a scientific imagination that merges high technology with spiritual rebirth. And Leary places his ultimate acceptance not in the halls of justice or in academia, but within the consciousness of a younger generation born after World War II—"fresh, confident, programmed for innovation." Such visions deny the resiliency of existing social institutions. Yet it is no small irony that Leary appears so tame today, precisely because the use of drugs no longer imperils the political status quo.

Belmont writer Peter Carroll is the author of "It Seemed Like Nothing Happened: The Tragedy & Promise of America in the 1970s."

A Chemical of Good Intent

LSD: My Problem Child

By Albert Hofmann
J. P. Tarcher; \$7.95 paper

BY PENNY SKILLMAN

The furthest thing from research chemist Albert Hofmann's mind when he synthesized the 25th substance in a series of lysergic acid derivatives—lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25)—was that it would become an infamous pleasure drug, usher in the "psychedelic age," give birth to "psychedelic art" and foster what amounted in the '60s to mass hysteria over its use.

In this "inside story of the birth of the Psychedelic Age," as the book's translator Jonathan Ott calls it, Hofmann gives us the chemist's side of the coin, the piecemeal of medicinal plant research at the Swiss pharmaceutical firm of Sandoz, Ltd.

Hofmann relates that in the course of routine research into the active principals of rye ergot, he artificially produced the first ergot alkaloid, a lysergic acid compound. Then, in accordance with research procedure, he produced a series of lysergic acid derivatives, each of which was tested on laboratory animals for its possible pharmaceutical effects. LSD-25, along with others of the series, was found to have uninteresting effects on the animals.

Five years later in 1943, Hofmann relates, he repeated his synthesis of LSD-25 and accidentally, he later surmised, absorbed a small amount through his fingertips. Unable to continue his work because of the effects of it, he went home, lay down, and later recorded that "with eyes closed ... I perceived an uninterrupted stream of fantastic pictures, extraordinary shapes with intense, kaleidoscopic play of colors." He then self-experimented with larger dosages, which made him acutely aware of LSD's overwhelming psychoactive potency. Management at Sandoz was at first skeptical of Hofmann's reports on the unusual potency of mere microgram doses.

Early on, Hofmann says, it was recognized that LSD might be a useful tool in analytical psychotherapy because of its psychoactive properties, typical of which was the suspension of "the I-you barrier" and the ease with which suppressed experiences could be brought to consciousness under its influence. Sandoz made it available to physicians and research institutes, the author says, as an experimental drug under the name of Delysid.

According to Hofmann, although he expected the drug would be of interest to artists, musicians and intellectuals, its spread from use in medicine and psychiatry into the recreational drug scene was a surprise. It was encouraged, he claims, by media playup of sometimes sensational LSD experiments which were carried out in psychiatric clinics and universities.

In particular, he recalls the popularizing effect of Look magazine's 1959 story on Cary Grant, who claimed that his use of LSD had made a new man

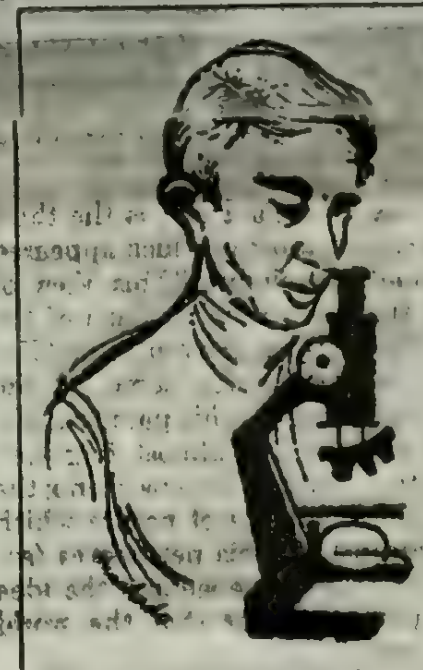
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Penny Skillman is a journalist and fiction writer.

Friday, June 17, 1983/Part V

Los Angeles Times

Fashion

Turn on, tune in, tan out. Timothy Leary tells **Listen** his new book, "Flashbacks: An Autobiography" (J.P. Parker, Inc.: \$15.95), makes good summer reading for a number of topical reasons. Besides chronicling his personal "adventure story" of changes and self-discovery in the '60s and '70s, the former Harvard professor says the book's cover design of foil "will help you get a good tan while reading."

REVIEW

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE OF BOOKS, ART & MUSIC

TUNING IN ON THE DRUG GURU

FLASHBACKS:
An Autobiography
 By Timothy Leary
 J. P. Tarcher; \$15.95

BY PETER CARROLL

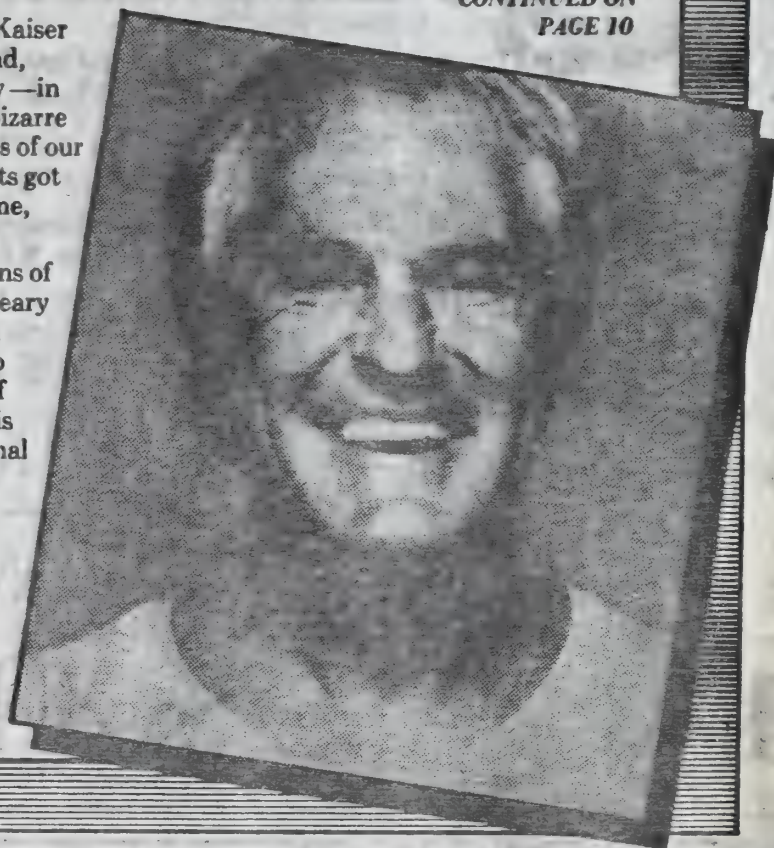
I had found myself practicing a profession that didn't seem to work," recalls the former Director of Psychological Research at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland, California—Dr. Timothy Leary—in what is surely one of the most bizarre and compelling autobiographies of our times. "One-third of the patients got better, one-third stayed the same, one-third got worse."

Frustrated by the limitations of orthodox clinical psychology, Leary embarked in the late 1950s on a quest for innovative methods to improve the dismal box score of psychological rehabilitation. His proposal to change the traditional role of the detached therapist attracted the attention of Harvard University's David McClelland, who appointed Leary to the Center for Personality Research in Cambridge in 1960. There, in an atmosphere of intense and enthusiastic academic

research that seems comparable to the dramatic discovery of the structure of DNA described by James D. Watson in "The Double Helix," Leary and his associates began experimenting with such mind-altering drugs as psilocybin, mescaline and LSD in the hope that these chemicals, "as expanders of human consciousness, could revolutionize psychology and philosophy."

Despite initial success in the use of psilocybin among prisoners in

CONTINUED ON
 PAGE 10



Photograph: Norman Seeff

BOOKS

Getting Out of Fat City □ Nutrients: Wise and Otherwise □ Feeding the Child □ Those OTC Drugs

Massachusetts and by scholars of religious philosophy, Leary's grandiose aspirations soon collided with the conservative academic structure at Harvard and, more ominously, with a national political leadership that viewed experimentation with drugs as deviant and dangerous. Thus began a series of catastrophes—dismissal from Harvard, deportation from Mexico and other countries, drug busts, legal harassment, imprisonment, exile and reimprisonment—that form the backbone of this extraordinary memoir.

The writing is lively, the contents fascinating, the point of view serious and sincere. Leary, in these pages, is neither fool nor buffoon, but rather a victim of his own naive enthusiasm and of the irrational anger of the powers he threatened. His reminiscences of growing up are quite charming.

Much of Leary's political testimony is amply documented by other sources, including secret CIA papers that clearly demonstrate the difference between paranoia and real persecution. But tantalizing episodes—especially Leary's account of his relationship with Mary Pinchot Meyer, the well-known socialite who purportedly experimented with drugs, had a White House love affair with President John F. Kennedy and was murdered mysteriously, shortly after the assassination—are based entirely on Leary's memory and are presented here in the form of stilted and unpersuasive dialogue. Similarly, his troubles with fellow-exile Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers, his meeting with Hollywood celebrities and literary luminaries and his encounters with the FBI sometimes seem too coincidental to believe.

But what is remarkable and undeniable in this narrative is the central role Leary has played in accelerating an enormous revolution in popular attitudes toward drugs in this country—and the heavy personal price he has paid for his advocacy. His flamboyant style too easily provoked attack both from political conservatives, who feared the anarchism of the credo "Tune in, Turn on, Drop Out," and the New Left radicals who wanted greater politicization. It is surprising to discover, for example, that in testifying to Congress in 1966, Leary advocated licensing legislation to control the indiscriminate distribution of drugs.

Leary's emphasis on the potential of the psychedelic revolution continues to reflect his scientific-religious optimism about initiating social change within the hearts and minds of the individual convert. His current interest in space migration, increased intelligence and life extension, like his older passion for psychic tripping, speaks from a scientific imagination that merges high technology with spiritual rebirth. And Leary places his ultimate acceptance not in the halls of justice or in academia, but within the consciousness of a younger generation born after World War II—"fresh, confident, programmed for innovation." Such visions deny the resiliency of existing social institutions. Yet it is no small irony that Leary appears so tame today, precisely because the use of drugs no longer imperils the political status quo.

Belmont writer Peter Carroll is the author of "It Seemed Like Nothing Happened: The Tragedy & Promise of America in the 1970s."

A Chemical of Good Intent

LSD: My Problem Child

By Albert Hofmann

J. P. Tarcher; \$7.95 paper

T BY PENNY SKILLMAN

he furthest thing from research chemist Albert Hofmann's mind when he synthesized the 25th substance in a series of lysergic acid derivatives—lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25)—was that it would become an infamous pleasure drug, usher in the "psychedelic age," give birth to "psychedelic art" and foster what amounted in the '60s to mass hysteria over its use.

In this "inside story of the birth of the Psychedelic Age," as the book's translator Jonathan Ott calls it, Hofmann gives us the chemist's side of the coin, the piecemeal of medicinal plant research at the Swiss pharmaceutical firm of Sandoz, Ltd.

Hofmann relates that in the course of routine research into the active principals of rye ergot, he artificially produced the first ergot alkaloid, a lysergic acid compound. Then, in accordance with research procedure, he produced a series of lysergic acid derivatives, each of which was tested on laboratory animals for its possible pharmaceutical effects. LSD-25, along with others of the series, was found to have uninteresting effects on the animals.

Five years later in 1943, Hofmann relates, he repeated his synthesis of LSD-25 and accidentally, he later surmised, absorbed a small amount through his fingertips. Unable to continue his work because of the effects of it, he went home, lay down, and later recorded that "with eyes closed . . . I perceived an uninterrupted stream of fantastic pictures, extraordinary shapes with intense, kaleidoscopic play of colors." He then self-experimented with larger dosages, which made him acutely aware of LSD's overwhelming psychoactive potency. Management at Sandoz was at first skeptical of Hofmann's reports on the unusual potency of mere microgram doses.

Early on, Hofmann says, it was recognized that LSD might be a useful tool in analytical psychotherapy because of its psychoactive properties, typical of which was the suspension of "the I-you barrier" and the ease with which suppressed experiences could be brought to consciousness under its influence. Sandoz made it available to physicians and research institutes, the author says, as an experimental drug under the name of Delysid.

According to Hofmann, although he expected the drug would be of interest to artists, musicians and intellectuals, its spread from use in medicine and psychiatry into the recreational drug scene was a surprise. It was encouraged, he claims, by media playup of sometimes sensational LSD experiments which were carried out in psychiatric clinics and universities.

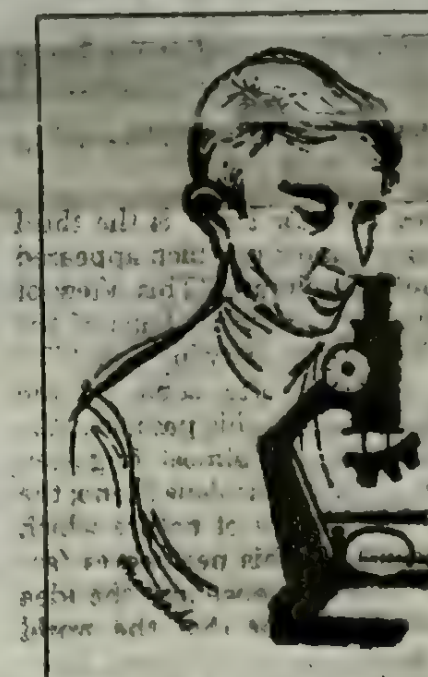
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Who Do You Trust? Talking to Tim Leary

By Jeffrey Meitrodt

I WAS SITTING around the house, doing a little reading when the phone rang. The question was short: *Do you want to talk to Timothy Leary?* Are you serious? Only an ignorant savage lost in the fields of central Iowa would pass up an opportunity to talk to the resident Sixties guru who advised young Americans to "turn on, tune in, drop out." We set it up for 10 o'clock in the evening, giving me 90 minutes to prepare. I picked up a volume of Tom Wolfe . . .

At 10 p.m. I set down my book to answer the phone. He was tired. After five other interviews, Leary's voice was low and raspy. He had a tendency to trip on his complicated, mind-bending polemics, occasionally substituting a noun for a verb, an incomplete picture for his usually disturbingly clear imagery.

Which isn't to say he had much trouble communicating. *Au contraire*. At 63, Leary is more lucid than you would expect of a man who made himself a name by turning his body into a test tube for a batch of chemicals known collectively as lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). Yet he now downplays the role he had in the drug culture: "I am *not* a careless user of drugs and never have been."

And Nancy Reagan's not a slave to fashion.

"With respect to Nancy Reagan [and her anti-drug crusade], I think there's really no drug problem in this country. If she could wave her magic wand and make all the illegal drugs in the world disappear, I think chaos fueled by alcohol would reign. No, the basic problem here is not drugs; it is the erosion of hope this geriatric government of ours has caused."

Yet he admits that drugs, or at least drug humor, was partly responsible for the title of his new book *Flashbacks* (J.P. Tarcher, Inc., \$15.95).

"The title has double, even triple meanings. It's both humorous and satirical, because I think humor is the greatest educational tool in the world. These days my motto is: 'If God can't take a joke, f---k her.'"

His new autobiography, which begins on the night both he and prohibition were born, concentrates heavily on his participation with the Sixties counterculture. Leary couldn't stress enough the relevance of his book to the youth of today.

"The book is pertinent to the Eighties because the seeds of what is happening now were planted in the Sixties."

And what's happening now, Leary happily notes, is chiefly the result of the baby boom generation, a generation Leary calls "more tolerant, more realistic and more good-humored than any generation seen before in this nation."

Indeed, Leary can't stop singing the praises of this new breed of *wunderkind*. He insists that today's youth have the power to reshape the political theater more to America's liking. In fact, he's so brazenly optimistic that he thinks "we're in the golden age of America



Leary: cheerleader for change.

right now and that it's going to go platinum."

As a self-avowed "cheerleader for change," Leary is quick to deny any shift in the attitudes of young people today towards conservatism. He agrees that college campuses aren't as openly sexual as they were in the Sixties, but insists that that is no longer necessary.

"Look, the point's been made. The sexual liberation movement of the Sixties *profoundly* affected the minds of the youth. Today, women are having babies when they want to. They just don't flaunt their sexuality as much as they used to."

And if there is one group Leary is behind, it's women. His strongest hope is that women get rolling soon, so that by 1984 they can issue an ultimatum to men to either fix the world or leave it to someone else who can.

"You know, I'd really like to hear women

say: 'All right men, we've given you 3,000 years, and you're still screwing up. This is your last chance.' Then, by 1988, if men haven't come around yet, women should agree not to vote for any male candidate."

"Can you imagine America sending an intelligent, articulate group of women to Moscow to talk arms limitations? It would blow their minds."

Yeah, sure, but what are men going to do for a living if they can't be politicians?

"Perform," he replied.

"In five to 10 years, the current concept of work will be eliminated. The motto's going to be: Robots work, humans perform."

The Calvinistic reporter paused, thinking of mother's emphasis on hard work and greater rewards.

"You see, you're supposed to feel good all the time. The basic state of human nature is joyous. Unfortunately, the creation of the church and its subsequent morality has eroded our self-confidence. As a humanist, I think we must overcome organized systems that threaten our happiness."

It became apparent that in the absence of pharmacological resources, Mr. Leary was indeed slowing down. He asked if we could stop now, as it was late and he was very tired.

Any parting shots?

He thought for a moment and asked if I remembered the phrase "Don't trust anybody over 30."

Of course.

"Well, don't trust anyone born before 1946."

On that note the mercurial Dr. Leary, born shortly after the end of World War I, quietly hung up the phone. □



GOOD SEATS STILL AVAILABLE

John Hicks Sextet

with Chico Freeman

FALL - WITH FLAVOR

Watch for TCR's autumn
Gourmand, October 5th.



Leary, Timothy
FLASHBACKS: *An*
Autobiography
Tarcher—dist. by
Houghton Mifflin \$15.95
5/30 SBN: 87477-177-3

KIRKUS

Reviews

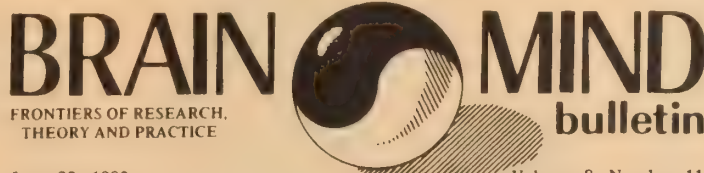
"You've been a hopelessly non-adjusted mad Celt since the day you were born. Drugs helped settle you down. They were a challenging research tool to play with." So said psychologist buddy Frank Barron to Timothy Leary—then in Folsom prison awaiting trial for the sensational Weatherman-aided escape from jail that took him and Rosemary across four continents. The scene comes late in the book. Rosemary has already left, and been replaced by Joanna; she will exit, and Barbara will enter. The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility. The Irish charm and Irish weakness were there in his father, the West Pointer and boozier who exited when the money ran out. Mother was also Irish Catholic and well-born but devout, and doomed to be disappointed by Tim—who was constantly expelled from schools and colleges, and even suffered *The Silence* at West Point. These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty. There are glamorous days of high living and travel, encounters with Huxley and Koestler, prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor. (About a Minnesota jail: "The hole was clean as a whistle. A metal bunk. A Muriel Humphrey mattress. A beautifully painted (gray) washbasin and toilet. Minimalist design.") The blow-by-blow description of the escape has the tension of detective fiction. Was it worth it after all? Yes, if you're Leary. Today he's fit, happily married, writing, talking, even debating old enemies like Gordon Liddy and making up with Eldridge Cleaver and Ram Dass (Richard Alpert). Gorgeous story-telling—along with the blarney that makes Leary his own best disciple.

Brain implants grow normally, may cure ailments

Experiments in the promising field of animal brain transplants have begun to turn up provocative findings.

"We're trying to understand the how-to's of the brain," Richard Wyatt of the National Institute of Mental Health told *B/MB*. "We're exploring how neural connections are made. We're discovering the range of plasticity of the adult brain."

A just-completed *B/MB* survey indicates that grafts from various organs have grown to produce brain transmitters and hormones. Some transplants have corrected the effects of brain damage—movement disorder, hyperactivity, memory loss.



June 20, 1983

Researchers today are successfully grafting whole eyes or retinas directly onto the brain. They hope to enable blinded animals to perceive light. Preliminary experiments on monkeys and people are reported elsewhere in this issue.

The neuroscientists say transplants enable them to study brain development—to learn which factors guide growing neurons to their destinations. In many cases transplanted tissue both sends

and receives fibers and makes necessary connections.

Although very young animals appear to be the best subjects for transplants, adult rats also have "taken" grafts.

In some experiments, transplanted tissue performs as if in

its old environment. In other instances it seems to respond to the needs of its new site.

Scientists also are hoping to find clues to serious human brain degeneration like Parkinson's and Alzheimer's diseases and Huntington's chorea. One neurobiologist believes this work will move from the lab to the hospital in less than 10 years.

Producing artificially induced diseases.

The basic procedure used to study a brain disease has been to induce its symptoms based on what is known of their causes. Researchers create a cavity in that region of the brain thought to be involved. They then implant tissue that would make the needed connections or supply the needed chemicals.

Wyatt and his colleagues at the National Institute of Mental Health currently are studying the effects of this procedure on Parkinsonian symptoms in rats. Parkinson's is known to be caused by a loss of dopamine-containing neurons in a particular brain area.

One month after the researchers destroyed parts of that area to mimic the illness, they transplanted the same type of tissue from rat embryos. The grafts took, and the rats' symptomatic rotational behavior decreased. In later experiments Wyatt and his team grafted adrenal medulla cells of young rats into lesioned rat brains with comparable results.

Unexpectedly, grafted adrenal medulla tissue produced more dopamine than it does at its home site, Wyatt said. He speculated that it could be responding to the needs of the new site. A Swedish team at the University of Lund successfully used the same procedure but crossed species, transplanting mouse em-

Continued on Page 2

Human grafts in Sweden

Unreported by the world press, the second transplant of tissue into a human brain took place recently at Stockholm's Karolinska Hospital. The patient, a 45-year-old female victim of Parkinson's disease, is convalescing under the close scrutiny of her doctors.

Neurosurgeon Erik Backlund said he had discouraged publicity because this work is still preliminary. He told *B/MB* that he took a piece of the patient's adrenal medulla and grafted it onto that region of her brain thought to be affected by the disease.

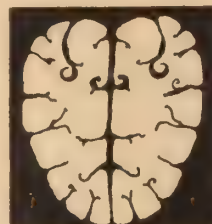
"We hoped this would trigger her brain to produce dopamine," he said. The neurotransmitter would then relieve her of the painful rigidity that accompanies such a disorder.

Backlund continues to monitor the patient by measuring chemicals in the cerebral spinal fluid. He believes he may have begun to detect changes.

The surgeon said he also is cautious about media coverage because he might raise false hopes for sufferers of this disease. "We are only in preliminary stages with this operation. It will be some time before it can be routinely used."

The first transplant into a human brain, which did not reach public attention for a number of months, took place a year ago. The team at Karolinska followed the same procedure, and the patient, a male sufferer of Parkinson's, is alive today without ill effects.

"Without surgery, chances are he now would be worse," Backlund said. His address: Karolinska Hospital, Neurosurgery Dept., Stockholm, Sweden S-104 01.



No results yet on first monkey brain grafts

In still-unpublished research, investigators have begun transplant work on primates.

"We need to do this work on monkeys before we can begin to help human beings," Donald Gash of the University of Rochester explained.

Gash and his team artificially created in monkeys the symptoms of Alzheimer's disease, which is associated with a deficiency of acetylcholine. They then transplanted acetylcholine-producing cells from human tumors that had been deactivated by chemical treatment. Results have been inconclusive.

The procedure used to render the

tissue non-cancerous has been known to biologists for a decade, Gash said. This tissue could provide a source of 'donors' for transplant research.

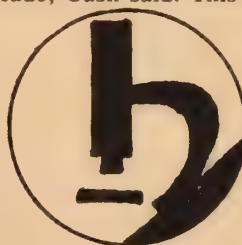
"These tumors had to be removed to save people's lives. If we have to depend on fetal tissue for transplants, we will never have what we need."

Using the model of inducing artificial Parkinson's disease, Richard Wyatt and William Freed of the National Institute of

Mental Health recently removed the region of several monkeys' brains that is believed to produce dopamine.

The researchers then gave fetal transplants of the same tissue to one group of monkeys and pieces of their own adrenal medullas to others. Preliminary results indicated that only 30 per cent of the grafts were maintained.

A forthcoming book, *Neural Transplants: Development and Function*, will include contributions by brain scientists covered in this issue of *B/MB*. It will be edited by Gash and John Sladek and published by Plenum early in 1984.



IN BRIEF

Power of Knowing: The Next Step in Leadership. a three-day small-group experience sponsored by *B/MB*. "The new common sense"—superior ways to tune and use the human instrument. "The seminar is action, not preparation. By living as if our dreamed-of future were already here, we can speed up the coming 'someday.'" With Marilyn Ferguson and various presenters whose work has been featured in *B/MB*; **Dallas**, July 15-17, (817) 654-1018; **Minneapolis** Aug. 12-14, (612) 338-0853; **Los Angeles** Sept. 9-11, (213) 223-2500.

Doors of Compensation June 25-26, 'Arica' training on how to rechannel blocked energy, **Los Angeles**, (213) 658-6034. . . . **Practical Applications of Altered States of Consciousness** June 28, **San Francisco**, (415) 967-6562. . . . **Neuro-Linguistic Programming for Educators** June 30-July 2, **Los Angeles**, (213) 433-2038.

Beyond Appearance July 1-4, retreat with Brugh Joy, **Monterey, Calif.**, (213) 933-5591. . . . **Suggestive-Accelerative Learning and Teaching** July 3-8, **NYC**; July 11-15, **San Francisco**, (415) 864-3396. . . . **Living Networks: The Next Step in Changing Our Lives** with Marilyn Ferguson, others, July 9, **Los Angeles**, (213) 477-3981. . . . **Guided Imagery and Music** July 3-8, July 10-16, **Baltimore**, (301) 377-7525. . . . **Transformation of Anger** July 8-9, **Irvine, Calif.**, (714) 833-5414.

Pre- and Peri-Natal Psychology July 8-10, international conference, **Toronto**, (416) 923-6641. . . . **Life-style and Disease** July 8-10, conference on role of personal attitudes and behavior in health, **Boulder, Colo.**, (303) 444-0202. . . . **Healing Through the Aura** July 9-30 with Barbara Conway, **Phoenixia, N.Y.**, (914) 688-2211. . . . **Confusions of the Heart** July 9-10, workshop with Armand DiMele, **NYC**, (212) 757-4488. . . . **Psychosynthesis Intensive Training** July 9-15, 16-22, **Lake Arrowhead, Calif.**, (213) 681-1033. . . . **Creating Joyful Classrooms** July 11-15, workshop for educators in holistic techniques, **Ben Lomond, Calif.**, (408) 335-9221. . . . **Eyeclases** July 15-17, holistic approach to vision, **Boston**, (617) 876-6752. . . . **Effective Stress Management** July 24-31, seminar on Caribbean cruise, **Chula Vista, Calif.**, (619) 233-7000. . . . **Supercreativity** July 29-31, **Gaithersburg, Md.**, (301) 948-1122.

'Window effect' found in E/M fields that inhibit chick embryo development

Research is accelerating into the possible effects of electromagnetic fields on our minds and bodies.

Extremely low-frequency magnetic fields (ELMF) of a particular range and intensity appear to cause growth abnormalities in chicken eggs.

In an incubator, Spanish researchers exposed fertilized eggs for 48 hours to three pulsed magnetic fields of different strengths and speeds. They found a "window effect"—that a field of 100 cycles per second and of mid-range intensity had the most consistent and powerful inhibitory effect. The embryos in that range were only primitively developed compared to those exposed to both lower and higher intensities and frequencies.

Various organs and systems responded differently to the fields, researchers said. The heart was the least sensitive organ.

These drastic disturbances were obtained with much lower intensities than those used in other studies, Jose Delgado reported. He added that this method may be "a powerful way to investigate embryo-

genetic mechanisms."

Delgado: Investigation Dept., Centro Ramon y Cajal, Madrid. His report appeared in *Journal of Anatomy* 134: 533-551.

* * *

Other recent reports worldwide suggest a high incidence of leukemia among workers in electrical occupations.

Research by Michel Coleman and colleagues at the London School of Hygiene, published in *Lancet* (April 30), confirms earlier studies. Workers in 10 electrical occupations in Southeast England showed an overall 17 per cent excess of all leukemias.

Another study in England and Wales by Michael McDowall, reported in *Lancet* (Jan. 29), revealed increased leukemia mortality rates among these groups. William Wright documented comparable risks in Los Angeles County in the same publication (Nov. 20, 1982).

HOLOPHONIC SOUND

The U.S. contact for information on holophonic sound (*B/MB*, May 30) is Brendan O'Regan, c/o IONS, 2658 Bridge Way, Sausalito, Calif. 94965, (415) 331-5650.

Brain grafts reveal neural growth patterns. . .

Continued from Page 1

bryos into adult rats.

In yet another study of this kind, researchers at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, artificially produced symptoms of Huntington's chorea.

After the transplant, Edith McGeer said she observed a circle of active, normal cells in the middle of the damaged area. The dopamine-producing neurons seemed to be making necessary connections.

Treating natural deficiencies. Investigators at the University of Rochester transplanted vasopressin-producing tissue from fetal rats into a strain of rats that normally needs to drink its weight in water each day. Donald Gash reported that the grafts took and enabled the rats to conserve water.

At Mt. Sinai Medical Center in New York, researchers worked with a mutant strain of mice that have immature reproductive organs, including small, undescended testes, because of a lack of sex hormones. They transplanted fetal mice tissue into adults.

The grafts held and produced some sex hormone, which was also found in higher concentration in blood plasma. Further, testes became enlarged and descended into the scrotum.

Creating behavior changes. Investigators at UCLA successfully grafted tissue from

male rats onto females. The females then showed characteristically 'male' sexual behavior.

Placing eyes in brains. Scientists at Medical University of South Carolina transplanted retinal cells into a visual region of the brains of newborn rats. The tissue had been separated into single cells, then recombined before transplantation.

The cells differentiated normally, connected and layered as if they were still in the retina.

Taking this yet another step, Wyatt and others at NIMH transplanted whole eyes into the brains of blind adult rats. When the grafts were placed deeply enough, they grew, differentiated and responded electrically to light.

"But we have yet to know whether this means the animals themselves actually see light," Wyatt said.

Tracing nerve growth patterns. Brain researchers at the University of California, Irvine, used grafts to explore the possibility that neurotransmitters are involved in guiding nerve growth patterns.

Several types of grafts took hold when placed in the hippocampus of neonatal rats. The fibers grew in the place of native ones. Carl Cotman speculated that the patterns thus formed seemed to be associated with a particular transmitter.



Becker's new biology: living things in E/M fields

Robert Becker, professor of ortho-surgery at Upstate Medical Center, Syracuse, is an expert on how environmental electric and magnetic fields affect mental and physical health. He is a pioneer in bioelectricity—the study of the electrical properties of biological tissue—and in the regeneration of tissue and bone.

His work on direct current at acupuncture points was reported in B/MB Aug. 2, 1976, and his research on the stimulation of DNA synthesis by oscillating electricity was reported in B/MB March 6, 1978. He is the author of Electromagnetism and Life (SUNY Press, 1982). Next year William Morrow will publish his new book, which outlines a 'new biology' and includes the history of bioelectricity and the possibilities for regeneration.

What is the 'new biology' referred to in your forthcoming book?

Trace the biology that's taught in high schools. In the 1950's this was almost all biochemistry. By the 1970's, DNA was the only thing you needed to know. By the 1990's, there will be a brand new area dealing with the organized organism, the living being in an environment of time-varying magnetic fields.

You have watched the development of bioelectricity and electromedicine from the beginning. What is the current status of these fields?

There is an enormous volume of work being done now. If you had searched the literature on the biological effects of magnetic fields back in the 1960's, you would have come up with just a handful of papers.



(USPS 124 350)

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Today you'd find a bibliography of 6,000 references for 1981 alone.

What are the latest developments?

The big problem now facing the field is overenthusiasm. Many doctors and other practitioners are beginning to apply electro-healing techniques without regard to the irradiation effects of pulsed magnetic fields.

In experimenting with various ways to safely stimulate bone growth, I have been exposing different cell types to a pulsed magnetic field in both a positive and negative environment. In the majority of cases no significant growth took place.

But with malignant cells, both a positive and negative environment produced increased growth rates of about 300 per cent, using only milliamperes of current. My conclusion: The growth of certain cells—specifically fetal and malignant cells—can be increased by exposure to electro-magnetic fields now in the environment.

Jose Delgado's recent experiments on chicken embryos showed that a field of 100 cycles per second—even at intensities equivalent to the Earth's magnetic field—produced growth abnormalities (see page 2). What could be the reasons for this?

Well, the Earth's magnetic field has always been an essential aspect of our human environment. The major bioactive region is in the range up to 100 cycles per second. My thesis is that in the range up to 25, the organism gives a normal response. But from 25 to 100 cycles, the organism perceives the signal to be abnormal and so responds in an abnormal manner. Interestingly, at frequencies beyond this range there is not much of a physiological effect.

What is the effect of these fields on the brain?

We are dealing here with very fundamental mechanisms integral to the workings of the central nervous system. In the early 1960's, I had the idea that consciousness might be related to the existence of a direct current. Every alteration in a state of

consciousness might be associated with a shift in the amount of current. Decreasing the flow of current, for example, would decrease excitability, and increasing DC would cause arousal. Animal experiments corroborated this theory.

That means there's something like an underlying state that works according to the principles of solid-state physics. This state would be influenced by perturbations in relatively small fields, particularly in certain frequencies.

Do you have any sense of the mechanisms?

No. But it is important to realize that the current flow is not within the nervous system itself.

Why was this line of research not pursued?

One problem is that technically it is much easier to measure pulsed potentials. Also, there's a lot of money invested in electrical utilities, which are threatened by this research. And the general inertia of the scientific community is also relevant.

You have been a fairly outspoken critic of mainstream science and an advocate of the "science court." What changes do you think are needed?

The present system allows no room for non-union scientists to publish. This is, of course, all the more remarkable because it was normally non-union amateurs who founded various fields that now make up establishment science!

Today young scientists are forced into separate niches too soon. Growth in science cannot come from learning more and more about less and less. The "business of science," based on the system of peer review and research grants, has made the scientist a captive. I don't think this was ever intended. It just grew this way.

So we need to disrupt the peer review system. I would suggest that no peer review committee be composed of more than 40 per cent of those working in the field being reviewed.

What did you learn from your regeneration work with salamanders?

These creatures don't look particularly impressive, yet they have everything we have. The same nerves, the same blood vessels. These salamanders are able to regrow whole complex living structures.

If it could be done at all, it would take every digital computer in the U.S., working for six months, to do what the salamander does in six weeks in response to a DC electrical stimulus.

But how it does that is anybody's guess. The only safe bet is that it's something new. It's not digital bits.

Becker: Star Route, Lowville, N.Y. 13367, (315) 376-8072.

Leary's latest: Turn on, tune in, take charge

FLASHBACKS by Timothy Leary (\$15.95 from J.P. Tarcher, 9110 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 90069).

Last month Leary and Richard Alpert (Ram Dass) were featured speakers in a program at Harvard University marking the anniversary of their banishment for psychedelic experimentation with undergraduate students. In an editorial in the Harvard *Crimson*, David McClelland, their department chairman in the days of the controversy, suggested that the events of 1963 were a natural rebellion against an ethic of denial, "part of a necessary stage in the progress toward maturity in American life."

It may, in fact, be indicative of changing times that Leary's autobiography was reviewed by the American Library Assn. *Booklist* as "an important historical document and a well-considered apology for the use of mind-expanding drugs."



Flashbacks is a counterpoint between two stories: Leary's pre- and post-psychedelic lives. His "gorgeous storytelling" (*Publisher's Weekly*) is likely to draw a wide readership of those less interested in drugs than in the cast of thousands, which includes Arthur Koestler, Aldous Huxley, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsburg, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, Alan Watts, R. D. Laing, Andy Warhol, Mickey Mantle, Ken Kesey, Lama Govinda, G. Gordon Liddy, Albert Hoffman and Marshall McLuhan.

The novelistic tapestry of Leary's story encompasses international locales and historic

events, the CIA, the Presidency, 60's militants and his enthusiasm for space colonies.

"As I look back over this rich, continually changing and utterly entertaining life, I realize that my dedication to certain concepts has never wavered," Leary concludes. "I have relentlessly and faithfully pursued self-exploration, evolution and innovation as the antidotes to terminal adulthood. . . . I have reprogrammed myself and encouraged others to resist, question, challenge, indeed do anything to escape the assembly line that would carry us into a final commitment to the obsolete past."

He sees as "cause for celebration" the recent polls indicating that a high percentage of the American population is now interested in what he terms "rejuvenilization" through personal fulfillment.

Over the years his interest increasingly turned to the physical brain, a perspective anticipated by novelist William Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*) in 1961: "Burroughs was disappointed to find us not scientific enough. He hadn't come to Harvard to run psychedelic encounter sessions or listen to our blathering about love and cosmic unity. He saw me as a Notre Dame coach of consciousness, giving my players locker-room pep talks about internal freedom."

"Computers, man," he said. "Precise pinpointing of the hostile and friendly realms of the brain. Neurological implants. Brainwave generators." He was right, of course."

Survival, Leary maintains, will be based on increasing our intelligence: "expanding the spectrum of information we receive, improving our models for analyzing these facts and developing more powerful modes of transmitting updated signals to others."

In 1983 Leary has revised his famous *turn on/tune in/drop out* slogan: "I make this prediction with confidence and serenity: The young are ready to *turn on* to the higher circuits of their brains, *tune in* to the awesome strength of their numbers and *take charge* of evolution." —M.F.

* * *

PSYCHIATRIC DISORDERS. *Psychiatry and Ethics: Insanity, Rational Autonomy and Mental Health Care*, edited by Rem Edwards (\$12.95 paper from Prometheus Books, 700 E. Amherst

St., Buffalo 14215), asks about the moral and legal implications of our current view on mental health. . . . *Unity and Multiplicity: Multilevel Consciousness of Self in Hypnosis, Psychiatric Disorder and Mental Health* by John Beahrs (\$22.50 from Brunner/Mazel, 19 Union Square, NYC 10003) draws on the work of Milton Erickson and other hypnotherapists to propose that people are both a unitary self and a composite of semi-independent parts. He outlines how to clinically use his model of "co-consciousness" . . . *Mental Retardation*, edited by Edward Zigler and David Balla (\$36 from Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, 365 Broadway #112, Hillsdale, N.J. 07642), examines the controversy: Is retardation primarily developmental slowness or an actual difference in mental processing? . . . *Schizophrenia in Focus* by David Dawson, Heather Blum, Giampiero Bartolucci (\$24.95 from Human Sciences Press, 72 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011) looks in detail at treatment processes of this disorder, including the medical model, the social breakdown model, the developmental model and the adaptational model. . . . *Hysterical Conversion Reactions* by Michael Weintraub (\$25 from Spectrum, 175-20 Wexford Terrace, Jamaica, N.Y. 11432) surveys the history of this disorder, its diagnosis and its symptoms in adulthood and childhood. . . . *Sexual Deviancy and Social Proscription* by Clifton Bryant (\$16.95 paper from Human Sciences Press) examines carnal behavior in many contexts: verbal, vicarious, symbolic, imitative, symbiotic, violent.

LEARNING AND MEMORY. *Names for Things* by John Macnamara (\$17.50 from MIT Press, 28 Carleton St., Cambridge, Mass. 02142) is a scholarly exploration of childhood acquisition of names, integrating philosophical, linguistic and empirical issues. . . . *Absent-Minded?* by James Reason and Klara Mycielska (\$6.95 paper from Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632) examines the "psychology of mental lapses and everyday error" such as recognition failures, memory blocks, "Freudian slips," error proneness. . . . *Review of Child Development Research*, edited by Willard Hartup (\$40 from U-Chicago Press, 5801 S. Ellis Ave., Chicago 60637), explores international research on cognition, perception, language.

Tools and resources

New publications: *The Common Boundary*, bi-monthly newsletter on relationship between spirituality and psychotherapy, \$10/year from 17904 Georgia Ave. #202, Olney, Md. 20832. . . . *Body in Motion*, semi-monthly publication on physical healing and therapeutic exercise, \$33/year from 1111 W. Dundee Road, Wheeling, Ill. 60090. . . . *Seeds of Unfolding*, quarterly journal "devoted to stimulating spiritual unfolding," published by Cafu Foundation, \$5/year from 2061 Broadway, NYC 10023.

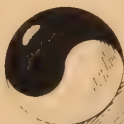
Hit Me Back First, new book on "creative visualization activities for parenting and teaching" based on psychosynthesis, \$9.95 from Jalmar Press, 45 Hitching Post Dr., Bldg. 2, Rolling Hills Estates, Calif. 90274. . . . *Bibliography of research on bio-psychological needs of infants and mothers*, for professionals, \$12 or 6 pounds from 58 Coolhurst Road, London N8 8EU. . . . *Directory of Facilities and Services for Learning Disabled 1983-1984*, single copies free for \$1 postage from Academic Therapy, 20 Commercial Blvd., Novato, Calif. 94947.

Audio cassettes of *Stephen Levine* on dying, catalog from Hanuman Foundation, Box 61498, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95061. . . . Audio cassettes on *Future Dimension of Healing and Health Care*, including David Steindl-Rast, David Spengler, Dolores Krieger, Swami Sachidananda, Elmer Green, others; \$7/tape from Sufi Order, Rt. 2, Box 166, Leicester, N.C. 28748.

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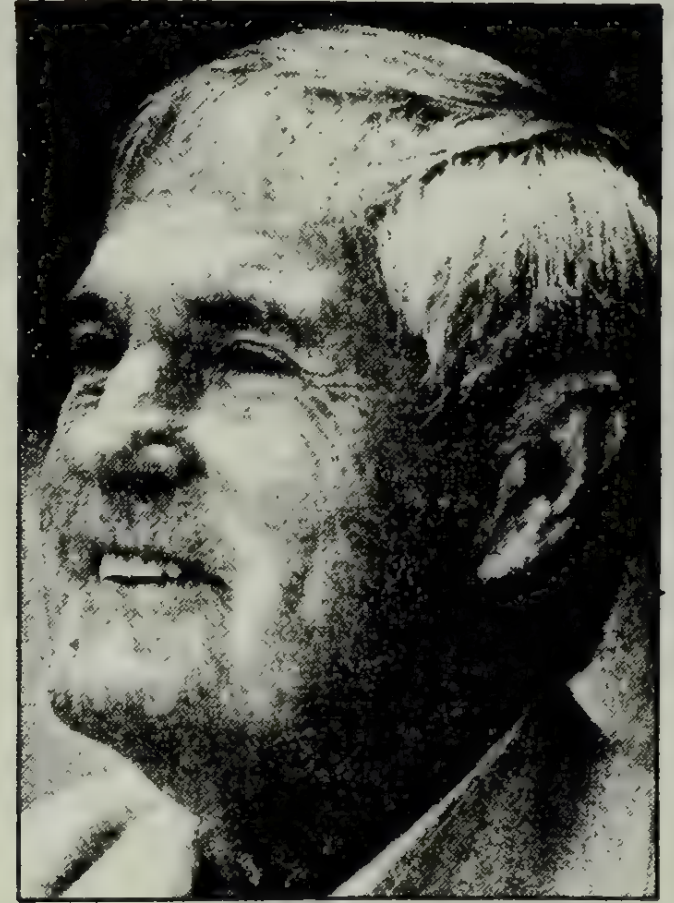
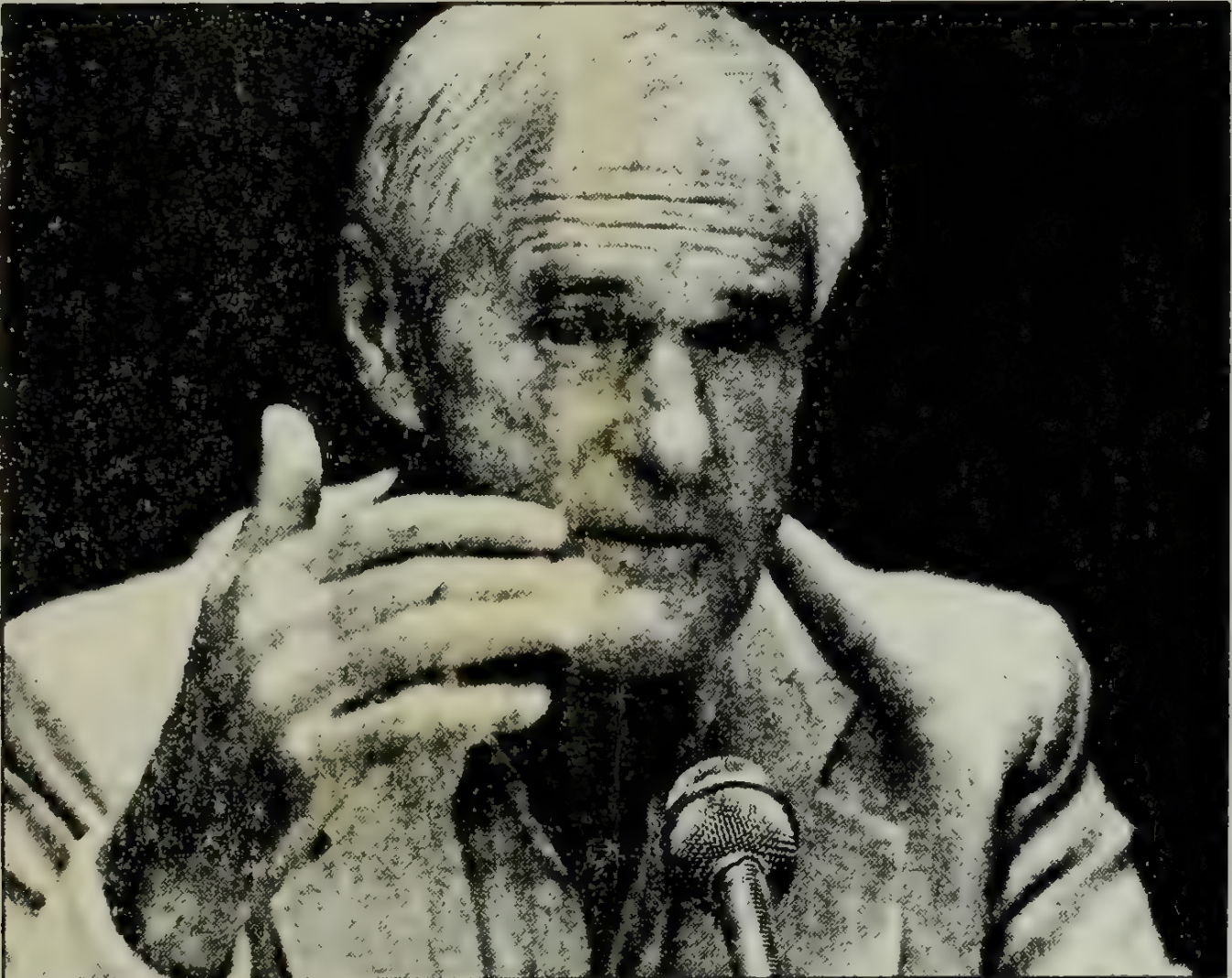
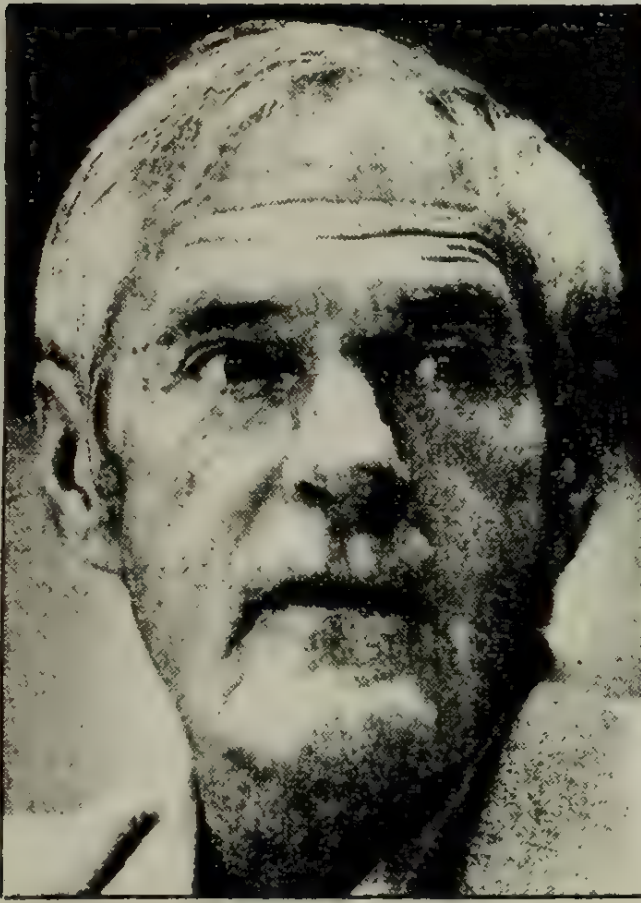
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Staff Photos by Donald Black

'High priest of LSD' still preaching in favor of drugs

By Jeff Strickler
Staff Writer

Sorry, skeptics, but Timothy Leary doesn't sit in a corner and drool. Nor does he wander around in a void or babble incomprehensibly. He's just as healthy, coherent and rational as ever, and a lot of people hate him for it.

"My health causes a lot of enmity," said the man who 20 years ago was hailed as the "high priest of LSD," the Harvard psychologist turned fugitive who urged the world to "turn on, tune in and drop out." His detractors had hoped that by now his brain would have been fried by the drugs he used — and still uses — in an attempt to explore the farthest reaches of his consciousness. But it hasn't worked out that way; the world's first "neuronaut" is still blasting off.

"I've been interviewed on a few radio shows where the host is a real right-winger who is infuriated that I'm reasonably healthy and reasonably alert," he said. "It's an insult to them

that I'm still erect and not frothing at the mouth. It's like 'How dare you be healthy and alert!'

"Older people, especially, seem to hate me. ('Older people' in this case means over 35.) They hate that I flouted the laws and thumbed my nose at tradition and not only survived, but somehow even had a good time. It's like I cheated all the rules and it's not fair that I got away with it."

But he didn't get away with it, he insists. He spent nearly four years in various prisons and another two years running all over Europe to avoid being put back in prison. He also was harassed and harangued for two decades. He was fired from his job, chased from his home and alienated from his family. And all because of one word: drugs.

"It's a bad word," he said while in Minneapolis Monday to promote his autobiography, "Flashbacks" (J.P. Tarcher, Inc., \$15.95). "When people hear the word 'drugs' their hysteria level is raised and they don't listen to

anything else you have to say. There is no drug problem and there never has been. It's a people problem."

Leary, 63, leapt to prominence in 1960 when he started experimenting with drugs as a means of raising consciousness. A Harvard instructor who had at one time attended West Point, he was anything but radical. In fact, he says now, his problem was that he was too naive.

"I was from the ivory tower," he said. "You can be a Harvard professor and not know how to cross the street. That was me."

In his naivete, he figured he had built a better psychological mousetrap and the world was going to beat a path to his doorway. Drugs were going to provide positive social change, he believed. They were going to make us all better people living in a better world. But instead of embracing his plans, the so-called establishment was repulsed. Only the counter-culture paid attention, making Leary a folk hero, much to his

chagrin.

"I'm seen as the person who caused all this, and I didn't," he insisted. "I'm seen as the Pied Piper who led a whole generation off to ruin. But I'm not a guru. I've never been a guru. I'm a scientist."

Leary likes to envision himself as Tom Sawyer (one of his childhood heroes) sailing off with Huck Finn to fight the system.

"It infuriates my critics that not only can I hold my own (in an argument) but I'm more American than they are," he said. "I'm advocating the conservatives' opinion that we should try to get the government off our backs. I've avoided being imprisoned by the System with a capital S. I've entered and made my mark, but always as an outsider."

He also says that his ideology was misrepresented by the mass media, which picked up his ideas and took them farther than he had intended.

Leary/ 3C

LEARY: Drugs provide access to brains

Continued from page 1C

"I never advocated LSD," he said. "I never advocated anything except individual freedom. I was not interested in drugs per se. I was interested in personal growth and the brain. My personal philosophy is the Emersonian belief that higher intelligence is within, and it's the challenge and duty of the individual to go within and develop it. Drugs only take us where we want to go, and many of us only want to go deeper into our brains. The brain is the last undiscovered frontier."

Leary still adamantly maintains that his approach is proper. The only mistake he may have made was timing.

"I was a premature baby-boomer," he said. "I wish I were a member of the Steven Spielberg and E.T. generation. But I was brought up in a time of extreme ignorance. Still, it's kind of fun to be ahead of things, to be on the cutting edge, and from my earliest days I've been a free thinker."

It was his propensity for free thinking — or, more accurately, for telling others what he was freely thinking — that landed him in prison. He figures it was the price he had to pay.

"The role of the philosopher is to stimulate and facilitate change," he said. "And you always get in trouble when you do that. I knew it was likely I would end up in prison because most of the philosophers I tended to like — Thoreau, Emerson — had been put in prison . . . I don't regret going to prison because I went to prison for ideals. Freedom can't be stopped."

Even in prison he remained philosophical. "Prison, like youth, is wasted on those who don't appreciate it," he wrote. In an interview he added, "It's a wonderful opportunity to learn about yourself. And what better place is there for a psychologist to study people?"

(One of the inmates at Folsom



Timothy Leary and his former wife, Rosemary, in 1969.

Prison with Leary was Charles Manson, "an interesting person but not someone you would want to spend a lot of time with.")

Leary still is using drugs to explore his consciousness, only now he uses what he calls "alegal" drugs, compounds that haven't been classified as illegal by the government because the government doesn't know they exist. And he still is urging others to join him.

"I vigorously oppose laws prohibiting American citizens from altering their nervous systems," he wrote.

"Still 100 percent in favor of the intelligent, moderate use of drugs, I am increasingly convinced that the individual's right of access to his or her own brain has become the most significant political, economic and cultural issue in America today."

"I'm not talking about hard drugs," he expounds in interviews. "I've never advocated heroin or cocaine. And I've always believed in moderation. Don't abuse any drug. And don't use street drugs because you don't know what's in them."

As far as he's concerned, the worst drug is the only one that is legal: alcohol.

"I have had considerable experience with every well-known brain-change substance. Of these, alcohol has caused the most damaging incidents in my life. Booze ruined my father's life, smashed his marriage, eroded the lives of four uncles. Marianne's (his first wife's) suicide and thus the endless sorrows of my children were due to booze. Most of my fractured friendships have unraveled under the influence of liquor. Ninety percent of the eruptions of vulgarity, insensitivity or aggression in my history have been triggered by mild to moderate doses of booze.

"(But) in the last 20 years, I have ingested enormous quantities of psychedelic drugs . . . I have never done anything I regret while under the influence of these substances."

Eventually, he says, history will prove him right and he will be remembered as the Christopher Columbus of consciousness exploration.

"In 20 or 30 years, the notion that we should have access to our brains will

be seen as a breakthrough," he said. "Drugs will be seen like boats that we can use to take exploratory trips. And I'll be seen like Columbus, a primitive navigator, but a man who went from court to court fighting for what he believed in because he was a man with a vision."

As for his naivete, he hopes that he always retains at least some of it.

"I like that gee-whiz approach to the universe," he said. "If we lose that, we're all going to die of terminal adulthood."

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TO

TIMOTHY LEARY

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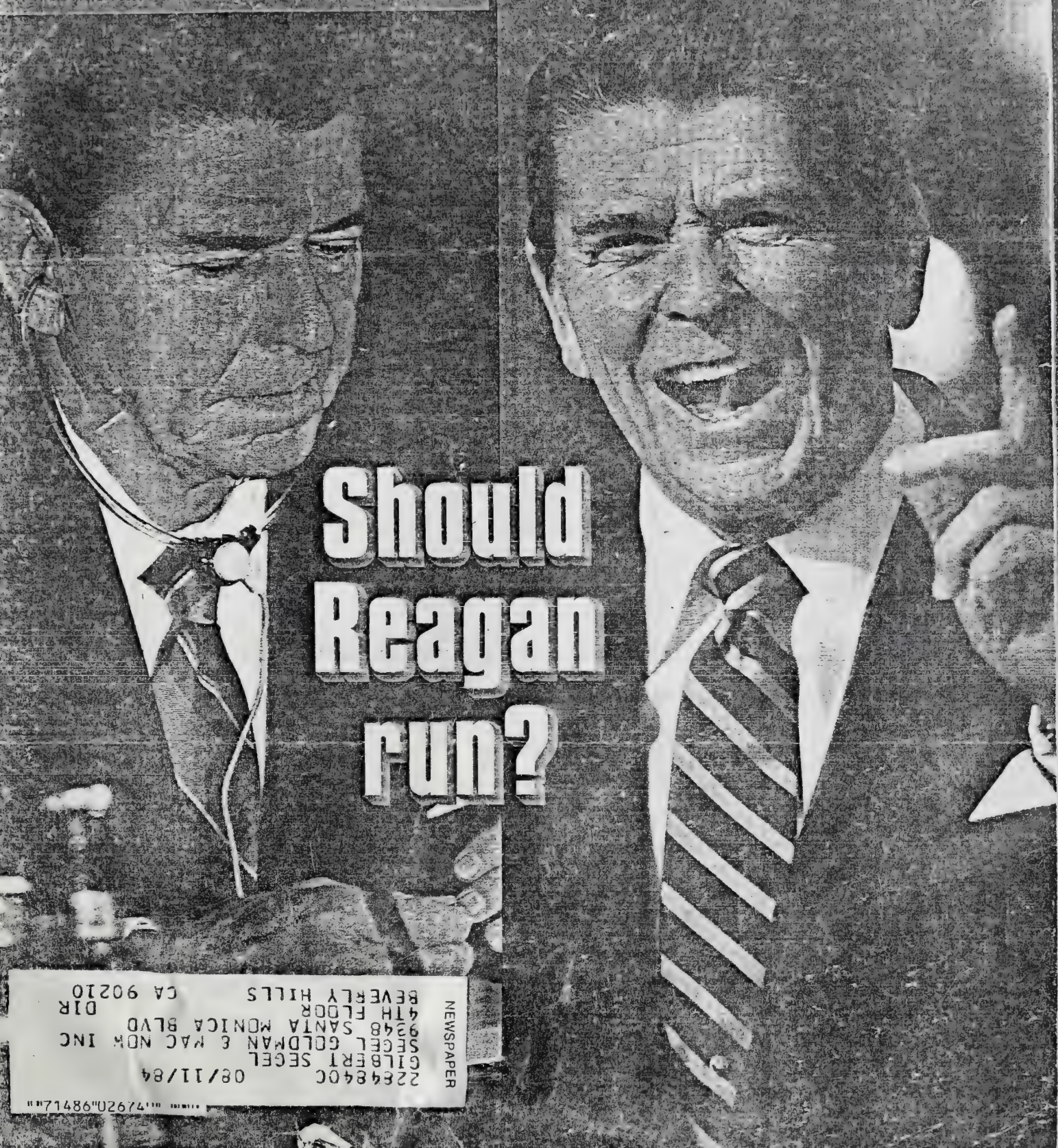
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Pursuant to Gil's request, I am forwarding to you a xerox copy of an article I found in the 14-20 January, 1984 issue of The Economist which will be of interest to you.

Tina

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proved. Nor did the surviving Romanovs relish the idea of a relation who had had an illegitimate child by a Polish Bolshevik. If they subsequently fought dirty, and Mr Kurth makes a lengthy and convincing case for just that, it was understandable.

But for all the massive research behind the book, Mr Kurth's partisanship blinds him to the accepted criteria, whether historical or judicial, of truth. Those who disbelieved Anastasia had no case to make. The Danish royal family, the Grand Dukes of Hesse, even Lord Mountbatten (a nephew of the dead Empress) might, and perhaps did, show both animus and malice. But Anastasia's supporters, as the two long postwar trials showed, could rely on no more than blind faith, belated recognition, alleged traits of character and anecdote.

Anastasia had spent the intervening years in and out of hospitals and institutions. In the 1950s, Anna Anderson, a shabby recluse in a tumbledown shack in the Black Forest, found herself, thanks to the press and Hollywood, a celebrity. But perhaps, whoever she was (and in spite of this passionately argued and often exciting book, the verdict remains non-proven), her happiest years came after her surprising marriage, when in her late sixties, to John Manahan, a southern academic and aristocrat. It must have been quite something for this poor tortured woman, whoever she was, to have established an identity at last.

Turn on, tune in

FLASHBACKS

By Timothy Leary.

Heinemann. 397 pages. £9.95.

The intellectual tone of Timothy Leary's autobiography is suggested by the résumé of his current interests that he gives near the end of the book:

Since my release from prison I have written six new books and published over fifty articles in the fields of exo-psychology, neuro-logic, sociology, neuro-politics, Gaia theory, re-juvenilisation, neuro-geography, neo-LaMarckianism, personal evolution and development, biocomputer theory, experimental dying, neuro-ecology, migratory demographics, and the liberating advantages of word processors and video games.

It doesn't matter. This is an interesting book anyway.

One reason is that Mr Leary has led a very interesting life. It is easy for the reader to skip over the theoretical mumbo-jumbo and dive into accounts of the famous people who started streaming through Mr Leary's life when he undertook (then legal) experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard in the early

1960s. That stream included some people anybody might expect to find, such as the beat luminaries Neal Cassidy, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, and the jazz trumpeter Maynard Ferguson; but it also included the poet Robert Lowell, Aldous Huxley, Henry Luce and a reputed girlfriend of President Kennedy named Mary Pinchot Meyer.

The breadth of his acquaintance points to a more intriguing fact about Mr Leary. He has been a strong and quite durable figure in recent American culture. His prominence was greatest in the last half of the 1960s, when the marijuana haze that pleasantly settled over America's best universities was punctuated only by an occasional whiff from the tear-gas canisters fired off to disperse anti-war demonstrators. But what was it that made America's young so loose, and Mr Leary so popular a figure among them, in the 1960s? This is a subject on which some extended analysis by Mr Leary would have been welcome. He ventures only an elegy: "The pageantry of those days! Where did it go?" Good question. No answer.

Mr Leary did not disappear from the scene with the 1960s. He did fade for a time: a couple of years in exile (being bossed around in Algeria by the Black Panther fugitive Eldridge Cleaver, who has since become a born-again Christian and a fan of Ronald Reagan) was followed by four years in prison on drug charges.

But Mr Leary is back on stage. He now holds debates with his old enemy Mr G. Gordon Liddy, who busted Mr Leary for drugs and later became famous as the comic-book Watergate spy who refused to finger any of his colleagues and so spent years in prison. Their debates are a hot ticket on the American university lecture circuit, and a film about them has just been released.

Mr Leary's durability is not really astonishing. He represents a strain of radical individualism that has a long tradition in America, epitomised by Thoreau. Nor is it very surprising (even leaving the money aside) that he has teamed up with Mr Liddy, who thumbed his nose at the representatives of the state by refusing even to swear to a Watergate congressional committee that he would tell the truth.

Mr Leary still spooks the bureaucrats. The latest example of official paranoia came from Mr Leon Brittan, the British home secretary. He let Mr Liddy into Britain to publicise the film about the Leary-Liddy debates, but not Mr Leary. What is it about this naive, sincere and slightly kooky man that makes Mr Brittan think he must keep the British people from hearing what he has to say?

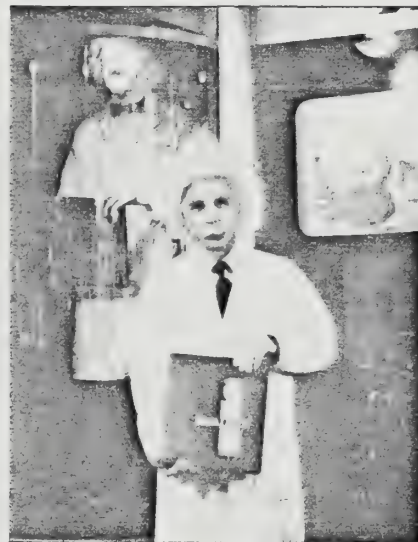
People

New Orleans is full of interesting sights, but few were more interesting than the sight of Apple's chairman, **Steven Jobs**, intently engaged in conversation with LSD veteran and recent computer-convert **Timothy Leary**, in a hospitality suite at Softcon. Jobs was there to cut software deals for the Macintosh, and Leary's attendance was in connection with XOR Corporation, a Minnetonka, Minnesota, software firm. Leary is working on his design of a 24-module "brain game" that he believes will help people change the way they think and live. Leary's presence attracted the attention of both Jobs and Apple cofounder **Stephen Wozniak**, who visited Leary's suite at separate times for a demonstration. XOR officials, who seemed to be accustomed to the film-industry style of doing business, did a Hollywood blitz on Jobs. They were trying to sell him the rights to their brain game and two other XOR products — but rumor has it the negotiations were somewhat less than cordial and we won't be seeing Leary's game on the Macintosh.



Steven Jobs and Timothy Leary discuss "brain games" at Softcon.

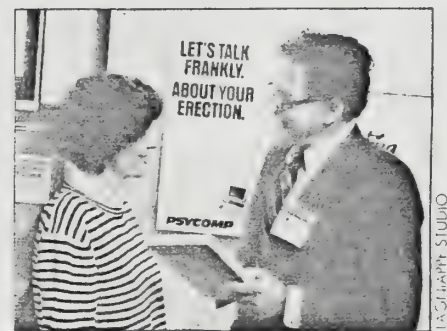
Chaplin's Little Tramp character. So the good doctor has recently been adopted by Armor Systems as a symbol for the Florida company. "Einstein had a unique formula with $E=MC$ squared," said **Neil Peiman**, vice-president of sales for Armor, "and we think we have one too." Einstein is really actor **Mike Basile**. His makeup for Softcon was done by former Disney artist **Bruce Miller**, who spends an initial four hours transforming Basile into the tousle-haired professor. Because of the heat in the Superdome, Miller had to do touch ups every 45 minutes.



Mike Basile poses as Albert Einstein.

"It really grabs you, doesn't it?" said **Nick Barnett**, marketing director for

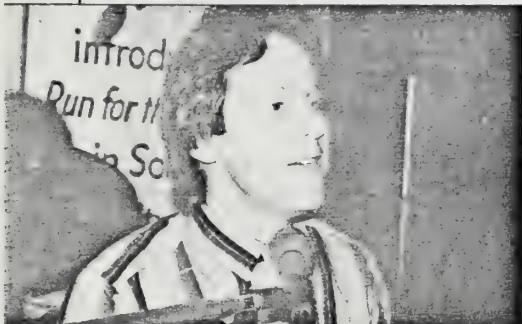
Psycomp, of the poster that can be seen between Barnett and a show goer. And we must admit, yes, it is a grabber. Psycomp sells self-help software that relates to four different areas of psychology. The poster advertises a program called Treating Sexual Problems that is supposed to treat just what the poster says it will treat. It's an "interactive" ten-session program which, according to the literature, "clarifies frequently-held misconceptions and introduces corrective measures to overcome the problems."



Nick Barnett discusses Psycomp software.

This issue of InfoWorld is the debut of our People page. We'll be running it every other week with pictures and, we hope, somewhat quirky and unusual stories about people in the burgeoning microcomputer industry. We welcome contributions to People. Ideally, we would like a black and white 8 x 10-inch photograph to accompany your anecdote. You won't get any money, but you'll get your name on the page — and you'll have our undying appreciation. What more could you want?

— Denise Caruso, People editor.

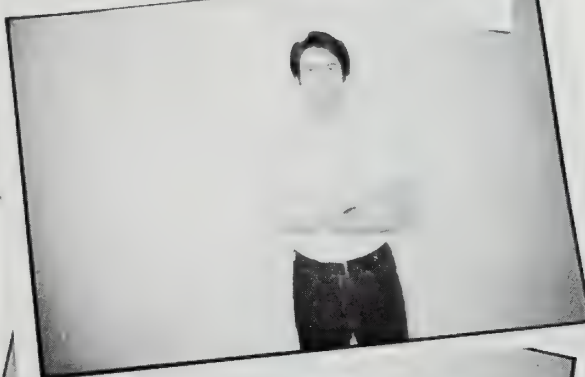
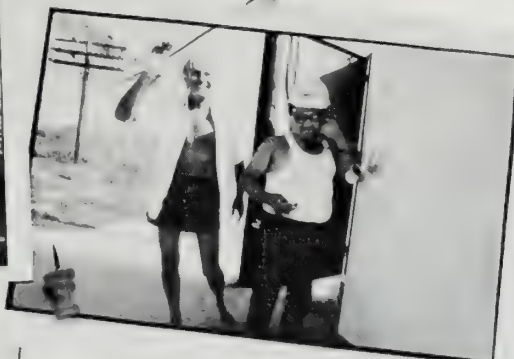


Tom Snyder sings "Run for the Money."

Tom Snyder had party goers doing double takes at the Scarborough Systems bash at Softcon. Not only did he show off packages of his latest game (entitled Run for the Money) to be marketed by Scarborough, but Snyder also showed off his talents as Tom Snyder, CBS recording artist, by doing a couple of full-tilt versions of his latest song called — you guessed it — "Run for the Money." (Snyder also created the popular games Snooper Troops and the Search Series.) Rock wasn't the only musical genre represented: Scarborough hired the Southern University Marching Band to put on a great Mardi Gras-style show, and a blues and jazz band filled in between Snyder's renditions of "Run for the Money."

Charlie Chaplin may have been cute, but **Albert Einstein** was smart as well — and he is as immediately recognizable as

The Side Wall at Surfer



(Top) Peter Drouyn, Coke Contest, Australia. I told him to say hello to Pezman. "Hello Pezman." 1978.

(Middle) Bolton Colburn, 1980.

(Bottom) Michael Tomson, Cornered and trying to escape, 1980.

(Top) Timothy Leary and Union Pacific employee at San Clemente State Beach. Leary was waving to all enlightened souls. He said surfers were "evolutionary throw-aheads of mankind." 1977.

(Middle) Lance Carson, 1979.

(Bottom) Scott Priess, The first official Greenough protege in Orange County, 1977.

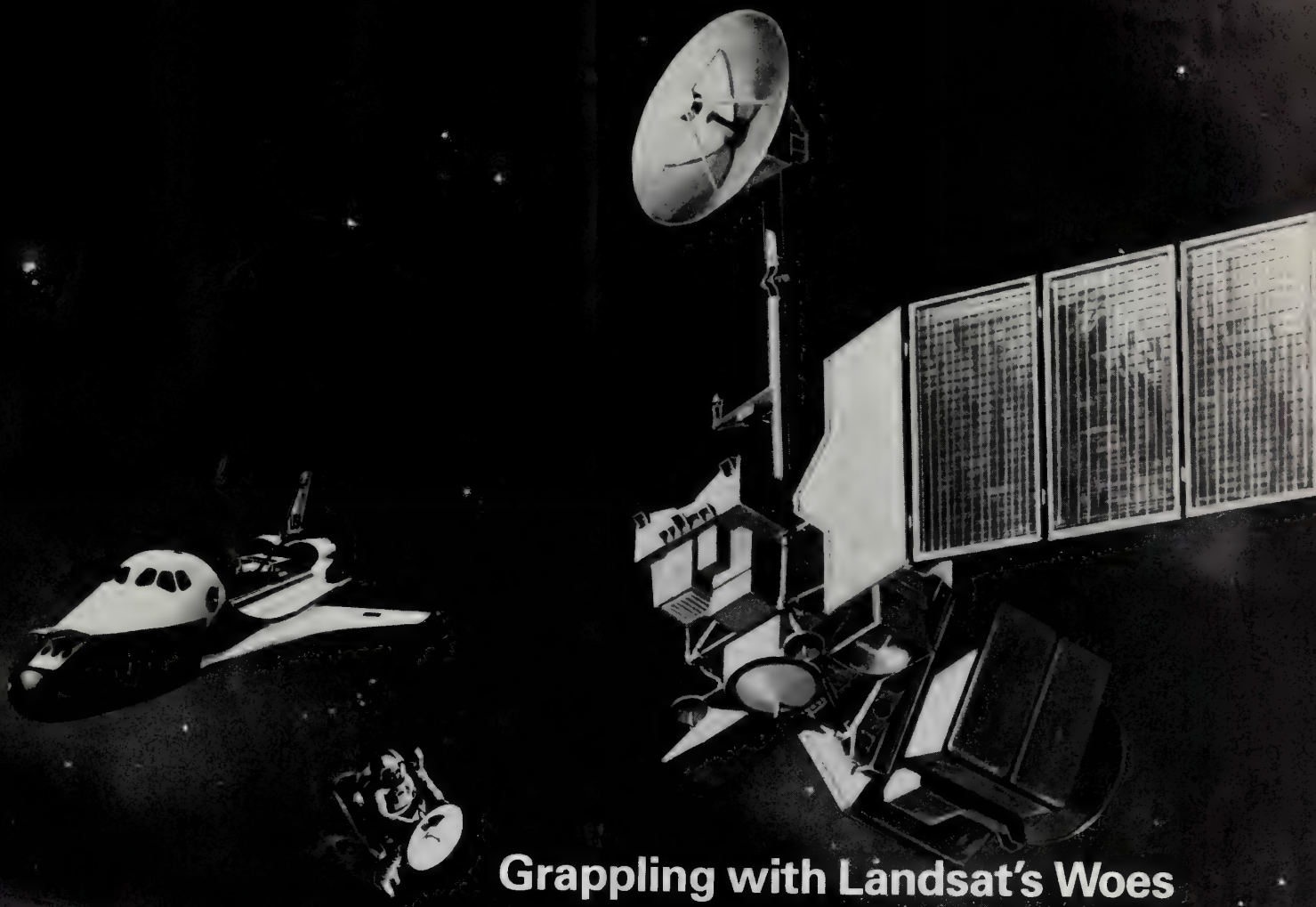
(Left) Kurt Ledterman, The La Jolla Rastaman in his typical greeting pose, accompanied by cosmic incantations. 1980.



The Weekly Newsmagazine of Science

SCIENCE NEWS

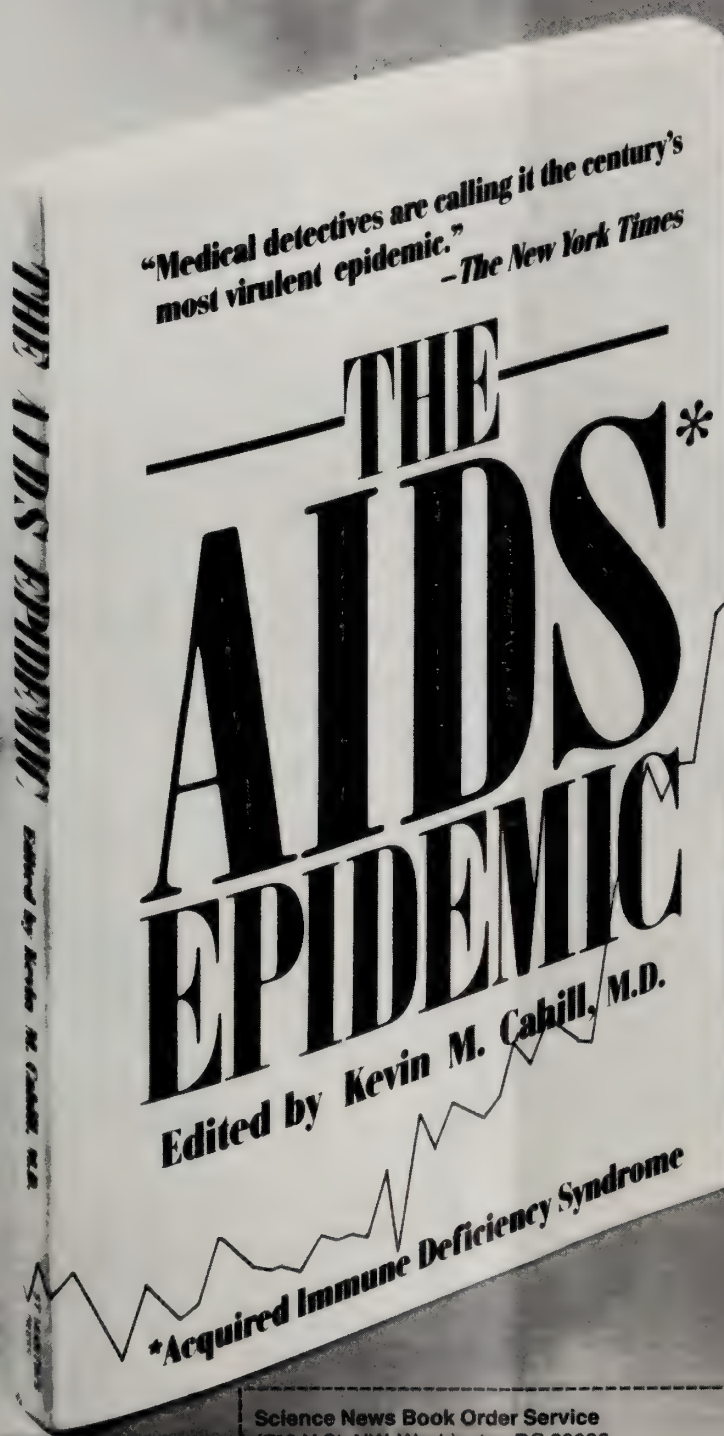
August 13, 1983
Vol. 124, No. 7
Pages 97-112



Grappling with Landsat's Woes

SN LAR2BX698T019MAR 84 1 03
MR TIMOTHY LEARY
BOX 69886
LOS ANGELES CA 90069

Up-to-Date Analysis of the AIDS Epidemic by Top Medical Experts



Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) is one of the most devastating, puzzling, and fatal epidemics in modern medical history. A disease which attacks the body's immune system, AIDS leaves the victim vulnerable to unusual forms of cancer, pneumonia, and other diseases. AIDS has been called "the no. 1 priority" of the U.S. Public Health Service by Dr. Edward N. Brandt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services.

What causes AIDS? How is it transmitted? What must be done to protect the public? How can it be treated? What are the possibilities of finding a cure?

These questions and more were the subject of a national symposium held at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City on April 10, 1983. Thirteen authorities, preminent in their respective fields, detailed the diverse issues and research generated by the AIDS crisis and examined directions for further research and policy.

The transcript of the symposium, edited into book form, presents an authoritative and thorough report on AIDS.

St. Martin's Press, 1983, 173 pages, 8 1/4 x 5 1/2, \$7.95 paper, \$12.95 cloth.

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Landsat 4, an astronaut jets over from the space shuttle to lock onto
the satellite and stabilize any tumbling it may have developed. Then
the astronaut would return to the shuttle, while the shuttle's
remote-control "arm" would be used to bring the satellite into the
cargo bay for service. (Illustration: NASA Goddard Space Flight Center)
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SN Writer Awarded Bush Fellowship at MIT

Linda Garmon, chemistry editor of SCIENCE NEWS, is one of eight journalists chosen for the first Vannevar Bush Fellowships in technology and science journalism at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge. In announcing the selection of the Fellows, who will spend the 1983-84 academic year at MIT, Program Director Victor K. McElheny cited their "high quality of work and strong commitment to popularization of highly technical subjects."

Garmon joined SCIENCE NEWS in January 1980, after receiving her Master of Arts degree in journalism from the University of Missouri at Columbia; she also holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from UM in biological sciences and geography. She will return to SCIENCE NEWS following the fellowship year.

The fellowships were established this year in memory of Vannevar Bush, presidential science advisor during World War II and longtime chairman of the MIT Corporation, the university's governing body. Along with Garmon, members of the first group of Fellows are: Paula Apsell of WCBV-TV, Boston; Karen L. Birchard of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., Toronto; Diane Dumanoski of The Boston Globe; Catherine Foster of The Oak Ridger, Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Russ Mitchell of The Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette-Times; Mitchell J. Resnick, freelance writer, San Francisco; Richard Saltus, The San Francisco Examiner.



Ivars Peterson

SCIENCE NEWS of the week

Another Solar System?

The U.S.-Dutch-British Infrared Astronomy Satellite (IRAS) has discovered what the project's scientists believe to be "the first direct evidence that solid objects of substantial size exist around a star other than the sun." This could mean that the star—Vega, fifth brightest in the sky—has its own asteroid belt, or perhaps even a family of larger planets.

IRAS was being aimed at Vega because the extremely stable and well-studied star is often used as calibration standard for brightness and spectral observations. Instead of finding the expected IR emissions for a star of Vega's type and temperature,

however, Harmut H. Aumann of Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) in Pasadena and Fred Gillett of Kitt Peak National Observatory found them to be considerably stronger. When the satellite was carefully scanned back and forth, the source of the emissions turned out to be a region extending about 7.4 billion miles from the star, making it about twice the size of our solar system. The emissions indicated a temperature of about 88 kelvin (-301°F), presumably representing energy re-radiated by a "shell" of solid particles that had been ejected and heated by Vega itself.

If the material were mere tiny dust

motes, says Charles Beichman of JPL, it would have been blown away by pressure of the star's radiation; slightly larger particles would have spiraled in to destruction in the star itself. The IRAS team's conclusion, then, is that they are larger still—perhaps a few millimeters or more in size. Models of how our own solar system formed suggest that enough such particles to produce what IRAS saw would also be accompanied by smaller numbers of larger particles. If the relative numbers of different-sized particles resemble the distribution in our system, there could well be much smaller numbers (thousands instead of trillions) of much larger particles—from buckshot to asteroids. The overall mass of the "Vega system," in fact, would be similar to that of ours.

Other infrared telescopes are likely to add their own observations in the very near future. —J. Eberhart

The troubles of Landsat: Second-guessing an endgame

On Aug. 7, a complex satellite sent aloft more than four months ago to relay messages between other satellites and ground facilities finally did its job for the first time. The Tracking and Data Relay Satellite (TDRS-1), deployed April 4 from the space shuttle, had taken 12 weeks to reach its assigned orbit after an attached booster rocket malfunctioned (SN: 7/9/83, p. 22), and further delays have been encountered in checking it out now that it is in position. Last Sunday, TDRS-1 at last received its first signals from another satellite, passed them on to a ground station and sent others back. The test, said officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), was a success.

The satellite with which it was communicating, however, has proved anything but successful. The status of Landsat 4, in fact, has deteriorated to a matter of waiting for the end.

It was launched on June 16, 1982, designed for a three-year lifetime of providing images of the earth's surface from a pair of multi-spectral scanners, one tried-and-true, the other an advanced, higher-resolution version receiving its first orbital test. But a few months ago, two of the satellite's four solar panels began to operate intermittently, then quit altogether, leaving the satellite on half-power. This meant that only one of the imaging devices could be operated at a time. But there was more to the problem. The advanced scanner, called the Thematic Mapper (TM) and capable of providing thermal infrared data as well as nearly three times the spatial resolution of its established companion, had to transmit its data at a particularly high rate. This was made possible by a transmitter operating in the "x-band" of the electromagnetic spectrum, but that, too, had failed. It was also possible to transmit on the "k-band," but it had to be done through the TDRS-1 satellite, which was not yet available.

As a result, only three countries (the United States, Canada and Italy), whose ground facilities were sufficiently far along in their development, have ever received any data from the TM. Brazil "just missed it," says John H. McElroy, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's (NOAA) acting administrator for Environmental Satellite Data and Information Services; Sweden, India and Japan had the work underway but now can only bide their time.

By comparison, about a dozen countries have been receiving data from Landsat 4's conventional multispectral scanner, which had already flown three times before. But it now appears likely that the whole satellite will soon simply expire.

The failure of the two solar panels had been traced to the breaking of the wires that had carried their power to the satellite, caused by the thermal expansion and contraction of a plastic insulation material as it was exposed alternately to sunlight and shadow. Before the panels had even begun to intermit, however, Landsat 4 controllers had noted intermittent behavior from a group of other components, which were connected by similarly insulated but thinner wires. These thinner, more easily broken wires thus turned out to have been a precursor of the panel failure—and the remaining solar panels are now showing the same precursor. If a third panel does quit, says McElroy, "I've lost the spacecraft." Even if it merely starts intermitting, he adds, it will be "just a matter of time." He speculates that the end could come by October, but says this is merely "a wet-finger-in-the-wind-type guess."

Officials of both NOAA (which manages the satellite) and NASA want very much to maintain the continuity of Landsat data. There is one more Landsat in existence, called Landsat D', or "D-prime," and NOAA is now planning to advance its launch from January 1985 to March of next year. (The

problems with Landsat 4 are being corrected in the new one.) NOAA also hopes to be able to win funding for one more in the series—a Landsat D'—but it might take an estimated 54 months to build, so that even if Landsat D' lasts its full three years, there could be a significant data gap before D' is launched.

There is another possibility, however. Landsat D (like D') is based on a modular satellite designed so that faulty components can be removed and replaced by astronauts from the space shuttle. (The same basic spacecraft is at the core of the Solar Maximum Mission satellite, for which a repair mission by a shuttle crew is to be attempted next spring.) The problem is that Landsat D's orbit is both too high for the shuttle to reach and steeply inclined so that it passes nearly over earth's poles, which will be inaccessible to the shuttle until the opening of a launch facility at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, late in 1985 at best. The satellite can be directed to a lower orbit by ground commands—but not if its failing solar panels kill it off first. And it is difficult to estimate, says McElroy, just how much warning the solar panels will give by intermitting before they finally stop providing power completely. Another factor is that a "dead" Landsat could start to tumble, due to atmospheric and solar drag on those same solar panels, so that "uncontrolled shadowing" on some of its components and materials might cause them to freeze. This could damage the satellite beyond the capabilities of an in-orbit repair mission, so that the problem would become one of evaluating the worth of bringing it back to earth and relaunching it.

And added to Landsat 4's technical problems is the matter of the growing opposition to President Reagan's plan for turning the whole earth-resources satellite program over to the private sector

—J. Eberhart

The brain's behind evolution's drive

The constantly changing earth puts pressure on all living species to evolve to take best advantage of their environment. But an additional factor — behavior — overshadows this external force in evolution of higher vertebrates, a biologist now proposes.

"The brain drives evolution," says Allan C. Wilson of the University of California at Berkeley. "Even in an environment that isn't changing, organisms with big brains find new ways of exploiting the environment," he told science writers this week at a meeting at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratories in Cold Spring Harbor, New York. In human evolution, behavior may underlie 99 percent of the anatomical change, he says.

Wilson arrived at his hypothesis of "behavioral drive" from consideration of the rapid anatomical changes that have taken place in the evolution of humans and apes, and to a lesser extent in other mammals and birds, in contrast to lizards, frogs and salamanders. The rate of change in the DNA of all these animals is approximately the same.

The crucial difference between rapidly evolving mammals and birds and the more conservative reptiles and amphibians is the power of their brains, Wilson suggests. The brain is especially big, in relation to body weight, in humans, apes and songbirds, groups whose rates of anatomical evolution are particularly high, according to evidence Wilson, Joseph G. Kunkel and Jeff S. Wyles present in the July PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES (Number 14).

How can the brain drive evolution? Wilson proposes that an individual invents a behavior, which others then acquire by social, rather than genetic, means. For example, animals may observe and imitate others who perform a novel task. It is likely that some animals in a widespread population possess genetic mutations that make them more efficient than others in the new behavior. Thus the brain has provided a new set of selective pressures.

British songbirds who open bottles and drink the milk inside are an example of behavioral innovation and social transmission, Wilson says. A few of the birds, called tits, initiated the behavior and within decades most of Britain's million tits engaged in the practice.

In human evolution, Wilson points to the domestication of cattle and consequent milk consumption by adults, a behavior begun about 10,000 years ago in Northern European and some African populations. This habit may have produced selection pressure resulting in establishment in these populations of a gene for an enzyme that breaks down lactose (a sugar in milk) in the adult intestine.

Earlier views recognized that new behaviors produce selective pressures favor-

ing complementary anatomical mutations. But Wilson says that there has not been an explicit hypothesis emphasizing the idea that nongenetic propagation of new skills in large populations will significantly accelerate anatomical evolution in vertebrates other than humans.

"If it was not explicitly formulated, it is implicit in work on cultural evolution," argues Stephen J. Gould of Harvard University. He says interaction of biological and cultural evolution is a familiar theme in anthropology.

"People have sent up trial balloons on this subject for many years," says Clayton E. Ray of the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History in Washington. "The problem is, how do you get a handle on demonstrating it? Rates of anatomical evolution are very difficult to quantify."

Wilson and colleagues measure rates of

anatomical change by comparing eight traits, such as head width and backbone length, originally chosen to discriminate among frogs. They find a composite morphological, or anatomical, distance between groups of animals that correlates with their distance in taxonomic classification. There is on the average the least morphological distance between members of a subspecies, and the distance increases with larger groupings going up to orders.

"This is a very simple method for evaluating anatomical differences," says Luigi L. Cavalli-Sforza of Stanford University in Stanford, Calif. "I am a little worried about what it leaves out, but as a first approximation it's not bad."

Wilson's hypothesis of behavioral selection applied to birds and mammals seems both reasonable and novel, Cavalli-Sforza says. "It is not easy to eliminate other hypotheses, but it's interesting as an idea."

—J.A. Miller

Who's the ancestral mother of modern man?

Biologists, studying DNA differences in individuals around the world, have now traced human lineage back to a common female ancestor. But they don't agree on who she was and when she lived. "We all go back to one mother living 350,000 years ago," says Allan C. Wilson of the University of California at Berkeley. Because this date is believed to fall in the transition period from *Homo erectus* to the current *Homo sapien* form, "she [the common ancestress] preceded our species," Wilson told science writers this week at a meeting at Cold Spring Harbor (N.Y.) Laboratory.

But another group of scientists using similar methods, also unpublished, has evidence that the shared predecessor of modern man was more recent; living only 50,000 to 100,000 years ago. This date, calculated by his research team, is more in agreement with those dates derived from other genetic approaches and fossil examination, Luigi L. Cavalli-Sforza of Stanford University said in a telephone interview.

The DNA samples examined by Wilson and by Cavalli-Sforza were taken from mitochondria, the power-producing structures of cells. These structures in the cytoplasm contain 35 genes that are passed directly from mother to offspring. Because sperm contribute no mitochondria to an embryo, there is no mixing of maternal and paternal DNA. The only changes in mitochondrial DNA are mutations that arise spontaneously with time, and thus should be easy to evaluate. These mutations alter about 2 percent of the mitochondrial DNA in a million years, according to experiments on rodents, horses and monkeys, Wilson says.

Wilson found 110 variations in the mitochondrial DNA of 112 individuals in a worldwide survey. (Last year he and colleagues found no variation among com-

mon strains of laboratory mice thought to be unrelated, and thus concluded these mice share a recent female ancestor [SN: 1/30/82, p. 71]). He constructed a human pedigree by finding the simplest pattern of changes to explain the differences observed. Exactly why Wilson's date for the common ancestress differs so greatly from Cavalli-Sforza's is unclear.

A somewhat surprising characteristic of Wilson's pedigree of the human race is that groups of closely related mitochondrial DNA include samples taken from individuals with different racial heritages. And individuals originating on a single continent, even one as remote as Australia, appear to have been founded by two or more mothers, not closely related. Some Australian aborigines, by this analysis, are more closely related to some Asians and Africans than to the other Australian aborigines sampled. Wilson comments on the pedigree, "You don't see race staring at you. There is racial intermingling mitochondrially."

To substantiate the accuracy of such an approach to evolution, scientists might examine some population known to derive from a single woman, but Wilson says it is difficult to find such a group. He and colleagues plan next to concentrate on people of European descent, especially the Jewish population where there are extensive historical records.

Meanwhile, examination of mitochondrial DNA is regarded generally as an intriguing but uncertain approach to human evolution. T. Dale Stewart of the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History comments, "It's a pretty tricky business at this point." And Cavalli-Sforza says, "This method is a little more chancy than others. Mitochondria may have surprises in store."

—J.A. Miller

Genes shed light on photosynthesis

What drives life, according to Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Györgyi, is "a little current, kept up by the sunshine." While scientists have known the mechanism of this current for years, they are just beginning to understand its genetic basis. In a discovery that could elucidate the evolution of higher plants and the action of herbicides, University of California scientists have isolated and sequenced five genes that control the first steps of photosynthesis in bacteria.

John E. Hearst of UC's Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory (LBL), in Berkeley, announced the findings at the Sixth International Congress on Photosynthesis in Brussels, Belgium on Aug. 3, 1983. In addition to being the first to sequence genes of the initial reactions of bacterial photosynthesis, the LBL team demonstrated that a protein coded for by one of the genes matches one of similar function in spinach and tobacco. According to Hearst, this could mean that nature conserved genetic information for the three billion years that are believed to separate bacteria from higher plants on the evolutionary tree.

The team isolated the genes from *Rhodospseudomonas capsulata*, a purple bacterium found in the part of lakes that contains decaying organic material. In the presence of oxygen, the bacterium grows by respiration, breaking down organic compounds to produce carbon dioxide and water. But when oxygen levels fall, *R. capsulata* uses available sunlight to photosynthesize.

Photosynthesis consists of two steps. In the light reactions, pigment molecules, primarily chlorophyll, absorb and store light energy. In the dark reactions, energy obtained from the light reactions reduces carbon dioxide to carbohydrate.

Before *R. capsulata* can photosynthesize, it must assemble a reaction center that consists of photosynthetic pigments and associated proteins. A nearby light-harvesting area, also consisting of pigments and proteins, funnels photons to the reaction center, where they boost electrons to a higher energy level. The pigments in the reaction center are identical to those in the light-harvesting area; their associated proteins determine their role in photosynthesis.

The genes Hearst's team found code for three proteins that comprise the reaction center and two that participate in light-harvesting reactions. "These proteins bind with pigments, and therefore help determine their function," says Kris M. Zsebo, who helped locate the genes.

After sequencing the five genes and the proteins they code for, the LBL group compared them to a protein that binds pigments and aids in electron transfer in

spinach and tobacco. A sequence from one of the bacterial proteins matches that of the plants. According to Zsebo, many herbicides work by binding to this protein, blocking its active site. "Studying bacterial genes," she says, "might aid in figuring out how herbicides work and how some plants develop resistance."

"The homology between bacteria and higher plants is also important in terms of evolution," says Helmut Bagusch, who participated in sequencing the genes. "We think there is only one [fundamental type of] photosynthesis, which means nature did it right the first time around."

According to the group, this finding also gives credence to the theory that chloroplasts, the photosynthetic cells of higher plants, originated as free-living photosynthetic bacteria that found shelter within larger cells in return for trapping light energy.

—S. Steinberg

Pinning a tail on a comet

Some comets have tails; some do not. At least that is true for visible tails. Now an invisible tail has been found on a comet. The comet is Tempel 2, which completes its elliptical orbit every 5.28 years and comes within the orbit of Mars on its perihelion passage. The tail, or most of it, radiates infrared and was found by the Infrared Astronomy Satellite (IRAS).

On July 13 IRAS noted what appeared to be a large number of objects moving in unison across the sky. Analysis of the data led to the determination by John Davies of the University of Leicester in England that the train of objects was linked to Tempel 2 and was in fact a long tail stretching over 10 degrees of sky. The tail is apparently composed of dust blown off the comet's nucleus by the solar wind. The sun heats the dust enough for it to glow in infrared. Tempel 2 is now on its way out from a perihelion passage on June 1.

Most short period comets do not have visible tails. Now the question is: How many comets without visible tails have invisible ones? Another question is: What is the dust in the tail made of? When the data analysis reveals some of its chemical composition, the tail will be even more interesting, says Dan Green of the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams in Cambridge, Mass. It could be an important input into the problem of what comets are, where they come from and why they are associated with the solar system.

Efforts are underway to photograph the tail and to see if it shows up at all in visible light. In fact a small part of it already has been seen. Green says that a French observer, Jean-Claude Merlin of Le Creusot, has reported seeing a tail extending about four arcminutes from the comet, or 1/50 of the length of the infrared tail.

—D. E. Thomsen

Sand body hints new oil sources

All that's missing is the heat. On a recent cruise for the Deep Sea Drilling Project (DSDP), researchers found massive sand and sandstone beds, rich in organic material, 4,000 feet beneath the seafloor. Except for the lack of heat necessary to cook the organic matter and break it down into hydrocarbons, the setting is ideal, scientists say, for petroleum formation. The sand body is on the continental rise below waters far deeper than at any site drilled for petroleum to date. The scientific team suggests that "the continental rise off the eastern United States should be seriously evaluated as a petroleum province."

The oil industry generally has ignored the continental rise because no porous rock, such as sandstone, which serves as a reservoir for oil or gas, was thought to exist there. The discovery of the sand body was made on the 93rd leg of the DSDP at a site 270 miles east of Cape Hatteras, N.C. Another condition, rock to cap the sand and prevent the hydrocarbons from diffusing upward, also is present.

With the added impetus of heat or pressure, given sufficient time the conditions would be perfect for petroleum production, scientists report. On the continental rise closer to shore, deposits of hydrocarbons are more likely because sediment would be thicker, creating more pressure and thus more heat, says Philip A. Meyers of the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Land-derived organic matter also should be more abundant closer to shore. The DSDP cruise was led by co-chief scientists Jan Van Hinte of the Free University of Amsterdam, the Netherlands, and Sherwood W. Wise Jr., of Florida State University in Tallahassee.

The sands, interlaced with layers of black shale, were deposited about 115 million years ago during the early Cretaceous Period. Within the 700-foot-thick sand body, organic matter abounds. The shale in the sand body contains from 4.1 to 13.6 percent organic matter, the highest percentage found so far at any North Atlantic site. The deposit is capped by about 3,000 feet of impermeable shale. No mature hydrocarbons were found. The buried sand deposit is too shallow to allow enough pressure for the formation of oil or gas from the shale.

Scientists speculate that the sand may have come from large river deltas that fanned across the continental shelf and spilled over into the deep sea basin. It has been widely accepted that during the early Cretaceous, sea levels were rising, and that coral reefs provided a barrier along the mid-Atlantic coast, trapping sediment from the land in vast basins (shoreward from the DSDP site) on the continental shelf. The recent finding throws this assumption into question.

—C. Simon

A clearer look for glass optical fibers

Glass fibers that carry telephone transmissions in the form of light pulses already link cities like New York and Washington, D.C. (SN: 2/19/83, p. 119). Now, cables made from a new class of glasses, called halide glasses, promise to carry signals up to 10 times farther than the best glass fibers in use.

Halide glasses, accidentally discovered about nine years ago, form from combinations of halogens such as fluorine, with metals such as zirconium and hafnium. Their potential transparency, ability to transmit infrared light and other unique properties have attracted much recent research interest, particularly in France, Japan and the United States, where the Department of Defense is providing most of the funding. Last week, about 125 researchers met at the Second International Symposium on Halide Glasses, held at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (RPI) in Troy, N.Y., to discuss progress in studying the characteristics of these glasses and finding potential applications.

RPI's Cornelius T. Moynihan, meeting chairman, says that the application most people have in mind for halide glasses is in fiber optics. "These glasses have the theoretical potential to carry light at least 10 times farther (before you need an amplifier or repeater) than is currently possible with the best silica fibers," he says. Silica optical fibers, made from silicon dioxide-based glass, must have repeaters every 10 to 50 kilometers (SN: 5/21/83, p. 330).

Equally exciting, says Martin G. Drexhage of the Rome Air Development Center at Hanscom Air Force Base in Massachusetts, is that, unlike silica glasses, halide glasses transmit infrared light. "Until the advent of these [halide glasses], there really was no good infrared-transmitting fiber material," he says. In addition, halide glasses, in bulk form, potentially can be used as infrared optical components such as lenses and prisms.

Halide glasses are also "somewhat more resistant to nuclear radiation effects than conventional glasses," says Drexhage. Radiation tends to darken glasses, but this visible darkening has little effect on a fiber's ability to transmit infrared light. Thus, optical communications systems based on halide glasses would be more likely to survive a nuclear attack.

So far, the best halide fibers (with the lowest light losses during transmission) have been made in Japan by Nippon Telegraph and Telephone. However, these fibers still do not match the capabilities of silica fibers now in use. Moynihan says that the biggest difficulty in producing low-loss fibers is reducing impurities in the glasses to a sufficiently low level. These impurities tend to absorb light at the wavelengths at which most transmissions occur.

Drexhage says, "Up until now, all of the

glasses have been made by conventional melting... taking a bunch of commercially available powders, throwing them into a pot, melting them down and then extracting a fiber by some method. That's a very dirty process." One solution is to obtain purer starting materials. The Air Force is also funding a study, at Corning Glass Works in Corning, N.Y., of chemical vapor deposition techniques for preparing these glasses.

A second problem is the formation of microscopic crystals within the glasses. A single crystal scatters enough light to ruin a fiber's transmission quality. Robert Doremus of RPI, with help from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., is preparing an experiment for a spring 1984 space shuttle mission to try to make a crystal-free halide glass. He plans to use a zirconium, barium, lanthanum fluoride

mixture in a furnace in which sound waves keep the samples suspended away from the furnace walls.

Researchers are also unsure how the properties of halide glasses change with time, especially over decades of use. The glasses are weaker than silica glasses, and their strength further degrades because of reactions on the glass surface with atmospheric water. Halide fibers must have a coating that's impervious to water.

"There are still very large improvements to be made," says Moynihan. "However, improvements in transparency [of halide fibers] are occurring at a faster rate than occurred in silica fibers in the early 1970s." Drexhage sees military applications for halide fibers within 10 years. Some commercial applications, for remote sensing (for example, temperature monitoring in areas inaccessible to other instruments), for thermal imaging in medicine and as laser-power guides, may appear sooner.

—I. Peterson

Calcium, chlorine and heart disease linked

There's more reason to drink milk than merely to build strong bones and teeth. Preliminary animal research now strongly suggests that a diet somewhat low in calcium may be a risk factor in heart disease for that half of the U.S. population whose drinking water is disinfected with chlorine. The findings, which come out of studies involving pigeons (a good laboratory model for the development of atherosclerosis in humans), were presented Aug. 11 in Philadelphia at the annual meeting of the American Society for Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics.

"There's an old, much repeated observation in epidemiology that hard water protects against cardiovascular disease and mortality," says Richard Bull, who heads the Environmental Protection Agency's (EPA) toxicology and microbiology division in Cincinnati. It was to explore the potential hazards and benefits of calcium — a mineral usually abundant in hard water — that Bull and colleagues began their studies.

In one of Bull's studies, 12 pigeons were fed a diet that was normal except for its calcium content; it contained only 80 percent of the recommended daily allowance (RDA) of that mineral. Half these birds drank unchlorinated water, the rest drank water containing 10 milligrams of chlorine per liter. After only three months, serum cholesterol levels of the birds that drank chlorinated water were 50 percent higher — or 300 mg per deciliter of blood — than those of the birds that drank unchlorinated water. A similar test conducted with pigeons that ate a normal diet showed no statistically significant difference in cholesterol levels between birds with and without chlorine in their water; all had roughly 200 mg/dl.

The difference in drinking-water effects

was magnified dramatically when 10 percent lard was added to the calcium-deficient diet. Though birds that drank unchlorinated water had only slightly modified cholesterol levels — 230 mg/dl — pigeons that drank chlorinated water had 600 mg/dl. What's more, Bull told SCIENCE NEWS, autopsies of the high-cholesterol birds also suggest they had developed more atherosclerotic plaque — lipid deposits which can eventually block arterial passages (and which have been implicated with strokes, heart attacks and other forms of heart disease).

Bull's tests, part of an ongoing series, have recently been revised to include rabbits. Though final results are not yet in, Bull said preliminary data suggest that the rabbit tests are confirming the effects seen in pigeon tests.

This research is far from an academic exercise. Though the chlorine levels Bull chose are high, they are not high by much: Residential water chlorine levels average 1 mg/l, but range as high as 3 mg/l in some areas, EPA surveys show.

More important, most adults in this country are consuming diets that do not meet the RDA for calcium, according to the most recent national Health and Nutrition Examination Survey (HANES), conducted by the National Center for Health Statistics (NCHS). The 1980 revised RDA for adults 18 and older is 800 mg of calcium. Yet HANES' data show, "All women 18 through 65 are below the 800 mg RDA," says Sidney Abraham of the NCHS. Calcium levels range from a high of 96 percent of the RDA, for ages 18-24, to a low of 68 percent of the RDA for ages 65-74. Men 18 and older exceed the RDA easily, Abraham notes, until age 65, when their calcium intake drops to about 87 percent of the RDA.

—J. Raloff

Wasting away in the SHADE

A device that can concentrate up to 10,000 gallons of radioactive liquids into a 30-gallon drum has been patented by Roger Black, a mechanical engineer at Argonne National Laboratory-West in Idaho Falls, Idaho. His Shielded Hot-Air Drum Evaporator — or SHADE — removes moisture from liquid wastes by repeatedly cascading them through a series of donut-shaped steel trays, housed in a 3-foot diameter metal drum. To promote evaporation, outside air is heated to 200°F and circulated through the SHADE. Two high-efficiency filters trap any particles that might try to leave the system as air exits through an attached exhaust stack. Roughly 5-feet high, the entire outside of the device is shielded in 6-inch high-density concrete.

Each SHADE is designed for one-time use. How long it lasts and how much it will process depend on the solids content of the liquids. "In an actual test, we've evaporated 10,000 gallons of radioactive liquids," Black says; that time it took a year and a half to fill its drum. But in another test, he says, the drum became 60 percent filled after cycling through only 110 gallons of liquids. Designed to process low-level wastes, SHADE could be upgraded for more-radioactive liquids. "It all depends on how much shielding you're willing to put on the outside of the drum," Black explains. Once a drum is filled with waste sludge, the device is capped with dense concrete and becomes its own shipping and disposal container.

Argonne-West has just installed a 60,000-gallon a year low-level waste facility that consists of six disposable SHADEs (and the permanent support equipment that goes with them—largely fans, controls and air lines). This week the \$2 million plant began processing its first liquids. Black says that although Argonne-West has gotten no firm licensing offers yet, industrial interest in the device is keen. Not only is it simpler, less expensive and able to triple the compaction of other conventional evaporators, but, he says, it is also potentially portable. In fact, Black is working on the design of just such a device.

Defense wastes to get a salty bed

The politically controversial on-again (SN: 7/21/79, p. 38), off-again (SN: 2/16/80, p. 102) Waste Isolation Pilot Plant—WIPP—is on again. The Department of Energy (DOE) has just announced it will proceed with full construction of the New Mexico project, a site for the disposal of high-level nuclear wastes generated by the Defense Department. Not only will experiments be run at WIPP to test storage strategies, but also geological monitoring of the site (SN: 1/2/82, p. 9) will continue to verify the safety of storing high-level radioactive wastes in salt beds.

WIPP will contain spacious accommodations — room for six million cubic feet of transuranic wastes. They'll sleep 2,150 feet below ground, near the center of a layer of salt 3,000 feet thick. Although the first wastes are not expected to check-in until the late 1980s, once they do they will spend at least the first five years in retrievable storage until plans are made for their permanent disposal, DOE says. And before the facility is ever decommissioned, the agency says, all high-level wastes will be removed.

Synfuels Corp. makes its first award

On June 30, three years to the day after the U.S. Synthetic Fuels Corp. was created (SN: 7/5/80, p. 5), the corporation asked the U.S. Treasury Dept. to debit its account by \$120 million. The event marked the first legally binding award of financial assistance by the energy bank to a synfuel project. The award was made to the Cool Water coal gasification project in Daggett, Calif. As a price guarantee, the Cool Water award will not result in any actual transfer of money unless the price of the synthetic-natural gas that the plant should begin producing next year falls below an agreed level.

LSD research: Flashback or reality?

The hallucinogen LSD, like its 1960s guru, Timothy Leary, seems to be making something of a comeback after about a decade of forced hibernation. The drug's resurrection is evidenced by scattered reports of increased usage and a renewed interest among research psychiatrists and psychologists. For example, at the American Psychiatric Association meeting in May, an entire symposium was devoted to "The forgotten use of LSD in psychiatry." At the symposium, several psychiatrists called for a loosening of societal and professional restrictions on research into the effects of LSD, in general and as a therapeutic tool.

Perhaps reflecting this rekindled interest are two reports in the August ARCHIVES OF GENERAL PSYCHIATRY. In one study, researchers examined the long-observed apparent similarity between LSD-induced psychotic episodes and non-drug-related schizophrenia, a severe psychosis characterized by a break with reality. Psychologists Michael M. Vardy and Stanley R. Kay of the Department of Psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine and the Department of Psychology at the Bronx Psychiatric Center, both in the Bronx, N.Y., analyzed the symptoms and histories of 52 "LSD psychotics" and 29 matched "first break schizophrenics" (those suffering their first psychotic episodes).

The researchers found that in terms of symptoms, course of illness, and apparent genetic predisposition, "the LSD psychotics were... similar to schizophrenics." The major difference was that the rate of alcoholism among parents of the LSD group far exceeded that of the parents of the schizophrenics.

The findings suggest that LSD does not trigger its own, unique form of emotional illness, the researchers say. But rather, among those who do experience such adverse reactions, the drug causes a standard psychosis "in persons vulnerable to both substance abuse and psychosis," they report.

In the second study, psychiatrist Henry David Abraham of the Harvard Medical School in Boston looked for incidence of flashbacks among 123 persons with a history of LSD use. Compared with 40 matched controls who had never used any strong hallucinogens, the LSD users exhibited a "syndrome... that included 10 distinct visual disturbances," Abraham says. The syndrome, which had lasted for five years in half of the LSD users studied, is precipitated by 19 different stimuli, he reports, the primary one being "emergence into a dark environment."

The hallucinations, in order of their prevalence, included:

- Geometric "pseudohallucinations" — people saw geometric figures before their eyes but did not believe the figures were real.
- Perceptions in the peripheral field.
- Flashes of color — often described as a sheet of light or mist.
- Intensified colors — object takes on a sudden vividness.
- Trailing phenomena — positive afterimages that remain immediately behind an object as it moves across the visual field.
- Imagistic pseudohallucinations — these included "the face of God" and "a Mickey Mouse cartoon."
- Halos around objects.
- Macropsia — perception of an object as larger than it really is.
- Micropsia — perception of an object as smaller; one subject said, "My feet looked like they were a million miles away."

Aside from darkness, other precipitants of such visual disturbances were intention (bought on willingly), marijuana, phenothiazines (antipsychotic drugs), anxiety and fatigue.

Abraham found that the hallucinations could be at least partially alleviated by benzodiazepines (anti-anxiety drugs), but exacerbated by phenothiazines. Also, noting that different users seem to have different susceptibilities to flashbacks, Abraham suggests that "there may be a genetic basis to LSD sensitivity."

In his new book, "Changing My Mind, Among Others" (Prentice Hall, 1982), Leary proposes that individuals be trained and licensed before taking LSD. It is not known whether this view is shared by Leary's partner on the current talk show circuit, G. Gordon Liddy.

Hanging upside down may be harmful

Gravity inversion boots are made for hanging—upside down, that is—but our bodies may not be. According to Ronald M. Klatz, Robert M. Goldman and colleagues at the Chicago College of Osteopathic Medicine, hanging upside down in gravity inversion boots raises blood pressure, pulse rate, pressure in the eye globe and pressure in retinal arteries. As a result, the group reports, inverting may be especially dangerous for the elderly and for people with hypertension or glaucoma.

An estimated one million Americans now use gravity boots, developed to relieve stress on joints caused by standing and sitting. The boots consist of metal and foam rubber clamps that encircle the ankle. Front hooks attach to an elevated horizontal bar, allowing wearers to hang upside down. A form of traction, hanging upside down uses gravity and body weight to decompress spinal disks and stretch back muscles.

But, according to Klatz and Goldman, that's not all it does. In an effort to document the previously unstudied physiology of hanging upside down in gravity boots, they inverted 20 healthy people for three minutes each. As reported in the July *JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN OSTEOPATHIC ASSOCIATION*, the invertees' blood pressures rose from an average of 119/74 to 157/93. Pulse and arterial pressures also rose, and most intraocular pressures went into the range associated with glaucoma. All measurements but pulse returned to normal shortly after subjects turned upright.

The only other published account of effects of using gravity inversion boots appeared in the Nov. 25, 1982, *NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE*, when a doctor reported that two patients woke with black eyes following inversion. Because the boots are becoming so popular and because many people who use them hang daily for extended periods of time, Klatz stresses the need for more research. "Some people do get significant relief from gravity traction," he says, "but there may be safer and easier ways to get it, especially for people who aren't young and healthy, as those in our study were." He's now testing the effects of inversion on people with hypertension and glaucoma, and warns that individuals predisposed to stroke, using aspirin therapy, with hernias or spinal instability are also at risk.

Diseases passed from pets to people?

- Dogs and hamsters have joined ferrets on the list of animals that carry *Campylobacter jejuni*, an organism linked with diarrhea in humans. While the organism induces diarrhea in some pets, others shed it in their feces without being affected. The bug can spread to humans by contact with a pet's feces.

James G. Fox and colleagues, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, recently isolated the organism from dogs and hamsters. Fox warns animal handlers to be especially careful in cleaning up pet feces and to be on the lookout for *Campylobacteriosis* in themselves and in their children. Children probably face a greater risk as they tend to dehydrate faster than adults when afflicted with diarrhea.

- New findings also link Lou Gehrig's Disease—amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS)—to household pets. Prompted by studies associating pet exposure to multiple sclerosis (MS), Noah Schenkman and colleagues at Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York interviewed 40 ALS patients and 40 controls regarding their exposure to pets, animal carcasses and hides, and farm animals. They found that more ALS victims had been exposed to household pets, particularly small dogs, than had controls.

"The association with [MS] has led others to suggest that pets may be a vector for transmission of that disease, and one could make the same speculation about [ALS]," the group writes in the July 28 *NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE*. The causes of these diseases, both neurologic disorders that result in paralysis, are unknown.

Future facts from crystal cubes

Flipping through the pages of an encyclopedia may someday involve glancing at laser-illuminated images recovered from a sparkling, finger-sized crystal. At the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee, physicist Lynn A. Boatner is studying the use of man-made potassium tantalate niobate crystals for data storage. These cubic crystals "have the theoretical potential for storing tremendous amounts of data in a system not much larger than a typical home computer," says Boatner.

Potassium tantalate niobate is an example of a "photoreactive" crystal. Laser light of a proper wavelength alters the material's index of refraction at illuminated points within the crystal. Because the spots of altered refractive index shift a light beam's path slightly, a laser beam of another color can read information, encoded by the original laser light, without changing it.

Boatner sees the crystal as a holographic storage device in which images are preserved as interference patterns. Thousands of such images could be packed into a single crystal by rotating the crystal slightly between each illumination. Boatner expects that even for very small angles of rotation, essentially no cross talk among the separate interference patterns would occur.

"The problem is making large, high-optical-quality, homogeneous crystals and controlling, in a predetermined fashion, their properties, micro-sensitivity and storage density," says Boatner. The crystals are grown from a liquid mixture of tantalum oxide, niobium oxide and potassium carbonate, heated to more than 1400°C and then slowly cooled at a rate of 1°C per hour. The ratio of tantalum to niobium can be changed or other substances added to alter the crystal's properties. "This lets you tailor the material to a given application," says Boatner. Current studies are devoted to finding the optimum combination of ingredients for holographic storage crystals and to overcoming the gradual disappearance of the stored holographic images.

The dark side of satellite solar cells

One way of protecting a satellite's solar-cell power supply from the effects of radiation, whether natural or from a nuclear blast in space, is to hide the cells. A research team at the Naval Research Laboratory (NRL) in Washington, D.C., is exploring the possibility of using a thermophotovoltaic power source to do just that.

In the proposed power source, a large solar concentrator focuses sunlight on a cavity lined with highly reflecting walls. At the cavity's bottom sits a heat-absorbing storage vessel, which contains a material that melts at more than 1400°C and has a high heat of fusion. Inserted into this vessel, without touching it, would be a cylinder covered with solar cells that convert radiant heat energy into electricity. Even when the concentrator is blocked from the sun, the material in the storage vessel would still release heat for several hours as it cools and solidifies. Because solar cells run best near room temperature, the solar concentrator performs a second function as a waste heat radiator.

James G. Severns, head of the NRL effort, says, "This is all part of a rather broad effort to enhance the survivability of spacecraft and space systems in general." He adds, "We have solar cells that work, and they fly in satellites all the time, but the solar cells... hang out in the 'wind,' in the radiation environment of space." This causes deterioration problems even in "benign" orbits away from the earth's radiation belts.

Severns says the project is at a very early development stage. This year, the research team is readying sample "thermal bottles" for furnace testing. Because germanium appears to be the best material for the required photovoltaic cells, the researchers are also trying to bring neglected germanium fabrication technology up to date. Toward the end of the 1980s, Severns says, the NRL team may be ready to "start looking for a ride" for their power supply.

The Disputed Charge Account

Chemists recently resurrected an age-old and famous fight over where the positive charge lies on a certain seven-carbon molecule

By LINDA GARMON

It's between rounds in one of the longest-lasting and most impassioned battles in contemporary chemistry: the fight over where the positive charge lies on a certain seven-carbon ion, or charged molecule.

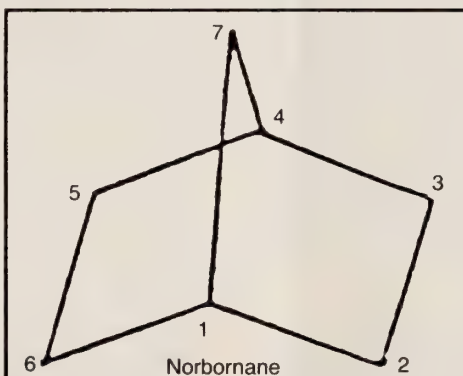
In one corner stand the vast majority of participants in the fight, who believe that the positive charge is simultaneously "smeared" over, or shared by, several atoms of that molecule. Having just dealt a few sizable blows, this group says the fight now should be called in its favor. In the other corner stand the mere handful of remaining participants, who either cling to the notion that the positive charge behaves more conventionally, belonging to only one atom at a time, or at least insist that there is not yet enough evidence to support the "smeared" idea. Though it is the general consensus of the chemistry community that this minority opinion has been scientifically pummeled, its most vociferous proponent, a Nobel-Prize winning chemist, shows no signs of throwing in the towel.

While there have been several other "chemistry controversies that also... were carried forth because virtually only one of their participants would not give up," says one observer, there really have been no others quite like this debate over the positively charged molecule, or cation, called the 2-norbornyl cation (nôr-bôr-'n'l kat'-i-ən). In some ways, it ranks among the worst of chemistry debates: Its strained, often brutal discourse, for example, led at least one prominent chemist early on to quit doing research related to the issue because he "didn't like the stress involved." But in other ways, it ranks among the best: It has depended on—and in some cases, redefined—the state of the art in several research fields. In addition, the heart of the issue—how the positive charge is distributed on the 2-norbornyl cation—"is not a negligible question," says George A. Olah, champion of the smeared theory.

The skeletal norbornyl structure "is found in many of nature's terpenes [chemicals found in plant oils]," Olah says. Moreover, the norbornyl cation is an ionic intermediate—a charged link between the neutral starting materials and neutral end products of various chemical reactions; and some of its chemical cousins are ionic intermediates in major petrochemical reactions, says Olah, of the University of

Southern California in Los Angeles. Understanding the precise behavior of the 2-norbornyl cation eventually could have implications for research on both terpenes and major industrial processes.

The attempt to understand the precise behavior of the 2-norbornyl cation can be traced back to work reported in 1949 by the late Saul Winstein of the University of California at Los Angeles. Winstein was studying a chemical reaction that can start with either of two versions of the same compound: One, called the *exo*-norbornyl starting material, has a group of atoms (labeled "A" in the diagram on p. 107) substituted for a hydrogen at the carbon-2 position of norbornane in such a manner that it lies slightly above the plane formed by carbons 2, 3, 5 and 6. The other version, called the *endo*-starting material, also has



The 2-norbornyl cation belongs to the norbornane family. "Norbornane"—which can be depicted in a sketch that resembles a roof with a steeple—is the nickname for bicyclo[2.2.1]heptane: "bicyclo," because the compound contains two rings; "heptane," because it contains seven carbon atoms; and "[2.2.1]," because the number of carbons between bridgeheads (the shared carbons, or carbon-1 and carbon-4) is two (carbon-2 and carbon-3), two (carbon-5 and carbon-6) and one (carbon-7). There are two hydrogen atoms attached to each of the carbons at positions 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 and one hydrogen each at carbons 1 and 4. (For the sake of simplicity, hydrogens generally are excluded from diagrams of carbon compounds.) The 2-norbornyl cation is an intermediate in a reaction whose starting material has a group of atoms substituted for one of the hydrogens attached at the carbon-2 position of norbornane.

the same group of atoms attached at the carbon-2 position, but this time the group pokes down below the plane.

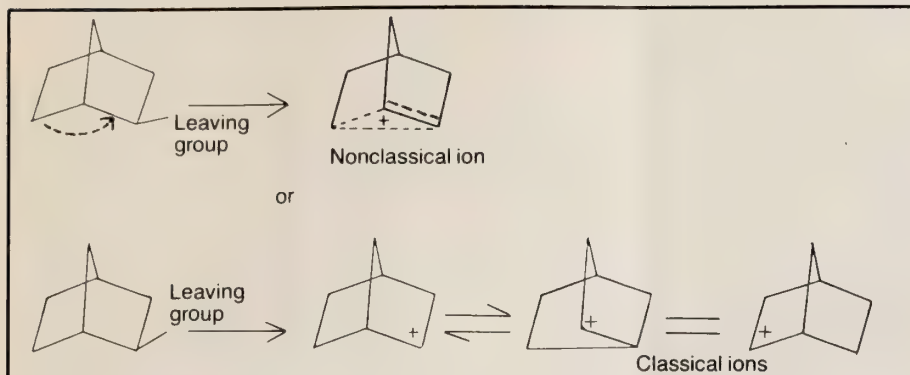
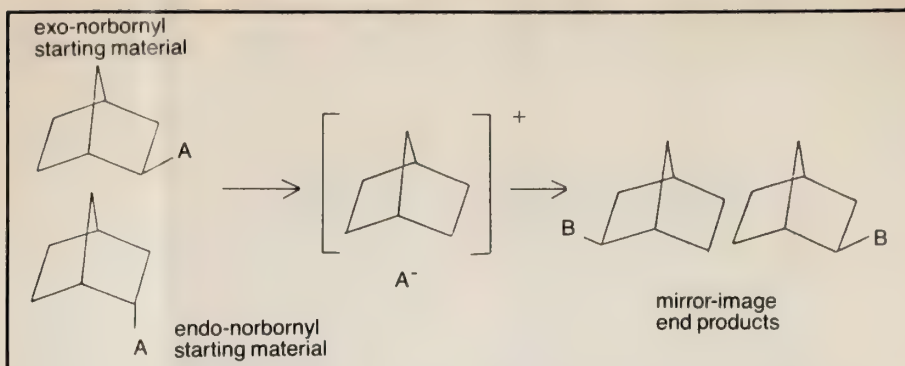
When placed in an appropriate solution, both *exo*- and *endo*-A leave their parent compounds, stealing the two electrons they shared with carbon 2. This transforms the starting material into the electron-deficient intermediate: the 2-norbornyl cation. But this positively charged intermediate lives for only a few fleeting moments, because another (negatively charged) group of atoms, B, rapidly attacks it, taking the place of A. Then, the reaction—called solvolysis—is over.

While conducting such solvolysis experiments, Winstein discovered three curious phenomena. First, the *exo*-norbornyl starting material reacts about 400 times faster than the *endo*-version. Second, whether the reaction begins with *endo*- or *exo*-norbornyl compounds, only end products that have the new B group attached in an *exo*-(above-the-plane) fashion are formed. And finally, the reaction yields not only the expected end product with B attached at the carbon-2 position, but also that product's non-superimposable mirror image. (Chemical mirror images have the same spatial relationship as do the left and right hand.)

To explain these curious findings, Winstein theorized that while A is leaving, the carbon-6 atom—which already bonds (shares electrons with) two carbons and two hydrogens—somehow manages to also partially bond to carbon 2. (Carbon usually only bonds to four neighbors.) This extra bond, he suggested, stabilizes the 2-norbornyl cation; helps to "push out" A; and smears the positive charge of the (electron deficient) carbon-2 atom over three carbons of the ion. The geometry of the *exo*-norbornyl starting material is conducive to smoothly forming such a smeared ion in one step, Winstein said, while the more awkward *endo*-version must first slowly form the conventional, or classical, ion—with the positive charge only on carbon 2—and then rapidly convert to the more stable nonclassical, or smeared, ion.

This theory explains why the *exo*-norbornyl starting material reacts more quickly than its *endo*-counterpart. And because the *exo*- and *endo*-versions ultimately react via the same 2-norbornyl cation intermediate—one whose smeared positive charge makes "*exo*-attack" by B

This is how it all started: Winstein observed that regardless of whether he used the *exo*- or *endo*-starting material, the reaction would yield mirror-image *exo*-norbornyl end products. Winstein also noticed that the *exo*-norbornyl starting material reacted much more swiftly than the *endo*-version. ("A" and "B" represent groups of atoms attached to the norbornyl structure.)



Where does the positive charge lie on the 2-norbornyl cation? Is it smeared over several carbons (the nonclassical ion), or does it hop back and forth from the original electron-deficient carbon to an adjacent carbon (the pair of classical ions)? Note that the two lower right structures are equivalent but oriented in space differently.

equally easy at two different positions — the theory also explains why both starting materials yield the same mirror-image end products in the reaction.

This nonclassical view of the 2-norbornyl cation seemed to be generally accepted until 1962, when Herbert C. Brown — who won the 1979 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for research not directly related to this issue — provided an alternative explanation of the curious solvolysis phenomena. Brown, of Purdue University in Lafayette, Ind., suggested that the 2-norbornyl cation intermediate is not a smeared ion, but rather two distinct ions — with the positive charge at either carbon 1 or carbon 2 — in equilibrium with each other. (Suppose you found it equally enjoyable to spend time in two distinct locations that were separated by only a small hill; if there were no other factors but your enjoyment to consider, you probably would spend equal amounts of time at each location, since it would take only minimal energy to go back and forth. This is analogous to the behavior of the proposed equilibrating ions.)

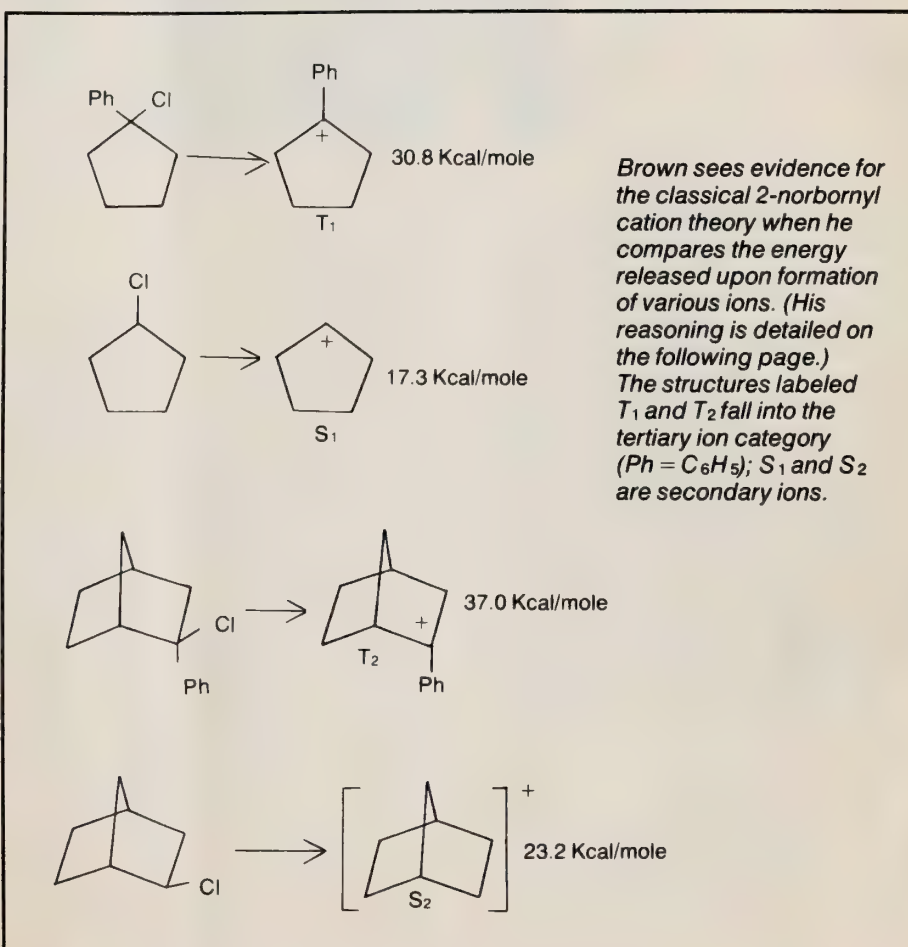
Each ion is open to attack from above the plane by B, so the mirror-image end products form. And the *exo*-starting material reacts more swiftly, Brown suggested, simply because the "*endo*-attached" leaving-group A, which lies in a fold of the parent compound, takes longer to escape.

In proposing this classical ion theory, Brown's major contention was not that the nonclassical theory was necessarily wrong, but rather that it had been too readily accepted on the basis of too little evidence. And, more than 20 years later, this is what Brown continues to argue.

Brown recently confronted Olah, his

long-time opponent in the 2-norbornyl cation controversy, in the latest of a series of seminars to specifically address this issue: a petroleum chemistry symposium at the spring American Chemical Society (ACS) meeting in Seattle, Wash. Before a

standing-room only crowd of about 300 chemists, Brown reported that thermochemical data — expressed as the kilocalories of heat either given off or absorbed during chemical reactions — do not support the nonclassical cation theory.



Brown sees evidence for the classical 2-norbornyl cation theory when he compares the energy released upon formation of various ions. (His reasoning is detailed on the following page.) The structures labeled T_1 and T_2 fall into the tertiary ion category ($Ph = C_6H_5$); S_1 and S_2 are secondary ions.

According to that theory, such an ion is so energetically favorable — that is, stable — that even the *endo*-norbornyl starting material, which initially forms a classical ion, prefers to rearrange to it. If such an ion exists, it should be 8 kilocalories more stable (less energetic) than its classical counterpart, Brown calculated, using the “Goering-Schewene” diagram—a graph of the energy of a chemical reaction versus the progress of that reaction. In other words, Brown predicts that upon formation, the nonclassical 2-norbornyl cation should give off 8 more kilocalories of heat per mole than does its classical counterpart. (A mole is the gram-weight of a substance that contains 6.02×10^{23} units — molecules, atoms or ions, for example—of that substance.)

According to the nonclassical cation theory, once the *endo*-norbornyl cation forms, it rearranges to the more stable nonclassical ion in little more than one molecular vibration (1×10^{-12} second). In such a short time period, it is not possible to detect whether Brown’s predicted difference in heat evolution between classical and nonclassical ions exists. So, in

evolution), Brown reasoned that upon formation, the (secondary) 2-norbornyl cation (S_2) should give off 23 (37 — 14) kilocalories per mole if it is a classical ion and 31 (subtract 14 from 37, but then add those 8 kilocalories that Brown predicts must be released for extra stability) if it is a nonclassical ion.

Arnett’s data show that the 2-norbornyl cation gives off 23.2 kilocalories of heat per mole upon formation. “This supports the formation of a classical cation,” he reported at the ACS meeting.

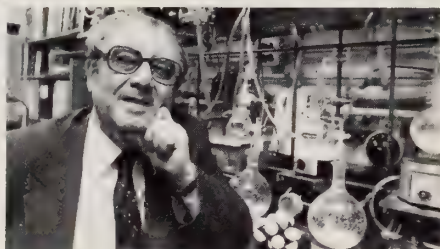
Brown’s interpretation of Arnett’s data in this manner has met with significant opposition: Arnett himself disagrees with it. In establishing the “8-kilocalories test” and then showing that the 2-norbornyl cation does not pass it, Brown “to a certain extent has set up a straw man and then knocked it down,” Arnett told SCIENCE NEWS. “I think it’s a numbers game,” he says, “and I know of no data in the literature on ... ion energetics that support his picture of how those data can be analyzed.” For example, says Arnett, to truly determine whether the 2-norbornyl cation has an “extra” stability, “then you should

chemistry, such as organometallics (metal-containing carbon compounds). The nonclassical 2-norbornyl cation theory “is just a realization that this type of bonding also plays a major role in organic chemistry,” Olah says.

Olah pioneered the development in the 1960s of methods to capture, or keep from further reacting, ionic intermediates such as the 2-norbornyl cation. This paved the way for structural probes of the ions by analytical techniques such as nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR). When a molecular sample is probed by NMR, it is placed within the bore of a magnet, where the magnetic atomic nuclei in that sample — those with an uneven number of protons or neutrons — align themselves “with” the magnetic field. Low energy radio waves that are absorbed by the nuclei, causing them to align “against” the magnetic field, then are applied. The types of energies absorbed are “fingerprint” data that are recorded on spectral printouts as peaks that identify types of bonds between atoms in the molecular sample.

At the ACS seminar, Olah reported that analyses of such NMR spectra “unequivo-

*B*rown: The nonclassical theory is not necessarily wrong, but it has been too readily accepted



Purdue News Photo

order to see if the 2-norbornyl cation passes his “8 kilocalorie test,” Brown drew inferences from thermochemical data — obtained by Edward M. Arnett of Duke University in Durham, N.C. — on a variety of ions.

The ions can be classified according to how many carbon atoms are attached to the carbon that lost some of its electrons. The 2-norbornyl cation, with two carbons bonded to carbon 2, is a secondary ion; its tertiary relative has three carbons bonded to that carbon. Arnett has found that a particular tertiary ion, called “1-phenylcyclopentylchloride” (T_1 in diagram on page 107), gives off 14 more kilocalories of heat per mole upon formation than does cyclopentylchloride (S_1), the corresponding secondary ion in that same chemical family.

Arnett also has found that when a tertiary chemical cousin (T_2) of the 2-norbornyl cation is formed, it gives off 37 kilocalories of heat per mole. Extrapolating from the cyclopentylchloride data (with the 14-kilocalorie difference between tertiary and secondary ion heat

compare it not with tertiary ions, but with other secondary ions.” And when Arnett does just that, he does see evidence for an extra-stable, nonclassical 2-norbornyl cation.

“I’ve come reluctantly to that conclusion,” Arnett says, “because I feel a fair amount of the arguments given years ago to support the nonclassical formulation of the ion really weren’t very strong.” But, says Arnett, the evidence accumulated in the last several years — including his thermochemical data and analytical results reported by chemists, including Olah — points to a nonclassical ion.

Olah is such a staunch supporter of the nonclassical 2-norbornyl cation theory that he believes it should no longer be branded “nonclassical.” It is only nonclassical “in the sense that organic chemists [who study certain carbon compounds] are most familiar with bonds involving two electrons between two carbons,” he says. But the type of bond proposed for the 2-norbornyl cation — a two-electrons-among-three-carbon bond — does occur in many compounds in other areas of

chemistry.” Olah has observed, for example, a significant spectral shift of peaks when a known “ordinary” classical carbon ion, the cyclopentyl cation, forms from its parent compound. But when the 2-norbornyl cation forms from its norbornane parent, says Olah, such a significant shift of peaks is missing; in fact, the resulting spectrum more closely resembles certain features of NMR spectra of compounds containing “higher-coordinate carbons” (“nonclassical” carbon atoms, or ones simultaneously bonded to more than four neighbors).

The 2-norbornyl cation structure also has been probed by a revolutionary NMR technique developed by Philip C. Myhre of Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, Calif., and Costantino S. Yannoni and colleagues of IBM Research Laboratory in San Jose. Myhre and colleagues have obtained the lowest-temperature NMR spectra ever reported in the United States. (Japanese researchers T. Terao and colleagues of Japan’s Kyoto University report in the Aug. 15, 1982 JOURNAL OF CHEMICAL PHYSICS

comparably low-temperature NMR research.) Specifically, the California researchers have obtained spectra for the 2-norbornyl cation cooled to near absolute zero (-273°C). The researchers say they owe their success to the design of a system that keeps the helium gas—which is used for cooling—from interfering with the radio waves that are applied to the sample being probed. Says Yannoni, the successful low-temperature NMR probe was a “brute force” attempt to capture a classical 2-norbornyl cation—if it exists.

Imagine again those two equally enjoyable locations separated by a small hill. Now imagine that the surrounding temperature is so drastically lowered that you “freeze” in one of the two locations. This is analogous to what Myhre and colleagues attempted to do with the low-temperature NMR—to observe a spectrum of a “frozen” classical ion. Such a spectrum would differ markedly from a printout obtained at higher temperatures—at which the two classical 2-norbornyl ions are presumably equilibrating with each other.

But Myhre—who will report his findings in October at the Pacific Conference on

possible, the prospects for something as heavy as the 2-norbornyl cation still are extremely tenuous. Nonetheless, Yannoni is withholding judgement on the 2-norbornyl cation controversy until the matter of tunneling is further investigated.

A third group investigating the 2-norbornyl cation with NMR is Martin Saunders and colleagues of Yale University in New Haven, Conn. In research reported in the June 1 JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN CHEMICAL SOCIETY, the Yale researchers looked at what changes occur in an NMR spectrum of the controversial cation when an isotope (a form of a given element that has a different mass) is introduced.

When two molecules rapidly equilibrate, the atoms involved in that conversion give an “averaged” peak on an NMR printout. Nine years ago, Saunders and colleagues discovered how to perturb this phenomenon. They found that if you took that rapidly equilibrating structure and introduced deuterium (an isotope of hydrogen), then a very large spectral split appeared; a single averaged peak became two peaks. “In the absence of deuterium,”

conditions—or any “unnatural” condition necessary for NMR probes—does not address this question, he says. But, counters Arnett, “There’s no way you can make the direct measurements of an *endo*-versus-*exo* ion” to answer the solvolysis question”; and anyway, he says, it’s no longer the crux of the matter. The real question, says Arnett, is, “What does the 2-norbornyl cation structure look like?” And this question *can* be addressed with NMR data.

And therein lies the major reason why the 2-norbornyl cation controversy has been surfacing in journals and at meetings for more than 20 years; Brown wants to stick to the solvolysis data, while the vast majority of other participants want to look at the “big norbornyl picture.” Brown, says Olah, is like an “old general [trying to limit the fighting] in a modern-day war to cavalry attacks.”

Olah and many other expounders of the nonclassical cation theory agree that Brown’s role as gadfly was extremely valuable in the early stages of the controversy. Researchers were inappropriately applying the notion of a nonclassical cation to explain too many chemical phenomena. In

Olah: “I don’t intend to do anything more on the . . . matter. . . . There is nothing further to be discussed. . . .”



USC News Service

Chemistry and Spectroscopy in Pasadena, Calif.—could not find those expected differences in his low-temperature NMR probe of the 2-norbornyl cation. At temperatures as low as 5 degrees above absolute zero (-268°C), the norbornyl spectra indicate a smeared positive charge, he will report.

Yannoni is a bit more reluctant to draw that same conclusion. There is a slight possibility, he explains, that classical 2-norbornyl ions could continue to equilibrate at super-cool temperatures due to a phenomenon called tunneling. Once more, imagine those two locations separated by a hill. Tunneling is analogous to burrowing right through the hill, instead of going over it (SN: 4/2/83, p. 213). The chemical community seems to view with skepticism the concept of light-particle (such as electron) tunneling and to not at all consider that anything heavier can tunnel, Yannoni says. While research reported by Barry K. Carpenter of Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., in the March 23 JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN CHEMICAL SOCIETY showed that heavy atom tunneling may be

Saunders says, “the molecules rapidly go back and forth between two structures that are exactly energetically equivalent.” When deuterium is substituted for hydrogen, it disrupts that energy equivalence, and that translates to a split peak on the NMR printout.

Using this analytical method—called isotopic perturbation—Saunders and co-workers observed very clear splits on the spectra of systems that are known “equilibrators.” However, when they applied the method to the analysis of the 2-norbornyl cation, no such splitting appeared. “We concluded that the cation is a single, non-equilibrating nonclassical structure,” Saunders says.

Brown’s reaction to the use of any of these NMR data by advocates of the nonclassical theory is the same: It is a “smoke-screen,” he says, over the real issue.

The real 2-norbornyl cation question, according to Brown, is, “What is responsible for the different *endo*-*exo* rates of reaction in norbornyl solvolysis?” Subjecting the 2-norbornyl cation to super-cooled

addition, Brown’s inexhaustible provocation “spurred us on to the limits of our scientific capabilities,” Yannoni says.

Now, however, many chemists believe that Brown’s gadfly role has outlived its usefulness. Some go so far as to say that had Brown not been so insistent on maintaining that role, he would have been awarded his Nobel Prize sooner.

“Above my desk,” says Saunders, “I have literally two feet of paper—all of which was received from H.C. Brown, all of which was written on this particular controversy. The man will not give up.”

Meanwhile, Olah is trying out a new strategy for ending the 2-norbornyl cation fight: He’s getting out of the ring. “I don’t intend to do anything more on the norbornyl-cation matter,” he says. “It’s an old traveling show, a rehash of stuff we’ve heard many times over.”

“Frankly,” says Olah, “I believe there is nothing further to be discussed, and I suggest that if any further discussions of this topic do take place, that they be in the [ACS] Division of the History of Chemistry.” □

Letters

Lucy about-face

I was interested in "Lucy's Family Problems" (SN: 7/2/83, p. 8) and enjoyed reading it very much. I was disturbed, however, when you said that "Johanson and Kimbel... (had) come full circle" to White's point of view. If they had really "gone full circle" they would have still believed that there were two species at Hadar. It seems more likely they made a 180° turnaround, or "U-turn" in the recent political jargon.

Laura Jefferson
Boston, Mass.

Vanderbilt stays put

When I last visited the lovely campus of Vanderbilt University 12 years ago, it was located in Nashville. I had not heard until your July 2 issue, "A novel enzyme in basic metabolism" (SN: 7/2/83, p. 12), that it had been moved to New Orleans.

Considering what you recently had to say about the Mississippi River trying to shift its course, leaving New Orleans a salt-water port without a water supply ("Dammed If They Do and Dammed If They Don't," SN: 3/26/83, p. 204), I hope the University reconsiders its ill-advised move and returns to its Nashville campus.

J. Scott Morrison, M.D.
Kansas City, Mo

The "ill-advised move" took place in the editing process; last we heard, Vanderbilt is, and plans on remaining, in Nashville. —Ed.

Correction: The credit for the photo of Albert Einstein that appeared in the article "Many Dimensions in Gravity Theory" (SN: 7/23/83, p. 60) should read Lotte Jacobi/NOVA.

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The A to Z of Women's Health: A Concise Encyclopedia — Christine Ammer, foreword by Dr. Mary Jane Gray. Provides a comprehensive guide to women's bodies, in health and disease, from birth to old age. Facts on File, 1983, 481 p., illus., \$19.95.

Annual Review of Plant Physiology, Vol. 34 — Winslow R. Briggs, Ed. The introductory chapter of this volume outlines the personal and professional life of Pei-sung Tang, Institute of Botany, Academic Sinica, Beijing, China. Annual Reviews, 1983, 492 p., illus., \$27.

Common Crisis: North-South: Co-operation for World Recovery — The Brandt Commission. The Brandt Commission's second report (the first was issued three years ago) spells out concrete proposals that need immediate implementation to foster constructive North-South cooperation. The focus is on emergency programs tackling the crisis through changes in finance, trade, food and energy policies. MIT Pr, 1983, 174 p., paper, \$4.95.

The Experience of Old Age: Stress, Coping, and Survival — Morton A. Lieberman and Sheldon S. Tobin. Seeks to determine why relocation constitutes such a profound crisis in the lives of the elderly and why some are able to adapt successfully whereas others fail in the face of circumstances that clearly pose a stress for all. Basic, 1983, 439 p., chart & graphs, \$27.50.

In Pursuit of the Past: Decoding the Archaeological Record — Lewis R. Binford. A readable account by one of the world's leading archaeologists of some of his principal work, which provides fresh insights into the life of early man and the evidence upon which our knowledge rests. Points up the fundamental challenge of archaeology as the tension between the abundance of the evidence on one hand and the difficulties in formulating warranted conclusions from it. Thames Hudson (Norton), 1983, 256 p., illus., \$18.50.

The Lives of Plants — Doris M. Stone. The director of education at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden leads the general reader on an investigation of the plant world. Includes experiments that allow the reader to experience plant processes. Scribner, 1983, 304 p., illus., \$15.95.

Report on the Shroud of Turin — John H. Heller. The Shroud of Turin is, according to the epilogue, the most intensively studied artifact in the history of the world. This is an account of the work of 40 American scientists, volunteers from many different disciplines, who spent four years using modern instrumentation investigating how the image was formed on the shroud. Dr. Heller was one of the members of the Shroud Research Team. HM, 1983, 225 p., color/b&w illus., \$15.95.

Your Premature Baby: The Complete Guide to Premie Care During That Crucial First Year — Robin Marantz Henig with Anne B. Fletcher, M.D., foreword by Benjamin Spock. Offers advice and support to guide parents through the first year of a premie's life, from the baby's hospital stay through every stage of development. Dr. Spock in the foreword says the book "explains everything that any parent would want to know about prematurity." Rawson Assoc. (Scribner), 1983, 301 p., illus., \$14.95.

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By Christopher P. Jargocki



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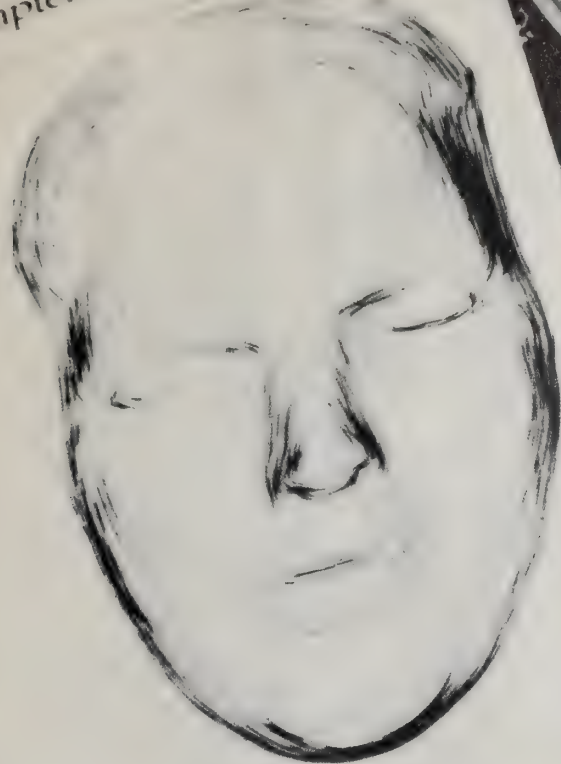
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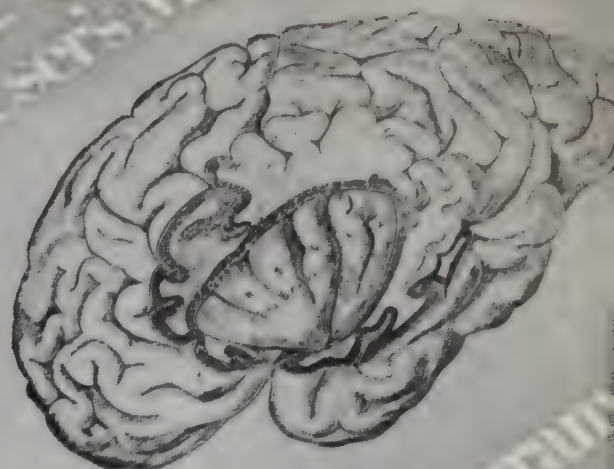
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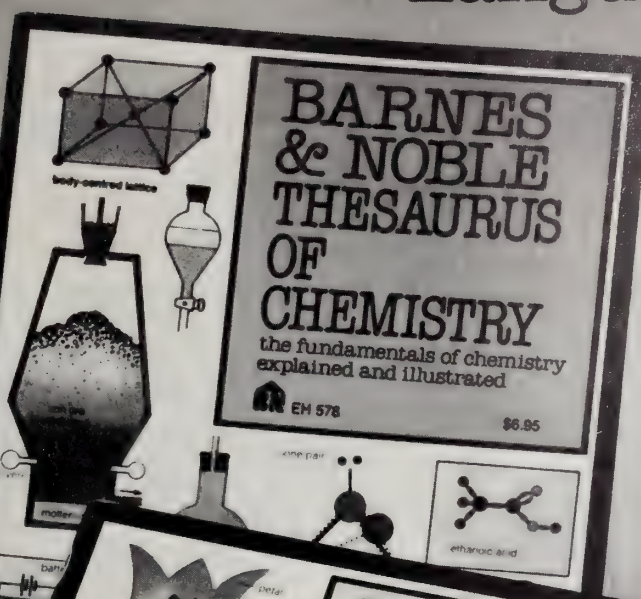
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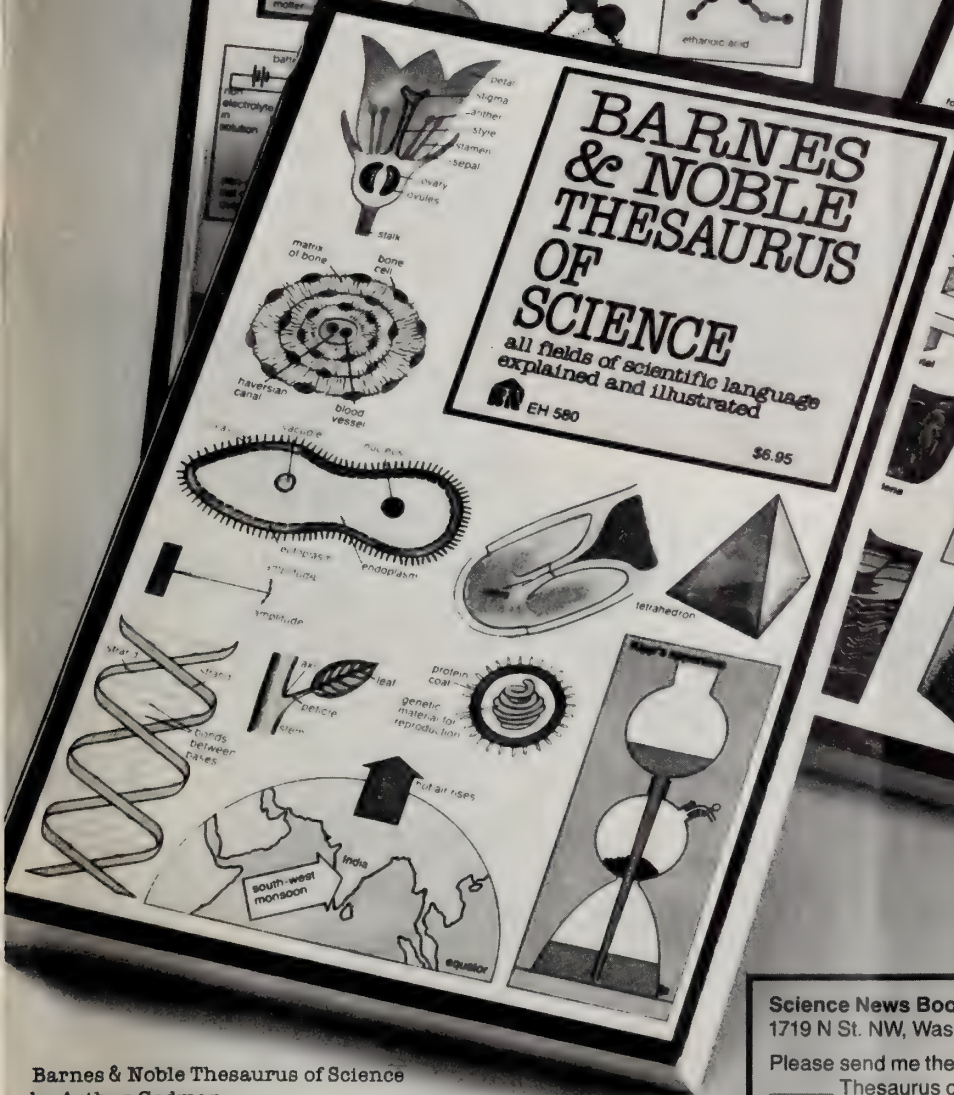
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The Sunday Gleaner, Sunday, August 7, 1983

On Miami, crowds and Ketamine

•
By
Morris
Cargill
•



I wrote a piece not so long ago which was not very flattering about Miami. I fear that I must now eat most of my words. Having subsequently stayed there for a much longer time, and having had the good fortune of being driven all over the place by a good friend, I was able to see that it must be amongst the most beautiful and well-ordered cities of the world.

To return to more cheerful thoughts, may I suggest that if you ever have to undergo surgery you ask your anaesthetist to use a relatively new drug called Ketamine, if possible. Those of you who have read "**The Doors of Perception**" by the late Aldous Huxley will know his account of his various psychedelic experiments with assorted drugs. It is a pity for him that Ketamine was not invented at that time.

It is an extraordinary drug. Given intravenously, it does not give you (or at any rate, did not give me) any sensation of being drugged, or sleepy, or even sedated. One's mind remains sharp, and one may talk or answer questions. But you suddenly realize that you have lost all contact with your own body. Your perceive relationships — relationships between shapes, colour and music — which you never before knew existed. There is no sense of the euphoria which is often induced by such drugs as cocaine, and sometimes, in some people, by alcohol; and there is no feeling of intoxication. You just lie there, a disembodied mind, suddenly aware of that timeless moment when you and the universe are perceived as a unity.

There is no waking up either. You simply return to duality with a splendid appetite, almost immediately assuaged by coffee and buns, and a feeling, I think unforgettable, that you have been through one of the most beautiful experiences of your life.

Until your anaesthetist gives you Ketamine you will not realize what a great experience surgery can be! But perhaps this is just as well. If enough people did, they would be flocking to the surgeons to have all kinds of things removed.

LSD research: Flashback or reality?

The hallucinogen LSD, like its 1960s guru, Timothy Leary, seems to be making something of a comeback after about a decade of forced hibernation. The drug's resurrection is evidenced by scattered reports of increased usage and a renewed interest among research psychiatrists and psychologists. For example, at the American Psychiatric Association meeting in May, an entire symposium was devoted to "The forgotten use of LSD in psychiatry." At the symposium, several psychiatrists called for a loosening of societal and professional restrictions on research into the effects of LSD, in general and as a therapeutic tool.

Perhaps reflecting this rekindled interest are two reports in the August ARCHIVES OF GENERAL PSYCHIATRY. In one study, researchers examined the long-observed apparent similarity between LSD-induced psychotic episodes and non-drug-related schizophrenia, a severe psychosis characterized by a break with reality. Psychologists Michael M. Vardy and Stanley R. Kay of the Department of Psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine and the Department of Psychology at the Bronx Psychiatric Center, both in the Bronx, N.Y., analyzed the symptoms and histories of 52 "LSD psychotics" and 29 matched "first break schizophrenics" (those suffering their first psychotic episodes).

The researchers found that in terms of symptoms, course of illness, and apparent genetic predisposition, "the LSD psychotics were ... similar to schizophrenics." The major difference was that the rate of alcoholism among parents of the LSD group far exceeded that of the parents of the schizophrenics.

The findings suggest that LSD does not trigger its own, unique form of emotional illness, the researchers say. But rather, among those who do experience such adverse reactions, the drug causes a standard psychosis "in persons vulnerable to both substance abuse and psychosis," they report.

In the second study, psychiatrist Henry David Abraham of the Harvard Medical School in Boston looked for incidence of flashbacks among 123 persons with a history of LSD use. Compared with 40 matched controls who had never used any strong hallucinogens, the LSD users exhibited a "syndrome ... that included 10 distinct visual disturbances," Abraham says. The syndrome, which had lasted for five years in half of the LSD users studied, is precipitated by 19 different stimuli, he reports, the primary one being "emergence into a dark environment."

The hallucinations, in order of their prevalence, included:

- Geometric "pseudohallucinations" — people saw geometric figures before their eyes but did not believe the figures were real.
- Perceptions in the peripheral field.
- Flashes of color — often described as a sheet of light or mist.
- Intensified colors — object takes on a sudden vividness.
- Trailing phenomena — positive afterimages that remain immediately behind an object as it moves across the visual field.
- Imagistic pseudohallucinations — these included "the face of God" and "a Mickey Mouse cartoon."
- Halos around objects.
- Macropsia — perception of an object as larger than it really is.
- Micropsia — perception of an object as smaller; one subject said, "My feet looked like they were a million miles away."

Aside from darkness, other precipitants of such visual disturbances were intention (bought on willingly), marijuana, phenothiazines (antipsychotic drugs), anxiety and fatigue.

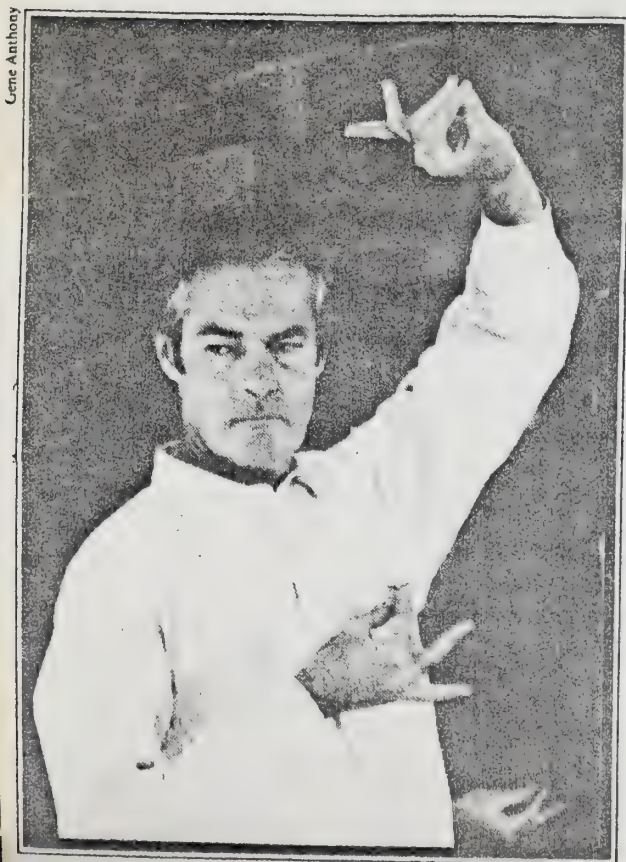
Abraham found that the hallucinations could be at least partially alleviated by benzodiazepines (anti-anxiety drugs), but exacerbated by phenothiazines. Also; noting that different users seem to have different susceptibilities to flashbacks, Abraham suggests that "there may be a genetic basis to LSD sensitivity."

In his new book, "Changing My Mind, Among Others" (Prentice Hall, 1982), Leary proposes that individuals be trained and licensed before taking LSD. It is not known whether this view is shared by Leary's partner on the current talk show circuit, G. Gordon Liddy.

When Flashbacks

the film is ready
to roll... so with
I in the lead.

All support for your
projects. Tom (Mc3)



Timothy Leary in 1967

GETTING PERSONAL WITH

TIMOTHY LEARY

THE HIGH PRIEST OF LSD EMBARKS ON A NEW TRIP



Leary with wife Barbara and stepson Zachary: "Am I getting respectable?"

Perhaps no man has been more often held responsible for the highs (and lows) of the 60's counterculture than Dr. Timothy Leary, psychologist, pioneer in drug research and proponent of "the intelligent use" of LSD. Although Leary's followers praised him for being a head of his time, he was also blamed for encouraging millions of young people to take psychedelic trips, sometimes with tragic results. In 1965 he was arrested for possession of marijuana and he was imprisoned in 1970. After several months he made a dramatic escape to Europe, was captured and returned to prison in 1973. Since his 1976 release, Leary has been leading a quiet life with his fourth wife, Barbara, and stepson, Zachary, (he also has two children of his own from his first marriage). He has been lecturing and writing; his most recent effort is an autobiography aptly titled *Flashbacks* (J.P. Tarcher Inc.). When FAMILY WEEKLY's Mary Ellen Bruns recently dropped in on Leary, 62, he reflected on his colorful life.

Bruns: How have psychedelic drugs changed your life?

Leary: The first time you have a sexual experience your life is changed because you see that there's a whole other reality there. I use that as an example of [what happened] the first time I had the psychedelic experience. You discover multiple realities.

Q: Did your children get involved in the drug experiments?

Leary: Yes. My daughter had two or three experiences. But she's always been a conservative person, probably as a reaction to having a wild, Irish father. She stopped using drugs and today she's a churchgoer and she doesn't drink. My son experimented with LSD and marijuana and is a little tougher. But now he's calmed down.

Q: Do you ever regret that you perhaps unwittingly encouraged

some people to do themselves harm?

Leary: I have always been against or at least neutral on the use of all drugs except psychedelics. I certainly regret that I wasn't able to be more forceful about planning and preparation [for taking psychedelic drugs]. I regret that I got so involved in the pressures of the times that I wasn't a better husband, a better father. My going to prison... had catastrophic effects on my marriage and my kids... Now I have a 9-year-old stepson who is playing Little League and I was amazed and amused when I was offered the job of Honorary Team Father. I came home and looked in the mirror and asked myself, "Am I getting respectable?"

Q: Recently you were interviewed about the possibility that J.F.K. took LSD. Do you really think that happened?

Leary: It's my hunch, and I've heard this from other sources, that he was experimenting with psychedelic drugs.

Q: Do you think the spirit of the 60's is still around?

Leary: It's pervasive. I think that the born-again Christian movement is a byproduct of the drug culture. The very concept of born again is the notion of turn on, change your life.

Q: Who were the most influential people of the 60's?

Leary: The musicians. They were like an enormous swarm of wonderful, multicolored flying objects that changed everything.

Q: You've been called "a megalomaniac." Are you one?

Leary: I think everyone should be allowed a half hour of megalomania a week. I'm in favor of high standards: At times you have to boast a little.

Q: You've written a lot about space migration. Is it really right to think in terms of using up and discarding our planet?

Leary: Why did we leave Ireland? Did we use it up? No, the Irish immigrants set out to find something better. Why do the bees leave the hive? Why do the termites leave the old colony? Because it's time to move on. Don't worry, people will continue to live in America, although some of us move on. When a beehive gets too big and when a queen flies off and starts another one, now, is that leaving the world?

Q: I guess you'll be on the first available spaceship.

Leary: I don't care about that. I love it down here. FW

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BURRELLE'S



Photo/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Flashbacks

'60s drug guru Timothy Leary, center, celebrates with his wife Barbara, left, and Susan Sarandon at a party in New York's Studio 54, Tuesday. The party was to announce the publication of "Flashbacks," Leary's autobiography.

MOKSHA, LIBERATION, NIRVANA, A TRIP

Expressions may differ from age to age, from culture to culture, but there remains the same universal human yearning to transcend the limitations of the physical self, to attain the cosmic consciousness of unity, light and love - to take, in Aldous Huxley's words, a 'holiday from reality.'

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These accounts, amplified and interpreted by his wife, and by others who helped and observed, tell the fascinating story of a great writer's personal journeys down the elusive path to the ineffable.

Photograph of Aldous Huxley by Cecil Beaton,
courtesy of Sotheby's Belgravia, London
Cover design by Andy Warhol

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Autobiography
Criticism
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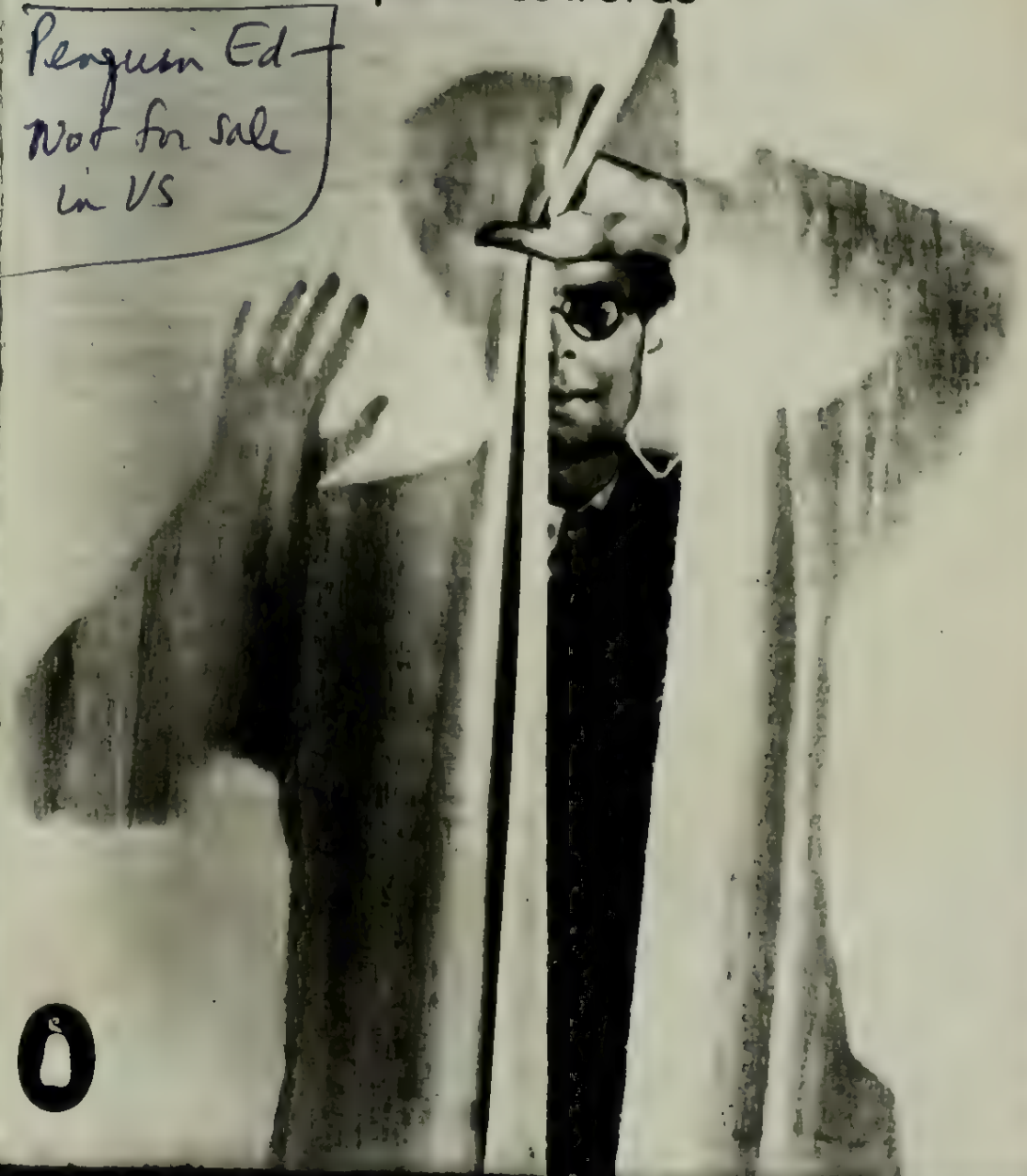
ALDOUS HUXLEY

Edited by Michael Horowitz and Cynthia Palmer



Writings on Psychedelics and the Visionary
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THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography by Timothy Leary

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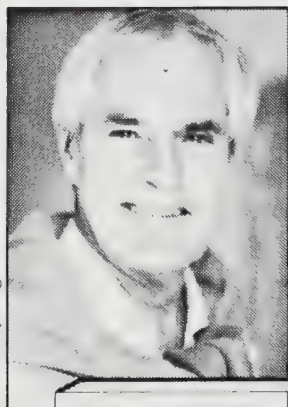
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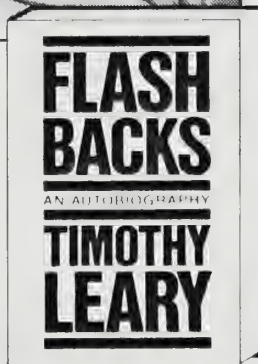
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Distributed by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Dr. Timothy Leary

Timothy Leary was once branded "the most dangerous man alive" as he rose to national prominence in the 1960's with his controversial drug experiments at Harvard. He coined the phrase "Turn-On, Tune-In, Drop-Out" which echoed a statement of self-discovery and self-actualization. The Beatles wrote a song of dedication to him when he ran for Governor of California: "Come Together." His career as an iconoclastic hero has kept him in the headlines and often in trouble with the establishment. However, Dr. Leary's psychedelic image often obscures his background as a brilliant, trained psychologist.

Having received his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology at Berkeley, Dr. Leary became Director of Psychology Research at the prestigious Kaiser Foundation in Oakland, California. It was during this time that he became a founder and leader of the new "humanistic" psychology movement, revolutionizing traditional approaches to psychotherapy. His well-known work, *Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality*, was cited by the Annual Review of Psychology as the "best book on psychotherapy of the year" in 1957 and has since become a classic psychological text.

Besides lecturing at Harvard, Dr. Leary became Director of the Psychedelic Research Project there in which controlled psychedelic sessions were conducted with over two hundred volunteer subjects. He also initiated the Concord Prison Project using psilocybin in conjunction with other support and therapy in an experiment in prisoner rehabilitation. The prison-return rate was cut by 90%. Though his work was conducted quietly, publicity catapulted the projects onto the front pages. Since then, the name Timothy Leary has been synonymous with controversy.

Dr. Leary's views tend to be unpredictable and frequently surprising: he believes people should be trained and licensed before taking LSD; that 12 future stages of human evolution can be glimpsed in today's races; that prison is often the best place to get tanned and

do productive work; and that drug use can make a person boring, out of touch and unemployable.

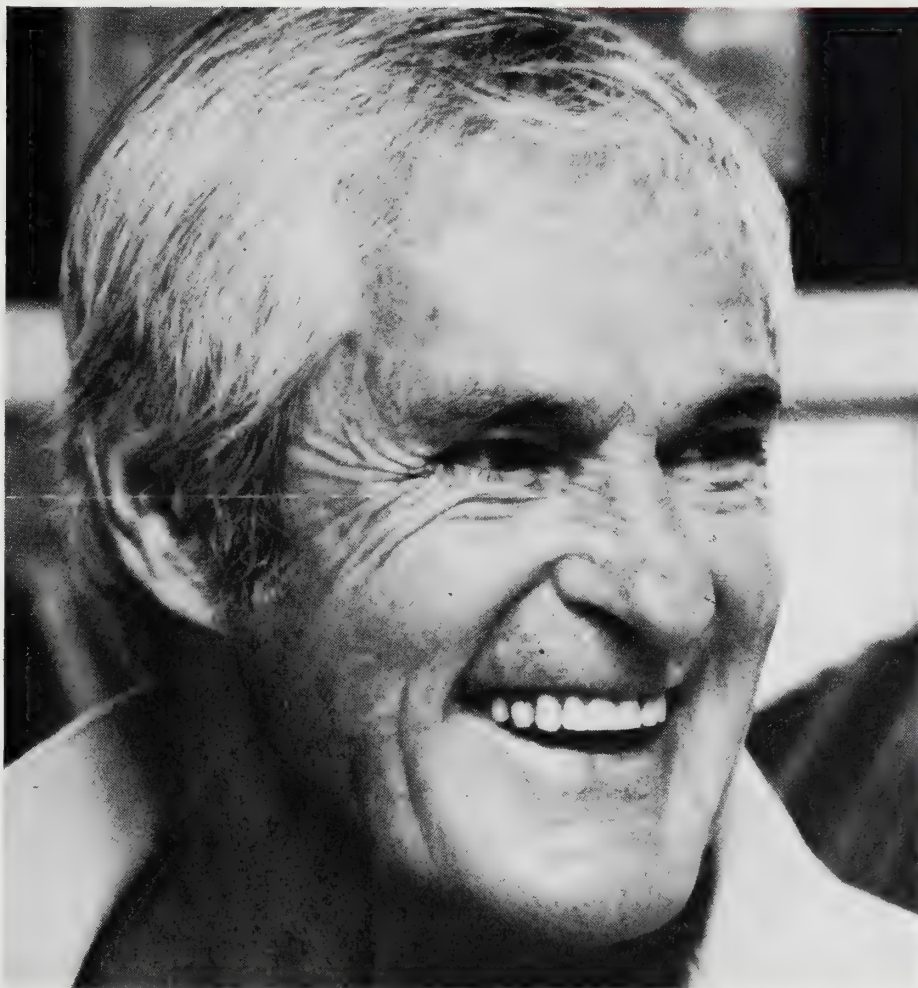
Dr. Leary co-stars with G. Gordon Liddy in the documentary film, "Return Engagement" which will be released during the summer of '83. The film, based on the Leary-Liddy Great Debate, will also be shown at the Cannes Film Festival. Dr. Leary's autobiography will be published in September of '83.

Timothy Leary: complex, eloquent, witty, profound, poetic—but always thought-provoking and entertaining.

– *Author and Publisher of Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality, considered the classic psychological text*

– *Harvard University Lecturer, 1959–1963*

– *Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology from University of California, Berkeley*



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FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography

Timothy Leary/
Heinemann St£9.95

THOMAS BLAIKIE

LOOKING AT the photograph of Timothy Leary on the back of this book, you wonder how someone resembling Dick Emery in his persona of the ridiculous beaming vicar could ever have been considered by the United States authorities a dangerous drug dealer worthy of twenty years' imprisonment. Leary was the Harvard professor who 'researched' the effects of psychedelic drugs such as LSD and quickly came to the conclusion that their brain-charging abilities would procure world peace, inner harmony and expanded consciousness for everyone, etc., etc. His book is a self-justifying account of his famous 'fight' to save the 'constitutional right' of the American people to take drugs in which he was hampered by a corrupt police force, a galaxy of old fogeys rooted in the 'puritan tradition' and the sinister wheeler-dealing of the intelligence agencies who, he suspects, killed off a woman who was administering marijuana to President Kennedy and thus on the brink of saving the world.

A more thorough testament to the uselessness of drugs than this book would be hard to imagine. In spite of the tons of LSD he must by now have consumed, Professor Leary has remained as shallow in his observation of people as one could hope to be. He has met Aldous Huxley, Arthur Koestler, Allen Ginsberg, Ken Kesey, to name but a few, but is unable to convey the character of any of them. Arthur Koestler, who thought that drugs provided a short-cut to temporary happiness, is glibly dismissed: 'Arthur's flogging himself with the Biblical guilt trip.' You wonder if the drug experience isn't a selfish one, wheeling the victim away to heights of romantic isolation. The habit of demeaning people by seeing them in a generalised way as part of some tradition or other is not confined to those who have aroused Leary's contempt by disagreeing with him. Andy Warhol, a reasonably well-qualified drug taker, is seen as 'a cosmopolitan Zen-monk maintaining a life of calm simplicity in the centre of the Manhattan insanity.' Even more dreary and disturbing is the pseudo-scientific language used to describe human affairs: a married couple are 'a two-element human molecule,' our brains are said to need 'reprogramming' and a group of sympathisers are 'a gene-pool.' Imagine, gloriously above the narrow thinking of the 'Judeo-Christian linear structure.' Leary seems to be obsessed with rigid classification.

What Leary was offering the American public was a ludicrous version of the American Dream. Once drug centres had been established all over the country and the President well supplied with LSD then the leafy paradise the early settlers had known would be regained. Leary repeatedly voices his loyalty to America, telling the FBI that the cultural revolution, of which he saw himself as the father, was 'red-white-and-blue American.' In practice the psychedelic revolution turned out to have all the vul-

garity and fraudulence of that other American Dream—Hollywood, a place for which Leary has a mad reverence. In New York he mounted a psychedelic version of the Catholic Mass in which Jesus Christ (or JC) was persuaded to come down from the Cross to go to a party. Leary fancied himself as a media manipulator and consulted Marshall McLuhan as to the best image to have. He even went so far as to invent an advertising slogan, the famous 'Turn on, tune in and drop out,' but, such were his communication skills, this was taken to mean quite the opposite of what he had obscurely meant it to mean.

Behind all this idiocy there seems to be lurking a sad personal drama. Perhaps it's going too far to say that Leary is one of those Americans who feels lost in that vast, competitive country and so dreams big to compensate. But seen simply his story is that of someone who could not fit in. He fell out with his mother, his school, his university and finally his country, each time imagining himself the victim although he seems to have invited trouble by sheer carelessness. The final show-down with the authorities in the sixties seems to have been some kind of ultimate adolescent prank. In many ways he ensured that he wasn't taken seriously. Given a golden opportunity to defend drugs before a Senate Committee, he first of all annoyed Teddy Kennedy by rambling incoherently and then came up with the supremely practical idea that LSD proficiency tests should be 'of the order of complexity now used for airplane pilots.' You wonder whether Leary doesn't feel himself to be an empty person. His preoccupation with classification suggests that he would find the world in its true diversity and complexity too intimidating a place. It is noticeable that he cannot enjoy an experience without referring it to something that has happened in a famous book, as if on its own it would not be good enough. Even at times when he might take some credit for himself, he pretends to be someone else, the more heroic and fantastical the better. The climax of the book is his escape from prison in which he plays the part of Errol Flynn. But most revealing and sad is his nostalgic recall of the celebrity his notoriety briefly gave him in the sixties: 'Oh, the excitement of those days. TV cameras whirled as airplane doors opened. Bulbs flashed.' Was this all he wanted then—the exaggerated and, as every thinking person knows, finally unrewarding, celebrity of a film-star?

JOHN WALSH

Cosmic trips

Flashbacks by Timothy Leary

Heinemann, £9.95

TIMOTHY LEARY became famous in the early 1960s as the populariser of hallucinogenic drugs, the self-styled father of the hippie generation and the endorser of narcotics as catalysts of social revolution. Some saw him as a dangerous dope fiend, some as an ageing tearaway filling the children's heads with silly ideas, some as a visionary nut, a breed with which the Sixties were spectacularly well favoured. On the evidence of his book he was none of these; indeed, according to the man himself he was little short of a saint, an evangelist of enlightenment, spreading the new gospel of altered states and brain expansion across the American nation and running into a lot of trouble for his pains.

Given the nature of fame, it is inevitable that the bulk of *Flashbacks* is devoted to a relatively small time-span. The years of notoriety are minutely chronicled: January 1960 to 'Fall 1967' occupy 274 of the book's pages.

In 1960 Leary aged 40, had just started work at a new experimental clinic in Harvard, called the Centre for Personality Research (by then he had become a middle-weight academic psychologist with a string of worthy titles to his credit). Leary's new-broom approach was to try to relate clinical research to social extremes, to deprived areas of society rather than the sterilised worlds of psychological laboratories. At about the same time, on holiday in Mexico, he was introduced to the locally grown 'magic mushrooms' by a friend, Richard Alpert, and his life abruptly changed: "In four hours by the swimming pool in Cuernavaca I learned more about the mind, the brain and its structures than I did in the preceding fifteen as a diligent psychologist."

Leary and his clinicians soon became part of an international network of experimenting scientists, specialising in hallucinogenics, all with dreams of a break-through in behavioural therapy. "We began to think," the author confesses, "that we had discovered the long-sought-after philosopher's stone, the key to increased intelligence." Ex-

panded consciousness, Leary maintained, leads to a radically different, wider and more libertarian, system of 'imprinting' by which the human brain gives itself, in a single blinding moment, an image of the whole world within which it moves, and thereafter draws strength and mental sustenance from such a paradigm. This theory is fine until one tries to imagine, with a shudder, what cosmic 'imprints' are heat-sealed on the human spirit by a bad trip, thence to come back indefinitely to haunt the hapless mind.

Leary soon had the New Enlightenment of the Sixties eating out of his hand. After his gainful experience with the hallucinogenic mushrooms, he took to exploring what became known as 'altered states' of consciousness through the medium of psilocybin and, later, LSD itself. With Richard Alpert (who ended his decidedly odd life as a swami under the name of Ram Dass), Leary set out to 'turn on' numbers of receptive guinea-pig patients, and monitor their experiences and reactions: it was to be a new kind of research, Leary explained, in which everyone, medics and patients alike, could join in mutual existential ecstasy. This fairly spurious notion (I'd love to have read the 'scientifically gathered' responses of the hallucinators) soon disappeared, to be replaced by a series of purely self-indulgent bouts of hectic tripping among the trendy and well-connected Beat fraternity across the States. The names that come thick and fast across these early pages are enough to make your heart beat faster: Aldous Huxley, Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassidy, William Burroughs, Arthur Koestler, Allen Ginsberg and Robert Lowell all came a-calling on Leary and his team, to try the new dream medicine and spread the message, via other like-minded opinion-formers, all over the world.

Interspersed with this fascinating narrative are several flashes from the author's past. Leary has no truck with the on a number of short, dramatised scenes with his parents, his schooldays, and his expulsion from West Point Academy.

But in the world of the grown-ups, things go rapidly to seed. The initial heady enthusiasm of the Harvard department had turned to hysteria. Faculty rivals began complaining of corruption and "lack of objectivity in our research". There were rumours that the CIA had begun to check up on drug abuse.

A summer camp is started up in Mexico, an early model

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for the kind of Utopian retreat that Leary tried to establish on several occasions, without much success. He is fired from Harvard ("Most of our colleagues in the psychology department couldn't take the brain-change work seriously") and, at the head of a new pressure group called IFIF, tries to find a country that will accommodate an experimental psychedelic commune. Nobody, it seems, wants to know. So he sets up a commune at Millbrook, New York, that is patronised by acid-heads of all kinds — any pretence of scientific enquiry being pretty well abandoned by this time. Then he is busted for possession of marijuana, involved in lengthy litigation and finally goes to prison for four years, before escaping, to run at last for the Governorship of California...

The drug culture of the Sixties is beyond question a topic of great excitement. The cross-fertilised strands of the war in Vietnam, Black Power and Eldridge Cleaver, the Kennedys and assassination, of Hendrix and John and Yoko and Peace and Love, the Stones concert at Altamont and the explosion of Woodstock — they have all gone immortally into history. It's an endlessly enthralling period. But it needs a good chronicler to evoke its strange, powerful magic. Unfortunately, Leary isn't one. All the names I've just mentioned turn up in *Flashbacks*, plus a lot more: his escape from jail is well dramatised as are the flight to Kabul with Cleaver and his late incarceration in Folsom Prison as "the Godfather of the world's largest dope ring", where he gets to meet Charles Manson. But the book remains a flop.

The trouble lies entirely with its author. Timothy Leary may not, at bottom, be the world's greatest psychologist; but there's no denying he's the possessor of one of the great egos of our time. I can't remember reading any biography — not even the memoirs of a Hollywood dowager — in which the subject preened him or herself with such relentless singlemindedness. Whatever befalls him, whoever he meets, whatever cataclysm may occur, he remains the only central character to be truly on stage: always thinking that nobody — rock star or ideologue, blonde or brunette — can resist him.

He reports, solemnly and without irony, every bit of praise he receives; he grandly forgives the prejudices of those who fail to agree with him; and he portrays his sexual triumphs in a mixture of Cartland romanticism and Blakean fervour. Leary's blindness to other people produces some splendid moments of self-revelation, as when he meets his third wife for the first time: "I remember so clearly that summer morning when I walked out to the portico terrace, and there she was! The next seven years of my life!" (*Lucky girl!*).

The most engaging signs that this whole enterprise is no more than an elaborate ego-massage, however, lie in the series of mini-biographies which appear in every chapter above the title. Some of these are the author's friends, who genuinely influenced his career; but what is Mark Twain doing in such company? Or Gurdjieff, or Wilhelm Reich, or Giordano Bruno, or Socrates or Ralph Waldo Emerson? Can it be that the discredited guru would like to align himself in importance with the trans-cultural Heavy Brigade of the past? You bet it can.

He tells us, for instance, that William Reich's books were burned ("by federal agents") but "later became standard texts in sociology and psychology". Can he be dropping a hint? Chapter One starts "Early in the middle of the allotted term of this life's journey...I entered a dark place," leaving Dante stirring slightly in his circle of Hell.

It is a pity he wasn't allowed to visit this country for a publicity tour for this book: it seems the Home Office was afraid he might stir our austere 1980s Britain into a stew of psychedelic frenzy. They need hardly have worried. On the evidence of *Flashbacks*, the *éminence grise* of the dropout generation has become a rather daffy old customer, suffering delusions of grandeur, clinging onto strands of scientific rectitude from his early days and reviewing his busy but nonsensical life through a blurred and purple-tinted spyglass.

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PETER WATSON

The Hackney malaise

Inside the Inner City by Paul Harrison
Pelican Original, £3.95

EACH CHAPTER in this depressing book is headed by a quote from the classics — Hesiod, Mencius, Solon, Dante. It is not made exactly clear what the point of these snippets is but Paul Harrison shows no awareness of the irony in their use. For in general the tone of the quotes only serves to show that many of the appalling dilemmas described in such detail here — and treated as new — have been with us in some cases for 2,000 years. They make his assertions that much of the inner city problem is due to Mrs Thatcher and monetarism sound silly. In another irony, a paradox even, Mr Harrison castigates Hackney schools for trying too hard to teach “dry”, “academic”, “irrelevant” subjects to street-wise pupils. But nine chapters before that he has outlined in considerable detail how the chronic unemployment, and underemployment, of youths in Hackney is at least partly due to the fact that school-leavers do not have enough (in most cases any) qualifications. Yet the qualifications recognised by most employers are those the schools are *trying* to broadcast and which Mr Harrison wants to change.

This is an angry book and everyone will surely share Mr Harrison's sense of outrage that, forty years after the Second World War, such awful poverty should continue to exist, in such amounts, within sight of the pleasant parklands of Primrose Hill.

But the sad fact — no, the culpable fact — is that Mr Harrison is himself guilty of the same malaise he spends so much ink describing. The give-away comes on page 430 — just five pages before the end. We have, by that time, struggled our way through the rags and tatters of what is left of the clothing trade in Hackney, the shameful living conditions of the dump estates, the cruelties and indignities of the health and social security services, the mindless schools, the vicious and pointless crimes. We know Hackney. Indeed we know it so well that no one who does not live there would ever want to go except, once maybe, to stare in disbelief. But on page 430, Mr Harrison gets around to discussing what should be done about the borough and all the other blighted inner city wastelands. And he writes this extraordinary sentence: “There is no space here for more than a sketch of the kind of solutions that are needed.” What? *What?* Four hundred pages on the problems — and then the solutions can only be sketched in? A weird set of priorities to say the least. Can it be that Mr Harrison is, after all, no more than a voyeur?

Critics are regularly ticked off by their editors, usually quite rightly, when they say of an author that he has written the wrong book. Review the book that *has* been written, say the editors. But in this case, in an important sense, Mr Harrison *has* written the wrong book. To be sure, he may have drawn the attention of considerable numbers of people to the disgraceful conditions he so carefully, and at such length, describes. For some, that may be the first step towards doing something about these problems. But in truth most of those in any position to help have been aware of the inner city and its creeping death for more, far more, than a decade.

And of course what they are stuck with is what, in the end, Mr. Harrison is stuck with, too. An inability to do *anything* about the inner city. One suspects that he only “sketches in” the solutions because, like many people, he doesn't really have any.

The central failure of our time, so far as inner cities are

concerned, is surely that, even now, no one, not the government, not the planners, not the architects, not the economists, not the sociologists, not Mr Harrison, knows how to get there from here. It is a failure of the imagination. In his brief discussion on solutions, Mr Harrison writes like this: “The division of the nation into two great housing classes should be ended”; “What is required more than anything ... is a new consensus on values: on the importance of compassion and a far greater measure of equality and participation than we have enjoyed hitherto”; “And it is surely time for a leap forward in the concept of democracy.” Not even those of us who agree with those sentiments (and by no means everyone does) can find such “solutions” helpful.

For we will not get the total social revolution which Mr Harrison so clearly thinks is the only way to revitalise the inner city, unless and until we can see *how* to do it. But the inner city plight is itself a symptom of the poverty of thought about society in 1983. The wastelands are the result, not of deliberate policy as he seems to think, but of error and accident.

For example, many of the wastelands in Liverpool are there because ambitious inner city plans, for motorways, shopping centres and housing estates, were scuppered halfway through when the economy failed. There are spaces cleared for motorways, roads half built. Everyone and no one is to blame. No one foresaw the scale of the slump, no one meant the wastelands to happen. They were, in many cases, an accident.

Even the impoverished victims in the inner city realise that the problems are not the making either wholly or even largely of Mrs Thatcher. They may not be quite as old as 2,000 years but they have been growing for 20 years at least, during which Labour governments must take at least half (and probably more than half) the blame.

What is needed first, and this is why five pages out of 435 is such a disappointment, is a proper *analysis* of the inner city and its place in our society. That might — might — lead to a way out but it is scarcely hopeful, when so many minds have been devoted to this problem for so long. More compassion is not the answer. You cannot engineer compassion, it wells up when the conditions are right, as the Penlee Lifeboat disaster fund showed. Governments have to learn to live without it. And you don't change attitudes by exhortation. Psychology has produced few laws in its short life but one it has produced is that you don't change behaviour by first changing attitudes; unfashionable as it may seem, you change attitudes by first coercing people into changing their behaviour. Ask any guerrilla fighter how he recruits — he will tell you he forces a potential supporter to commit a misdeed ... it is amazing how the mind comes round after the recruit is on the run.

Maybe — just maybe — Mr Harrison has it 180 degrees wrong. Maybe any attempt to save the inner cities is wrong, they should be left to die as peacefully as possible. Maybe we should try something totally different and, for example, instead of twinning, say, Milton Keynes with somewhere in France, the town should be twinned with Hackney, helping to find jobs and houses for people in its twin town. Not much comfort for the old and crippled, but hope for some which is more than there is now. Many people have already voted with their feet and left the inner cities anyway. Is it cruel and lacking in compassion to try to think up schemes to help others leave? *Must* we keep the inner cities alive when that may be only prolonging the agony? Couldn't we offer grants to relatives who live in far away, far pleasanter areas, to take their old parents and grandparents?

No doubt these are impractical ideas. But we have got nowhere with schemes that regard the inner cities as here to stay. Perhaps it is time to stand that reasoning on its head. Sadly, Mr Harrison doesn't come to grips with any of this. He is trapped in the inner city of his mind: old ideas, unemployable concepts, using obsolete attitudes to think with. That is why his book is moving, but very frustrating.

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Psychedelia's Peter Pan

by Clancy Sigal

Flashbacks: An Auto-
biography, by Timothy
Leary (Heinemann,
£9.95).

TIM LEARY is one of the pied pipers of the western world — along with such prophets as Ken Kesey, Bill Burroughs and Carlos Castaneda. Each in his way thunderingly denounces square bourgeois repressed society in favour of some form of personal or quasi-political "liberation."

In particular Tim Leary, formerly a Harvard professor and clinical psychologist, is the John the Baptist of the "acid revolution." He has "never recovered from that ontological confrontation" with Sandoz Lab's pure lysergic-acid. "In the last twenty years I have ingested enormous quantities of psychedelic drugs (mainly cannabis and LSD) ... I have never done anything I regret while under the influence of these substances."

But what about other people's regret? Leary's sensational career as a kind of Peter Pan of psychedelia is littered with suicides, broken and burned-out brains, violence, paranoia and unsung miseries by those he's influenced. But he tells us mainly about the success stories, or about his own personal troubles.

Leary's acid-smashed but indestructible ego is almost pristine in its self-admiration. (Incidentally, that is no reason for the Home Office to refuse him entry. After all, Mr Brittan does not flinch at admitting thugs like Gordon Liddy, the Watergate burglar, who stars with Leary in a film about their relationship. Liddy was the FBI man who originally busted Leary on drugs charges.)

In this rambling, curiously persuasive autobiography Leary sees himself as a latter-day Tom Sawyer, a "cheerleader for evolution," a spiritual revolutionary heading into the stroboscopic twilight of his years more serene, more sexy and still attentive to his grandfather's advice: "Never do anything like anybody else, boy."

Like most acid-heads Leary is a terrible writer and even worse thinker. But so was I when I used to drop acid with itinerant members of his pompously-described "international network of scientists and scholars experi-

menting with psychedelic drugs like psilocybin, LSD and mescaline."

Really this boiled down to a bunch of mainly American ex-academics, disillusioned with their intellectual chores and deeply envious of what they fantasised the spaced-out teenagers on Haight-Ashbury were up to, boozing it up, often in uncontrollable doseages, on any kind of mind-exploding drug that was around.

It was a hell of a lot of fun — if you survived, and if you were indifferent to the emotional and psychological mayhem you blissfully created. Usually such men (and they were often Catholic or Jewish men dogged by divine mission) religiously converted to LSD out of a deep, often incoherent sense of depression, creative blockage or evasion of the less glamorous forms of personal responsibility.

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JFK's New Frontier, the mop-haired Beatles, Pampers and protests (civil rights, antiwar), James Bond and Lee Iacocca's best-selling Ford Mustang are among the cultural touchstones catalogued in *60s!*

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Leary, Timothy
FLASHBACKS: *An*
Autobiography
Tarcher—dist. by
Houghton Mifflin \$15.95
5/30 SBN: 87477-177-3

KIRKUS

REVIEW

"You've been a hopelessly non-adjusted mad Celt since the day you were born. Drugs helped settle you down. They were a challenging research tool to play with." So said psychologist buddy Frank Barron to Timothy Leary—then in Folsom prison awaiting trial for the sensational Weatherman-aided escape from jail that took him and Rosemary across four continents. The scene comes late in the book. Rosemary has already left, and been replaced by Joanna; she will exit, and Barbara will enter. The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility. The Irish charm and Irish weakness were there in his father, the West Pointer and boozier who exited when the money ran out. Mother was also Irish Catholic and well-born but devout, and doomed to be disappointed by Tim—who was constantly expelled from schools and colleges, and even suffered *The Silence* at West Point. These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty. There are glamorous days of high living and travel, encounters with Huxley and Koestler, prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor. (About a Minnesota jail: "The hole was clean as a whistle. A metal bunk. A Muriel Humphrey mattress. A beautifully painted (gray) washbasin and toilet. Minimalist design.") The blow-by-blow description of the escape has the tension of detective fiction. Was it worth it after all? Yes, if you're Leary. Today he's fit, happily married, writing, talking, even debating old enemies like Gordon Liddy and making up with Eldridge Cleaver and Ram Dass (Richard Alpert). Gorgeous story-telling—along with the blarney that makes Leary his own best disciple.

Liddy, Leary: a debatable 'Return'

By FRANK SANELLO

Daily News Staff Writer

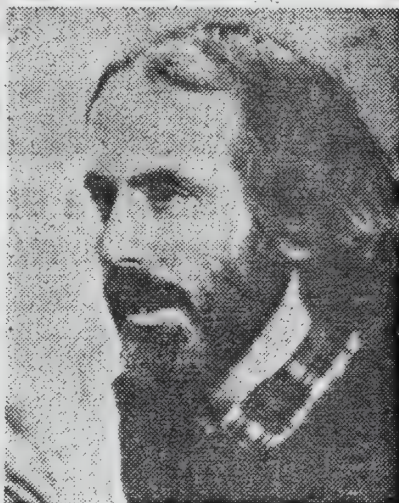
Director Alan Rudolph calls "Return Engagement," his feature-length documentary on G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary's college lecture tour, "a Mad magazine version of 'My Dinner With Andre.'"

The 16mm film, shot in only eight days on a paltry budget of \$250,000, was a big hit at Filmex

Film News & Notes

this year and also will be screened at Cannes in May as well as at other film festivals around the world. "Return Engagement" will go into wide release in the United States this fall.

The documentary records the Liddy-Leary "debates" at a Los Angeles theater, dinner with Gordon and Tim at the Bistro in Beverly Hills, a breakfast with the men and their wives at Cha-



ALAN RUDOLPH

teau Marmont and various interviews conducted by columnist Carole Hemingway.

Liddy is also seen riding with the Hells Angels, and Leary conducts a seminar at Esalen.

The Angels treat Liddy as one of their own. In fact, one of the bikers was Liddy's cellmate after his Watergate conviction.

Leary's seminar at the Esalen Institute is more of a walk down

Please see FILM NOTES Pg. 5

Liddy, Leary's 'Engagement'

FILM NOTES from Pg. 1

memory lane as he recounts the good old days of turning on, tuning out and the resulting police drug raids — one of which Liddy conducted.

The film is a funny, sad document of political opposites brought together by the one thing that transcends political boundaries: money. The two men are among the highest paid speakers on the college lecture circuit and consistently sell out auditoriums — when they appear together.

"This is their meal ticket. Money is the glue that keeps these guys the best of enemies," said Rudolph. "I thought it was sad. Here are two middle-aged, middle class men who need their former headlines to earn their current livelihoods. They can't make a living doing what they were trained to do. Liddy was disbarred, and Leary can't teach anymore. Who would hire him?"

"They do it, too because they love the spotlight. They're moths to the flame of publicity and notoriety," continued Rudolph, who at the beginning of the phone interview said he did not have any opinion about his two subjects.

The director's favorite moment in "Return Engagement" takes place at Chateau Marmont, the Sunset Strip hotel where John Belushi died. Rudolph was so pleased he left the sequence in the film virtually unedited.

In the sequence, Leary, Liddy and their wives are having breakfast on the hotel veranda. Barbara Leary is young, beautiful and smart. She co-produced the Liddy-Leary tour. Mrs. Liddy, who looks about the same age as her husband, is intelligent. She can do calculus in her head, according to her husband.

Up until the breakfast sequence, Rudolph had had problems getting anything out of Mrs. Liddy. "She had said, 'When Gordon shut up (referring to his Watergate silence), so did I.'" To get Mrs. Liddy to open up, Rudolph told Mrs. Leary to ask her about her marriage.

Instead, on camera, Barbara Leary said to Liddy's wife, "Let's talk about Gordon's sex life." Mrs. Leary then began a bitter diatribe that stopped just short of her exploding as she described her husband's extra-marital flirtations.

The irony of the film, Rudolph says, is that people come out of the theater liking Liddy, even though the former Watergate warrior reiterates his beliefs that the end justifies the means, including murder.



DAILY NEWS/Wednesday, April 27, 1983 F—5

endearing

"If I have any regret about the film, it's that I don't hate Liddy anymore," Rudolph added. The most telling thing the director found out about Liddy was that the seemingly unflappable tough guy has an ulcer.

Leary is also likable in the film, his enthusiasm and constant grin making a nice foil to Liddy's grim pronouncements about unquestioning obedience and willpower. The film also suggests that drugs have fried the former Harvard psychologist's brain. At a video arcade, Leary plays Pac-Man as he seriously insists that video games are the wave of the future.

"Leary told me he has taken acid 5,000 times, but he's still mentally alert," Rudolph said without much conviction.

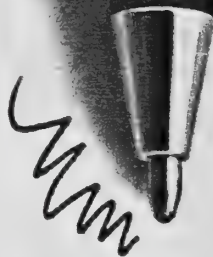
A former disciple of Robert Altman, who produced Rudolph's moody "Welcome to L.A." and "Remember My Name," the director most recently made "Endangered Species," an ecological thriller about cattle mutilations. None of his

films has fared well at the box office.

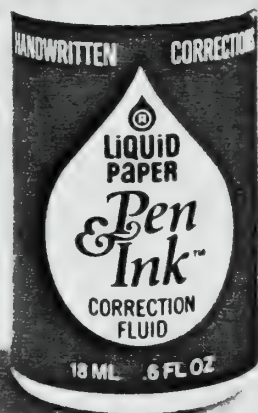
"I seem to make first run cult movies," he joked. Rudolph would not mind, however, if "Return Engagement" became a big hit on the midnight movie circuit. "More people have seen 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show' than all four of my films combined," he noted.

As for objections that "Return Engagement" furthers the conflicting causes of better living through drugs and fascism, the director believes the same "shot should be taken at Coppola for making 'The Godfather.' If you make a documentary about the Klan or the snail darter, are you furthering their cause?" he asks.

"When Liddy says he'd shoot his son in front of his wife if national security were at stake, it's silly, not admirable. They're both aberrations, minor figures in history sniffing around major events. 'Return Engagement' asks the sort of question like, 'What if Paul Revere's horse had broken a leg? Or, what if G. Gordon Liddy had been a competent burglar?'"



Point.



Counterpoint.

The phone rings. You take a message. Then it hits you. You've scribbled on the first page of your boss' presentation. What do you do? Reach for a bottle of Liquid Paper® Pen and Ink® correction fluid. The fast, clean correction fluid that covers up your slip-ups when using ball or felt tip pens.

Pen and Ink. The correction fluid no professional should be without.

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People weekly
PICKS & PANS

AMERICA
LOVE IT...OR
LEAVE IT



NATIONAL ARCHIVES



CAPITOL RECORDS



PROCTOR AND GAMBLE



OVER TWO MILLION COPIES IN PRINT



PERSONALITY POSTERS



SPECIAL INTEREST AUTOS



NATIONAL TELEFILM ASSOCIATES



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One Sunday 2000 Price

OCTOBER 9, 1983

Family



Whose
Black Hole
Heart?

HAS A
RUSSIAN
MOLE
INFILTRATED
THE C.I.A.?

BY ERNEST
VOLKMAN

THE SEARCH FOR SASHA

Welpis

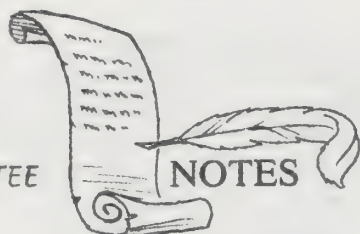
The Calvary Chronicle

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH

OCTOBER 1983

HANSON, MA. 02341

PULPIT
COMMITTEE



NOTES

The Lord has been good to us here at Calvary and once again He has answered our prayers in sending a new Senior Pastor, Rev. Charles Young. Pastor Young, his wife, Jeanette, and children, Joshua and Bethany, will be arriving the week of October 3 and will attend the Joytime Fellowship Supper on October 8.

The Pulpit Committee has notified all the schools to inactivate our request for a candidate. We have also notified all other applicants of our decision to call Pastor Young.

In the days ahead, we need to keep Pastor Young and family in our prayers during this move and pray for the leadership of our church that great wisdom will be exercised in the decisions pertaining to the home on twelve acres of land.* This may be where the Lord would have us relocate our church facilities.

We also express our sincere thanks to Pastor Tim, our Youth/Assistant Pastor, who has filled the pulpit while we have been without a senior pastor.*

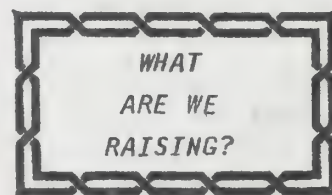
Thank you for the prayers that went up on behalf of our church and Pulpit Committee. It is exciting to look forward to what God

has in store for Calvary in the years ahead.

Respectfully submitted,

Sam Barnard
Joe Hart
David Hart
Bob Hazlett, Chairman

Hal Johnson
Charles Malone
Ed McGrath



BY: PASTOR TIM

J. Edgar Hoover most accurately stated, "Criminals are not born, they are home-grown." What a wealth of meaning in just these few words. God's greatest privilege bestowed upon man is the right to raise children, and God's greatest advice ever given with that privilege is found in Proverbs 22:6: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

A teenager from Muncie, IN was brought into Juvenile Court one day. She was in serious trouble. A policewoman won the confidence of the girl and encouraged her to share her problem. The girl began by saying this: "My mom and dad live like cats and dogs. They drink and smoke. They never speak encouraging words to me only abusive and fault-finding words. I

* SOLD FOR 5000 POUNDS

* TIM TEFIL PULPIT COMMITTEE HANSON, MA.

tried to go straight once, but it was hard to do it without the help of my parents!"

The fate of this teenager is so typical of many others who live in godless homes where the name of Christ is only mentioned in profanity and where strife and confusion reign throughout. May our Lord continue to give our church homes where Christ is the cornerstone and parents are the example. Children need mothers and fathers who love the Lord and raise up a standard of righteousness for all to see.



BY: DAVID HART

What a tremendous blessing and challenge World Outreach Week was to our hearts during September 15-18! We were privileged to have Dr. V. L. Martin as our guest speaker. Thursday night was "Pie Night," and we sampled a delicious variety of fruit to custard pies after the service while enjoying fellowship among God's people. Thank you, ladies, for graciously baking all those pies! Saturday night found us at Maquan School eagerly tasting foreign casseroles and treats during our International Supper. Once again, the ladies of our church rose to the occasion, cooking and baking a mouth-watering array of foods for us to enjoy.

Every service was filled with fine music from our choir and special numbers. Dr. V. L. Martin encouraged and admonished us through preaching and slide presentations to see the need of missions and to respond by giving our all to God, trusting His perfect judgment. In the Sunday morning service, many came forward to demonstrate their support and desire for Calvary Baptist Church to be a witness to the world and a pure ves-

sel through which God may work.

On Sunday evening, many came forward to show that God had called them into full-time service. At Dr. Martin's suggestion, the rest of us stood behind each of them, promising to pray for them, that God would continue to work in their lives. May we not fail them!!

The crowning moment came when Pastor Tim announced the grand total of our Faith Promise for the period of September 1983-September 1984. Our total Promise of \$ 30,972.20 is more than we could have imagined. The Holy Spirit truly moved in the hearts of our people, impressing them with specific dollar amounts. Some have promised a second tithe as their Faith Promise. This total, compared with last year's total of \$ 11,715 will significantly help us to support even more missionaries. Just think of the fruit that will abound to our account (both as a church and as individuals) as souls are saved through our financial support of the missionaries who win them to the Lord! No investment, brokerage house or bank can offer such high and lasting rewards as that!

God has entrusted us with this Faith Promise and the missionaries we support. Let us be faithful stewards of His money, giving Him rightful place in our lives and church.

Special appreciation is in order for the members of the Missions Committee who worked so hard during the conference, allowing it to run smoothly and without distraction.

Pray for us as we prepare the new 1984 Missionary Support Budget which will be presented to the church for vote during the 1984 Annual Meeting in January.

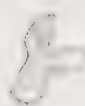
PRAISE HIS
HOLY NAME!

THE WRATH OF GOD IN BOMB

THE WRATH OF GOD IN BOMB



THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE
THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE
THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE



THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE
THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE



WHAT ARE
DOING HERE

THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE
THE WRATH OF GOD
SOMEONE SPOKE





Mr. C. House - Thursday - 6:30 PM

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"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

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Or

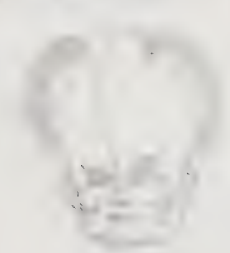


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Journal Entry

Today I am writing my first entry... I have been thinking about the future and how I want to live my life. I want to be happy and successful.

With all this thinking, I feel like I am on a journey. I am not sure where I am going, but I know I am going somewhere. I am excited to see what the future holds for me.

I am going to write about my dreams and how I plan to achieve them. I am going to write about the challenges I face and how I plan to overcome them.



The first thing I noticed when I started writing was...

I felt like I was talking to myself. I was sharing my thoughts and feelings with someone who was not there.

I was alone, but I was not lonely. I was free.

It was a relief. I was able to express myself without any judgment. I was able to be honest with myself.



It was a relief.

I was able to express myself without any judgment. I was able to be honest with myself.

It was a relief.

Don't forget to
turn in your homework



Get down into the
the ground



How BEHEADED are
you trying to
ALIVE?



THE
LAST
OF

Don't forget to
turn in your homework

-E...
B...



(The White
...)

FUNNY WHAT THE
RCA COVERED VIA RINE
DISCLOSES. P...

BUT WHERE IS THE
COLUMBIA?

(King Tot K...



Four Knights Chess Club
(1 Massasoit Boulevard)
Tournament Schedule

January and February were months in which only tournaments within the club were held.

On the 21st of March an away tournament will be held. Be at the Massasoit College Cafeteria located in the student lounge by 6:30 p.m. if you want to attend.

April will hold the P. Kontautas Memorial:

This is played in an 8 man section on the 11th, 18th and 25th. The Entry fee is \$3. Prize for first place is \$15. The prize for second place is \$7.

For May there is 15 min. speed chess on the 16th. No chess on the 30th, a holiday.

June will sponsor a quad played on the 13th, 20th and 27th.

In August the Club Championship Tournament takes names. Sign up before Sept. 12th. There is 15 min. speed chess on August 15th.

September, The Club Championship Tournament. More details in the upcoming bulletin.

For October there is 5 min. speed chess on the 24th.

November hosts a quad. played on the 14th, 21st and 28th.

During December there will be a 15 minute speed chess tournament played on the 19th. Sometimes prizes (such as a new chess magazine) are given out to the winner of a "small speed tournament".

Any questions, feel free to write or call the tournament director:

Victor LaBarre
85 Woodland Ave.
Brockton, Ma.

588-8253



The Secret of
The Movie
Have 7 Features...



Feature

Story
Character
Feature



Best Movie Ever In History

(With The Real Long-Gun Please Show Up)
And Here's How It's Different Is Under
The Prospectus of Better Ambition.

LA. JOURNAL NEWS CLUB
NOTICE

HI: IT'S 1983!

.....AND THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS WERE GIVEN THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE FOLLOWING OFFICES FOR THIS YEAR:

PRESIDENT
VICE PRESIDENT/TOURNAMENT DIRECTOR
TEAM CAPTAIN/TECHNICAL
SECRETARY

JACK JOHNSON
VICTOR LABAIRE
BRUCE KVENUMS
ALEXANDER WALSH

FROM LAST YEAR BEFORE, WE ARE IN THE CHARGE OF IMPROVING OUR CLUB. OUR GOAL IS TO ESTABLISH AT LEAST HALF A DOZEN GOOD PLAYERS SO THAT WHEN WE HAVE TOURNAMENTS AGAINST OTHER CLUBS WE CAN MEET A MINIMUM STANDARD OF PLAYERS NEEDED TO COMPETE.

WE WERE FORTUNATE LAST YEAR IN THE ACQUISITION OF A FINE, OUTSTANDING PLAYER. THE BIGGEST SURPRISE WAS IN THE PERSONALITY OF TONY STOUTON. HE WORKED HIS WAY FROM THE BASE OF THE PYRAMID TO THE TOP IN A CLEAN SWEEP.

HERBERT G. GORDON LEFT FOR FLORIDA. HE'LL BE MISSED FOR BOTH HIS FINE PLAY AND EXCEPTIONAL GIFT OF GUIDANCE IN THE HANDLING OF CLUB AFFAIRS.

VICTOR LABAIRE HAS SET UP A NEW SYSTEM CALLED DUES IN-RENTED. HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

SIGNATURES FREE	
GENIC & ITSELF'S	\$3.00
OUTSIDE & ITSELF'S	\$5.00

IF YOU ATTEND A MINIMUM OF TWENTY MEETINGS IN A YEAR, YOUR DUES ARE REFUNDED.

UNFORTUNATELY ANYONE WHO IN THE PYRAMID IS VICTOR LABAIRE. HE IS ALSO THE ONLY MEMBER IN THE TOURNAMENT. IT'S A LITTLE BIT OUT OF ORDER TO GET THE GO ROLLING FOR US SO LET'S NOT LET HIM DOWN. SHOW UP AT LEAST FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH SO YOU CAN LET HIM KNOW WHEN YOU'RE AVAILABLE. WHEN YOU'RE NOT SO HE CAN PLAN ACCORDINGLY.

A TELLING SIGN OF HIS NEW CLUB.
A NEWS CLUB THAT WOULD BE THE BEST AT ANY.



THIS IS THE KASHRUTH MARK.

TURN IT UPSIDE-DOWN
(180°)

(GETS HOT... YOU KNOW)

OT
G-VOLT



A CAMEL?

LOOK HOW BIG
HARI KRISHNA IS NOW!

AND IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR A CAMEL
TO PASS THROUGH THE "EYE" OF A NEEDLE
THAN FOR THE GOLD STORED IN ANDROPOV'S
FIRST STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN.

SO YOU SEE IT ISN'T TO **IT'S KRULL...**
IT BELONGS...

IT IS TO WHOM IT WILL BELONG...



AS LONG AS IT LOOKS LIKE THIS.

IT REPRESENTS THE LAW...

AND SO REPRESENTS THE
TRIBUTE TO UNDERSTANDING THE LAW.

("NOBODY MESSED WITH THE SHERIFF")

I KNOW...

I KNOW...



(THEY SAY I CAN DO IT)



THE EVIL TATTOO

WORLD YOU CAN'T

There were literary and theatrical cards, number cards, 'money cards' symbolizing coins (and scarcely distinguishable from the earliest forms of paper money), *mah-jong* and domino cards, picture cards, alphabet cards, flower cards, teaching cards – even chess-playing cards. Not only paper and cardboard but also bone 'sticks' and thin leaves of ivory were employed in their manufacture.

Traditional Asian cards are very different from European cards, however, and there is very little evidence to indicate how the idea of playing cards ultimately found its way to the West. It has been pointed out that the Hindu deity Ardhanari (half Siva, half Devi) is often depicted holding a cup, a scepter, a sword, and a ring – a combination that suggests a possible Indian ancestry for the four suits of the old European *tarot* pack: cups, batons, swords, and coins. The gypsies (an Indian nomad caste which wandered into Europe) are sometimes credited with having brought cards with them, but they did not arrive in appreciable numbers until the middle of the fifteenth century, a hundred years after cards had come into general use throughout Europe.

It seems more probable that playing cards, like chess, were introduced by the Arab conquerors of Spain and Sicily – significantly, cards are called *naipes* in Spain and *naibi* in Italy, terms derived from the Arabic *nabi* (prophet), referring to their use in fortune-telling. At any rate, cards are mentioned in various European documents of the 1370's and '80's: some of these are government decrees condemning the use of cards in games of chance. By 1423 they had



A rich, gorgeously attired young man is about to be fleeced by an experienced cardsharp and his courtesan confederate in the painting at left by Georges de La Tour (1593–1652). Known as *Le Tricheur à l'as de carreau* – 'The Cheater with the Ace of Diamonds' – this long-forgotten canvas is now one of the best-known French Baroque masterpieces in the Musée du Louvre, Paris.

The nine hand-painted cards, above, are known as the 'goldsmith' cards on account of their gold-leaf backgrounds. Probably produced in Provence, France, during the fifteenth century, most of them, apart from the five of 'clubs,' depict cryptic versions of the classic tarot trumps. The man with the dog may represent the tarot 'magician'; the crowned sea-monster, the devil.

I DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM
THE HIGHEST MAN OR THE WISEST
MAN WHO EVER LIVED.

... BUT WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO
THE POSSIBLE REALITY...

I SUPPOSE I AM THE GREATEST
COMEDIAN WHO EVER LIVED.

Memorialize McDonald in Constitution Hall

ered at Con-
to the "slain
McDonald.
the Korean

" said How-
and sponsor
retribution."
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critical mes-
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Trygve were
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R-III.), Sen.

Jesse Helms, (R-N.C.), Conservative Caucus Chairman Howard Phillips, Moral Majority President Jerry Falwell, former Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Thomas Moorer, South Korean Ambassador Byong Hion Lew, and Major General John Singlaub (Ret).

Each of the speakers, remembering the Georgia conserva- tive, said he was the "leading opponent of Communism in the U.S. Congress."

The Rev. Jerry Falwell, president of the Moral Majority and pastor of Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Va., said McDonald's death was not in vain. He compared the slain Congressman to the Bible's Samson, a man willing to die to "bring down the temple of corruption."

"December 7, 1941 and August 31, 1983 are dates that will go down dually as days of infamy," Falwell said. "These events have the power to galvanize not only national but international revulsion at the dirty old men in the

Kremlin who do not understand the high value that civilized men place on human life."

TURNING to Mrs. McDonald, Falwell said, "We sorrow, but as the Apostle Paul said, we sorrow not as others who have no hope."

The crowd rose in ovation more than a dozen times to applaud the several speakers' denunciation of the Soviet Union.

Sen. Jesse Helms concluded the tribute to McDonald with a story of how he entertained two little girls at the Anchorage International Airport terminal, while their parents relaxed and just before they "scampered away" to board KAL Flight 007. He flew to Korea on the plane that followed.

"I keep seeing the innocent faces of those two little girls," said a tearful Helms, "waving and blowing kisses, walking away to that airplane to join Larry McDonald and the other passengers."

Helms said that McDonald's death must serve as a passport to the world for understanding the terrorism and brutality of the Soviet Union. He closed the service by reciting the words of Alfred lord Tennyson: "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and for a voice that is still."



Rep. Larry McDonald

onic

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dache,
bow,



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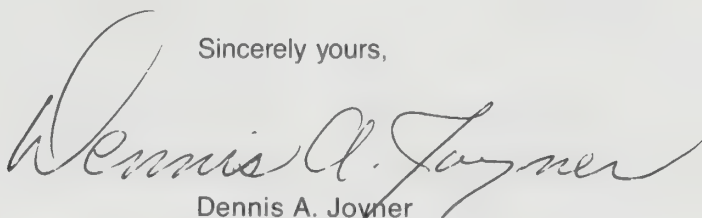
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June 1968
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Then write your check. Please try to make it for something extra this time. Remember, it's a lot tougher for them just to make it from day to day. Perhaps you could give \$5.00, \$10.00 or \$20.00?

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Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Dennis A. Joyner". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "D" and a long, sweeping underline.

Dennis A. Joyner
NATIONAL COMMANDER

DAJ:MK:063

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We occasionally rent our mailing list or exchange lists with other organizations in order to maintain an active donor file to support DAV services. If you do not wish to participate in this program, please let us know.



Disabled American Veterans

P.O. Box 14301 Cincinnati, Ohio 45214

**Dennis A. Joyner
National Commander**

DO YOU ROOT FOR THE UNDERDOG?

It's sad but true... today America's disabled veterans have, indeed, become underdogs.

Too many people forgot what they did for us. When their country called, they went to war. And they came back maimed, blind, crippled... disabled in hundreds of ways... never to live life as they knew it before.

Too many politicians keep trying to cut their benefits... benefits earned the hard way, not handouts. Our disabled vets aren't looking for a dole, they're looking for a chance to live with dignity in spite of their handicaps.

WE WON'T SIT BACK AND LET THEM GET PUSHED AROUND!

DAV is the voice for these deserving people. We go to bat for them. We fight hard to get them every benefit they've earned. We rap a few knuckles and sometimes make a few enemies in Congress. But only because we firmly believe in their cause.

We can't do it without your help. We need people like you, who will come to the aid of the underdog. People who do want to get involved. People who still care — and won't ever forget the sacrifices that were made for us.

Will you lend a hand again? Write a check in honor of the disabled vets who fought our wars so we can help fight their everyday "wars" today. It's hard enough just making it these days. Try to imagine what it would be like if you were blind, or disabled in some way.

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UH-Downtown Students In Who's Who

Listings for students of UH-Downtown will appear in the upcoming 1984 edition of *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*.

The students are to be recognized for academic achievements, community service, leadership, and participation in campus extra-curricular activities.

They include Carlynne Sara Abrams, junior, general studies; Cheryl Louise Amey, junior, accounting and pre-law; Kenneth Mark Alo, junior, applied mathematical science; Patricia T. Castillo, senior, purchasing and material management; Armondo Diaz, senior, petroleum land management; Joe U. Flores, junior, petroleum land management; Peter Gonzales, junior, general studies; Gary B. Hargrave, senior, real estate; Barun Kumar Hazra, senior,

pre-medicine; Deepak N. Kotecha, senior, pre-medicine; Fairborg Nezhadian, senior, pre-medicine; Angelo B. Simon, senior, petroleum land management; Debra S. Stone, senior, purchasing; and Cyborne Rena Taylor, junior, data processing.

Students were chosen from a field of students representing more than 1,500 institutions of higher learning throughout US and other nations.

Films

Cont. from page 15
mark for Paul Schneider (Eric Roberts), a small-time street hustler who discovers, markets, and marries Stratten.

Roberts is the real star in his portrayal of Schneider, a fountainhead of unpredictable emotions and actions, a loser playing a losing game. He's soft-spoken one minute and raging with jealousy the next.

"Schneider, Paul Schneider," he repeats over and over to a mirror, trying different approaches. None of them are workable, all of them unforgettable.

The screenplay traces Stratten's career from home Polaroids Schneider takes and sends to Playboy, to a choice by Hugh Hefner (Cliff Roberts) to make Stratten Playmate of the Year 1980. At the same time, her personal relationship with Schneider declines.

Hemingway's sensitive portrayal of the girl-next-door-turned-star is terrific. Her performance shouts, "This could be any beautiful woman. This could be you!" This true story of a man's jealousy and control taken to the final degree is a nightmare. Don't miss it.

--Kim Ogg

Deal of the Century

This film is mainly "chase scenes"—Chevy Chase scenes. This vehicle flick appears light-hearted (and light-headed) and a spoof on the ethics of armament sales to Third World countries.

The laughs are almost always at various stereotypes' expense. Some exciting moments come with clever technical execution and camera work.

Chase is glib throughout this topical satire. His partner in the arms sales, who turns out to be the real hero, is Gregory Hines, both a big asset and good comic relief.

The ultimate question here is, "Should I be, or not be, the biggest heel of the century?" Hines solves the dilemma with real flair.

It is doubtful anyone would enjoy this PG film unless they were into ridiculing the military or hip to double entendres. Hot and cold running humor brings Rickles-style laughter.

Deal is not the best movie deal of 1984, has a few laughs.

--Dick Bruck

Hot Dog--The Movie

This new film, starring Patrick Houser, David Naughton, Tracy Smith, and Playboy's 1982 Playmate of the Year (Shannon Tweed), left me wanting to rush out to the nearest sporting goods store, and head for the slopes.

The star of the show, Houser (as Harkin) battles his talent in the world free-style championships, against big bucks and power in a way both amusing and ridiculous.

The photography is wonderful, the ski stunts excellent. The movie is adolescent, cute, and exciting. Though it's aimed at a young audience, it's a great pickup for all.

--Terry Burke

Koyaanisqatsi

It was foretold in fable, acted out by fat, straw mat figures, stick limbs spelling out danger on cave ribbing.

Koyaanisqatsi, a new film by antitilmic visualist Godfrey Reggio, carefully exhibits and explores modern processed living and its mechanical, maniacal consumption of the essential humus.

The film takes its title from the Hopi word (or prophesy) of several distinct meanings. All point to an imminent day when the land will flame and the seas boil as direct result of mankind's erroneous choices.

But this is no soot-filled expose

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Reckless

They finally did it.

Here is a "new-wave" Rebel movie and a definite contender for James Dean's image of the tough, sensitive, oozing with sexiness, teenage idol.

Actor Aidan Quinn is unequivocally a "natural." He has power, charisma, charm, magnitude, beautiful looks—all the qualities (including talent) needed for stardom.

The film has it all, too. The story will appeal to young and mature audiences (with restrictions for children and young teens, due to explicit sex scenes). No real violence is here, however, though a little rebellious vandalism and unfortunate emotional arson might offend a touchy social consciousness.

All the actors turn in commendable performances, but Quinn is definitely center-stage. Actress Daryl Hannah is wonderful to look at and very believable, but doesn't quite match the fire of a young Natalie Wood. Her athletic performances are outstanding—particularly the gym scene on parallel bars.

Accolades, too, go to supporting performances by Kenneth McMillan, Cliff De Young, and Lois Smith.

You will hold your breath for the denouement of this fiery, dramatic story of disillusioned teenage rebellion, set in a midwest steeltown. The film could easily become a



Aidan Quinn (l) and Daryl Hannah (r) are gorgeous in *Reckless*.

modern classic.

Don't miss it—but plan to stand in line at the box office.

--Marjory Jane Hall

Star 80

Mariel Hemingway is Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten in *Star*

80, Bob Fosse's new film about the life and career of the late model.

Once again, Fosse has recreated real life on film. Using an interview style of filming reminiscent of *Lenny*, Stratten is depicted by friends and relatives as an innocent easy

Cont. on page 16



The Lucas oil well at Spindletop, Texas, ran wild for nine days when it began operating in 1901.

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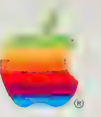
a different set of jaws.



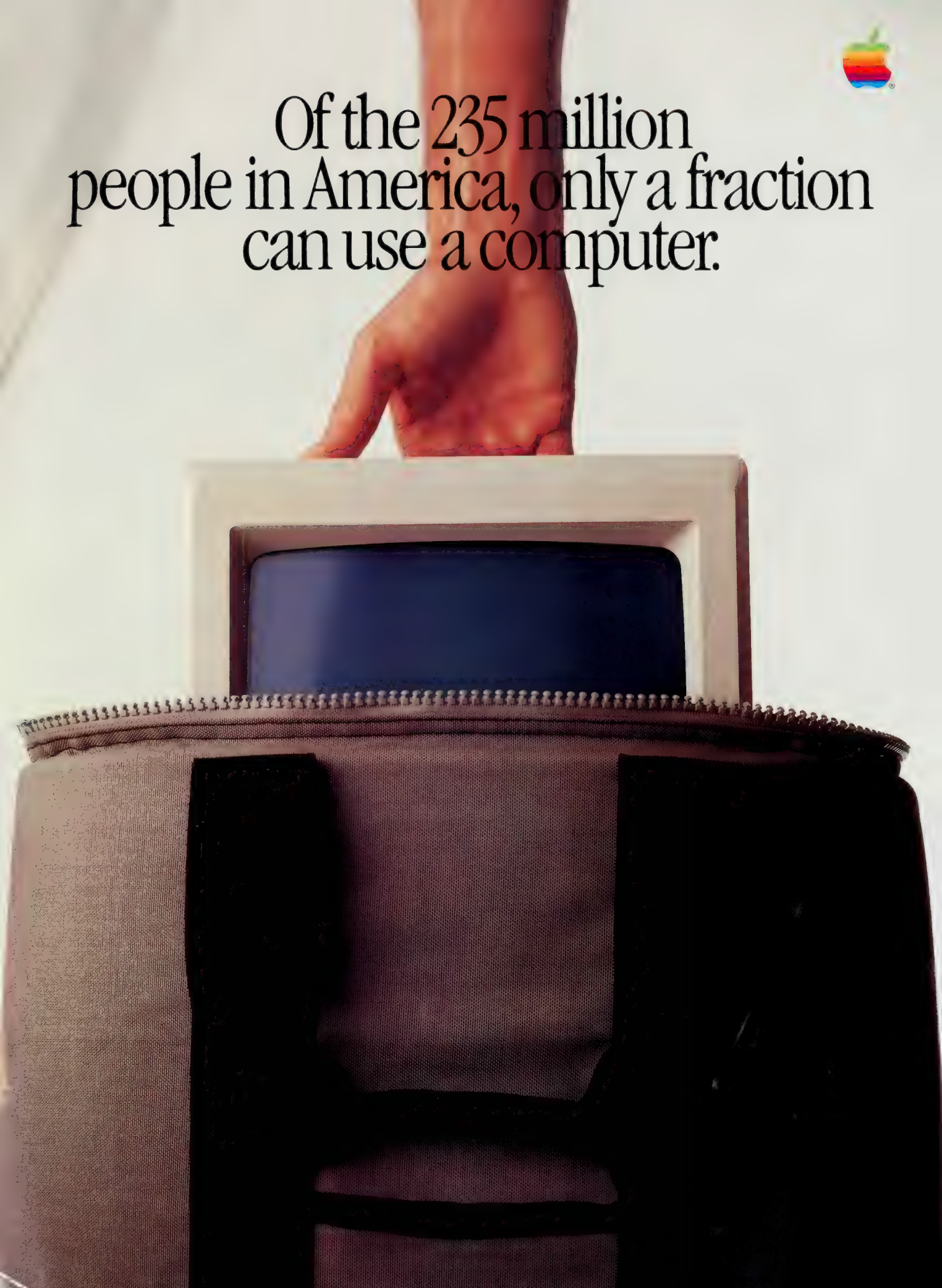
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Of the 235 million
people in America, only a fraction
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Introducing Macintosh. For the rest of us.

In the olden days, before 1984,
not very many people used computers.
For a very good reason.



Some particularly bright engineers.

Not very many people knew how.
And not very many people wanted
to learn.

After all, in those days, it meant
listening to your stomach growl through
computer seminars. Falling asleep over
computer manuals. And staying awake
nights to memorize commands so

complicated you'd have to be a computer
to understand them.

Then, on a particularly bright day
in Cupertino, California, some
particularly bright engineers
had a particularly bright idea:
since computers are so smart,
wouldn't it make more sense
to teach computers about
people, instead of teaching people about
computers?

So it was that those very engineers
worked long days and late nights and
a few legal holidays, teaching tiny
silicon chips all about people. How they
make mistakes and change their minds.
How they refer to file folders and save
old phone numbers. How they labor for
their livelihoods, and doodle in their
spare time.

For the first time in recorded
computer history, hardware engineers

actually talked to software engineers
in moderate tones of voice, and both
were united by a common goal: to build
the most powerful, most portable, most
flexible, most versatile computer not-very-
much-money could buy.

And when the engineers were
finally finished, they introduced us to
a personal computer so personable,
it can practically shake hands.

And so easy to use, most people
already know how.

They didn't call it the QZ190, or
the Zipchip 5000.

They called it Macintosh.™

And now we'd like to introduce
it to you.





Soft Carrying Case. At less than 20 pounds in weight, Macintosh is easily carried from here to there. But handles always help. This durable, water resistant carrying case is thickly padded so the Macintosh main unit, keyboard, mouse, manual and disks fit snugly inside.

Macintosh External Disk Drive. By adding a second high-capacity (400K bytes) 3-1/2" disk drive like the one already built into your Macintosh, you can access more documents and programs without swapping disks. It also speeds making back-up copies of your information.

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We could, as they say in computerese, dump another Gigabyte (write another 50,000 or so pages) on Macintosh.

But you really can't appreciate how insanely great Macintosh is until you bring your index finger to an authorized Apple dealer.

Over 1,500 of them are eagerly waiting to put a mouse in your hand. To prove that, if you can point, you can use a Macintosh.



And if you can fill out a credit application, in most cases you can take one home the very same day. With the help of an Apple credit card.

Which makes owning the world's newest computer just as easy as using it.

Soon there'll be just two kinds of people. Those who use computers. And those who use Apples.



If you have a desk, you need a Macintosh.

Macintosh was designed for anyone who handles, collects, distributes, interprets, organizes, files, comprehends, generates, duplicates, or otherwise futzes with information.

Any information. Whether it's words, numbers or pictures.

We've narrowed it down to anyone who sits at a desk.

If, for example, your desk is in a



dormitory, Macintosh isn't just a tool, but a learning tool. For doing everything from problem sets in Astrophysics 538 to term papers in Art Appreciation 101. Not to mention perfecting skills in programming languages like Macintosh BASIC and Macintosh Pascal. Which explains why colleges and universities across the country are ordering Macintoshes by the campus-full.

If you own your own business, owning your own Macintosh Personal Computer could mean the difference between getting home before dark, and getting home before Christmas. With software programs like MacWrite, MacProject,™ MacTerminal,™ MacDraw,™ MacPaint,™ data base managers, business graphics programs and other personal productivity tools available from leading software developers, you can spend more time running your business, and less time chasing after it.

And even if you work for a company big enough to have its own mainframe or minicomputer, Macintosh can fit right in. It's fluent in DEC® VT100, VT52 and plain old TTY. With additional hardware, it can talk to IBM® mainframes in their very own 3278 protocols.

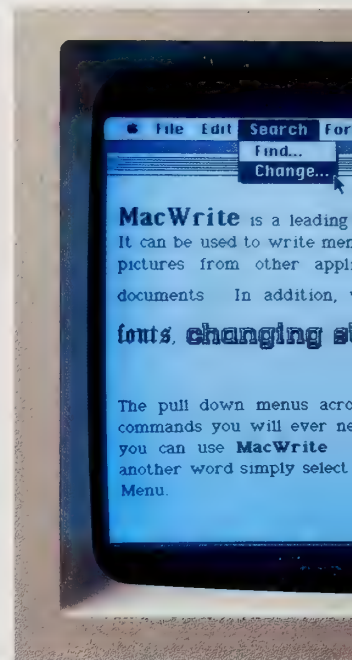
If your company has a subsidiary abroad, your colleagues there can use all the same tools. Because Macintosh will be available in international versions with local conventions (alphabets, currencies, dates, etc.).

In other words, wherever there's a desk, there's a need for a Macintosh.

And the less you can see of your desktop, the more you could use one.



An ordinary personal computer makes Macintosh even easier to understand.



Word processing before Macintosh.

In 1977, Apple set the first standard for the personal computer industry with the first generation Apple II.

In 1981, IBM set the second standard with their PC.

And in 1984, Macintosh will set the third industry standard, redefining the term "personal computer."

To give you an idea just how far the technology has advanced over the past three years, we're going to compare, screen-to-screen, the way IBM's PC and Macintosh perform five typical personal computer functions.

Take word processing, for example.

Any computer worth its weight in silicon does an adequate job of shuffling words. Provided, of course, you know all the keystroke "command sequences" to make it happen. And the IBM PC is

no exception.

Macintosh, on the other hand, is quite an exception.

Using Macintosh's word processing program, MacWrite, anything and everything you might want to do with words can be done with a point-and-click of the mouse.

MacWrite not only shuffles words, it can shuffle them in many different type styles and sizes (not to mention boldface, italics and underlining). So you can create documents that look like they came from a typesetter, not a computer. For your foreign correspondence or scientific documents, the Macintosh keyboard gives you 217 characters including accented letters and mathematical symbols.

But what really separates Macintosh

from the blue suits is its extraordinary ability to mix text with graphics. You can actually illustrate your words, memos and letters with tables, charts and free-hand illustrations composed on other graphics programs. All by cutting and pasting with the mouse.

That capability alone makes Macintosh its very own form of communication. A new medium that allows you to supplement the power of the written word with the clarity of illustrations. In other words, if you can't make your point with a Macintosh, you may not have a point to make.

Actually, the difference between Macintosh and the IBM PC becomes obvious the minute you turn both of them on.

The two screens top right show you

precisely how each of them greets you. Notice the IBM presents you with a laundry list of files available for accessing. And multiple steps are required to "get at" the particular file you choose to work with.

Macintosh, on the other hand, shows you everything you've saved (charts, graphs, illustrations and documents), pretty much the same way you'd see them arranged on your desk. Choose one with the mouse, click, and you're ready to work.

Even comparing a program as

the additional cost to add the color card and separate color monitor required to make use of them.

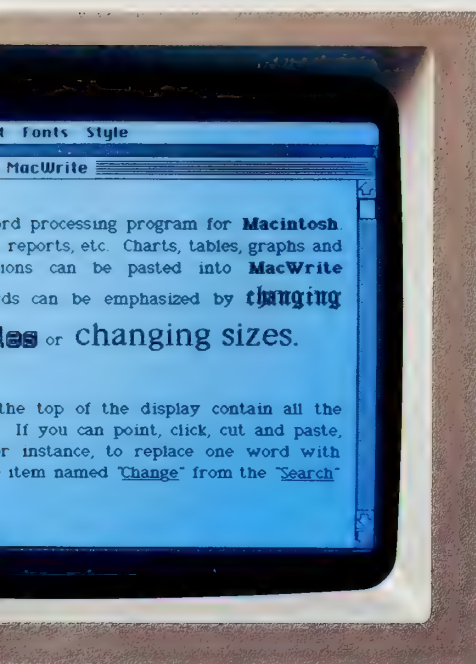
When you compare the actual unit you purchase initially with our Macintosh, the IBM PC not only comes up short a few bar and pie charts, it draws a complete blank.

Macintosh uses its graphics program, Microsoft's Chart, to turn numbers nobody understands into charts and graphs that everybody understands. With it, you can "cut" numbers you want charted from another Macintosh program and

"paste" them directly into Chart. Just choose the style of chart you want from a "pull-down" selection of pie and bar charts, line and scatter graphs. Then customize your graph with legends and labels in whatever type style your little chart requires.

There is one thing that the IBM PC manages to do as well as Macintosh: IBM 3278 terminal emulation, so you can communicate with heavier IBM's.

But with MacTerminal software, your Macintosh can also fully emulate all the popular DEC terminals.



MacWrite.

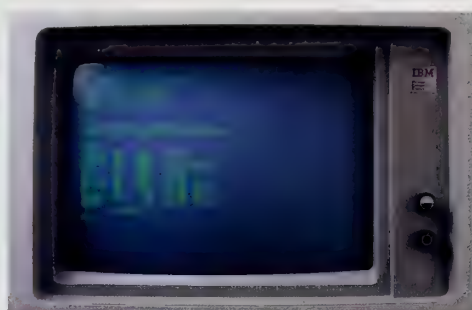
commonplace as the electronic spreadsheet clearly shows you that Macintosh is anything but commonplace.

Microsoft's Multiplan™ for Macintosh has been designed to take full advantage of Macintosh's built-in Lisa Technology —clumsy cursor keys are replaced by a point-and-click of the mouse.

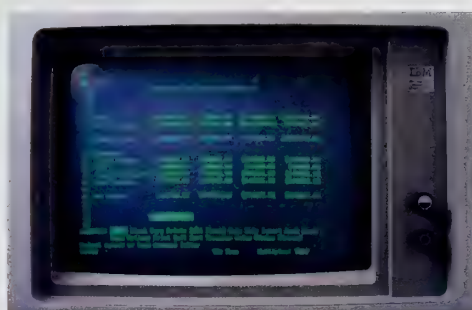
Let's say you want to change the width of a column in your spreadsheet. On the IBM PC, that's a 4-key command sequence. On Macintosh, you simply move the pointer and click.

Should you need to make a few quick computations before entering new spreadsheet figures, you can use the built-in desk calculator, for example.

When it comes to business graphics, in all fairness, IBM has color and bar charts to spare. Provided you can spare



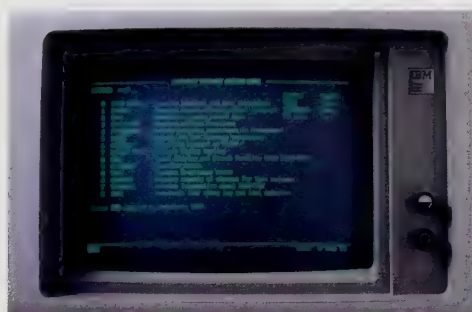
File listings before Macintosh.



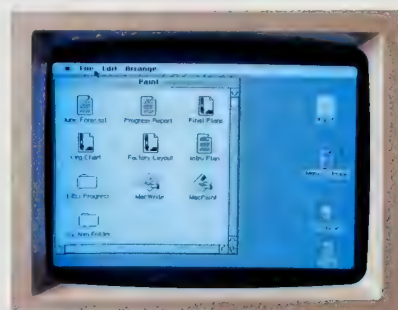
Spreadsheets before Macintosh.



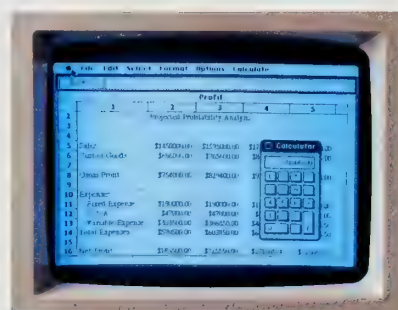
Business graphics before Macintosh.



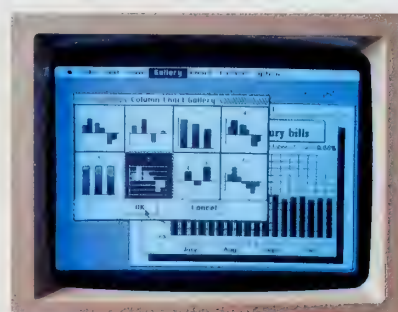
Terminal emulation before Macintosh.



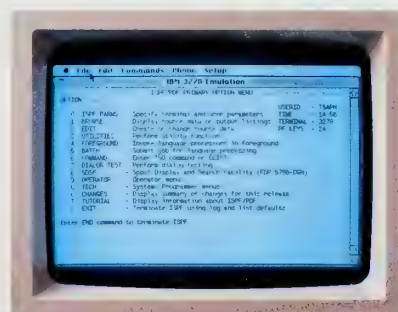
Macintosh's Finder.



Microsoft's Multiplan for Macintosh.



Microsoft's Chart for Macintosh.



MacTerminal.

And here's where ordinary personal computers draw a blank.

You've just seen some of the logic, the technology, the engineering genius and the software wizardry that separates Macintosh from conventional computers.

virtually any image the human hand can create. Because the mouse allows the human hand to create it.

MacPaint gives you total freedom

able by enlarging MacPaint illustrations or making transparencies for overhead projection. Or clarify a memo or report by "cutting out" your illustration and "pasting" it into your text.

What MacPaint does for helping you visualize your wildest imaginings, MacProject does for helping you visualize the unforeseen.

You simply enter all the tasks and resources involved in a project—whether it's opening a new office or producing a brochure—and MacProject will chart the "critical path" to completion, calculating dates and deadlines. If there's a single change in any phase of the project, it will automatically recalculate every phase.

So with MacProject, you can generate business plans and status reports that reflect the realities

of the job, not the limitations of your computer.

But more important than the practical benefits of programs like MacPaint and MacProject, they represent the very tangible difference an attitude can make.

An attitude that the only thing



MacPaint produces virtually any image the human hand can create.

Now, we'd like to show you some of the magic.

First, there's MacPaint. A program that transforms Macintosh into a combination architect's drafting table, artist's easel and illustrator's sketch pad.

With MacPaint, for the first time, a personal computer can produce

to doodle. To cross-hatch. To spray paint. To fill-in. To erase.

And even if you're not a terrific artist, MacPaint includes special tools for designing everything from office forms to technical illustrations. Plus type styles to create captions, labels and headlines.

So you can have custom-designed graphics without hiring a design studio. Make your presentations more present-

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TIMOTHY LEARY *Heinemann* £9.95

This is a wonderful book, the chronicle of a heady, expansive age, a tribute to the energy of America. No other nation could have produced a man like Timothy Leary, who gets thrown out of a college, becomes a Harvard psychology professor and then, after experiencing 'magic mushrooms' in Mexico, sets out to convert the world to mind-expanding drugs. Equally, only in America could this same man be hounded out of his job, thrown in gaol on trumped-up charges and subjected to endless games of cat-and-mouse with the authorities. It's typical of Leary, however, that he thrives on all this. He sees himself as a Tom Sawyer figure, upsetting the crab-apple Annies in the CIA and the White House. He is a paradoxical mixture of cowboy, visionary and subversive imp.

This book reads like a psychedelic dream; there are night-long 'sessions' in ornate apartments, communes in Mexico, Indian gurus; a mysterious woman who 'turned on' JFK himself, and was murdered for her pains. It all seems a long way from Ronald Reagan and the entrenched Eighties. And yet Leary's philosophy is not as naive as it might appear. During his Harvard period, when he was experimenting with psychedelic drugs, he came to believe in Hallucinations For All, but only under the supervision of trained guides who would control and administer them. Shades of *Brave New World*? Certainly the fight for drug freedom has some odd over-tones. The passages concerning his imprisonment reveal a playful banter between Leary and his captors, eager for inside information on the counter-culture. They become quite chummy in fact, and you get the feeling that the battle for liberation is a private game played between maverick and Establishment, with the poor public drifting on the sidelines.

Flashbacks is a stylish piece of work, switching from the Sixties to Leary's youth and back again. The language is breathless, convoluted, colourful, mind-blown; Tokyo, for example, is 'an urban hive fascinating to any diligent student of insectoid interpersonal relations' - which should please the Japanese Tourist Board. At the end of the book you are left wondering whether the drug culture was indeed a feasible plan for the high-tech future, or whether it was merely a burst of frustrated energy after post-war austerity and Vietnam stupidity. Whatever the reason, Leary has written a valuable document about the period.

David Lancaster

Heinemann

DURRANT'S

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THE ECONOMIST

25 ST JAMES'S STREET
LONDON SW1

ISSUE
DATED

14 JAN 1984

1960s. That stream included some people anybody might expect to find, such as the beat luminaries Neal Cassidy, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, and the jazz trumpeter Maynard Ferguson; but it also included the poet Robert Lowell, Aldous Huxley, Henry Luce and a reputed girlfriend of President Kennedy named Mary Pinchot Meyer.

The breadth of his acquaintance points to a more intriguing fact about Mr Leary. He has been a strong and quite durable figure in recent American culture. His prominence was greatest in the last half of the 1960s, when the marijuana haze that pleasantly settled over America's best universities was punctuated only by an occasional whiff from the tear-gas canisters fired off to disperse anti-war demonstrators. But what was it that made America's young so loose, and Mr Leary so popular a figure among them, in the 1960s? This is a subject on which some extended analysis by Mr Leary would have been welcome. He ventures only an elegy: "The pageantry of those days! Where did it go?" Good question. No answer.

Mr Leary did not disappear from the scene with the 1960s. He did fade for a time: a couple of years in exile (being bossed around in Algeria by the Black Panther fugitive Eldridge Cleaver, who has since become a born-again Christian and a fan of Ronald Reagan) was followed by four years in prison on drug charges.

But Mr Leary is back on stage. He now holds debates with his old enemy Mr G. Gordon Liddy, who busted Mr Leary for drugs and later became famous as the comic-book Watergate spy who refused to finger any of his colleagues and so spent years in prison. Their debates are a hot ticket on the American university lecture circuit, and a film about them has just been released.

Mr Leary's durability is not really astonishing. He represents a strain of radical individualism that has a long tradition in America, epitomised by Thoreau. Nor is it very surprising (even leaving the money aside) that he has teamed up with Mr Liddy, who thumbed his nose at the representatives of the state by refusing even to swear to a Watergate congressional committee that he would tell the truth.

Mr Leary still spooks the bureaucrats. The latest example of official paranoia came from Mr Leon Brittan, the British home secretary. He let Mr Liddy into Britain to publicise the film about the Leary-Liddy debates, but not Mr Leary. What is it about this naive, sincere and slightly kooky man that makes Mr Brittan think he must keep the British people from hearing what he has to say?

Turn on, tune in

FLASHBACKS

By Timothy Leary.
Heinemann. 397 pages. £9.95.

The intellectual tone of Timothy Leary's autobiography is suggested by the résumé of his current interests that he gives near the end of the book:

Since my release from prison I have written six new books and published over fifty articles in the fields of exo-psychology, neuro-logic, sociology, neuro-politics, Gaia theory, re-juvenilisation, neuro-geography, neo-LaMarckianism, personal evolution and development, biocomputer theory, experimental dying, neuro-ecology, migratory demographics, and the liberating advantages of word processors and video games.

It doesn't matter. This is an interesting book anyway.

One reason is that Mr Leary has led a very interesting life. It is easy for the reader to skip over the theoretical mumbo-jumbo and dive into accounts of the famous people who started streaming through Mr Leary's life when he undertook (then legal) experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard in the early

OCTOBER 5, 1983

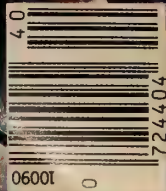
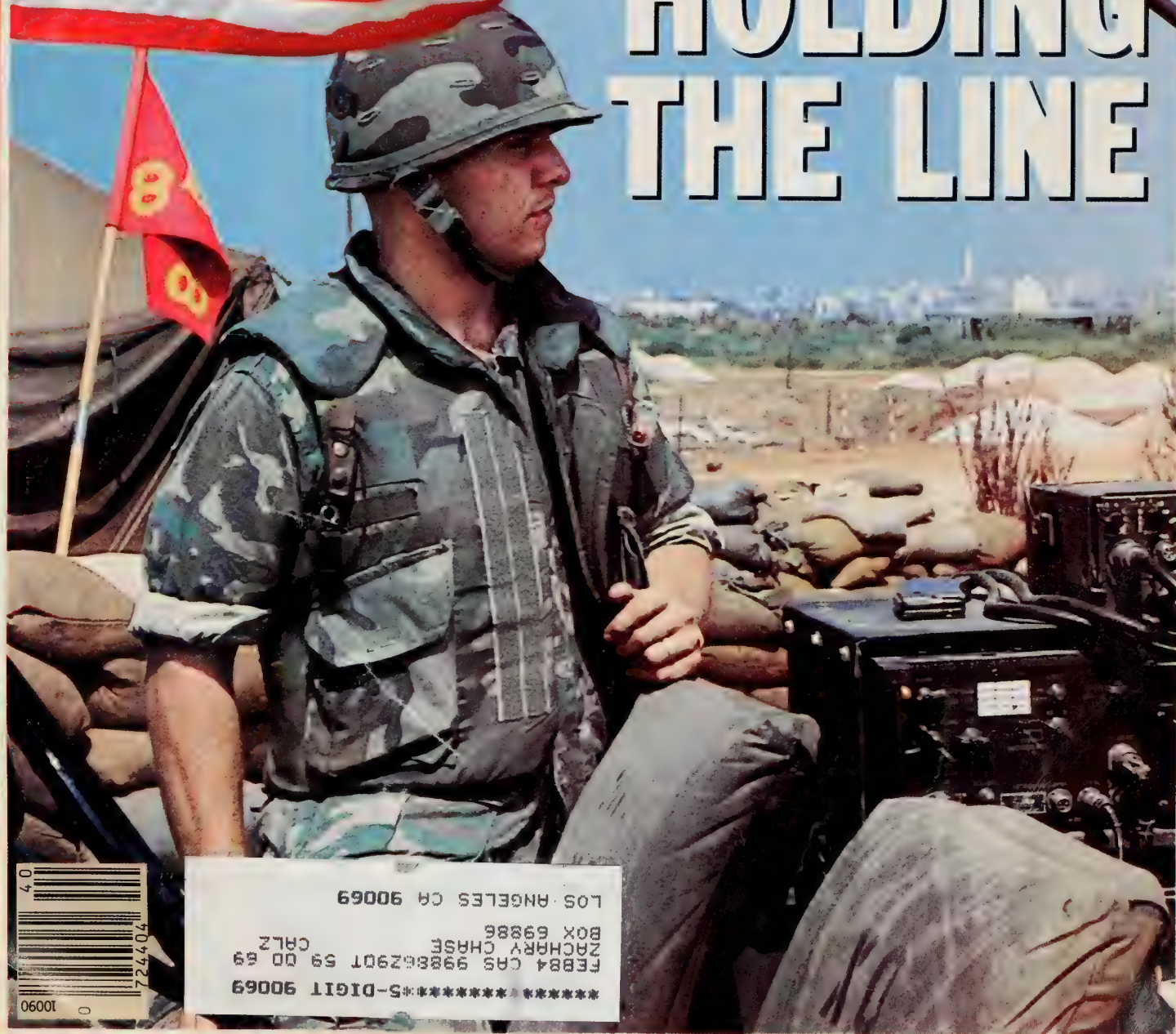
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THE NEWS

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 5

SERVING SANTA CRUZ COUNTY'S ACTIVE OLDER ADULTS

FEB. 2, 1984

Eve of Computer Fest

High-Tech Too Fast?

by Patrick Aloysius
Murphy

We are taught first/to look eyelessly up to images and symbols/ instead of looking first into eyes of ourselves.

—Climates of the Mind
by Carolyn Kleefeld

Western civilization is experiencing an enormous high-technology revolution affecting all our lives.

On a positive side, computer technology placed men on the moon; improved communication between countries via satellite transmissions; advanced medical science thus increasing life spans and improving the quality of life.

On the negative side, computer technology has given politicians the tool to destroy the world; widened the gap between high-technology nations and Third World countries; and threatened our fragile planet's ecology.

Last Friday at Book/Cafe Capitola, hi-tech wizard Francis Jeffrey and Big Sur poet Carolyn

Kleefeld probed the contemporary terrors of high-technology and gave alternative ideas on the future of artistic/scientific creation. *The News* found their ruminations appropriate, in light of the second annual Computer Festival at the Cocoanut Grove this weekend.

Kleefeld is the highly successful author of *Climates of the Mind*, *Satan Sleeps With the Holy*, and *Lovers in Evolution*. Jeffrey is founder-director of Alive Systems, a consulting agency in high-tech and communications and author of *Working in Isolation: States that Alter Consensus*, a handbook of A.S.

"Albert Einstein was a wonderful physicist but he didn't understand politics. Ronald Reagan is a gifted politician but he doesn't understand nuclear physics," Jeffrey explained. "A big threat to our survival today comes from specialization in the context of our bureaucratic institutions."

Jeffrey used Albert Einstein as an example of being politically naive. "He started out being a pacifistic war resister. From

Computer '84 Schedule

More than 60 high-technology exhibits will be featured this weekend at the Computer Festival '84, including a robot, software, hardware and a special computer exhibit by the handicapped. The Festival will be held at the Cocoanut Grove, Santa Cruz.

Business Day - Friday, February 3, \$20 (\$25 at door)

8:30-9 am	Registration
9 am	Introduction and Crystal Gazing High Tech
10:30 am	Software: State of the Art: Jobs: Keeping Up With the Times: Agriculture: Growing With Computers
1:30 pm	Hardware: Trends for the Future Small Business: Application
3 pm	Professional: Office Applications: Women and New Technology

Education Day - Saturday, February 4,

\$20 (\$25 at door)

8:30-9 am	Registration
9-10 am	Education 2000: The Future of Learning: Getting Going: Computers in the Classroom
10:15-11:15 am	Word Processing for Kids; UC Davis: Computers in Education Program
1:15-2:45 pm	What Are Kids Up To?: Computer Literacy

Workshops including Logo, Basic, PFS File and Bank Street Writer will be available during the Education Day (only)

Exhibits, Friday, February 3, 9 am-7 pm; Saturday, February 4, 9 am-7:30 pm; and Sunday, February 5, noon-5:30 pm. \$5 general/4 students & seniors

Ultramedia Night, Saturday, February 4, 8 pm. \$6 4 students & seniors. Video, graphics and music.

Advance tickets are available at: Book/Cafe, Bookshop Santa Cruz, Cabrillo Community Education, UCSC Box Office.

See page 9

COVER STORY

High-Tech Talk

Continued from page 1

there, he went to [be] a leading advocate of rearmament in preparation for Hitler. Then he signed two famous letters to Roosevelt that resulted in the creation of the Manhattan Project and the atomic bomb. Finally, he wrote another letter to Roosevelt stating now that we have the bomb, don't use it.

"He was invited to sit on the board of Directors of the Manhattan Project," Jeffrey continued. "Einstein declined because he felt he was too old and too busy. Within six months, Einstein was black-listed and considered a security risk. The bureaucrats who ran the very project which he had set up would no longer take his advice because they thought he was 'pink' [left wing]. That's an example of specialization."

Kleefeld believes the relentless pressures of the economic control system forces people into extreme: *in order to succeed in society's work slots/you first must be dehumanized*. "These geniuses have no interior development," she stated.

"If you have experienced enough on a personal and human level, at least you are aware of what's going on," Kleefeld continued. "You know if you create something what effects it will have on people. You need to experience everything. Then you become in touch with everything. It's important to grow as a whole integrated being rather than only paying attention in a specialized area. Being integrated into nature rather than just being part of nature."

"The worst things that are happening in the world today are specialization and bureaucratization. We can trace all our specific political, economic and social problems to those two emerging evils, Jeffrey explained.

"We are not encouraged to look within ourselves and turn towards ourselves for what we want. We immediately are exploited by the external things like family and society. There is no value on self knowledge and self exploration at all. We are not living in that type of society," Kleefeld added. "We can't move forward doing this."

"For me, it was necessary to withdraw within myself," she continued. "I just cut out from the society I was living in and started creating my interior world. I wanted to find myself as a separate being rather than only just a reac-

tion to what was happening."

The poet and the high-tech wizard strongly recommend we explore our inner dimensions and establish our own integrity. "The vast commercial system that we have in this country, plus the vast totalitarian bureaucracy on the other side are constantly grinding people into states of disintegration," Jeffrey stated.

"In school, you learn just by definition. They give you a fact but no comprehension to go with it," continued Kleefeld. "Books do not validate awareness. The trouble with school is we're taught everything in fragments. The teacher is really within ourselves."

"I think we could become more intelligent through the use of computers," said Jeffrey. "We haven't even scratched the surface yet; however, it depends on who uses them and what they are used for."

Jeffrey is setting up a computerized network system, open to everybody, to "do what governments cannot do. They cannot represent their constituents and they are constitutionally unable to negotiate with each other. Given that, we have to conduct our global affairs through governments—we are already dead!"

"I'm interested in the concept of finding technological, procedural and group interaction methods for interacting and interrelating the positive intentions of a large number of people so they can achieve their group & individual goals. You need a way that a group having aligned intentions can get together and hold a discussion without the problem of shouting at each other. We can do this with computers."

"To be integrated, we need to be in touch with our heart, mind, body, soul, spirit and consciousness. Otherwise we are not a complete human being," added Kleefeld.

Special thanks to Book/Cafe Capitola for providing research material for this article. Ms. Kleefeld's books of poetry, including Lovers in Evolution, are available at Book/Cafe.

For a complete schedule of Computer Festival '84 being held this weekend at the Coconut Grove in Santa Cruz, see page 4.

ISBN CORRECTION:

The correct ISBN is 0-9602214-0-9 as it appears on the copyright page. Please disregard the ISBN on the back cover.

THE HORSE AND BIRD PRESS

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Derrel Thomas' Hit Defeats Dodgers, 2-1

From Times Wire Services

WEST PALM BEACH, Fla.—Former Dodger Derrel Thomas stroked a pinch-hit, run-scoring single with two out in the bottom of the ninth inning to give the Montreal Expos a 2-1 exhibition baseball victory over the Dodgers Angeles Wednesday.

Roy Johnson opened the inning with a walk off losing pitcher Pat Zachry and took second on Bobby Ramos's groundout. After Brad Mills popped out, Mike Stenhouse was intentionally walked, but Thomas then singled up the middle.

The Dodgers had taken a 1-0 lead in the fifth on Dave Anderson's single that scored German Rivera, who had led off with a double against Darren Dilks. The Expos tied it in their half of the inning when Stenhouse doubled and scored on rookie Argenis Salazar's single.

David Palmer started for the Expos in his first major-league appearance since Aug. 13, 1982, when he suffered an elbow injury which required surgery. He yielded two hits and two walks in three innings.

The Dodgers now have an 0-2 exhibition record, having scored just one run while giving up three. They dropped a 1-0 decision to the Atlanta Braves in their opener on Tuesday.

Alejandro Pena started on the mound against Montreal and pitched a scoreless three innings, allowing three hits. Burt Hooton pitched the next three innings, allowing four hits and one run.

Relief ace Tom Niedenfuer pitched the seventh inning, retiring the side in order and striking out two. Zachry worked 1½ innings, giving up only the hit to Thomas while walking two.

The Dodgers have accumulated just nine hits in their two games, eight singles and the double by Rivera.

The club will play its first home game of the spring at Vero Beach, Fla., today, facing the Texas Rangers. Bob Welch and Orel Hershisier are scheduled to pitch for the Dodgers.

This is my dream headline
March 7 1984
Tune Guy

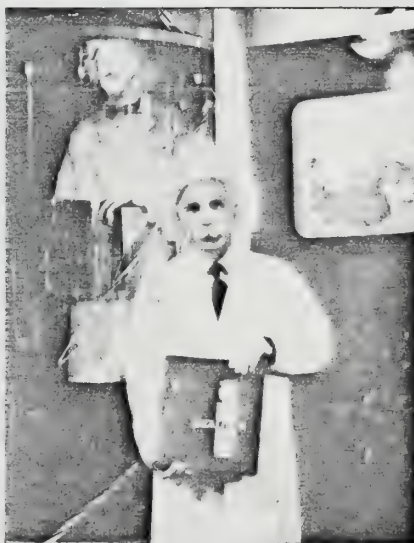
People

New Orleans is full of interesting sights, but few were more interesting than the sight of Apple's chairman, **Steven Jobs**, intently engaged in conversation with LSD veteran and recent computer-convert **Timothy Leary**, in a hospitality suite at Softcon. Jobs was there to cut software deals for the Macintosh, and Leary's attendance was in connection with XOR Corporation, a Minnetonka, Minnesota, software firm. Leary is working on his design of a 24-module "brain game" that he believes will help people change the way they think and live. Leary's presence attracted the attention of both Jobs and Apple cofounder **Stephen Wozniak**, who visited Leary's suite at separate times for a demonstration. XOR officials, who seemed to be accustomed to the film-industry style of doing business, did a Hollywood blitz on Jobs. They were trying to sell him the rights to their brain game and two other XOR products — but rumor has it the negotiations were somewhat less than cordial and we won't be seeing Leary's game on the Macintosh.



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Psycomp, of the poster that can be seen between Barnett and a show goer. And we must admit, yes, it is a grabber. Psycomp sells self-help software that relates to four different areas of psychology. The poster advertises a program called Treating Sexual Problems that is supposed to treat just what the poster says it will treat. It's an "interactive" ten-session program which, according to the literature, "clarifies frequently-held misconceptions and introduces corrective measures to overcome the problems."



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— Denise Caruso, People editor.



Tom Snyder sings "Run for the Money."

Tom Snyder had party goers doing double takes at the Scarborough Systems bash at Softcon. Not only did he show off packages of his latest game (entitled Run for the Money) to be marketed by Scarborough, but Snyder also showed off his talents as Tom Snyder, CBS recording artist, by doing a couple of full-tilt versions of his latest song called — you guessed it — "Run for the Money." (Snyder also created the popular games Snooper Troops and the Search Series.) Rock wasn't the only musical genre represented: Scarborough hired the Southern University Marching Band to put on a great Mardi Gras-style show, and a blues and jazz band filled in between Snyder's renditions of "Run for the Money."

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Louisiana legislation would punish software pirates

BY JIM BARTIMO

Senior Writer

Louisiana politics briefly took the spotlight at Softcon in New Orleans when Louisiana Secretary of State James H. Brown announced pending legislation designed to prevent the unauthorized duplication and distribution of computer software. If passed, the bill will make Louisiana the first state to have such a law. State officials hope the law will make Louisiana more attractive to high-tech companies.

Brown, speaking at a press conference sponsored by Vault Corporation, a soft-

ware protection company, said that the Software License Enforcement Act will be introduced in the current legislative session by two Democrats, State Senator William Atkins and Representative Al Ater. Under the proposed law, a user would automatically agree to accept the terms of an enclosed licensing agreement by purchasing or opening a software package. By becoming a licensee of the software, a user then could be punished for any copyright infringement.

"This bill is intended to strengthen significantly the ability of software publishers and distributors to enforce their rights under trade secret and copyright

laws," Brown said in conjunction with a joint statement from the legislators. "This bill strikes a balance between the legitimate interests of the software industry in preventing piracy and the legitimate interests of the customers who acquire copies of software pursuant to license agreements."

Vault Corporation chairman Krag Brotby said his company helped write most of the bill for Brown and the legislators, and that the announcement was timed to coincide with Softcon coming to New Orleans. Vault, of Westlake, California, markets the Prolok Software Protection System to software developers who want to protect their software from being copied. Prolok is used by many software developers, including Ashton-Tate and Informatics, said Brotby. The Louisiana legislation is needed, he said, because software protection schemes can always be broken. ●

Start-up firm announces windowing package for PCjr

BY KATHY CHIN

Reporter

Trillian, a Los Gatos, California, software start-up, has announced it will be offering the first windowing package for the new IBM PCjr this April. Unveiled at Softcon in New Orleans, VisuALL is a program designed to simplify the use of existing software on the market.

Instead of memorizing keyboard com-

mands, users can select from an on-screen window of options with a mouse or with designated arrow keys. Software developers are calling VisuALL a "shell" product that functions as a kind of accessory program for existing off-the-shelf software.

Trillian's president Peter Redford said the firm will be shipping a VisuALL shell for the IBM Personal Editor for the PCjr that will sell for between \$50 to \$70. "We

have developed a window system that will function within the boundaries of PCjr's more limited memory," said Redford. The Trillion offering does not integrate multiple programs, but makes individual applications easier to use.

"This program eliminates the user's dependence on lengthy manuals, which are more of a hindrance than an aid," Redford said. "Our windows let people tell the computer what to do in plain English, rather than in computer languages."

Users who wish to customize their own IBM PC applications can purchase the VisuALL PC-DOS shell for \$99.95. Redford claims that users can create shells for any software that operates on the IBM PC and its look-alikes. ●

Radio Shack introduces disk drive for Model 100

BY SCOTT MACE

Senior Writer

Radio Shack has introduced a \$799 5¼-inch single-disk drive for its Model 100 portable.

Included with the drive is space for an optional second floppy-disk drive, which costs \$240. The drive box also includes connections to link the Model 100 to a computer monitor and/or television set.

The 5¼-inch single-sided disk drive stores 184K of information on one floppy. According to Radio Shack spokesperson Ed Juge, the disk format is incompatible with other TRS-80 disk formats, such as

those for the Color Computer or Model 4.

Unlike the lap-size Model 100, the Model 100 disk drive is not portable. It is about as long and wide as the 100, but is approximately three times the portable's height. The Model 100 itself can store up to 32K in its nonvolatile random-access memory. Previously the only additional storage available for the 100 was through a separate cassette tape recorder.

The disk drive attaches through a cable that plugs into the bottom of the Model 100. The plug fits into the slot reserved for ROM (read-only memory) modules located behind a door on the bottom of the machine. Juge says that when users buy

the drive, they must remove the ROM module door and replace it with one designed to accept the disk-drive cable.

The video-interface section of the drive includes a built-in RF modulator for connecting the computer to a television. A computer/television switch box is included with the drive. Monitors or televisions will display 25 lines of copy on the screen.

When connected, the disk drive automatically loads special software into the Model 100 that links the drive to the computer through the built-in Basic language. A Model 100 must have a minimum of 16K RAM to use the drive.

NEC, which manufactures a lap-size computer similar to the Radio Shack product, plans to introduce a disk-drive unit for its machine this June. Unlike the 5¼-inch Radio Shack unit, NEC's model will have a CMOS battery-powered, 3½-inch double-density drive. The price of the NEC drive has not been set. ●

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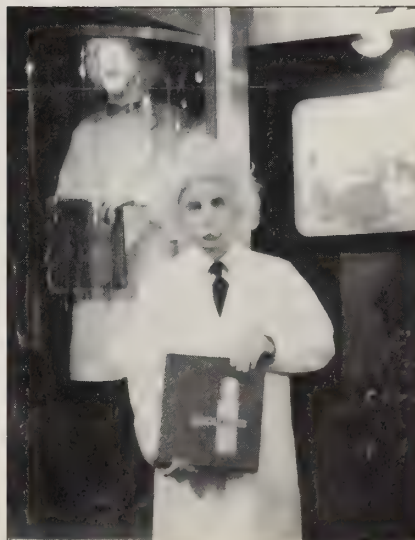
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— Denise Caruso, People editor.

Top 4 ASG spots decided

By MARK EDELEN

Although Associated Student Government's general elections aren't until April, student government's top four officers for next year have already been decided.

President Jack Smith and John Holland, public affairs vice president, apparently will succeed themselves. Julie Lippert, a Boaz junior, is the only student who has filed for administrative vice president and Suzie Wilkins, a Paducah junior, is the only candidate for treasurer.

The last day to file for an office was Feb. 24.

Because the positions are unopposed, they will not be placed on the ballot for the primary elections next Tuesday; they will appear on the general elections ballot "only for information," said Stanley Reagan, chairman of the Rules and Elections Committee.

Also, because the secretary is the only executive position being contested, plans for a political rally before the general elections have been dropped, Holland said.

Holland and Wilkins were originally opposed but their opponents withdrew.

Chris Watkins, a Paducah sophomore, withdrew his candidacy for public affairs vice president three weeks ago and has filed unopposed as junior class vice president. And David Johnson, a Sonora junior, withdrew his bid for the public affairs position last week. Claire Groening, a Louisville junior, dropped out of the race for treasurer last week.

Smith said no candidate filed for Business College representative but such positions often remain open at election time.

Smith will recommend an applicant for the position later, and con-

gress will then vote on the recommendations.

Smith said the empty seat and the unopposed candidates shouldn't be viewed as examples of apathy. The positions are probably open because none felt qualified or couldn't afford the time, he said.

While some positions are unopposed, Smith said, the number of students who have filed for general representatives is the largest he has seen. There are 28 candidates for 15 representative positions.

Smith said he is pleased that many representative candidates are students who are new to student government and minority students.

Another twist in this election is that Smith and Holland are the first president and vice president to file to succeed themselves, said Ron Beck, student government adviser.

Candidates for other positions are:

Secretary — Terri S. Rice, a sophomore from Evansville, Ind.; Connie Hoffman, a sophomore from Gallatin, Tenn.

Graduate College representative — Beth O'Donnell, a Bowling Green graduate student.

College of Education representative — Amy Deputy, a Bowling Green sophomore.

Ogden College representative — Pat Francke, a Louisville sophomore; Leigh Ann Turner, a Louisville junior.

Potter College representative — Quinton L. Fawbush, a Louisville sophomore; Pierce Butler Whites, a Bowling Green junior.

Senior class president — Danny Broderick, a Louisville senior; Cathy Holley, a Cincinnati junior; Todd Wallace, a Cadiz junior.

Junior class president — John Norris, a sophomore from Portland, Tenn.; Tina D. Ray, a Calhoun junior.

Sophomore class president — Jeff Felty, a Louisville freshman; Donna Holloway, an Owensboro freshman; Caroline Miller, a Louisville freshman.

Senior class vice president — Susan Mantey, a junior from Mullan, Ind.; Theodore "Tep" Powell, a Mayfield junior; Bill Veneman, a Lyndon junior.

Sophomore class vice president — Kelly Dossey, a Cave City freshman; Kathy

Rohleder, a Louisville freshman.

Representatives-at-large (five) — Akio Cullum, a Bowling Green sophomore; Vince Lewis, a sophomore from Vandalia, Ohio; Greg Elder, a Glasgow freshman. Richard Helms, a Middlesboro sophomore; James Moorman, a Utica sophomore; Doug Robertson, a Bowling Green sophomore; Tony Vick, a Central City freshman; Tara Wassom, a Fort Campbell sophomore; Loree Zimmerman, a Providence junior.

On-campus representatives (five) — Janice Bryant, a Columbia junior; Ann Cain, a freshman from Martinsville, Ind.; Peter Kolbenschlager, a Louisville freshman; Tim Lucas, a Leitchfield freshman; Mitchell McKinney, a Drakesboro freshman; Van Nguyen, an Owensboro sophomore; Sean Peck, a Gilbertsville sophomore; Stanley Reagan, a Tompkinsville junior; Barbara Rowland, a Prospect freshman; Tammy Rowland, a Louisville sophomore; Donna Stone, a Clay junior; Sundos Masri, an Israeli sophomore.

Off-campus representatives (five) — Alexander Baird, a Louisville sophomore; William Beranek, a sophomore from Gallatin, Tenn.; Nancy Caudill, a Franklin junior; Don DeArmond, a Bowling Green senior; Stephen Kiehn, a freshman from Stockton, Calif.; Gregory Mallory, a Bowling Green junior; Harry Monroe, a Bowling Green junior.

ASG urges calls to legislators

Associated Student Government is giving out a list of legislators to students, hoping that students will urge them to vote for higher education bills.

The list is available in the university center, Room 327.

Students are asked to call 1-800-372-2985 and leave a message for the representative of their home district.

Callers should say they are enrolled at a Kentucky university and urge the legislator to vote for bills dealing with funding for higher education, said John Holland, public affairs vice president.

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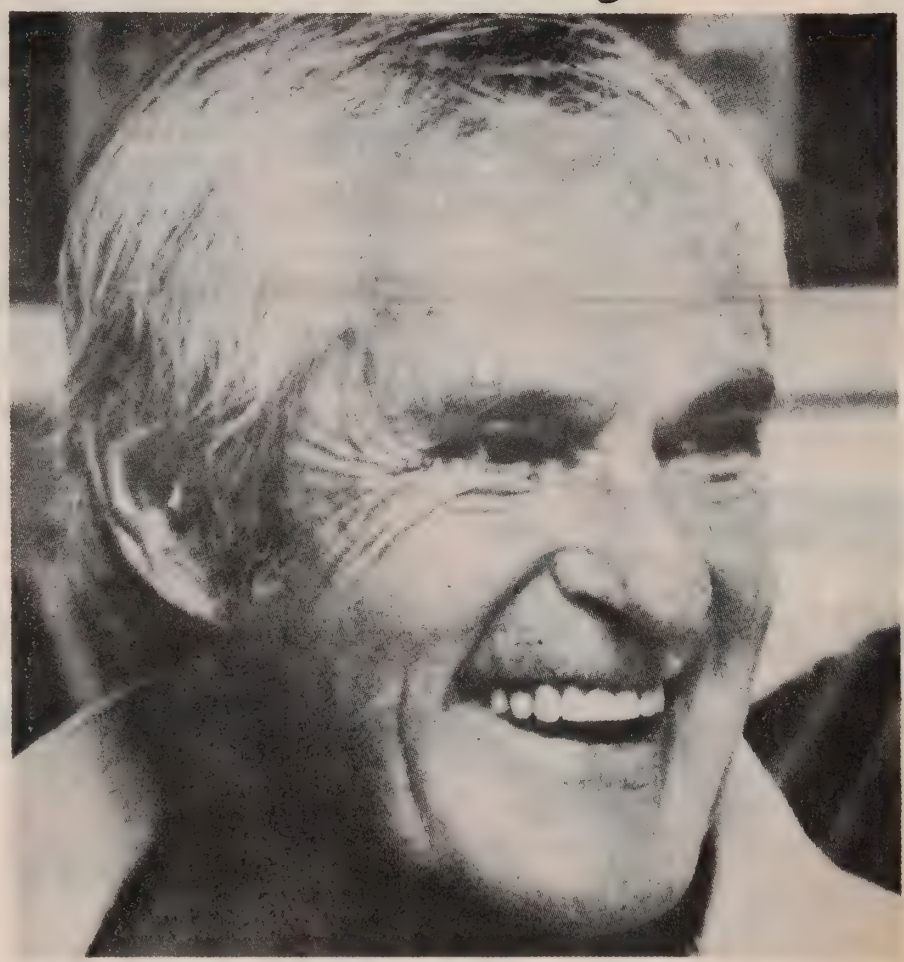
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Timothy Leary was once branded "the most dangerous man alive" as he rose to national prominence in the 1960's with his controversial drug experiments at Harvard. He coined the phrase "Turn On, Tune-In, Drop-Out" which echoed a statement of self-discovery. The Beatles wrote a song of dedication about him, "Come Together" when he ran for Governor of California. After

receiving his Ph.D in Clinical Psychology at Berkeley, Dr. Leary became Director of Psychology Research at the Prestigious Kaiser Foundation in Oakland, California. His book written in 1957, "Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality" has become a classic psychological text. Dr. Leary's views tend to be unpredictable and frequently surprising; he believes people should be

trained and liscensed before taking LSD; that 12 future stages of human evolution can be glimpsed in today's races, that prison is often the best place to get tanned and do productive work; and that drug use can make a person boring, out of touch and unemployable. Timothy Leary; complex, eloquent, witty, profound, poetic-but always thought-provoking and entertaining.

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Selling Psych-Out Software

Nineteen eighty-four is under way with a new kind of computer programming that may create paranoia even as it captures the public imagination: psych-out software. The first such product, a program for the IBM PC called The Sales Edge, is designed to give salespeople a detailed strategy for manipulating customers into buying through a matching-up of the psychological characteristics of both parties. But the idea applies to all negotiations: two weeks ago the London Financial Times experimented with The Sales Edge, running the program to determine how Margaret Thatcher might best go about selling Ronald Reagan her policy on NATO spending. The program advised Thatcher that "your tendency to place emphasis on details may bore R. R.," and noted that "R. R. is inclined to seek the limelight, to perform for others. Appeal to R. R. with flattery." The Financial Times was sufficiently impressed to conclude that just in case President Reagan has such software, perhaps Thatcher should too.

The program's developer, James Johnson, 43, is an affable former university professor who now heads his own firm, Human Edge Software Corp., of Palo Alto, Calif. He is an old hand at wedding computers and psychology. In 1978 he co-founded Psych Systems, Inc., a Baltimore-based company that sells computerized diagnostic systems to psychologists and psychiatrists. After a slow start, automated psychological testing (which can offer 50-page assessments of everything from a patient's temperament to his potential for drug addiction) has become big business. More than a dozen firms now offer psychological software to clinics, hospitals, law-enforcement agencies and insurance companies, and some observers now fear widespread misuse—for example, if insurers used the results to justify halting psychiatric benefits. In an editorial in the journal *Science* last summer, one psychologist warned that "a flood of litigation involving unqualified users of this new technology is just around the corner."

Johnson's Sales Edge is his first product designed not necessarily for professionals but for anyone with the price of the program (\$250) and a drive to make deals. Operation is simple: the user sits in front of a computer and types in agreement or disagreement with 80 personal statements, ranging from "I worry about selling more than most" to "A strong defense is necessary for American."

ca's survival." The program then asks the user to rate the intended customer by agreeing or disagreeing with 50 adjectives such as "talkative" or "sarcastic." Once all questions are answered, The Sales Edge produces a smoothly worded report describing, in 8 to 10 pages, "what to expect" and "how to succeed," along with specific opening, presentation and closing strategies tailored to the customer's psyche.

The program's reports often seem uncannily prescient, describing traits never mentioned in the initial questions, such as "dependence" or "sensitivity." Dr. Marc Schwartz, a lecturer in Yale's department of

psychiatry and editor of *Computers in Psychiatry/Psychology*, isn't surprised. "People are often amazed by the inferences that such programs can make about them, because they don't seem logically related to the questions. That's also what happens when you visit a well-trained clinician. Computers can appear very impressive on that superficial level."

Johnson admits that the program "can't measure esoteric things, dark impulses lurking in the heart." What it does is classify both salesman and customer into one of 12 different personality types, which determines what specific advice the program will deliver from a distillation of several hundred academic papers and popular treatments on the psychology of sales techniques. That fills two floppy discs, from which the program selects only the techniques relevant to a particular encounter.

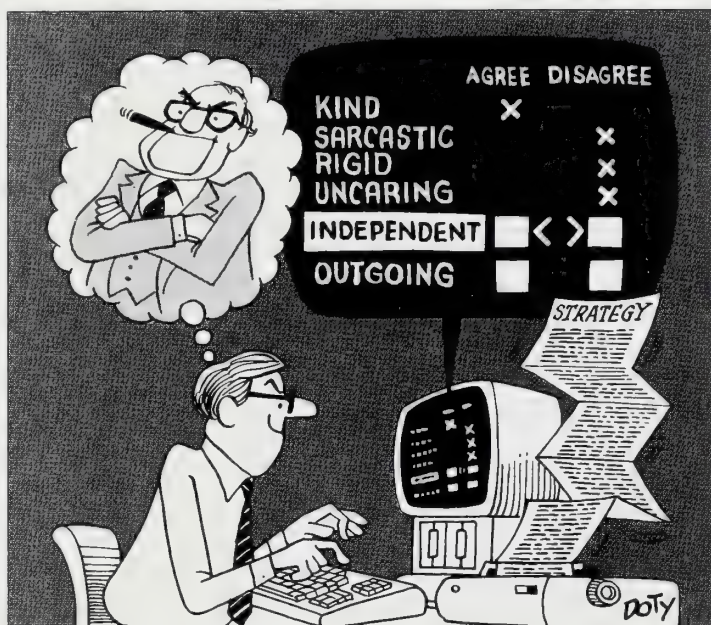
Johnson has applied for a patent on his method, and now in the works are programs for management and negotiation techniques—programs, says Johnson, that the Human Edge staff already use in their dealings with one another. But using computers to manage relationships is not a universally agreeable idea. Human Edge's market research indicates that women particularly mistrust the notion, and Johnson recalls one focus group in which a minister suggested that the concept might be the work of the Devil. (Afterward the minister privately inquired as to where he could buy the management program to help run his church.)

Coaches: Johnson's initial emphasis will be business users ("high-need achiever males, somewhat cynical"), but in the long run he foresees "life strategy" programs for pepping up

a marriage or encouraging an underachieving child. And "recreation strategy" will mean computerized help for coaches who want to motivate football teams in the manner of Knute Rockne or tennis players seeking customized psych-out ploys against their opponents.

These more ambitious ideas could easily founder on the rocks of human irrationality. In any event, says James Milojkovic, a Stanford psychologist, there is reason to be concerned about the human impact: "People could again become very worried about computers encroaching in their lives. They may think, 'Orwell has really hit home. People are using this technology against me.' Will we need defense programs against this kind of software? How can I know whether, before you made this telephone call, you didn't run a program to find out how to get me to talk to you? And if you did, how should I feel about it?"

MICHAEL ROGERS



Roy Doty

The new computer programs: How to win sales and influence people



John McDermott

Human Edge's Johnson: Work of the Devil?

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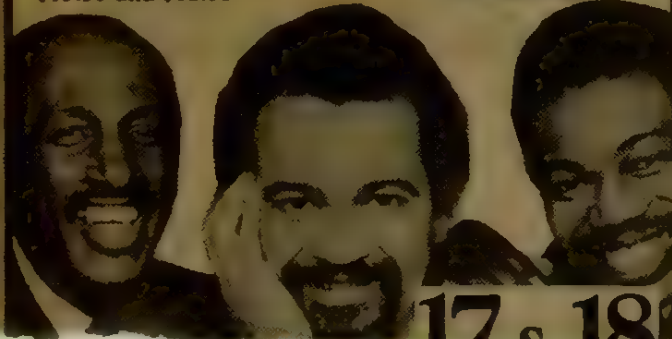


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17 & 18

POP EYE

EAT TO THE BEAT

By PATRICK GOLDSTEIN

The song sounds like "Beat It."
The video looks like "Beat It."

But it's not Michael Jackson and it's not Memorex. It's "Weird Al" Yankovic's latest parody smash, "Eat It," which in one week of release has already become one of the most added new songs on Top 40 and album-rock radio.

Using one of the most familiar tunes known to man, Yankovic has transformed the Grammy Award-winning Jackson hit into a homage to the glory of a good meal. Part of the refrain goes:

You better listen

You better do what you're told

You haven't even touched your tuna casserole

You better chow down before it gets cold

So eat it, don't tell me you're full

Just eat it! Eat it!

Get yourself an egg and beat it

Have some more chicken, have some more Spam

It doesn't matter if it's fresh or canned

Just eat it! Eat it! . . .

"I seem to be fixated by food," said Yankovic, whose previous efforts have included such parodies as "My Balogna" and "I Love Rocky Road." "We thought 'Beat It' would be a perfect candidate for a parody because it was so popular and because it had a monster riff running

through the song that everyone would recognize within two seconds."

Speaking by phone from Boston, where he is on tour promoting his new album, "'Weird Al' Yankovic in 3-D," with radio personality Dr. Demento, Yankovic added, "The only changes we did were the song key, because I can't sing nearly as high as Michael Jackson, and the pace of the song, which we sped up a couple of beats to give our version a little more energy."

The song's video is as elaborate a spoof as the tune itself, providing a strikingly similar group of stage sets and mock-gang dance sequences. "We looked for the original locations, but the warehouse they used had burned down and the diner they shot the opening scenes in had been condemned," explained manager Jay Levey, who also directed the video.

"So we built all the sets ourselves, even the garage doors. We even got a few of the dancers from the original version. Of course, we felt that we couldn't go ahead without Michael Jackson's permission, so we sent him the song and he really enjoyed it. He was delightful about the whole thing."

Yankovic, who plays Jackson in the video despite having never danced before in his life, admitted that he was uneasy about mimicking one of the world's most dazzling hoofers. "I've never claimed I could dance, which when you see the video is pretty obvious," he joked. "So I tried to exaggerate whenever I could."

"It was easier to imitate Michael's outfits. We had to use handmade T-shirts, because they're sold out everywhere, but everything else—the jackets and the white socks—I just picked up on Hollywood Boulevard."

Yankovic laughed. "I wasn't *that* worried. You know people have been coming up to me for years and saying how close the resemblance is."

□

IS THAT LIKE HAVE A NICE DAY?: If you've seen "Sudden Impact," you know that Clint Eastwood's

DALLACE

PSYCHEDELIC RESEARCH STARS REUNITE

by Peter Stafford and Bruce Eisner

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

LSD DISCOVERER VISITS WEST COAST ON DRUG'S 40TH BIRTHDAY...RISE IN USE OF HALLUCINOGENS REPORTED...LEARY AND ALPERT IN 20-YEAR REUNION AT HARVARD...NEW WAVE OF DRUG BOOKS PUBLISHED

AFTER DISAPPEARING FROM THE headlines for almost a decade, psychedelics are again being talked about and consumed copiously by the U.S. public. Two recent West Coast conferences, featuring a host of researchers famed for their work with psychoactive substances, reflected this resurgence of interest. Even the venerable Dr. Albert Hofmann, who discovered LSD 40 years ago at Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland, was on hand to receive the adulation of the conferees.

The first of these late spring conferences was held in the spacious geodesic auditorium on the beautiful oceanside campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara. Initiated by a professor of religion, Robert Gordon-McCutchan, and sponsored by his department, it addressed the subject of "Entheogens: The Sacred Psychedelics." A conference held here a year earlier, with such speakers as Timothy Leary, Stanislav Grof, Alexander Shulgin and other pioneers, had concerned psychedelics in general; this year the subject was narrowed to the religious and ritualistic uses of "sacred plants."

"Entheogens" is a word of recent invention and refers to the generation of "the God within." Proponents favor it over the term "psychedelic," which they regard as cheapened by overuse. Because expectations can be shaped by vocabulary, the newer term is also intended to help direct the nature of experiences with certain psychoactive drugs.

Andrew Weil—whose recent book *Chocolate to Morphine*, coauthored by the excellent children's-book writer Winifred Rosen, is enjoying wide popularity—opened the conference with a discussion of the three main conclusions he has drawn from his own experiences and wide-ranging studies. First, he asserted, there are no "good" or "bad" drugs, and the effects of drug sessions "are what we make of them." Second, effects are as dependent upon the expectations and the "setting" of a session as they are on the pharmacology of the substances ingested. And finally, more attention should be paid to the importance of "pharmacokinetics," the mode by which a drug is introduced into, and how it travels through, the human system. Weil illustrated these themes with ironic reflections on the contrasting



Among the conferees were (top, left to right) H. Osmond, A. Hofmann, T. McKenna, R. Gordon-McCutchan, J. Tarcher and (rear background) P. Herbert; (middle) W. Houston Clark, C. Ruck, A. Shulgin, J. Ott and A. Wolpert; and (foreground) F. Bray and B. Wallace.

attitudes taken by different modern and traditional cultures, particularly in respect to alcohol and tobacco.

Carl Ruck, who teaches Greek at Boston University, then propounded the "subversive" theory that the ancient Greeks' first glimmerings of Western science and philosophy came through the sacramental use of an LSD-like substance in the legended Eleusinian mysteries (the Greek ecstasy religion which flourished from before 3000 B.C. to A.D. 500). Ruck himself had coined the term "entheogen" as he explored this theme with Hofmann, R. Gordon Wasson and Danny Staples in their 1978 book *The Road to Eleusis*.

Jonathan Ott, author of *Hallucinogenic Plants of North America*, concluded the evening session with his perspective on the more traditional "Wasson hypothesis": that the prehistoric discovery of psychoactive plants was the original stimulus for humanity's religious sensibility.

The next day's speakers represented a living history of the study of entheogens. A jovial Humphry Osmond—who originated the word "psychedelic"—wittily retraced the "improbable journey" he had embarked on almost 30 years ago. It was Osmond who turned Aldous Huxley onto mescaline sulfate for the first time. Huxley's report on his mescaline experience eventually appeared as the milestone drug volume *The Doors of Perception*, which vastly expanded psychedelic awareness in the late 1950s. Ralph Metzner and Walter Houston Clark recounted their work two decades ago with the Harvard Psilocybin Project. Their clini-

cal studies, like those of most of the assembled, were cut short by 1967, when the last of the major psychedelics was outlawed.

Los Angeles publisher Jeremy Tarcher, at a smaller, separate gathering he had called earlier in the day, raised the thorny question of how psychedelics (or entheogens), could most usefully be discussed in public. In the ensuing debate, opinion was highly divergent among the 40 or so participants. Some took the conservative view that consideration of the spiritual aspects of drug effects should remain closeted, while others advocated a drive for full legalization. Differences were far from resolved when the speaking schedule resumed: "Strong opinions, it seemed, had solidified since the late '60s over just how to live with or confront the fact that anyone attempting objective research into drug experience was likely to be labeled "prodrug."

The stars of the afternoon session were the two patriarchs Albert Hofmann and Alexander Shulgin—both chemists—who looked remarkably healthy and vigorous for their advanced years.

After a standing ovation from the crowd, Hofmann, now 76, described in detail what he had "learned from LSD" in his own self-experiments. LSD, he said, had shattered the belief he had held before he discovered the drug (in Berne, Switzerland, during World War II), that there is "only one true picture of the external world." Entheogenic and meditative experience, he said, were capable of uniting the duality created by the

/continued on page 22

PSYCHEDELICS

/continued from page 21

intellect's "subject-object" or "I-you" barrier and could lead to a true religiosity—"an embracing of reality which could provide us with confidence, with love, with thanks and with tranquility."

Shulgin, now in his 60s, has invented a number of psychoactive compounds over the last decade. In one of the most moving talks of the afternoon, he addressed the question, "Why do I do what I do?"

The world, Shulgin said, is governed by interplay of the forces of "Eros and Thanatos" (the drives toward life and death). The development of nuclear energy, he noted, was first seen as a beneficial "infinite source of energy for the future" and was now perceived as a threat to humanity. Psychedelics, on the other hand, initially viewed as a catalyst for madness, were now increasingly acknowledged as valuable tools for self-understanding, communication and personal growth.

He obviously saw his work in synthesizing compounds like MDM (a methylated form of MDA, or methylenedioxyamphetamine) as a legitimate effort on behalf of Eros. Such substances, he suggested, could counterbalance our drive toward extinction.

Shulgin spoke at length of a new compound: 2CB (2,5-dimethoxy-4-bromophenethylamine), a member of the mescaline family of "single-ring" feeling enhancers, distinguished by a bromine atom attached to the basic molecule. He described it as roughly six times more potent than MDA, with particularly sensual and erotic overtones. He referred also to a tryptamine analogue with peculiarly auditory psychedelic effects, and to another obnoxious compound that caused one frightened experimental subject to note after taking it: "Do not repeat."

"I may be wrong," Shulgin concluded emotionally, "but I must do what I must do, and I will do it as fast as I can." The audience

applauded with enthusiastic respect.

The organizer of the conference, Robert Gordon-McCutchan, gave the concluding address exhorting the participants to fight for the right to use entheogens for religious purposes. The laws governing the religious use of drugs, he noted, are hypocritical and racially discriminatory: Only native American Indians, he observed, are permitted to consume peyote.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, MOST OF THE conferees reassembled at the new-wave Lhasa Club in Los Angeles for a caucus devoted to "The Restoration of LSD as a Scientific Tool." Here, the earlier group was joined by Oscar Janiger, one of the original LSD researchers; Ron Siegel, the famed UCLA psychopharmacologist who did some of the last official experiments with LSD and is now a leading authority on cocaine; and Laura Huxley, wife of Aldous, the movement's foremost literary star.

Janiger outlined the high points of his extensive LSD research. He had supervised the administration of the drug to 875 people in the late '50s and early '60s (including French authoress Anaïs Nin) before his experiments were precipitously halted by the federal government. He recalled that data had been collected from 100 artists who had taken LSD, and every single one of them reported that their work had become more personally meaningful after the LSD experience. Their opinions about their own work may be open to question, but Janiger confided that he is now the possessor of an extremely valuable art collection.

Ron Siegel, whose studies at the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Los Angeles were the last using LSD with humans on official record in the United States, shared his knowledge of the complex bureaucratic regulations governing approval of such projects today. He said he had been encouraged to learn, a few days previously, that three proposed investigations in California had received approval from the required committees. Only one of these, at the Langley-Porter Institute in San Francisco, involved humans: an evaluation of the ability of a certain compound to block LSD's action—not an experiment that could be said to explore the drug's potential.

The balance of the day was taken up with panel discussions and question-and-answer sessions about the barriers faced by anyone desirous of doing serious LSD research in the '80s. Few of the participants were encouraged by Ron Siegel's announcement of the approval of the California projects, since it didn't seem to represent a genuine liberalization of the government's anti-LSD attitude. And the participants, unfortunately, were unable to forge a unified strategy for moderating the hysteria created about psychedelic studies in the '60s—a necessity if academic research into the drug's liberating potential was ever to resume.

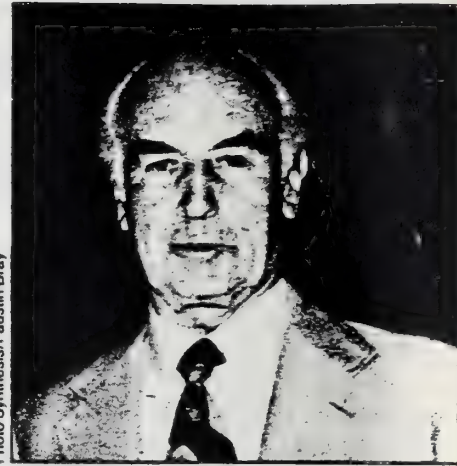


Photo Synthesis/Faustin Bray

Albert Hofmann

Some tactics, however, were suggested for circumventing the present restrictions. Walter Houston Clark recommended "the use of craft." He said he had personally guided more than 600 sessions after entheogenic agents had been privately and independently ingested by the subjects. This way, he said he could never testify against any of them in court. The previous day, Alexander Shulgin had advised against expending further efforts on LSD itself, and suggested that researchers instead concentrate on investigating the newly discovered compounds. These, he pointed out, were still legal and—in the absence of another government-engineered panic—were likely to remain so.

One of the principal topics discussed at the first of two afternoon panels was the role played by Timothy Leary in the psychedelic trauma of the '60s. Many of the pioneers in LSD studies, whose work had been shut down by antipsychotic backlash during that period, harbored manifest animosity toward the former Harvard professor, whose campaign to popularize the drug, they felt, had provoked the repressive attitude. He had strong defenders, though, some of whom had originally been "turned on" by Leary at his Millbrook, New York, estate.

The final panel addressed a wide spectrum of subjects, from the use of LSD and other psychedelics by children and expectant mothers to the full range of possible directions psychedelic research should take if it is allowed to resume. Among the subjects seen as potentially fertile areas of study were: the effectiveness of LSD in guided therapeutic sessions; the varying effects of different dosage levels; the action of psychedelics in the brain; and the influence of psychedelics on creativity.

Although no organized efforts to further the study of LSD emerged from this gathering, the fact that it had convened at all provided some basis for optimism. Topics that had remained virtually taboo for a decade and a half had once again been discussed openly by some of the finest minds ever to explore the world of psychedelia. **HT**



Photo Synthesis/Faustin Bray

Humphry Osmond

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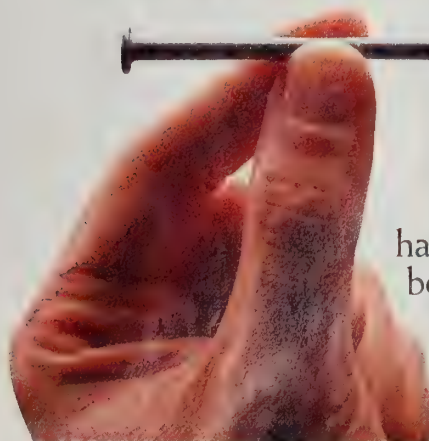
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"He's very straight-looking," Sarah observes of her husband, Richard LeParmentier. "He tries hard, but can't help it."

Top

fur and leather, and I was in gray metallic leather trimmed in beaver and gray snake jodhpurs. You should have seen us! We were so hot, sweating away, determined to outdo each other."

Douglas' biggest TV competition, though, is still her countrywoman, *Dynasty's* Joan Collins. When Douglas signed for *Falcon Crest*, a reporter asked what she thought about comparisons to Collins. Sarah said: "Terrific. She's marvelous. But why would anyone compare us, because she's 20 years older." Ouch!

The stage was set for the "Battle of the British Bitches," as proclaimed by the London papers. The confrontation came at a Los Angeles party for Collins' sister, Jackie, author of *Hollywood Wives* and a friend of Sarah's. To mend fences, Jackie advised Sarah: "If you say to Joan that you've been misquoted, she'll understand." Sarah was ready. "I was looking particularly virginal that day, in a white frock," she says. "Madam wafted in," and they were introduced. "There was this definite iciness. I said, 'I've long been an admirer of yours. However, it seems I've been misquoted about you lately.' Joan looked at me—looked through me, actually—and said, 'I hope for your sake you have, my dear' and swept away regally. What a wonderful line."

But if Pamela Lynch and Alexis Carrington Colby ever ended up in a Battle of the Network Bitches, Sarah has no doubt who would win—and what would do in Alexis: "The 20 years' difference," says Sarah. "Age, my dear." Written by JEFF JARVIS, reported by DAVID HUTCHINGS

**SARAH DOUGLAS
BRINGS HER BRITISH
BOUQUET TO A
VINTAGE YEAR ON
FALCON CREST**

*One of our close
pals 1983-84*

TO THE **Top**

Henry

"It's so boring to be a
goody two shoes,"
says Douglas. "I mean,
really, it's so much
more fun to be bad."

CONTINUED

Photographs by
Curt Gunther/Camera 5



What a bitch! "What can I say, my dear?" Sarah Douglas purrs, all English ice. "Let's face it: I'm trashy." She was the supervillain Ursa in *Superman I and II*, and on CBS' hit series *Falcon Crest* she has added acid to the wine as the cool, cutting Pamela Lynch—at least until Pamela was kidnapped. The producers hope Douglas will come back next season, but they had to write her out of the script so she could play the terrifying sorceress, Queen Taramis, in the upcoming *Conan the Destroyer*. "I am evil through and through," she boasts of the movie role, "and I must say, it's fun. This time, I even get to sacrifice a virgin!" Better yet, when NBC brings back its miniseries *V* for a minisquel in May, Douglas will become an alien lizard, complete with a sharp tongue.

Funny, though, she doesn't look like a bitch. That's what *Falcon Crest*'s casting honchos thought when they first saw the imposing, 6' Douglas without her *Superman* aura. "They said, 'God, in the movie, you're so evil and vicious and in real life you're so sweet and witty and bright. How do you do it?' And I said, 'Well, in England, we call it acting.'" Zing!

For Douglas, 31, being bitchy is an act. In real life, she is simply nice. But

it's so much fun playing the queen of camp that she can't help herself: She loves to entertain, even when the cameras are off. Sarah is sassy just talking about *Falcon Crest*. "Why, it took me 19 episodes to get laid," she says. "It's true, 19! Every week I'd say, 'When's it going to happen?' One day I was horrified to hear on the loudspeaker on the set, 'Not only is Sarah's mother arriving from England next week, but she's getting laid on the next episode.'"

Before turning evil in America, Douglas in England "always played a nice girl who was naughty on the side." A case in point: At age 9, she was cast as Oberon in a school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in her hometown of Stratford-upon-Avon. But she was demoted to third fairy because of a schoolroom prank—"the first and only setback of my career," Sarah says. At 14, she wanted to join the National Youth Theatre of England. Her mother, a physiotherapist who still lives in Stratford, said she'd go along with this acting stuff if Sarah became one of the handful selected from the 3,500 other kids who tried out. And she did. After working as a governess, a hospital worker and a teacher "to broaden myself," Douglas mastered British stage, screen and TV roles.

"She brought back Hollywood glamour," Sarah says of Joan Collins (at an L.A. party last year). "I've been trashing around in my leather and she's looking absolutely gorgeous."



PETER C. BONNARI

In 1974, as an extra on the set of the sci-fi flick *Rollerball*, she met her husband, American-born actor Richard LeParmentier, 37. They moved in together almost immediately and got married three years ago. The wedding was, no surprise, "pretty camp," recalls Sarah. "I tripped down the aisle in this Victorian lace and the bridesmaids smacked into the back of me because they saw their favorite rock star [Stewart Copeland of the Police] standing there taking videos of the wedding. My mother later yelled at me: 'That's not an audience! That's a congregation.'"

Sarah and Richard are bicontinental. He lives in England, where his American accent gets him jobs; for now, she lives in L.A., where her English accent is in demand. She moved there to boost her career on Richard's advice. "Go to Hollywood and go on your own," he told her. "There's no work in England." But they talk on the phone frequently, visit often and are buying a house together back in Stratford.

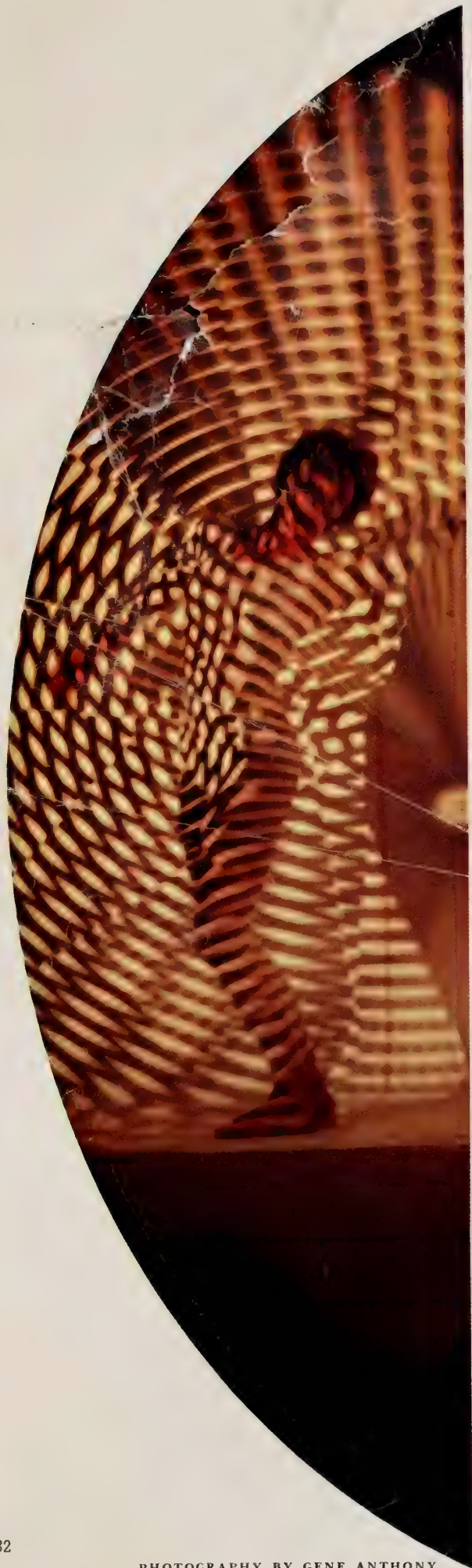
Living alone wasn't easy for Sarah. "But I had some wonderful friends," she says. "They were all transvestites. They were the sweetest boys and girls. I talked to my mom on the phone and I told her Kevin and Katy were there. 'Oh, they're a nice couple, are they?' said Mom. I said, 'Oh, it's the same person, Kevin by day, Katy by night. But he's getting it lopped off next week.'"

There's a twist to every tale Sarah tells. Her favorite story from *Superman* is about her nose: "I was hanging 40 feet up in the air and I got this terrible cold. My nose was streaming. Well, supervillains don't carry Kleenex tissues. So they got a man with a 40-foot pole and put tissue on it. I thought, this is it. I have my own nose wiper. Sarah, you're on your way."

Indeed, her role on *Falcon Crest* was to be a small one, playing the high-fashion confidante of David Selby. "But she was so good," says *Falcon*'s head writer, Bob McCullough, "that she catapulted beyond her character." Her best friends are co-stars Susan Sullivan and Abby Dalton. As for Jane Wyman, Douglas says, "She reminds me of the Queen."

Her *Conan* co-star, Grace Jones, has become another good friend. They have similar tastes in clothes: Both love leather. "I wear a lot of pig, dear," Sarah says. "Grace and I are comparing our leather furiously. One night, Grace appeared in mink and beaver

CONTINUED



In fantasyland, the well-dressed voyager is psychedelically correct to the tip of his umbrella. Even more dazzling is the Day-Glo bus of San Francisco's Merry Pranksters. (The emblem on the flag represents a marijuana leaf.) A maiden (right) grooves in flowery meditation. The warlike symbols of the Hell's Angels (bottom) stimulated the garish sartorial style of the hippies. The stolid personage (bottom right) is Pigpen, percussionist for The Grateful Dead and a trend-setter in his own right.



Immune find

● From Page One

bine to trigger the T-cell system.

How was it found? After two years of research in which 10,000 pieces of genetic material from T-cells were screened in Toronto alone, both groups of researchers (including the ones at Stanford) were able to find a piece of the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) which genetically codes for the protein in the body. (The protein was the same in both mice and humans.)

One of the researchers who helped put the genetic code together was Kathleen Leggett, 18, who won the top prize at the Canada-wide Science Fair two years in a row. The University of Toronto student was put to work in the laboratory as a result of research she had done while in high school which helped her win the prizes.

By "splicing" the DNA into bacteria, the researchers are able to mass produce the gene, which in turn is coded for the protein. From this, the researchers hope to find out how the T-cell system operates.

At this point, important questions remain: Is the identification of friendly or unfriendly cells made by the same protein? Do the cells which trigger the immune reaction use the same protein?

The Toronto group has already joined with researchers at the California Institute of Technology and Nobel prize winner David Baltimore of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to look at some of these questions.

"We have found an entrance to a maze . . . hundreds if not thousands of scientists around the world will use that entrance to find out what the maze is made of," Mr. Mak said. The research has been supported by funds from the National Cancer Institute of Canada, the Ontario Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation and the Medical Research Council.

He is a... call of idealism, bringing young people out of their colleges and universities, their suburban homes and rented garrets to follow him.

He speaks to the generation of
HART — Page 2

Gary Hart takes his campaign to aircraft workers in Birmingham, Ala., yesterday.

Key found for immune system study

By STEPHEN STRAUSS

Saying they have found "the holy grail of immunology," researchers at The Ontario Cancer Institute announced yesterday the co-discovery of a key mechanism in organizing the body's defences against disease.

Eight researchers, led by biochemist Tak Mak and postdoctoral fellow Yusuke Yanagi, have identified and cloned a gene which produces a "receptor" protein. This protein helps the body's T-cell immunological system to distinguish body cells from alien cells.

A similar protein gene has been produced from mice by researchers at Stanford University. Both findings will be published today in the British scientific journal Nature.

While Mark Minden, a senior cancer institute scientist, said that

Protein helps awaken killer cells to fight diseases entering body

he had already used the discovery as a tool to differentiate between types of leukemia and lymph cell cancers, the Toronto researchers were loath to suggest immediate applications to their work.

What they and other scientists who have reviewed their findings believe is that the discovery will lift the veil on the previously hidden workings of the T-cell immunological system (it is called T-cell because the cells are produced by the thymus gland). It is basic research toward understanding how immunologically related diseases evade this defence system. These diseases include Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), leukemia, allergies, and rheumatoid arthritis. It may also help explain how transplants are rejected and why the body's defence against cancer often fails.

"The reason this finding is exciting is because we understand one half of the immune system. Obviously, if we understand that second half, we will understand everything the immune system does better," said Dr. Alan Williams of the British Medical Research Council in a telephone interview from Oxford. Dr. Williams has written a note on

Your morning smile

Parliamentarians are like belly dancers: They are always putting motions before the house.

both findings in the same issue of Nature.

But how does the discovery help in that understanding? Scientists have been puzzled for at least 20 years by the operation of the T-cells. Unlike the better understood B-cells, they do not produce antibodies to fight disease.

Instead, somehow some of the cells become "killer cells," which directly attack foreign cells.

Furthermore, other cells in the T-cell system appear necessary to activate the the B-cell system. Both systems are needed to protect the body against infection.

Researchers also know that T-

cell malfunctions are linked to autoimmune diseases. These are diseases — such as rheumatoid arthritis, multiple sclerosis and juvenile diabetes — which occur when the immune system mistakenly begins attacking parts of its own body.

The protein, which appears on the surface of T-cells, apparently does several things, the researchers said. It identifies foreign matter and diseases. It probably also helps organize the body's fight against these invaders. It is also likely that the protein tells the body how to identify its own cells.

It is, however, unlikely to do all these things alone. The protein which has been discovered is probably only one part of a larger protein or a group of proteins which com-

IMMUNE — Page 2

take up to three weeks to respond to the U.S. proposals which were submitted to the Canadian Defence Department about two weeks ago as required under the Canadian-U.S. military testing agreement signed in February, 1983.

Canada has the right to refuse any proposal under the agreement, which says systems to be tested could include artillery equipment, helicopters, surveillance and identification systems, advanced non-nuclear munitions, aircraft navigation systems and the guidance system for unarmed nuclear cruise missiles. Tests of chemical or biological weapons or armed nuclear weapons are banned.

Defence Minister Jean-Jacques Blais said in Ottawa yesterday that the list is in the hands of his officials and was at a preliminary stage. He would not reveal its contents "because I haven't seen it."

After last year's agreement, Ottawa bucked a persistent storm of national protest, and approved the test of the cruise missile that took place on Tuesday over the Primrose Lake Air Weapons Range in Alberta.

The test was designed primarily to measure the computerized cruise

WEAPONS — Page 2

Secrecy prized by Harborfront

Harborfront may be a Crown corporation but it insists the multimillion-dollar deals it makes with developers on some of Canada's most expensive land must remain hidden from the public.

Gould honored by competitor

The late Glenn Gould disliked piano competition but next year, in his honor, an international competition, with 32 pianists vying for \$32,500 in prizes, will be held in Toronto.

Use of French draws a 'non'

Montreal may be biling but an English-language radio station in the city at odds with authorities who announcers used what considered to be too much French.

Children 2 or use compute

Before they can read write — or even pronounce the word "computer" children as young as 3 years of age are educated with video play terminals.

A strong har over Zimbab

Emmerson Mnangagwa may be only a junior minister in Zimbabwe's Government but his family con-

Ontario Hydro customers help pay for \$700 million in reactor repairs

By THOMAS CLARIDGE

Ontario Hydro's decision to replace 790 pressure tubes in two shut down reactors at the Pickering Generating Station will cost \$700-million and power consumers will see the cost reflected in their bills starting next year.

About one percentage point of any rate increase next year will be attributable to the repairs, Hydro officials said yesterday.

Plans for the immediate replace-

ment of the tubes were announced by Hydro Chairman Milan Nastich yesterday. He said the action was decided upon after it became clear that the risk of tubes rupturing was much greater than assumed earlier.

The two reactors at Pickering which were shut down after a loss of coolant last Aug. 1 will remain out of service for up to three years.

Mr. Nastich said in a statement that the decision to proceed immediately on a project that was to have been begun in 1986 "will enable Hydro to make the best possible use of both financial and human resources. It means we're getting on with the job of putting the reactors back into normal, full-power operation as soon as possible."

The \$700-million figure does not include costs incurred to date because of the accident.

Until yesterday, Hydro stood committed to seeking Atomic Energy Control Board approval of plans to restart the two 500-megawatt reactors this spring and run them, possibly at reduced power levels, until tools and parts were ready for a replacement program involving new technology.

In an interview after the an-

Oldtimers lament the demise

Immune find

● From Page One

bine to trigger the T-cell system.

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#1 - 503 Johnson St.,
Kingston, Ontario,
Canada
March 13, 1984

J. P. Sarcher Co.,
9110 Sunset Blvd.,
Los Angeles,
California

Dear Mr. Sarcher,

Just a note to thank
you and your assistants for publishing, in
an attractive format, Dr. Timothy Leary's
Flashbacks: An Autobiography. Well done.
I am, as always, delighted, disturbed, intrigued,
stimulated, excited and fatigued by Dr.
Leary's writing.

If convenient, please pass
along to the author this zero of the front
page of Toronto's The Globe and Mail news-
paper. I trust the story of finding "the holy
grail of immunology" will be of some interest
to Dr. Leary; the "hat-off-the-press" es-
cort of this latest tidbit of survival info,
I feel, also carries its own message. It has cer-
tainly been sufficient to precipitate the thaw
in our own frozen Canuck mental processes.

If there is anything specific I
can do to provide a booster shot for the
S.M.I.² L.E. program here in our Canadian niche,
please let me know. Once again, I commend
you on your publication of Flashbacks as well
as Dr. Hofmann's work.

S.M.I.² L.E.,

Michael Hurley

by promoters as an "opponent," a stepping stone for some less tarnished prospect. Yet Ray was as game as ever. In early 1980 he eclipsed the hopes of Arthur "Tap" Harris, a 31-0 fighter scheduled for bigger things, with a sixth-round knockout. Then suddenly, in August, Ray was thumbed in his right eye, which filled up with blood. Two operations performed a couple of days later in Tacoma by Dr. Hsushi Yeh were deemed successful. For his part, Seales remembers Dr. Yeh telling him, "You could get hit in that eye twice as hard as before and nothing would happen." Says Dr. Yeh, "You want the true story? I told him, 'Personally, I think you should quit boxing right at this moment.' " Yeh remembers Seales replying, "Doctor, this is my life. I got only two or three fights before I can gain my championship!"

Seales, however, was deceiving himself. By this time Marvin Hagler bestrode the world. Undaunted, Seales and Garner plunged back into the heartland, starting a new round of one-night stands with local club fighters for as little as \$4,000 a go. Then, late in 1981, says Ray, "We experienced something in our left eye. We experienced the ring getting farther away." Seales came home and had two more operations, which had to be performed by two new doctors, since Ray hadn't been able to pay Dr. Yeh and couldn't pay this time either. According to Dr. Yeh, a charitable man who would later resume care of the blighted fighter, this was a turning point. "It's my understanding," he says, "that the fighter still had 20/40 vision in his right eye."

It is remarkable that Seales fought thereafter in six different states—California, New York, New Mexico, Nevada, New Jersey and Colorado—and that he passed each prefight physical with ease. According to boxing commission physicians, Ray deceived his examiners by keeping his surgical history a secret and memorizing the eye charts. On the one hand, Seales denies that he was trying to fool the commission doctors and blames them for conspiring with promoters to use him as meat. On the other, he intimates that he was hoping to get caught. "I wanted someone to tell me," he says, " 'Hey, man. It's over for you. I can't let you fight in my state.' "

The end came quietly last March. Trainer George Wright kept changing the bulbs in the gym, but Seales could not shake the feeling he was in the dark. A few days later in Portland,



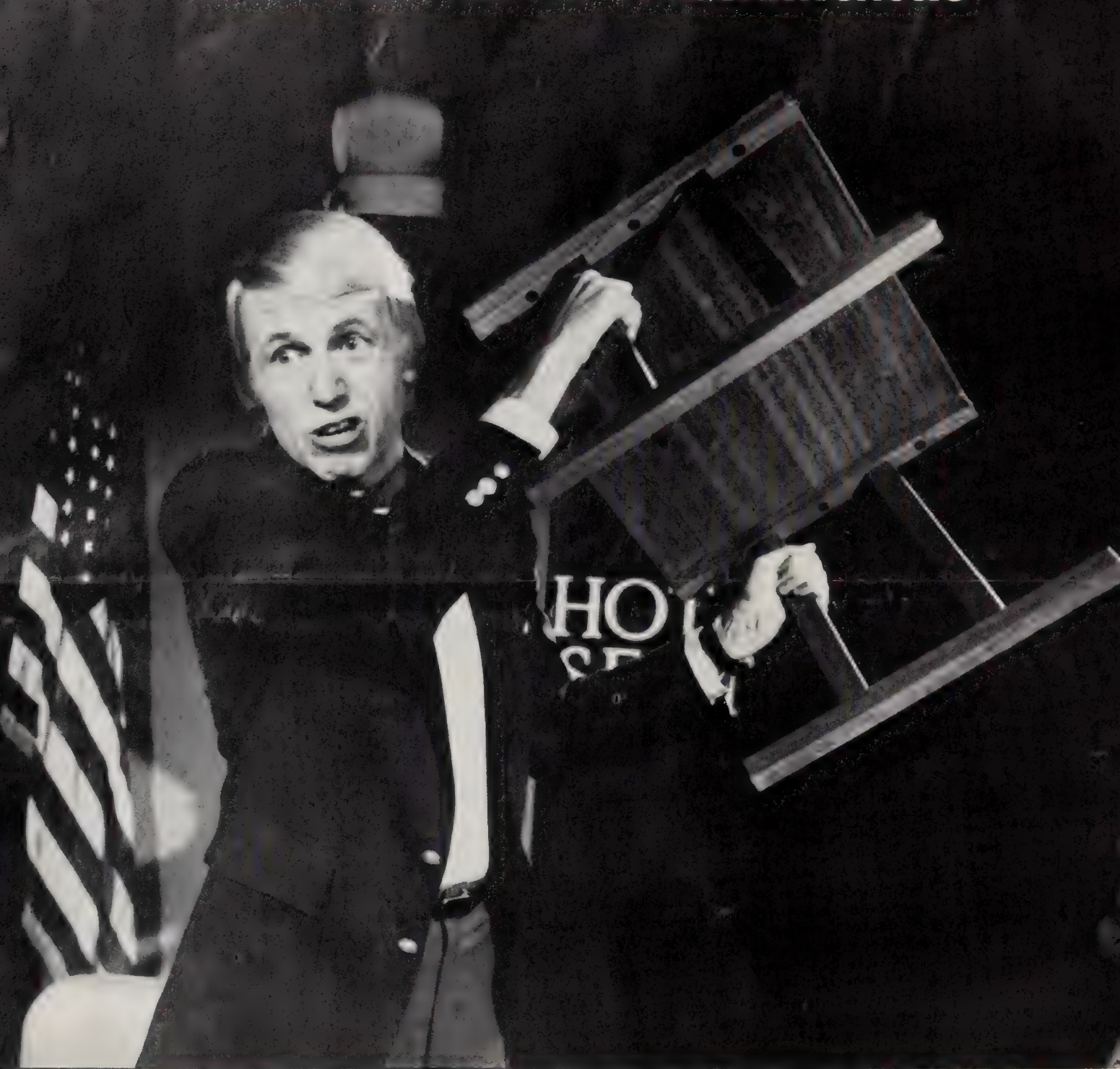
"I think we got close when he lost his eyesight," says Mae Howard, Seales' fishing companion and house mate. "I love to work. I'll take care of him."

Oreg., retinal specialist Dr. Richard Chenoweth took one look at the be-nighted fighter and said, "This kid has been blind for 18 months!"

Back in the days when the world was green and his career was in its first flower, Ray Seales had thought to win the world middleweight title, then return in glory to St. Croix and become governor. The dream seems remote now. But Seales is an incorrigible opti-

mist, and he insists that his ambition has been merely deferred. "It's the strength, the power and the will that I have inside," he says, "that makes me project more light than there really is. Someday my eyes are going to be restored." He pauses and makes a gesture of dismissal with a long sleek hand that bears his ruby Olympic ring. "You know, we don't think of ourself as blind. We are going to stretch and become a champion at something else." □

RABBLE-ROUSER WALLY GEORGE IS THE NEW PITCHMAN AND GREAT RIGHT HOPE OF TV SQUAWK SHOWS



The rabid crowd of young rough-necks and students gathered outside the seedy Anaheim, Calif. studio, a whiskey bottle's throw from Disneyland, is growing more raucous by the minute. "Wah-lee! Wah-lee!" they chant, swigging down booze as security guards move among them, confiscating knives, razor blades, .22-caliber

pistols and martial-arts weapons. A throng of fans awaiting Southern California's latest heavy-metal band? Not quite. The frenzied buildup is for Wally George, 48, known to a paltry few as the father of actress Rebecca De Mornay, 22, Tom Cruise's supersexy costar in last year's smash, *Risky Business*. But to half a million TV viewers in

Los Angeles and San Diego, George is the self-styled political missionary who hosts KDOC's vitriolic *Hot Seat*, the radical right-wing fringe's answer to Donahue.

You see, Wally George is mad as hell, and he's not gonna take it anymore. He's fed up with Edward Asner ("a subversive disgrace"), Tom Hay-

George: "I'm a nice guy until someone presses the wrong button. Then I just blow up. I've had arguments in restaurants—violent shouting matches. It's been my handicap in life."

The audience eats it up. With viewers increasing and 65 percent of George's mail running in his favor, Metromedia has begun efforts to syndicate *Hot Seat* in cities like Dallas, New York, Chicago and Washington, D.C., thereby making Wally a household scourge. Last month he taped the first of 13 guest shots on Alan Thicke's late-night talk show, beginning by attacking the studio band as a bunch of "drugies, societal menaces and burnouts." Thicke loved every minute of it. "He's theatrical, outrageous, unpredictable," raves Thicke. "And *that's* what makes good TV."

But, apparently, also poor family relationships. Wally's political tirades have deepened his estrangement from his daughter, now living with co-star Cruise, 22, at a New York address she has purposefully hidden from her father. De Mornay refuses to return his phone calls (Wally leaves messages with her agent) or even to acknowledge his existence. "She can't cope with the fact that I'm so strongly conservative," Wally admits. "It's one of the most painful things in my life."

The rift between the actress and the raving right-winger did not always exist. For the first seven years of Rebecca's life in California (where George was working as a radio disc jockey), father and daughter "were very close," insists George. Wally and his wife separated when Rebecca was 3. Several years later mother and daughter moved to Europe for a decade, during which time George saw Rebecca only once. "She feels hostility over that," says Wally, who since the split has remarried, divorced again and now lives alone in Sherman Oaks, a self-described workaholic with no interests beyond his career. Wally watched from a distance while his daughter rose from Zoetrope Studios apprentice to full-fledged movie stardom, then last Christmas he desperately attempted a reconciliation in L.A. It was a disaster. "She said, 'I don't think we should have any contact whatsoever for a while. Give me a call in three or four years and we'll see,'" Wally stammers. "I'd love her to be able to say, 'Daddy, I don't agree with you. I can't stand to watch your show because it makes me sick. But I love you anyway.'" (As for her *Risky Business* role as a warm-



Wally says a "liberal Hollywood crowd poisoned" actress daughter Rebecca De Mornay (above, in 1981) against him.

hearted prostitute, George says, "I think she did a great job as an actress, but the film was a little bit risqué.")

Wally's rise to such questionable prominence began, appropriately, in Hollywood, where he was born the son of a onetime child actress and a British sea captain who wanted Wally to pursue a naval career. But young George—a childhood stutterer who found his handicap and low self-esteem disappeared while performing—had other ideas. At 14, he enrolled in the Hollywood Professional School. His father opposed George's decision to go into show business, and it "destroyed our relationship," says Wally. "Afterward I didn't have a father." He found acceptance in the world of broadcasting. Also at 14, he claims he became the nation's youngest disc jockey. At 16, he played the grocery boy on radio's *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. Then—drum roll, please—he discovered politics. Fired from one deejay job in San Francisco for interjecting right-wing commentary between records, he worked his way up to executive producer and co-host of ex-L.A. Mayor Sam Yorty's flag-waving TV talk show, which ran from 1973 to 1979. Next came *The Wally George Show*, a sort of grade-Z *Firing Line*, which had conservative guests and opened with caustic commentary from the host. The station manager had a brainstorm: Why not have Wally interview liberals so he could keep on rant-

ing throughout the show? The format changed immediately and—another drum roll, please—*Hot Seat* was born about seven months ago.

Despite the show's exacerbation of his problems with his daughter, Wally George obviously loves the way he earns his paycheck. At ten minutes to airtime, the rowdy audience of about 100—mostly teenagers—begins filing into the studio. Many carry American flags. One foursome holds up a banner that reads "Let Freedom Ring." High school student Brent Hegle, 16, grabs a seat in the front row, reserved for the most boisterous flag wavers. "I love to see him cut down everyone and raise hell," says Hegle, speaking for many in the crowd. All eyes move toward the shabby set, patriotically decorated with a cheap print of John Wayne, an American flag and a space shuttle poster tacked to the wall behind the host's wooden desk. "Now don't tell Wally he's No. 1 with the wrong finger!" jokes Producer Evans. The fans explode in laughter.

Almost anticlimactically the star arrives. The crowd goes berserk, stomping, cheering, madly waving their flags and banners. "You ain't got Timothy Leary back, do ya?" bellows a muscular loudmouth in the front row. "I want to beat on him!" George launches into a tirade against the ERA, Communists and homosexuality. The audience roars in approval. Then he's all set to introduce his first guest: Cooper Zale, an official with the West Coast chapter of the National Organization of Women—up there with the Soviet Politburo, among Wally's favorite organizations. "We have a male feminist tonight," announces Wally. "A disgrace to his gender. He loves Jane Fonda!" The crowd boos wildly. Someone yells, "Let him exercise, Wally!" Everyone picks up the chant. "Exercise! Exercise! Exercise!" "He'll probably last four minutes," jeers George. Zale makes his entrance warily, as Wally's eyes narrow in disgust. "I expected you to come in a dress, sweetheart," he says. "It's at the cleaners," Zale jokingly counters, but the audience is already drowning him out. "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" they hoot. Wally knows the crowd is with him. "You stupid jerk," he exclaims, before ejecting the bewildered Zale from the stage, to the wild cheers and whistles of supporters. It's not exactly the *MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour*, but for Wally George, it's all in a night's work. **Written by JOSHUA HAMMER, reported by TODD GOLD**



Always the crowd pleaser, Wally (facing page) specializes in unrestrained antics, which have driven even pacifists to violence.

den ("a dangerous person"), Jesse Jackson ("an opportunist" and "the Reverend Hallelujah") and liberals ("loud jerks") in general. He's riled by supporters of abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment and teed off at bleeding-heart opponents of the death penalty and the invasion of Grenada. If pressed he'd probably also insist that fluoridated water and the eruption of Mount St. Helens were Kremlin plots. He longs for the good old 1950s, when red-blooded guys like Sen. Joseph McCarthy were treated with respect. What's more, he's not afraid to go public with his opinions.

"I'm the only guy on television who dares to take a stand," proclaims Wally. Forget those TV "Milquetoasts" Merv and Mike—human Muzak—force-feeding "pabulum" to their viewers. As far as George is concerned, the airwaves just haven't been the same since red-baiter Joe Pyne passed on in 1970. Wally's mission is to rekindle the memory. "If a guy's a jerk, I'll call him a jerk," he sneers. "If somebody gets really obnoxious, I'll toss him off the air. I just say exactly how I feel."

Just ask Los Angeles gay-rights ac-

tivist Morris Kight, 64, a recent guest on *Hot Seat*. Wally subjected him to a torrent of homophobic abuse (ranging from "a disgrace to his gender" to "a diseased human") that would make Anita Bryant or the Rev. Jerry Falwell seem limp-wristed. Ask Carol Soble, associate director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Southern California chapter, removed from the show after refusing to recite the Pledge of Allegiance on the air (she declined when Wally refused her challenge to recite the First Amendment). Ask the parade of liberal visitors whom Wally commonly calls "slime" or "scum," encouraged by his frenzied audience (one victim recently compared the crowd to "a gathering of storm troopers"). "George is part of the 1984 George Orwell nightmare," says former LSD guru Timothy Leary, who was ejected from the studio after Wally accused him of driving many of his disciples to drug-induced suicides.

"George is swinishly tasteless, just revolting," adds Morris Kight. Like many liberal guests, Kight viewed jousting with George on the air as a challenge but came away disillusioned. "The

show is no kind of forum. It's an awful, awful place," Kight says.

Of course, Wally thrives on such high emotions. It's what makes the show so unpredictable. Death threats ("from left-wing liberals," he theorizes) arrive at the *Hot Seat* studio almost as often as fan mail. On-the-air violence is rare, but one incident last November made the network TV news. Blase Bonpane, a former Jesuit priest and leader of a group opposed to Reagan's intervention in Lebanon, became so incensed after George jostled him on the air that he knocked over the host's desk and nearly assaulted Wally before being thrown off the show. During an appearance by a leader of the American Nazi Party (George called them "despicable and disgusting"), swastika-adorned henchmen toting semiautomatic weapons cruised outside in pickups. Another one stood by the phone inside the studio and warned that the men outside would storm the building if the connection were broken. Don't think Wally's behavior is all an act either. According to Producer Arnie Evans, the TV persona and the off-the-set Wally are pretty much the same. Confesses

CONTINUED

From

FLASHBACKS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY **TIMOTHY LEARY**

My most vivid memory of my grandfather dates to a wintry evening when he found me sitting on the floor of his study reading *Life on the Mississippi*. He questioned me about my reading. When I told him I read eight to ten books a week, he asked what I had learned. Then he motioned me to follow him into his bedroom, a forbidden sanctum to which only the maid was allowed entry. He undressed with such prudish skill that I never caught a glimpse of his body while he put on a long nightgown.

"Nine children, six grandchildren," he mumbled, "all hell-raising illiterates. You're the only one who reads."

He lifted his frail body onto the bed and motioned me over.

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"You're the youngest and the last so I'll give you the best piece of advice I can." He raised himself to a sitting position. "Never do anything like anyone else, boy. Do you understand?"

"I'm not sure, sir."

"Find your own way. Be the only one of a kind. Now do you understand?"

Fifty-two years and countless adventures, curiosities, battles, heartaches, quests, crazinesses, enemies, caresses, destinies, ecstasies, surrenders, compulsions, comrades, and victories later, it's obvious that Tim Leary took his grandfather's advice. Heroic to some, almost diabolic to others, Dr. Timothy Leary has never been any less than one of a kind.

FLASHBACKS is an extraordinary story of an extraordinary life.

"Gorgeous storytelling."

Kirkus Reviews

"An important historical document."

American Library Association Booklist

"[An] irreverent, readable memoir."

Publishers Weekly

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FLASHBACKS

Whatever one's feelings are about Timothy Leary, his societal impact has been undeniable. A symbol of change and self-discovery for an entire generation, Leary's story is a history of our times. Whether in the world of politics, education, psychology, or music, Leary was *where* it was happening, *when* it was happening, knew *how* and *why* it was happening, and more than likely was the one it was happening to. He held the cultural pulse of America right in his hands.



"Someday in a more enlightened age, Tim Leary may be remembered as the Galileo of the twentieth century. Meanwhile, as FLASHBACKS jauntily demonstrates, we can have a lot more fun with our neuronaut than the Italians had with their astronomer."

Tom Robbins

"Not only a glittering panorama of the '60s, but an essential history of the beginnings of the new human race."

William Burroughs

"Timothy Leary takes us on a haunting and nostalgic 'trip' back into the sixties, where *everything* was important, where even garbage cans glowed and winked and breathed. He's brought enormous intelligence and compassion to a breathtaking vision."

Carolyn See

"FLASHBACKS is filled with good stories, celebrities, zaniness, and solid information about the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s and the man who was its chief proponent."

Andrew Weil

J. P. Tarcher, Inc. 9110 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

FLASHBACKS

"[A] whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor, and later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s."*

"The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility."**

"Hundreds—thousands—of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period: Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more."*

"These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty."**

"In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Massachusetts, he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard, and the 'establishment' opposition that led to his public role as a 'cheerleader for change.'****

"There are glamorous days of high living and travel...prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor...The blow-by-blow description of the [prison] escape has the tension of detective fiction."**

* American Library Association *Booklist*

** *Kirkus Reviews*

*** *Publishers Weekly*



FLASHBACKS

FLASHBACKS is a veritable Who's Who of the 1960s and 1970s: Kerouac and Koestler, John and Yoko, the Kennedys, Charles Manson, G. Gordon Liddy, Eldridge Cleaver, along with Afghani generals, Hindu gurus, Folsom Prison bikers, CIA agents, and Hollywood celebrities.

FLASHBACKS is the story of one of the most daring, charismatic, and controversial figures of the twentieth century, told with wit, charm, humor, intelligence, and love.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, FLASHBACK.



FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography

By Timothy Leary

Published by J. P. Tarcher, Inc.

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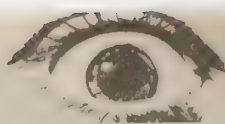
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OCT 7 1983

Byhilles

INFINITY



When the guys in the Infinity office first decided on **1984** as a theme for this year's issue of the magazine, I was a little worried. As editor of the *Montanan*, I share office space with Infinity, and I began having dreams of Big Brother on posters tacked to every available space on the office walls.

I also began to imagine that the Infinity staff was running around in the blue coverall uniform of the Thought Police insuring that all staffers used only newspeak and parroted the party line.

So far, none of those dreams have come true...

Being my usual nosey self, I have been eavesdropping on the Infinity staff meetings to get a general idea of what they've planned for you this year. Rest assured, it's nothing but the best.

On the other hand, you could wonder why the yearbook editor is writing the liberal arts magazine column...now that's creepy.

Actually, there was a little mixup in assignments and since I always have something to say about everything...here I am.

I'm taking advantage of their generosity to tell you a little bit about what they've planned for this year. I'll start by giving you some background on the staff.

Norman Tveit, that hardy adventurer who's been spending time on oil rigs in the North Sea, is holding down the slot as editor. The erstwhile Richard Mariff is sitting in as his sidekick and aide-de-camp. Bruce Eng, that sly, smirking individual better known as Raymond (of the Scapels), is holding forth as the designer of the whole show. Boyd Tveit, of whom little is actually known, is performing ably as business manager and keeper for his brother...

Norman (or *Normal* to his friends, of whom there are none of the masculine sex) has planned quite an issue. Among those he has contracted for material are Dr. Timothy Leary — yes, *that* Timothy Leary — and Jerry Mander, author of *Four Arguments For The Elimination Of Television*, and several other famous and nearly-famous people have been asked to share their images of **1984** with you.

Most of us are already familiar with George Orwell's book, **1984**, and the themes that run through it. The same themes are being looked at in a new light, since **1984** is nearly upon us, to see what dreams and visions have become reality.

When you start to think about it, quite a few of those visions are reality in one form or another. Newspeak is more commonly known as gobbledegook or Washington DC verbal diarrhea...which is just one vision. Propaganda is another vision that has taken a deep-rooted place in American life. What isn't propaganda published by the government is propaganda published by private interests. Their propaganda is more commonly known as commercials.

Since 1948, when Orwell wrote the book, many changes have taken place. For instance, the image of Big Brother was derived by Orwell from photographs of Stalin that were plastered across the Soviet Union. Other images he developed were supposedly to show the progression of monolithic thought and society at a world level.

Luckily, most of this book can still be considered fiction...but there are times that you have to wonder...

But they'll cover all that in the magazine. Now, let's talk about you.

Are you interested in the concepts raised in **1984**? Do you have something that might make a contribution to the magazine being prepared by the Tveit Gang? Then why haven't you contacted them?

The concept of Infinity Magazine is that it's a publication created to give the students, faculty, etc. of MSU an opportunity to publish their articles, essays, stories, photography and artwork for a widerange audience.

I have been involved, off and on, with MSU's liberal arts magazine since 1977. I have always found it to be an educational, rewarding and provocative experience...and if Mariff doesn't stop looking over my shoulder I'll never get this damn thing written...

Back to the topic at hand.

The Infinity office is located in room 305 of the Strand / Student Union Building. Their phone number is 994-3113...their time is your time (or 9-5). If you have questions, suggestions, comments or free food, stop by.

This could be the most interesting year of your life...and Infinity Magazine is going to do what it can to create that excitement.

John Degel
Montanan Editor

NOV 2 1983

BURRELLE'S

PAGE 2

By Frank Swerdlow

Hello, Larry ...

Standing on a patio at Larry Flynt's Bel-Air mansion, Page 2 couldn't help recalling F. Scott Fitzgerald's remark: "The very rich are different from you and me." Indeed, as Hemingway suggested to his friend then, the rich have more money, but *now* they have goldfish the size of footballs.

Watching Larry's pets feed in their swimming-pool-size aquarium Sunday, we overheard Mr. Texas slyly tell People's L.A. bureau chief Martha Smilgis that he brought the cowgirl beside him, "for some good lovin'." Perhaps there was more to this party than *merely* cocktails honoring Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the noted fighter for religious freedom.

Page 2 decided to take a tour of "Skin's" pad, which, we were told once housed the musical tag team of Sonny & Cher. Walking past some of "Skin's" bodyguards, we were reminded of the time we once interviewed "Baby Doc" Duvalier, the president — *for life* — of Haiti. Everybody carried a pistol in a shoulder holster, but unlike Baby Doc, Larry didn't have any .30-caliber anti-aircraft guns under his rosebushes.

Inside "Skin's" living room, accented in scarlet, a combo played. Next to them was a giant TV screen on which a videotape of Larry's "assassination" played over and over again for any of his 100 or more guests to see. It was a thoughtful gesture, the first assassination that you could dance to. Upstairs, Page 2 bumped into Dennis Hopper in a guest room. He was showing Terry Southern how to smoke oregano. Terry, who seemed to enjoy the lesson, told us that he and Dennis were working on a screenplay about the late Jim Morrison of the Doors. "Sometimes we just go out on the balcony and look out at the sky," Terry told us. As we left, we couldn't help reading a large note on the fireplace mantle: "Rise and shine Mister. We have some tooting to do."

Walking down the hallway, we passed **Timothy Leary** and his wife who emerged from an elevator with several friends. Dr. Tim began chatting about the **Alan Rudolph** documentary about his debates with Gordon Liddy, now making the film festival tour. "They shot 62 hours and cut it to 90 minutes," he began explaining. "Actually, I didn't like it. Gordon steals the show. That jaw gives him such cinematic quality. He *looks* like a hero."

Page 2 departed. Downstairs, the combo was on a break, but the assassination tape rolled on.

Across the hallway, Larry finally had descended from his second-floor lair and began autographing color photos for guests who assembled in his study. One young blond woman caught Larry's attention. "Is she willing to go to night school to take word processing?" he asked the supplicant. "If she is, I'll give her a job." As they negotiated, another assassination tape rolled on a TV set in front of Larry. "Marjoe," said Larry, "put this other tape on." It was Larry's commercial for the presidency. He's running for the Republican nomination.

Outside, an editor of Hustler asked, "Do you know what this party *really* is about? Larry is going to name **Russell Means** his running mate." Page 2 walked over to Russell's table and wondered why the head of the American Indian Movement was joining the "Skin" team. "Exposure," Russell told Page 2, looking up from a plate of pasta, suspiciously. He reads Hustler.

As we left, Page 2 saw **Joni Mitchell** standing in line for some Dom Perignon. Do you think she would sing a song about Larry's pad, if the FBI tore it down and put up a parking lot? ■

Movers and shakers

Joan Rivers didn't get many laughs in Bucks County, Pa. Judge **Paul Beckert** tossed out a libel suit that Joan filed against Philadelphia Daily News columnist **Jill Porter**. Porter was within her constitutional rights when she wrote a June 6 column critical of Rivers' efforts to build 300 luxury condominiums, a movie studio and a golf club in the scenic county. Porter wrote the comedian's partner, developer **Thomas Pileggi** of Warrington, Pa., showed a "damn the public" attitude about zoning laws. The judge called the column a "constitutionally privileged expression of the writer's opinion and ... not capable of defamatory meaning." ...

Barbra Streisand's "Yentl" is so hot that the picture sold out the second theater for a \$250-per-ticket fund-raiser for the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center Women's Guild. The flick will premiere Nov. 16 at the Pacific's Cinerama Dome and at the Director's Guild. ...

Michael Goodman, who runs the Playboy Club in Century City, is a man above reproach. Every Halloween, someone tries to get him to turn over a bunny costume for a private party. It is against the rules. Last time, somebody offered him \$5,000. This year a local Mercedes man offered this tip: He'd sell Michael a Mercedes at cost. "His career flashed before his eyes," says one in the know. "But he said no." Page 2 wonders what he would have done if a Buick was offered. ...

Fun guy **Lee Rich** was named Man of the Year on Sunday at the Beverly Hilton by B'nai B'rith of Beverly Hills and the Beverly Hills Charitable Foundation. As you know, Lee runs Lorimar and the folks from "Dallas" and "Falcon Crest" showed up. Our man Alex Ben Block reports some of the biggest laughs were for "Knot's Landing" star **Michele Lee**, who sang to her boss about contract time: "I can't make ends meet; nothing to wear; can't get my nails done, or Jhirmack my hair. I'm your slave, before you I kneel. Let's renegotiate my deal." ■

JUL 12 1983

BURRELLE'S

'Said and Donn'

A letter for an 'average'

By CAROLE DONN

I JUST RECEIVED a letter addressed to, and I'm not kidding, "Mrs. Average American."

Now, aside from the question of who decides things, I began to wonder. First, how did they find me? Second, do they have to rub it in?

I hate being average. I've always wanted to be the best at something, but the only things in which I'm positive I'm above average are being tall, being loud, and laughing with my mouth full of food.



Except for my height, I'm absolutely average in appearance. My face has an equal number of good and bad features. My hair has equal amount of brown and grey, and each of my feet has an equal number of toes.

Even my age group is average. I'm too old for puberty and too young for hot flashes. How else would you define "middle age"?

My childhood was average. I grew up on an average farm, got average grades, and was chosen fifth out of a field of ten for homecoming queen.

I didn't attend Wellesley or Bennington and go into medicine or computers. I went to a North Dakota state teachers college and got a nice, average teaching job.

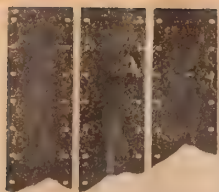
My own family is average. I didn't marry a successful and famous doctor or wealthy businessman. I married a nice average man with a nice average and had an average number of average children. My kids didn't read at 3, skip a grade or preconciously play the sewer flute. They love "E.T." and "Star Wars" and want to take karate.

I'm what you'd call an average dresser. I wear Dr. Scholl's sandals and carry a Woolco parachute handbag. I approve of natural fiber clothing, but I wear polyester.

Periodically I try for a more fashionable "uptown" look. It doesn't work. Not long ago I tried on one of those flouncy miniskits and a pair of flat shoes. I looked like a stork.

Even my reading habits are average and uninteresting. I'm too tired to enjoy Xaivera Hollander, too impressionable to read Timothy Leary and too distractible to digest Arnold Toynbee. My favorite titles include "How to be More Sexually Attractive to your Plants" and "Cooking with Heat."

Being average isn't dangerous or threatening but it isn't very exciting.



DENVER INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

A Glut of Goodies

Movie Buffs Face 10 Days of Decisions

True movie devotees have scheduled their vacations for the next 10 days, put the dog in a kennel, canceled all social obligations and stocked up on Visine and No-Doz. Even one of these imaginary film fanatics, however, couldn't see everything the Denver International Film Festival has to offer.

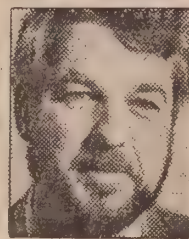
In attempting to come up with a sensible list of must-see programs, I found it impossible to limit the choices to one a day, as I had hoped. So be prepared to catch at least a couple of movies on Saturdays and Sundays for the next two weekends.

Here's my day-by-day pick of the festival:

TONIGHT: The festival opens at 7:30 at the Paramount Theater, 16th and Glenarm streets, with Francis Ford Coppola's "Rumble Fish." See it, despite the lukewarm review that appears elsewhere on this page, if only to see the celebs in attendance: Malcolm McDowell, Mary Steenbergen, Gov. Dick Lamm, Mayor Federico Pena, Newsweek critic David Ansen, among others.

FRIDAY: The choices get difficult from here on. I opt for the charming "Time After Time," at the Paramount at 7 p.m. McDowell and Steenbergen will attend. During the making of this movie the couple met and fell and love, and it shows on the screen.

SATURDAY: A busy day. Definitely see "Zazie," at the Paramount at 4:30 p.m. Director Louis Malle ("Atlantic City," "My Dinner With Andre") will be there. At 9:30 p.m., get to the Denver Center Cinema (hereafter DCC), 14th and Curtis streets, to see McDowell in Lindsay Anderson's brilliant "O Lucky Man!" which is one of my favorite films. If you run, you can make it back to the Paramount by midnight when the Comedy Works will present a strange



**MICHAEL
HEALY**

Movies

melding of cinema and theater. The improvisational group, Scenic Overbite, will make up new dialogue and sound effects for the cornball sci-fi classic, "When Worlds Collide."

SUNDAY: A good day for more comedy. You must see the six silent Laurel and Hardy shorts that begin at the Paramount at 2 p.m. And there's a delightful Polish caper movie at that theater at 7 p.m. If you have any perception left, stay at the theater until 9:30 for "Onimasa," an epic melodrama that was Japan's 1982 Academy Award nominee for best foreign film.

MONDAY: I imagine most people will go to the screening of "Chicken Ranch," a documentary on the real-life house of prostitution that inspired the musical "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." That's at 7 p.m. at the Paramount, and the madam and "one of the girls" will be there. I, on the other hand, will be at the DCC at the same time to introduce my critic's choice movie, "Slave of Love," a superb Russian film about the early days of filmmaking. Take your pick.

TUESDAY: "Educating Rita" with Michael Caine and Julie Walters looks good, and it's at the Paramount at 7 p.m. Walters will be there. And a truly bizarre film, "Liquid Sky," screens at the DCC at 9:30 p.m. This decadent combination of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll is not to be

Please See FILM on 4-C

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OCT 20 1983

BURRELLE'S

Critic Suggests Movies to See

FILM From 1-C

missed by those with a taste for the strange.

WEDNESDAY: "The 18th Annual Tournee of Animation" is a terrific collection of 20 short films. Just great. It's at the Paramount at 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27: Director Eagle Pennell will introduce his much praised low-budget film "Last Night at the Alamo" at 7 p.m. at the Paramount. It's unfortunate that it's up against the warm comedy "Cousin Cousine" at the DCC. Star Mary-France Pisier is scheduled to attend. Your choice.

FRIDAY, OCT. 28: Director Alan Rudolph will introduce his documentary "Return Engagement" at the Paramount at 7 p.m. It's the story of the G. Gordon Liddy/Timothy Leary dog-and-pony show that toured the college circuit recently. At 9:30 Beau Bridges will be at the DCC for the screening of one of his films, "The Landlord."

SATURDAY, OCT. 29: Easiest pick of the festival. "Forbidden Planet," Robbie the Robot's first and best film, a kind of science fiction redaction of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," screens at the Paramount at 10 a.m. At 4:30, composers Louis and Bebe Barron will show a rare work print of the film at the DCC. And at 9:30, back at the Paramount, director Jonathan Kaplan and stars Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges will all be at the screening of "Heart Like a Wheel," which is a terrific little movie.

SUNDAY, OCT. 30: The truly dedicated filmgoer will want to see Han-Jurgen Syberberg's massive "Parsifal" at 2 p.m. at the Paramount. I'd rather see "Poetry in Motion," a performance film featuring two dozen poets, also at 2, at the DCC. For those who are still hungry for film after this 10-day feast, avant garde filmmaker Stan Vanderbeek will show his movies and video beginning at 7 at the DCC.

Flashbacks:
An Autobiography
by Timothy Leary. Los
Angeles: J.P. Tarcher,
1983. Hardback, \$15.95,
395 pages.

David Copperfield wondered if he would be the hero of his own life; Timothy Leary has rewritten his just to be sure. The result is *Flashbacks*, the Leary autobiography. The book is interesting and significant, but it is also self-serving and pretentious. The man we meet in its pages is alternately endearingly open and not particularly likeable; he has elevated his own bumbling into a peculiar kind of messianic suffering, and he is embarrassingly eager to sacrifice his friends on the altar of anecdote. Yet there is no question that he symbolized the explosion of newness that was the sixties, and as such his drama was written by larger hands. Looking back at the turns his life has taken, Leary acknowledges this inexorable push: "And that's how it happened, step by step from the Harvard firing to the deportations, from Laredo to the Liddy raid, I was pushed from scientific detachment and scholarly retirement into public opposition to the policies of the ruling regime." Although Mr. Leary's recounting can be faulted—it is too accusatory to be storytelling and too unreliable to be history—as a simple, personal narration of events which were momentous for Mr. Leary and of some significance for his times, it deserves attention. Besides, Mr. Leary's story is interesting.

Interesting, but not necessarily coherent, since there seem to be several narrative voices. I suspect that the making of this book was a heroic task of sorting and pruning, and that this subtle confusion of voices is the result of the editor/author dichotomy. For the reader, this means that some very basic questions remain unanswered. What is he really like? Leary's willingness to be vulnerable is a recurring theme, especially moving in his stark confrontation with the realities of his first wife's suicide. But he also has moments that border on cattiness, and his insistence on listing his many amorous adventures seems somewhat overdone (we meet five wives and seven serious affairs, not to mention a number of casual encounters with women who all seem to be named Betty). And, of course, the inevitable question to be asked of a man who was such a pioneer in and advocate for drug-assisted mysticism and personal growth: how has he benefited? What has he gained? The answer seems to be: a certain enviable detachment, yes, but not greatness. To a large extent this is the story of an ordinary academician who unexpectedly stumbled

on to the public stage, carried by a momentum not his own. From this view, Timmy (he wonders, after 20 years of public scrutiny and more than 2 of prison, why everyone still calls him "Timmy") is a man so naive and self-abstracted that even after one hundred acid trips, he had not discovered the aphrodisiac qualities of the experience until, to his great surprise and enjoyment, they were demonstrated to him. At the same time, he sees himself (in retrospect) as destined to be the leader of a revolution of mind and spirit and in this context is willing to accept his suffering. In one of his interminable footnotes, he explains: "It pleases me to believe that I belong to the inventor-innovator genetic caste. My brain is designed to program new realities, to see things differently, to create original perspectives....In most cultures we inventor-innovators are usually in trouble; the power-control caste is instinctively threatened by our pressure for continual change....As a genetically determined change-agent I am neither rebellious nor conforming—I am either on time or ahead of my time."

Whether his ideas were punctual or premature, Leary without a doubt lived in the heart of his times: it was January of 1960 when he joined the Harvard faculty at the Center for Personality Research and it was 1970 when he was first imprisoned for drug possession. The decade between was extraordinary. The famous names just keep coming, from Richard Alpert to Aldous Huxley, from Allen Ginsberg to Alan Watts, from G. Gordon Liddy to Eldridge Cleaver, from Bernadine Dohrn to John and Yoko. The stories, too, are the stuff of headlines: crooked lawmen, drugs as a laboratory exercise in the mystical experience, prison escapes and disguises, the Panthers Mau-Mauing in Algeria, CIA intrigue (complete with secret memos reproduced in the irritatingly inaccessible chapter notes), and an accusation of murder by presidential order.

It is a book that may annoy, anger, shock or surprise; you may not find in it exactly the same sixties you recall living, and Mr. Leary's life may seem too outlandish to be real, but in the words of Dizzy Dean, "It ain't bragging if you really done it." Read and decide. □

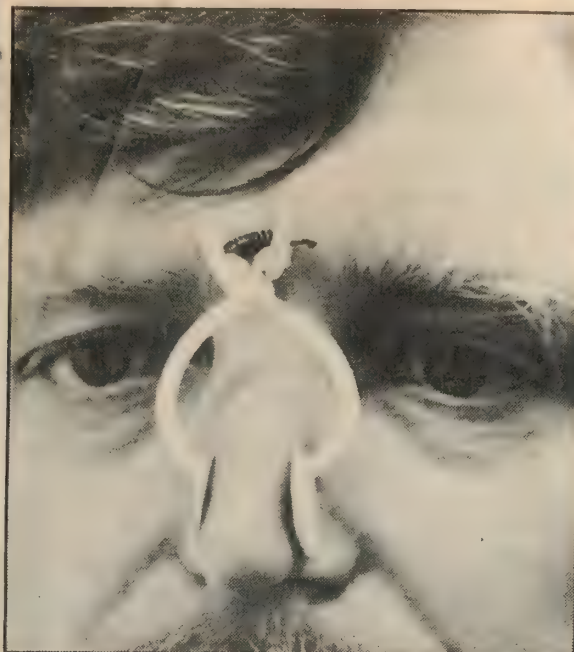
AURELIA NAVARRO

Aurelia Navarro is an
editor for Rudra Press in
Cambridge.

Tim—
FYI

NOV 5 1983

BURRELLE'S



AP Laserphoto

Sniffles stifled

This nose clip, shown this week at the Nuremberg International Inventors Fair in Nuremberg, West Germany, may help kill a cold in 24 hours — that is, if the inventor of it is correct. The anti-sniffles device is used to press the nose wings strongly together for about 24 hours to dry out the mucous membranes. The inventor says that's all that's needed, and hence no doctor need be called.

Leary turns with the times

Timothy Leary, the '60s psychedelic drug advocate who coined the phrase "turn on, tune in, drop out," told a near-capacity audience at the University of Arizona this week: "Now it's time to turn on, tune in and please take charge."



Timothy Leary

His lecture was titled "The Evolution of Intelligence in Species and Individuals." His main message: it is now time for the baby boom generation to exert its political and social strength.

"I'm here to remind you who you are, Americans, frontier Americans ... people born and bred to change ... to get out there in the front line and move

it ahead for the entire species," Leary, now 63, said, drawing laughter and applause.

And as for drugs, they're "neither good nor bad. Drugs simply are. It's the big reality. It's not my fault. It's not my fault that the human brain loves to get high."

Director plans 'Spring Moon'

American movie director **Alan Pakula**, whose credits include "Sophie's Choice" and "All the President's Men," has announced plans to make a major film in China, mirroring its turbulent history over the past century.

To make "Spring Moon," based on the American best-seller by **Bette Bao Lord**, Pakula said in Peking he plans to hire an all-Chinese cast and teach them to speak English.

Pakula, 55, who directed Oscar-winners **Meryl Streep** in "Sophie's Choice" and **Jane Fonda** in "Kluge," said the "Spring Moon" part was as challenging a female role as he had known.

The story is about a woman born during the Manchu dynasty of the last century and the fortunes of her family to the Communist Cultural Revolution in the late 1960s.

Humphrey says 'no' for now

The name would be familiar, especially next to the title U.S. senator, but **Hubert H. Humphrey III** said in St. Paul, Minn., he will not be a candidate for the seat his father held for 22 years.

The decision by the Minnesota attorney general ended two months of intensive exploration by Humphrey into a possible Senate bid next year on the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party ballot.

However, Humphrey, 41, did not rule out the possibility of accepting a draft for the seat held by Republican **Rudy Boschwitz**.

Dance teacher Murray OK

Former dance teacher **Arthur Murray** has gone home to recuperate after a brief hospitalization.

"He had a stubborn fever and went into the hospital for tests," said his wife, **Kathryn** in Honolulu.

"It's nothing very serious and he's going to be fine," she said.

Murray, 88, contracted the fever during a recent trip to the mainland.

Solace over loss of pets

Banjo the pug, who died at the ripe old age of 14, had "led a good dog's life."

But his owner could never face up to the fact that one day he would be gone for good.

When the inevitable happened recently, the

grief-stricken **Jane Leigh** found solace with members of an unusual pet-loss therapy group at the Animal Medical Center in New York.

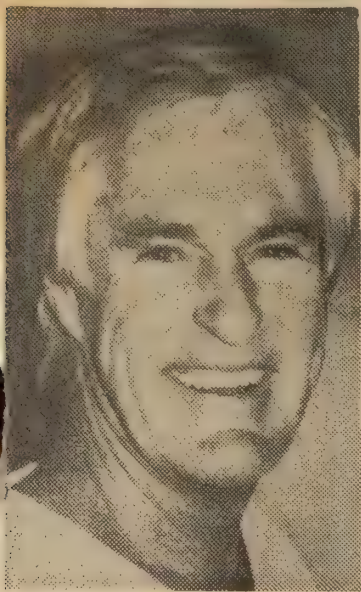
"Everybody here feels the same way," said Leigh, who attends group therapy sessions led twice a month by a staff counselor. "They've lost a member of their family who was nurtured and adored."



Janet Leigh

The pet owners say people outside the group often are insensitive to their feeling of loss.

"They try to make us feel better by telling us the loss was insignificant, or that we're ridiculous or stupid for mourning a pet," said **Aaron Reitman**, whose 12½-year-old cat, Tiger, died about six weeks ago.



New tune

Leary preaches 'take over' rather than 'drop out'

By David Cannella
Southeast Valley Bureau

TEMPE — Timothy Leary, the psychologist and drug advocate who told America to "turn on, tune in and drop out" in the 1960s, was at Arizona State University on Tuesday with some new advice.

"Now I tell 'em to turn on, tune in and take over," Leary said at a press conference in the Memorial Union a few hours before he was to give a lecture. "I tell 'em to take charge."

Leary, who will be 63 this month, said he has faith in today's college students. He said they, and others who make up the "baby-boom generation," finally are reaching the age where they can make decisions about running the nation.

"The '80s is their time to take over," he said. "For the baby-boomers, it is the first time they have power.

They have the country in their hands."

Leary drew widespread attention when, as a psychology professor at Harvard University in the 1960s, he advocated use of the hallucinogenic drug LSD. He said he still feels drugs have a place in society and that the government has no business telling people they can't use them.

"We should put scientists in charge of all such matters," he said. "They should decide what's safe. Keep the police and the politicians out of it. The war on drugs is a joke."

It's a person's individual right to use whatever drug they choose, said Leary, who spent nearly four years in prison on drug-related offenses.

"The body is the first frontier of freedom" he said.

Leary said he feels today's college student is "not as
— Leary, B2

Timothy Leary
"Baby-boomers ... have the country in their hands."

Leary

Continued from B1

conservative as the conservatives think."

Although many are opting for business school and traditional corporate jobs after graduation, students are not "selling out," he said.

"They have a healthy, realistic appraisal of life," he said, noting that they still have a responsibility to question authority.

Racial division is one of society's most pressing problems, Leary said, noting, "It is something we have yet to solve."

He spends most of his time giving college lectures, about 30 a year, and developing software programs on personal intelligence for a computer company. He recently completed an autobiography, *Flash Backs*, and

is the subject of an upcoming documentary film in which he stars with Watergate figure G. Gordon Liddy. He and Liddy often debate on college campuses.

Leary said he has no apologies for his life, which has led him to prison and underground as a fugitive for several years. He said he does, however, have a few regrets.

"Looking back, half the time I was right and half the time I was wrong," he said. "You learn."

"My main regret is with my family. My family suffered because of some of the things I believed in. It's on a personal level that you always feel the deepest sorrow and regret."

His book primarily details the past but does have suggestions for the future, he said. His lecture also is titled *Flash Backs*.

"But part of it is fast forward," he said. "I tell them (students) that they have to look forward and change things."

STYLE

Tragedy brings Ken Kesey back, with a message

By Richard Stayton

The van moved along the highway between Pendleton and Pullman, crowded with members of the Oregon State wrestling team. Suddenly the tires hit a patch of ice and began sliding into a curve. The team's coach hit the brakes, twisted the wheel, but the tires had no snow studs. The guardrail didn't stop the sliding van because of the snow piled high against it. One player pitched out to the pavement, landing safely, only to watch his teammates falling from the van as it tumbled down the cliff.

Two months later a grieving father stood before a student audience, many of whom were 20, the same age as his deceased son.



Kesey told a friend his son's death made him feel "like my cells were exploding."

"I've come down here to tell you people something in particular," began Ken Kesey, author of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." "Down here" was California State University, Long Beach. The legendary Kesey — a recluse, self-described as "a balding, retired writer" who now prefers family life on his Oregon ranch to the notorious odysseys that made him the hero of Tom Wolfe's "Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test" — had chosen this campus for a rare public appearance Wednesday. "First I'm going to read you an article I wrote for Rolling Stone on the

death of John Lennon," he continued. "Then I'll tell you a short, lugubrious story."

The overflow crowd squatted in the auditorium aisles. "I've never seen it this crowded before," observed Sabrina Steele of the Forty-Niner student newspaper. "Usually you're lucky if you get 80 people attending noon lectures." There had been no major announcement of Kesey's appearance in the student union, merely a flier quickly printed, plus a brief item in the campus newspaper.

Kesey unhooked the microphone, preferring to roam the stage while reading from typewritten sheets of paper. Despite his 49 years and the ravages of numerous LSD experiments during his "Trips Festivals" in the 1960s, Kesey's 220-pound frame is powerful and firm from raising cattle and handling ranch chores. Cameras flashed as he raised his arms, prowled about the podium, speaking in numerous exact rural dialects, magically recreating the voices of his characters. The story — "Now We Know How Many Holes It Takes to Fill the Albert Hall" — originally appeared in a 1981 Rolling Stone, and its eulogistic tones over Beatle John Lennon's murder mingled with Kesey's reading to a hypnotic, powerful effect.

Kesey's first novel, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" in 1962 propelled him into literary prominence. His second novel in 1964, "Sometimes a Great Notion," further fueled his reputation. His athletic prowess as a wrestler and his fierce, masculine personal style evoked comparisons to Hemingway. But then Kesey discovered the drug LSD, purchased a school bus and painted it in psychedelic colors for a trip around the country, later described in the Wolfe book.

But unlike Wolfe, Kesey never got around to writing seriously about those experiences. Instead, he was arrested for marijuana possession, fled to Mexico to avoid prosecution, and eventually suffered a "six-month sojourn in the outer reaches

Kesey

Continued from page C-1

of the California penal system." By the 1970s, his appearances on the American cultural landscape, like those of his generation of radicals, were few and far between. "Burned out" was a frequent adjective applied to Kesey, veteran of numerous LSD "trips." With the exception of occasional publishing appearances, such as co-editing "The Last Whole Earth Catalog," Kesey seemed in self-imposed exile, hiding out on his Oregon ranch, denying his followers and talent.

"This is why I came," Kesey solemnly announced in the midst of the student applause for his athletic reading of his story about Lennon's death. Then his style and demeanor subtly changed. His body language grew tense as he began that "short, lugubrious story." His hands kept fluttering to his face and his words drained of color, each spoken deliberately, with pain.

WBY "I began to get angry," Kesey said to the assembled students, describing his first reactions to the death of his son. "But I couldn't figure out who to lay the blame on. I didn't want to blame the coaches, because Oregon was a small-budgeted school, and wrestling was a small-budgeted sport. It was difficult to blame my alma mater, the University of Oregon where I'd wrestled, and where my other son wrestles. We're a wrestling family, and even my brother also wrestles. The school administrators told me there really wasn't anything you can do, there's not enough money to put CBs and seat belts into these vans, not enough money in the communities: All the school budgets are being voted down in our version of Proposition 13."

Kesey was referring to the dilapidated condition of the van which had slid off the highway. The school had borrowed the van from a poultry farm and it was without seat belts, a CB radio or snow studs in the tires for winter driving. "My son could have been saved if he was given oxygen in time to stop the swelling in his brain," says Kesey. "And a boy was carried up the hill with a broken neck that severed his spine. If a helicopter had been radioed for help, that boy wouldn't be paralyzed for life."

Kesey's son Jed did not get to a

hospital for six hours. The victims waited beside the road, praying for help. Kesey told his friend Paul Krassner, another 1960s political activist who founded the Yippie movement and who introduced Kesey to the Long Beach crowd, that his son's death made him feel "like my cells were exploding." By the time Kesey arrived at the hospital, his son was only being kept alive by machines.

"I went home and I was watching television," Kesey told the students. "We were lobbing these 16-inch shells into the hills above Beirut. And there was a sequence some of you may remember: These fathers were carrying these two little wrapped-up packages of white to a hole where they buried them. And suddenly I felt connected to those people. I couldn't tell if they were Druse or Muslims or Communists. All I knew was that I was a father and I was hurting, and they were fathers and they were hurting."

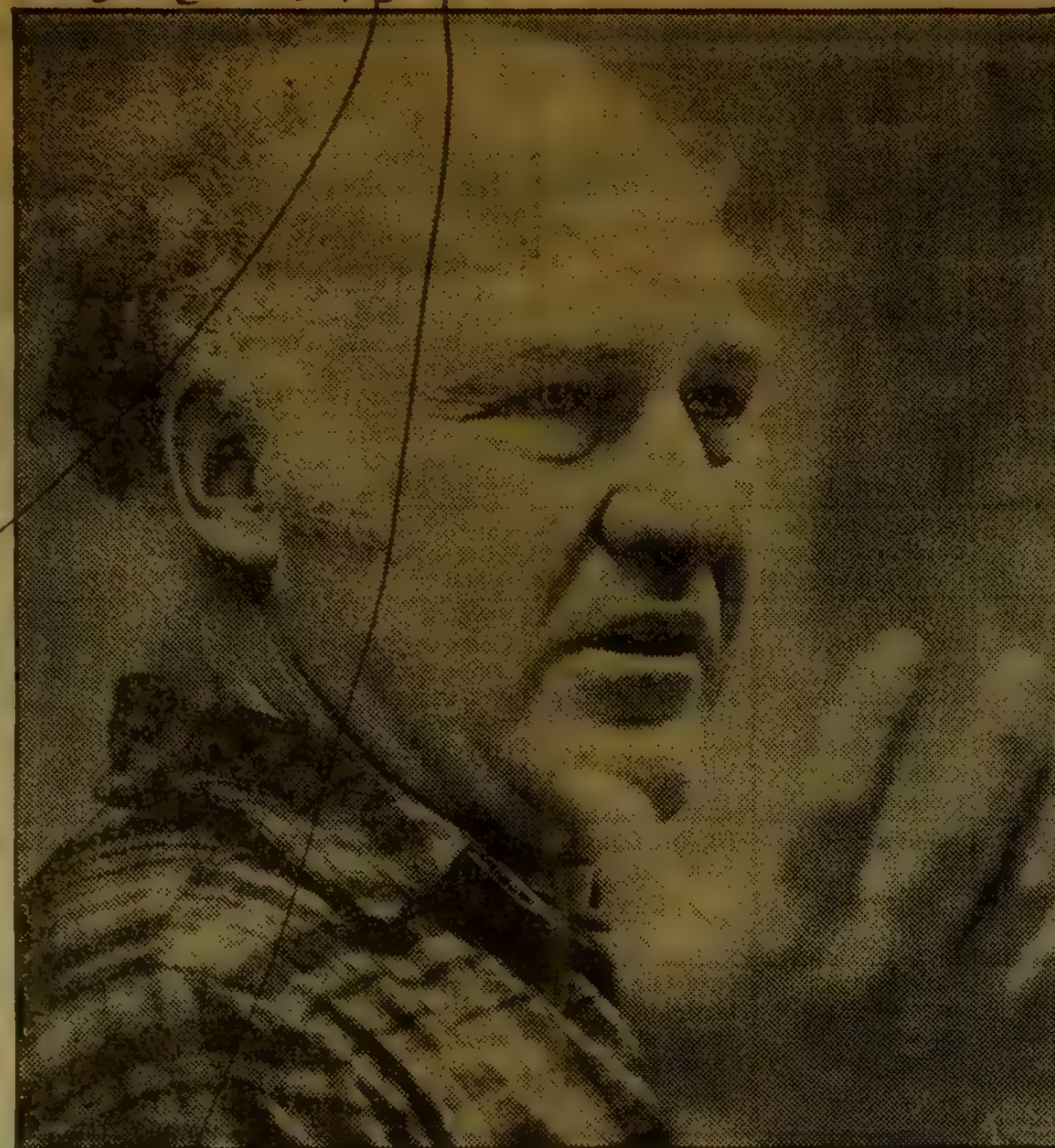
A Pentagon spokesman immediately followed the Lebanon sequence on the news, remembers Kesey, and discussed the need for Congress to increase the military budget. These images — his son's death, the grieving fathers in Beirut, and the economics of Oregon State and the Pentagon — transformed into an epiphany for Kesey.

"Suddenly I saw what it was," Kesey told the students. "I thought: National defense is here, in the nation, in the seat belts, in the school buses. These are the real soldiers: the nurses in the intensive care unit, the teachers who are trying to keep our students from growing up illiterate, the cops out there trying to keep people from running over each other, the Coast Guard — those are the actual soldiers fighting for our safety in the United States. And all that money moving out there is the enemy."

Kesey decided to sue the National Collegiate Athletic Association. "I'm suing the NCAA because the recent tournament (NCAA basketball championship) games earned \$97 million, but only \$15 million of that went to the schools. There should be mandatory seat belts and CBs in every vehicle. Every athlete should be treated like Marcus Dupree." (Kesey's attorney has begun legal proceedings against the NCAA.)

"I'd never seen a death in the family handled with such con-

LEGAL SUITS



Kesey spoke in Long Beach about his son's death — and why it prompted him to leave his self-imposed seclusion and speak out on matters ranging from vehicular safety to deposing the Republicans.

sciousness," says Krassner, who flew to Oregon following his performance in Los Angeles at the Wallenboyd Center to be with the Kesey family. "They had a shrine in their living room of all the memorabilia and photos. There was Jed's last memo: 'Buy Car, Fix Car.' It was just heartbreaking and yet it wasn't escaping the reality. The family kept talking about the death. It wasn't like a taboo subject. People came from all over and divorced couples arrived and personal feuds were totally destroyed. It's Kesey's style to talk about what's on his mind and there's something natural about his decision to speak publicly on a campus. Not for the reading, attention or ego, but just because he feels a responsibility to fight for life."

While on a recent visit to the San Francisco Bay Area with Krassner, Kesey met Leo Rifkin, whose son manages the Grateful Dead rock band. Rifkin suggested that Kesey lecture to his Cal State Long Beach "Rebels and Renegades" course, and then to the student body. After some hesitation, Kesey accepted the invitation. When Rif-

kin first announced to his students the imminent arrival of the infamous 1960s radical, only three of his students had ever heard of Kesey.

But by Kesey's passionate conclusion to his "short, lugubrious story," the students were at rapt attention.

"I've written Oregon Senator (Mark) Hatfield, head of the Senate Appropriations Committee," Kesey announced. "And Hatfield's used the letter in his debates. And I've talked to everybody I can talk to, saying the same thing: We've got to stop the Republicans this year. Don't think of it as Reagan. This is our year to fight it, folks."

A veteran follower of Kesey's career would be startled by his sudden political convictions. A spokesman for the generation that mocked and ridiculed the democratic electoral system during the 1960s now advocating political activism? This was a 180-degree reversal from Kesey's Trips Festival days.

"We've got to tell everybody we know to get out there and register and vote. Register and vote! I don't

care who it is running for the Democratic Party, if it's Godzilla, I'd vote for him so long as he was running against these Republicans!"

That concluding, thundering sentence received applause and sympathetic laughter from the students. Immediately Kesey shifted into a less polemical tone of voice, preparing to read a story his grandmother once told him, "Little Trickster the Squirrel Meets Big Double the Bear."

"This story will give you an idea of how best to battle this evil thing that is in this country," Kesey prefaced. "For one thing, don't go at it head-on, it'll eat you up. Get it from the side."

Kesey proceeded to read a child's story about a ravenous, destructive grizzly bear named "Big Double" whose appetite threatened to swallow an entire landscape. "I'm Big Double," announced Kesey, growling, "and all the ground I stomp on is mine. I eat the high hills bare and the foothills clean." Kesey's dramatic expressions and dialect once more captivated his audience, despite the fairy tale quality of the children's story. Kesey's paternal feelings gushed throughout his hypnotic reading, until its conclusion when "Trickster the Squirrel" tricks "Big Double" into a fatal fall.

After the reading, students gathered around Kesey. He patiently discussed every question, gave each student equal time, meanwhile drifting outside to the grass, a cluster of students in his wake, where a dialogue was conducted in the sun for over an hour. Topics range wide, from politics — "The Democrats have to win, the Republicans can bring about a disaster like we can't imagine!" — to drugs — "Drugs always make you talk about drugs, but I'll tell you what to avoid: coke. Cocaine makes people mean, it insulates them from their feelings" — to his notorious writer's block — "I call it

"The Hemingway Hump" and it seems to hit all American writers" — to his recent ballet written for the Grateful Dead to perform — "I hope to get all those aging rock stars off the stage and down into the pit where they belong."

But one theme kept surfacing throughout as Kesey gently conducted the discussion: "When God wants to make something work, He doesn't use cheap blood." That comment related to the assassination of John Kennedy, but it also referred to his son's death, a subject that Kesey could only directly discuss in fragments.

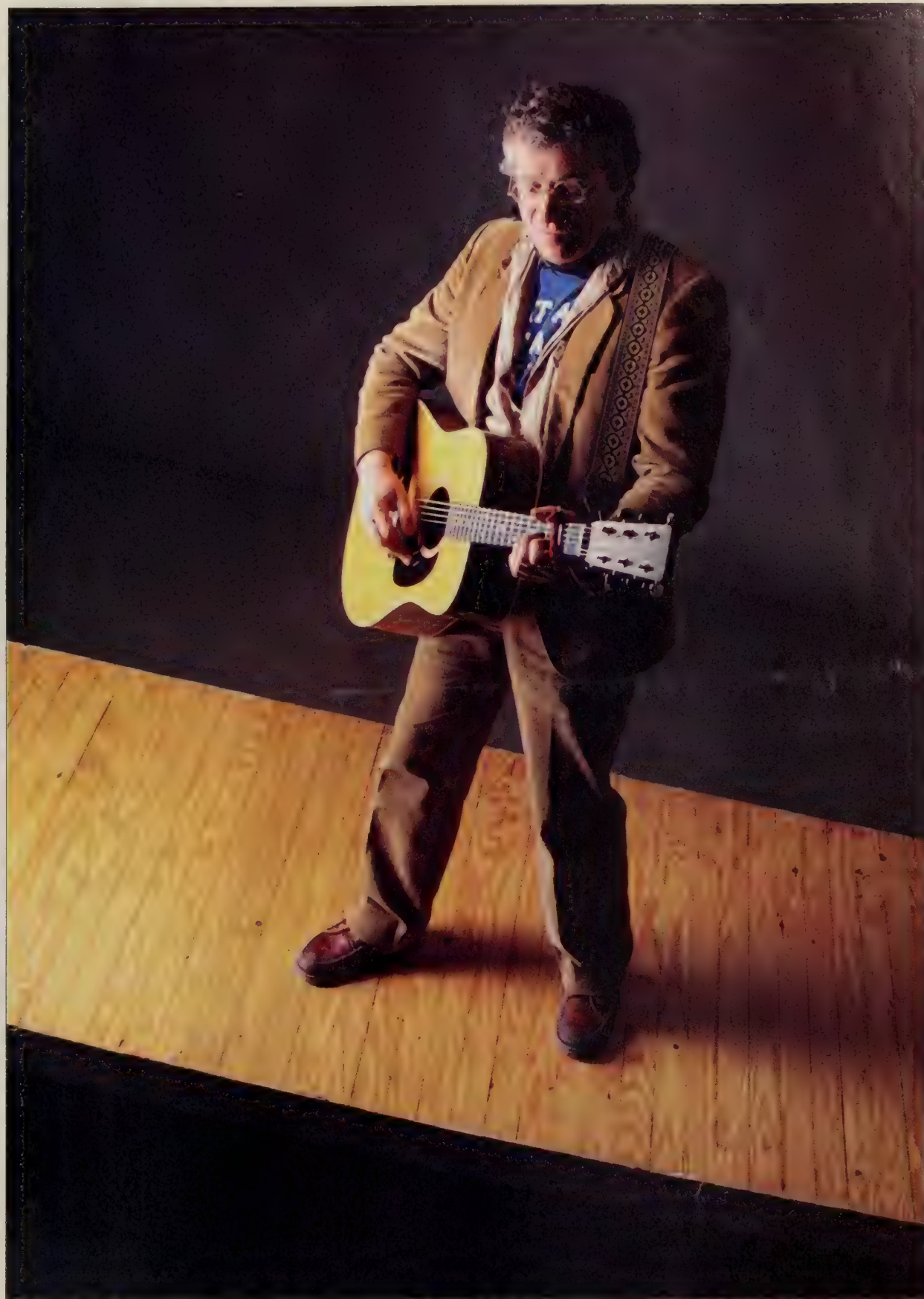
"The hardest thing I ever did," remembers Kesey, was deciding to turn off the life-support machinery in order to allow the doctors to salvage his son's organs. Prior to that moment, Kesey and his family desperately urged their son to fight for life. Jed's brother, also a wrestler, kept pleading in athletic terminology: "Don't let death pin you, Jed!" A close spiritual friend tossed the I Ching. Finally, remembers Kesey, "There was a moment when Jed came back, his expression changed, and he cried, it was as if he saw how badly things had become, and then his expression sunk back as if saying, 'That's all I can do, I'm sorry,' and I said, 'OK, it's enough, Jed. You can go.'"

Kesey gave the hospital authority to turn off the life-support machines and they were able to successfully transplant many of his son's organs, "So others didn't have to remain on those same machines forever."

"It's strange," says Kesey, "but someday I may meet somebody who's looking at me through Jed's eyes."

While patiently answering the young students' questions about "remembering the season of love in the chilly season of Reagan," Kesey kept peering steadily into every student's eyes as if searching for his some personal answers of his own.

GOD - CHEAP BLOOD



He's the last of the Brooklyn cowboys. Now fifty-two, Elliott first hit the road in his teens, and he's been wandering the world ever since.

might seem remarkable that the lead item concerns a documentary being made about Woody Guthrie.

Without Guthrie, the mentor who helped define his talent, Elliott wouldn't be here this morning. And any documentary about Guthrie would be exceedingly thin without Elliott, who sang and traveled with the prolific Okie songwriter the last several years before Huntington's chorea incapacitated him, laying waste his body and mind before he died in 1967. Elliott, among a few significant others, revived Guthrie's ballads for a generation that had only a dim knowledge of him as the author of "This Land Is Your Land." A gifted mimic, Elliott captured every one of Guthrie's musical licks and tics, duplicating him so eerily that Guthrie himself declared, "He sounds more like me than I do." Quite a feat for someone who started out life in Brooklyn as Elliott Charles Adnopolz, the elder son of a Jewish doctor. At least, that's Elliott's factual heritage, which is a very different thing from the one he decided to claim.

In the world he chose for himself, Elliott was known first as Woody Guthrie's son and later, when he'd developed a style of his own, as the father of Bob Dylan. According to this musical lineage, which has since been obscured by Dylan's own artistic growth, Dylan was Guthrie's grandson by way of Elliott. Certainly there are those who can hear Elliott's great whiskey voice and special way of singing still knocking around inside the music of Dylan and those he has influenced. Elliott's inclusion in Dylan's 1975 Rolling Thunder Revue, and the part he played in dreaming it up, reflect their kinship.

For much of the Sixties it seemed that anyone who picked up an acoustic guitar did so harboring earnest hopes of playing like Mississippi John Hurt and singing like Jack Elliott. Although Elliott's quirky rhythms and phrasing are easy to imitate, few have perfected them. Perhaps one reason his fans identify so strongly with his music is that nearly all the songs he's chosen to interpret are deeply rooted in a lifelong idealized romance with everything American he felt cheated out of while growing up in Brooklyn, where he saw himself as some kind of junior alien desperado inexplicably plopped down among naggy mothers, whiny babies, and sissies.

While Elliott shows no signs of turning into Willie Nelson, let alone Kenny Rogers, even the outlaw image they've traded upon so lucratively owes something to the Ramblin' Jack persona, more notable for the astonishing breadth of fantasies it fulfills than for commercial success. Elliott prides himself on knowing the interior details of almost every diesel truck in existence, an obsession that seems strange to the yachty types he sometimes meets while sailing, impressing them with his equally comprehensive knowledge of

boats. The professional rodeo riders with whom he's competed and whom he continues to consider friends wouldn't know what to make of Jack Kerouac, who once spent three days on the floor of Elliott's Greenwich Village apartment, reading aloud his then-unpublished manuscript of *On the Road*. Elliott's boyish enthusiasm and naiveté suggest that in some ways he'll never be more than nine years old. Yet in other ways he is ancient, a last vital link to the troubadour tradition.

More than anything else, Elliott's considerable mystique is rooted in the persistence with which he's made himself up, a talent that's just about as native as the musical veins he's opened and continues to mine, basically unchanged and unfaded for all his past bad habits.

The occasional complaint that Elliott isn't really "authentic"—which is to say not rural, black, or otherwise born to sing the blues, much less cowboy songs—seems awfully weak. Plenty of the ones who are considered

THE LINER NOTES FROM ONE OF HIS BEST ALBUMS MOURNFULLY SUGGESTED THAT ELLIOTT WAS DEAD.

authentic made up their own myths, too.

With his freshly cut hair, tweed jacket, and short, sturdy build, Elliott looks more like a bemused English professor who jogs than a real-life legendary character. When he smiles, he bears a strong resemblance to Gene Kelly in his prime, and there's more than a hint of Irish to his tongue as well. "I lived with fifty horses in a tent called the horsetop," he's saying as the waitress refills his coffee, lingering a bit to see if this guy is really on the level. "I'm just talkin' about my early rodeo days," he explains to her gently. Natural as his cowboy accent is, she leaves with a skeptical look on her face.

Elliott was a teenager when he ran away from home to join the rodeo. That he might take it into his head to do such a thing was no surprise. He once tried to ride a Shetland pony as if it were a bronc, an exploit that encouraged the Connecticut prep school he attended to expel him. (Even more unlikely details are confirmed by a former classmate at the now-defunct Cherry Lawn School.) "I didn't engineer

my split," Elliott continues. "Some poet friends of mine at Cherry Lawn wanted to take a trip, but they didn't know where. We used to meet in the Village for drinks whenever they came down to visit their families and psychiatrists. At that time, Bunk Johnson's New Orleans jazz band, with George Lewis on clarinet, was playing in Chicago, so I said, 'Let's go there.' We met at the George Washington Bridge at seven the next morning and started hitchhiking. Well, nobody wants to pick up three people." So Elliott took a ride with a truck driver headed for Wilmington, North Carolina. "I said, 'Why don't you guys meet me at the Greyhound bus station in Wilmington?' Well, I never made it to Wilmington, and I feel kinda bad about that, 'cause the boys did. They waited for me until they were arrested for vagrancy and sent back home. But I was gone for three months before I got nabbed."

Elliott jumped truck in Washington, D.C., when he saw a poster advertising Colonel Jim Eskew's Rodeo. He signed on as a groom for two dollars a day. "When the cowboys asked me my name, I said, 'Elliott Adnopolz,' kinda like I was ashamed. I wanted to be a cowboy ever since I was nine and I wanted to be accepted as one of them, not discriminated against 'cause I was a Jew. Still, I didn't know how to lie. They asked me where I was from and I said, 'New York,' like I wasn't proud of that, either. And the cowboys told me, 'It ain't where you're from that counts, it's where you're going.' I sure liked that. It made me feel excused and at ease."

With the rodeo, Elliott's dreams and surroundings were finally in sync. Surviving on hamburgers and malted milks and learning cowboy songs from a clown who played the five-string banjo were more in line with his inclinations than preparing to attend Yale, as his father did, and becoming the professional man his parents hoped he'd be. For his part, Colonel Jim had no idea he'd hired a runaway until he received a snapshot of Elliott accompanied by a plea from his parents, who apparently put together a mailing list of every rodeo in the country. Once his son was located, Dr. Adnopolz couldn't have been more tactful. "We're proud you're working for a reputable outfit and we're glad you're alive," Elliott recalls him saying. "If you want to come home and finish high school, we'd be glad to have you." To commemorate his departure, an elderly clown named Lost John Carruthers gave Elliott his first cigar and advised, "If you git your high school diploma, you kin do anything you want. But if you don't, you'll be a cowboy the rest of your days, whether you like it or not."

When a storytelling mood is upon Elliott, he's like a medium, giving every character a distinctive voice. "He's not selfish in that way of nailing your attention down with



Beyond the best is the only place to be.
Grand Marnier.

insane raps," playwright and actor Sam Shepard has written of Elliott. "His pleasure is wandering casually in the imagination and just bringing someone else along for the ride."

He especially enjoys the process if he is in fact in motion, so in hopes of escaping the grumps of Connecticut and finding the ocean, we head into Rhode Island, relying on Elliott's sense of direction to guide us through a maze of winding rural highways. "What a time, what a beach, what a dog!" Elliott yelps, as he alights on the shore of Westerly, Rhode Island. "Thoreau said that," he murmurs confidentially, "only he never wrote it down."

It might appear that Elliott came to this part of the world to satisfy his passion for ships and boatyards, but it was his father's approaching death that brought him east from Los Angeles. Elliott spent the last six months of his father's life with him on Long Island, trying to make up for lost love as best he could and, in the end, inheriting a few more worldly goods than he seems to know how to handle: his father's Volvo, house, and furniture, all of which he plans to sell or give away. Meanwhile, he's visiting friends in Uncasville, Connecticut, the town where his father was born. "Maybe I do have roots after all," he muses, dubious because he's never owned a home in his life.

At a point when four wives, two daughters, countless dogs, and one horse are all part of his personal history, Elliott occasionally thinks he's outgrown this peripatetic way of life. Maybe if he were easier to find, he'd actually receive a few royalty checks every now and then from the different American labels that have recorded him. Sometimes Elliott wonders if another Jack Elliott somewhere got paid for all those records people bring to gigs for him to autograph. Indeed, the liner notes from one of his best albums not only misspell his name but mournfully suggest that he is dead: "Jack has left us his songs, but his full life story remains mysteriously untold."

The mystery is understandable enough. Rarely does Elliott sing a song or tell a story the same way twice, penchants that illuminate his style and good taste while confusing state-of-the-art recording engineers and reporters. He's got a mind for detail, but little patience for organization. In short, Elliott is by no means a linear personality. "He lives up to his name in more ways than one," a sailing buddy of his points out over lunch.

"Yep," Elliott agrees. "Ramblin'—the secret of my success. Or rather, my failure." It all depends upon how you look at it, from an agent's point of view or from a broader perspective that takes into account the incredible tradition of which he remains a part. Even at the peak of his popularity in the Sixties, Elliott sang

largely as an extension of other interests. "You don't learn much traveling first-class," he once said, and he continues to conduct himself as if he still believes it's true. The only regret he considers worth mentioning is that he hasn't been the kind of attentive father he used to wish his own had been.

"I certainly didn't learn much about being a good father from Woody," he says, "although Woody was terrific with kids when he wasn't being a drunk or a meanie."

Elliott idolized Guthrie, but he caught him at a time when the erratic behavior and loss of control now associated with Huntington's chorea were beginning to take hold. In 1951, the year they met, Elliott was calling himself Buck Elliott, having retired his real name after using it to flunk out of two colleges. Buck was a real cowboy name, and real cowboys played the guitar, so he did, too. At the suggestion of his guitar teacher, he called Guthrie at his home in Howard Beach, New York, to arrange a visit. "Jack Elliott came and he

ELLIOTT HARDLY PICKS HIS GUITAR UP ANYMORE EXCEPT TO PERFORM FOR PAYING AUDIENCES.

stayed for two years," Guthrie's late wife Marjorie once joked, not entirely accurately. Mostly he came and went on a regular basis. Arlo Guthrie, now thirty-six, can't recall a time in his life when he didn't know Elliott. "He'd come through in a '32 Chevy or on a horse or in the telephone truck he lived in for a while, but he never came through like an ordinary person. When he comes around now, my kids holler and jump up and down, just like I did."

Woody obviously thought Elliott was special as well, different from the other kids who frequently showed up to pay homage. He took Elliott to parties, told him stories, and played with him for hours on end. In that first year of their friendship Guthrie inscribed Elliott's copy of *Bound for Glory*: "For Buck Elliott and all the Buck Elliotts around, eatin' soda crackers and rollin' on the ground on Arlo's fourth birthday."

Characteristically, Elliott relates the inscription from memory. He lost the book itself in 1953, leaving it in the cab of the White 3000 Series turtle-nosed tractor-

trailer rig that he helped drive to Houston from Florida, where he left his Model A Ford, the kind a real dust-bowl refugee might have driven, with Guthrie. The next year, just before Guthrie was hospitalized for the remainder of his life, he made one last hobo-style trip across the country with Elliott, occasionally scratching up money singing "Hard Travelin'" for people who'd never heard of either one of them.

With Guthrie no longer a vital reference point for his orbitings, Elliott was on his own in San Francisco, living on a schooner called *Wander Bird*. Perhaps symbolically, he acquired a new name, the result of someone once misintroducing him as Jack. The provenance of *Ramblin'* is less certain. Elliott thinks the singer Bobby Neuwirth gave him the adjective, but Odetta claims it came from her mother, who had a way of exclaiming in fond exasperation, "Lord, that child does ramble." At any rate, Elliott was tired of being known as "the kid who thinks he's Woody" and equally frustrated by his inability to earn a living singing American songs in America.

To remedy both problems, he toured Europe on and off for six years, the first real live American folk singer the vast majority of his audiences had ever heard, let alone seen. He introduced Guthrie's material abroad and, with an expanded repertoire of some two hundred songs, established his own identity, spreading the word with an effect that sometimes approached the evangelical. After seeing Elliott perform, Mick Jagger bought his first guitar, a story he later made a point of telling Elliott. So successful was Elliott in outstepping Guthrie's shadow that when Arlo Guthrie toured Europe for the first time, he had to outstep Elliott. "I'd written enough songs for fifteen minutes in a set," Arlo says, "and I did my dad's songs for thirty. All the rest were songs that Jack had recorded that had nothing to do with Dad. Everywhere I went, people would say, 'Oh, that's great—you know Jack Elliott songs.'"

Upon his return to New York in 1960, Elliott was hailed by *Newsweek* as "the folk singer's folk singer," a charismatic performer who'd played for everyone from James Dean to Princess Margaret. He was awfully good-looking, with a strong jaw to balance the near-pretty of his face, but he wasn't one of those clean-cut, Kingston Trio-style sissies he held in such cheerful contempt for pasteurizing folk music into a big commercial deal.

Still, it was the folk boom that brought him home, and his return rather neatly overlapped with the arrival in Greenwich Village of Bob Dylan, definitely not a sissy. Aptly enough, they met while visiting Guthrie, their mutual hero, and soon began playing together at parties and clubs, even living for a while on the same floor of

the Hotel Earle. Listening now to Dylan and Elliott side by side—especially early Dylan—it's plain how much Dylan learned about singing from Elliott, whose way of jamming words and forcing attention on a storytelling lyric served him well, even when he fell short of the notes that were easily within Elliott's reach. This is possibly why when Rod Stewart was the rock critics' darling, his voice more an issue than his bedmates, he confessed to a reporter that he wouldn't be nervous meeting Dylan but would be awestruck in Elliott's presence.

Those who watched Dylan's initial performances also recall how heavily he borrowed from Elliott's gestures, songs, and harmonica playing. "There were a lot of people who tried to make me angry about that," Elliott says now. "'He's stealing the wind out of your sails,' they'd tell me, but I still had plenty of wind left.

"And besides, I was flattered. Dylan learned from me the same way I learned from Woody. Woody didn't *teach* me. He just said, 'If you want to learn something, just steal it—that's the way I learned from Leadbelly.' Anyway, I never could see myself in Dylan the way other people could. He was just singin' in that same kinda Woody Guthrie Cisco Houston nobo style I admired so much."

Music critic and journalist Nat Hentoff, who places Elliott in "the great tradition of idiosyncratic eclectics," thinks his effect on Dylan was in his stance as much as anything else. In that vein, witnesses have reported that Dylan fell on the floor laughing hysterically when he finally learned the truth of Elliott's origins; like Elliott with the cowboys, he must have felt excused and at ease.

Not only was Elliott not the genuine *goyisher* cowboy Dylan thought he was, but he had once fibbed about being from Oklahoma and California in much the same way that Dylan then concealed his own middle-class Jewish background as Bobby Zimmerman of Hibbing, Minnesota. "I think that made Bobby like me all the more," says Elliott.

Elliott's relationship to Judaism remains ambivalent, an apparent extension of childhood discomfort that he has yet to resolve. Sometimes it surfaces in odd ways. "I got totally disenchanted with singin' and pickin' in Israel," he says, "because they wanted me to sing Israeli songs. I thought, 'Hey, I'm an American cowboy singer, one of the best there is. I don't know how to sing Israeli tunes worth a shit, but if you want to hear a good cowboy song, I'm the guy to ask. If you want to hear an Israeli song, sing it yourself.'"

It comes as only a slight jolt when someone with as many identity permutations as Elliott shyly reveals that he became a born-again Christian several years ago at the same L.A. church that ushered Dylan into the fold. "When Bobby did it," he

says, "I was far more weirdified by it than anything else. But I did it because I didn't want to die a neurotic wreck." Considering his history, the strangest thing about Elliott's low-key conversion is that he's limiting himself to a label that suggests he's only been born twice.

It would be stretching it to call Elliott a recovering alcoholic, since he still drinks in moderation and two glasses of wine are all it's ever taken to get him loaded, but it became clear to him at about the time he embraced Christianity that both alcohol and drugs were detracting from his health and performances.

When he lived in Aspen in the late Seventies, the company he kept preferred their coffee tables covered with cocaine. Why was enervation so appealing? Well, it isn't always easy being known as an inspiration to the rich and famous when you're neither yourself. "Jack went through a time when people expected such simplistic things of him," says Arlo, "that for a while he almost believed that's who he should be."

"It's good to remind him," Odetta says, "of what an enormous healer he is." Most people's lack Elliott records are worn and tattered from incessant handling, very nearly played to death. A Washington political correspondent is typical in his instantly personal response to Elliott's name; if it weren't for Jack Elliott's records, he never would have made it through graduate school in '68. "Oh God, Jack Elliott," the journalist intones, launching into a reverent but wobbly imitation. "Cigareets and whiskey and wild, wild women..."

Elliott himself is not one to wave his guitar in your face. He hardly picks it up anymore, except to perform for paying audiences and on the rare occasions when he feels like playing for friends, as he does one night in Connecticut. He sings "South Coast," a poignant story of love, death, and gambling that he has almost single-handedly kept alive. With Guthrie's "Talking Sailor," he visibly shifts into its author's persona. Healthy as Elliott's ego is, it doesn't prevent him from being on excellent terms with otherworldly spirits inhabiting the songs. He's somehow made the music his own by acknowledging that he's merely in temporary possession, a generosity that, in another context, might account for why he's so much better at attracting women than keeping them.

Elliott's current girlfriend, Barbara Dodge, is also his manager; he plans to meet her in Toronto, where he's scheduled to play soon. Dodge produced Elliott's first record in over a decade, an album recently recorded in Germany called Kerouac's Last Dream, a reference to a vision in Kerouac's Book of Dreams about drinking wine with the rambling singer to celebrate his first million-selling record.

The demand for something so simple as a man and his guitar has not been great among major American record companies, but a prestigious independent label is now interested in recording him. All he needs are new songs, some of which he hopes to write if he can just find a new home to settle into, the other end to this transitional period in Connecticut.

With such thoughts in mind, we visit a house in Mystic going for seventy-nine thousand dollars, a place that hardly lives up to its billing as a cozy waterfront cottage, unless you find swampland comforting.

Watching Elliott go through the prospective-buyer routine with a realty agent wearing a polyester uniform and bouffant hairdo, it's easy to wonder when he's going to give himself away as, well, inexperienced. But the woman is genial, possibly because Elliott notices ten inches of water in the basement.

"What about collateral?" he asks, investigating loans. Perhaps he's thinking of a diesel truck buried in plastic somewhere near Santa Cruz. In what may be an apocryphal tale, Hoyt Axton, one of several affluent songwriters who have written tunes about Elliott, recalls that "in a rare moment of clarity some years ago" Elliott demanded the rig as collateral from a bunch of shysters and then buried the thing when they lost his fourteen thousand dollars, all the money he had in the world. In any event, Elliott, who usually travels on cash, looks concerned when the realty agent mentions credit ratings.

Those close to Elliott do tend to worry about him occasionally. It would be a relief, for instance, to know the man had health insurance. The child in him can sometimes be exhausting, suggesting that he requires more looking after than he actually wants. The truth is, it's hard to imagine him becoming a nester at this stage of his life, and hard to think that he should. "A lot of people expect that someday he'll grow up and be normal," says Arlo, "but he's never been normal. He's always been interesting, though."

As fall turns to winter there's still no word of a permanent address for Elliott. Instead, the news is that he has matriculated at a boatbuilding school in the state of Maine—the beginning of a new career or a new mobile home, nobody's too sure. Nobody's too concerned, either. After all, it's because Elliott's path is so open to mood and circumstance that you can hear accounts of him from such unlikely sources as a jazz musician in Milan and a fisherman in Homer, Alaska. Most people begin stories about Elliott with the words "The last time I saw him." This one ends that way. The last time I saw him, he was checking out a brand-new diesel truck that he'd encountered on his way to the Mystic Seaport Museum. "Sometimes," he said in parting, "I think there's a divine smartness behind my moves." ③

Ford has just turned



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*Our paths intersected over the
decades Millbrook 1965, Miami 1966,
Toronto 1978, N'wood 1982 - when he*

He's the son of Woody Guthrie and the father
of Bob Dylan—the wandering folk hero with
the whiskey voice

*became born-again
his agent friend*

Blackmail me
BY RANDY SUE COBURN

On the Trail of Ramblin' Jack Elliott

It's easier to find one of the dozens of out-of-print records Ramblin' Jack Elliott has made than it is to find the man himself. There's one agent who thinks he lives on Long Island and another who guesses he has a ranch in Santa Cruz. "Oh, the last of the Brooklyn cowboys," says a third. "He's still performing, but you have to get ahold of him first." Recent sightings range from Galveston to the corner of Ninety-eighth and Broadway. One night, very late, he unexpectedly shows up on a car radio's AM dial, singing and moaning Reverend Gary Davis's "Cocaine," a distinctive version that sounds an awful lot like Jackson Browne's much later one. But the station, as elusive a treasure as the singer, fades out before it can be identified.

"How long were you lookin' for me?" draws the fifty-two-year-old Elliott, finally located in the vicinity of Mystic, Connecticut.

"Two months? That's good."

It almost seems a reward when Elliott decides to spend the night in the same neighborhood as the visiting journalist, sleeping right there in the parking lot of the seriously quaint inn where she's staying. Don't worry about him; he's perfectly comfortable in his Four Star motor home perched atop an olive-green '77 Dodge pickup. The shower works and everything. Just knock on his door in the morning and the interviewing can begin in earnest over breakfast. Only when morning comes, there's no trace of

Elliott or his motor home through the October fog rising off the Mystic River.

There is, you understand, some reason for concern. We're talking about a man who once went out for ice cream during a brief intermission at his show in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and wound up in Detroit, innocently calling back to report that the place he had in mind was farther away than he thought.

But this time he calls from down the street at the BeeBee Dairy, where he fled when an ill-tempered woman obviously immune to his charm chased him away, hollering, "We don't allow campers!" and threatening to call the police.

Ah, well, this is a town that honors traditions, including the one of mistaking cult heroes for bums. "I don't suppose it would have made any difference to her," Elliott says, sipping his coffee and trying to regain his good humor, "but I knew Mystic when she was just a girl!" Folded up by Elliott's elbow is that morning's newspaper, opened to the People in the News page.

If you didn't already have some notion of the major role coincidence plays in Elliott's life, it

RANDY SUE COBURN is a Washington-based writer. Her profile of John Sayles appeared in the November 1982 issue.

Letters

In Like Flynt

Dear Editor:

While it was very nice to have a publication [*L.A. Weekly*, Feb. 17-24, 1984] confirm my own thoughts about the excellence of *The Rebel* and its editor, Jim Goode, there were a number of glaring inaccuracies to say the least.

My brother, Jimmy Flynt, was put in temporary control because of my being in prison but he was put there by me. Jimmy is now assigned to my presidential campaign and a professional administrator has been hired to carry out my orders. There has been no transfer of power at Flynt Publications or Flynt Distributing Company. I continue to run the show despite what your article stated.

The Sunset Boulevard offices of *The Rebel* were shut down by me as a temporary measure. I have long wanted to put out the truth about the government of this country and *The Rebel* is exactly what I want it to be. Jim Goode has moved his office to Century City and *The Rebel* will continue as a monthly magazine for the time being. I've cut expenses but not this important project.

The Rage is also going to appear as planned. I understand that the very first issue is on its way to the printers. *The Rage* is my wife Althea's project and she is running it with no interference from me or anyone else.

The Free Press project is also not cancelled. Art Kunkin, the founding editor of the *Los Angeles Free Press* during the '60s, is now firmly in place and working out all of the details of our new national weekly newspaper. The first issue of the *Free Press* is scheduled to appear during the last week of March 1984.

I certainly didn't finance any half-hour commercial for Lyndon LaRouche. Any commercial that I finance will be for my own campaign. I already have the Federal Communications Commission working overtime out of fear of my political commercials. All I will say now is that any commercial I run will be sensational and will tell the truth about this country and my plans for it.

Also, I don't have a room full of money at my home. Not any more. I have a great many better things to do with my money now and wouldn't leave it sitting around not working for me and the good of the country.

There have been some personnel changes within the company. I've never known a growing company that didn't have changes on a constant basis. It's stupid to look at growing pains and confuse them with death.

I write this to you from my cell here in the Federal Correctional Institute in Butner, North Carolina, and I assure you that you will continue to hear from Larry Flynt.

—Larry Flynt
78407-012

Oh, That Eve Babitz

Dear Editor:

Oh, that Eve Babitz. Such a flair for words. But, really, fellows, her talents are wasted on the likes of that Terry Cole-Whittaker. I mean, who *really* cares about her old ministry? I say let's give Eve Babitz something she can *really* sink her teeth into, maybe an expose of bridge

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SQUAREKNO

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club meetings... or cooking hints?
Thanks.

—Stephen Berrier
Los Angeles

Thank You Very Much

Dear Editor:

In response to Sharon McDonald's "Remembering a Life of Love, Guts, and Laughter" [*L.A. Weekly*, Feb. 10-16, 1984], I would like to say thank you very much. Your eloquent message was a gift to all of us, from a wise and loving heart.

—Susan Waldman
Los Angeles

Not Just Black Or White

Dear Editor:

I just read of Eric Mankin's concern over the dearth of articulate and black sports commentators and broadcasters [*L.A. Weekly*, Feb. 10-16, 1984]. He forgot Oscar Robertson's dismal performance in trying to relate NBA games to a nation of mostly white viewers; the "Big O" lasted one season with CBS.

What's needed is the requisite background training that traditional journalists and broadcasters receive in their undergraduate years — and that should be combined with the "black experience." ABC's Lynn Swann and

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"Terry band don't needs it?"

Joe R.

Feb. 17-2

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GENDER GAP: Bella Abzug Sees It Widening

Continued from Page 1

band, and I got married 40 years ago, he was considered a mutant because he actually thought it was great that I worked and was a mother and a wife. They thought I was nuts, his friends, you know what I mean? But now we're all involved in this sharing, raising our kids, but women still have the greater responsibility. We need child care, we need flexible hours. We need a whole new view of what you do for homemakers who are widowed or separated or divorced, they need (job) training."

Abzug added that, as she sees it, the perception of the current Congress and the Administration is that "women are all being taken care of by our husbands, or our families if we don't have husbands. It's nonsense. It's like in another era. Mr. Reagan's trying to push us back to the 19th Century. We're trying to struggle through this century to get to the 21st.

"Values are changing and men are engaged also in the need to have values changed and there will come a time when men and women come together, but women don't have that much time. And that's why there's a gender gap. Women are instinctively saying, 'What is this? I can't live with this.'"

During her three terms as a congresswoman (1970-76), Bella Abzug was often referred to as "that obstreperous New Yorker." She also showed up on the Gallup Poll's list of the world's 20 most influential women.

She was an outspoken critic of the Vietnam war, the CIA and the FBI. She fumed about the electronic media's portrayal of women as "creatures of consump-

tion who run around squeezing toilet paper and worrying about the taste of their coffee." And she responded to her firing by President Carter as co-chair of his National Advisory Council on Women—largely as a result of her criticism of budget cuts affecting women's programs and increases in military spending—by saying: "Our President probably had a bad day and, instead of kicking Billy Carter around, he kicked me."

Abzug gave up her seat in Congress to run for the Senate, narrowly losing to former U.N. Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan. There followed two more political defeats but Abzug bounced back, declaring, "Press reports of my political death are greatly exaggerated."

Abzug continued to pop up at gatherings of women, seeming to relish a sort of elder stateswoman status. And, in April of 1979, together with former Rep. Yvonne Brathwaite Burke of California and former Rep. Patsy Mink of Hawaii, she announced creation of WOMEN USA.

Now, the book, which Abzug has dedicated "To Our Daughters, and to young women everywhere, the future leaders of our nation." (Abzug has two daughters, Eve, a sculptor, and Liz, an attorney.)

In its pages she outlined the basic premise of the Gender Gap, a phenomenon that first showed up in the 1980 election in which Reagan won the presidency with 8% less support from women than from men. She wrote: "Women are a majority of Americans, and for the first time in our history they are at odds with their government on almost every important issue of foreign and domestic policy."

She also delivered this message to those who would

seek elective office: "Run, women, run."

And she predicted that women can, and probably will, defeat Reagan in November and, in so doing, finally achieve public recognition of their political influence and, with it, a better opportunity to participate as equals with men in shaping public policy.

Since she wrote this, Abzug said, she has seen nothing that would contradict her prediction—and no one, including Sen. Gary Hart. "Hart was created by the media," said Abzug, a supporter of Walter Mondale. "His win in Iowa was really not a win. He was a way, way back second. The media wanted a challenger and they made him into one and he got the 6 o'clock evening news and he got the magazine covers and he became a candidate with the help, largely, of independents and Republicans in those New England contests that don't have anything to do with the primary."

But Abzug reads something important into the Hart surge: "It showed that people want choices, something different, something that is not expected. There's a certain boredom in the process which is sort of relieved. And Hart was the beneficiary."

Abzug would support either a Mondale or Hart candidacy, with or without a woman for vice president. "Both candidates have been very good on the spectrum of women's issues," she said, "although Mondale has a longer history of commitment. There's no evident major gender gap between them. The gender gap is based on issues. Women at the moment associate the Democratic Party as being more concerned about their needs. But it could shift. It's an issue concern, not a party commitment."

It's interesting, Abzug noted, that "Although more women are registering and voting Democratic than ever before . . . the younger men are registering and voting

Republican. As a young man, it's possible to feel OK about the way things are, but the young woman is saying, 'Oh, no. Things are not OK for me. They've gotta be changed. I can't find a place for myself. I'm getting 59 to 62 cents on the dollar (compared to men's wages), the Establishment is trying to beat me out on the right to abortion, they're not going to let me get into the Constitution and I'm afraid they're going to bring us all to a nuclear holocaust.'"

Abzug sees a lesson for women in Jesse Jackson's mobilization of the black vote. "I was very much in favor of our running (a woman) for President," she said. "But because we've been brought up to speak softly and carry a lipstick, we've been very reluctant to step forward. We have to wait until someone says, 'OK, now it's your time.' I feel very strongly that we would have much more effectively articulated our issues, which are the issues of the country, not just the traditionally defined women's issues, if there had been a woman running for President. But I was in a small minority."

She would hope, of course, for a woman in second spot on a Democratic ticket. "I was at the (Democratic National Convention) platform hearings the other day," she said. "There's a lot of talk about it. And I think it would be kind of funny if it didn't happen, but it's possible that it won't."

Abzug would like to see delegates to her party's convention come to San Francisco in July pledged both to a presidential candidate and to support a woman for vice president, thus putting pressure on the presidential nominee to choose a female running mate.

Just raising the issue, Abzug said, helps to dispel the image of the White House as a "white male preserve."

Please see GENDER, Page 7

Parties Vie for Oscar-Night Honors

Morton's and Spago Look to the Stars on Festive Occasion

By MARYLOUISE OATES, *Times Staff Writer*

So you thought the big contest Monday night was between "Terms of Endearment" and "Tender Mercies."

Wrong.

The big Hollywood battle was between the parties at Morton's and Spago.

And, unlike the Oscars, the restaurant party race came up a draw, with the competition not too intense.

At Spago, you could—if you were very important and a very good friend of Wolfgang Puck and his fiancée Barbara Lazaroff—get squeezed in between Joan Rivers and Zsa Zsa Gabor and try to wolf your pizza or swordfish while catching a glimpse of the several big-screen TVs carrying the Oscar telecast. There were balloons that proclaimed it the third such event, and fluorescent straws that one could bend and play with or wear in one's hair, like Lazaroff.

Or, like most of these Hollywood top-drawer titled types, you could chat and visit—"Oh, she's gorgeous," Lainie Kazan told comedienne Rivers after meeting her daughter Melissa.

Buffet for the Regulars

At Morton's, if you were one of Peter and Pam Morton's several hundred regulars, there was buffet in the dining room or in the tent in the parking lot, and maybe you could catch a glimpse of "Tender Mercies' " Ellen Barkin (crying, crying, crying, when Robert Duvall won), or of producer Jay Bernstein (he made both Spago and Morton's, as did Andy Williams), or you could see once-again-a-celebrity Timothy Leary (not in Nehru suit, but a tux) and his wife in a very low-in-the-back black dress.

Some people were on both parties' RSVP list, but, as

of late in the evening, still hadn't shown, like Anjelica Huston, who was supposed to bring winner Jack Nicholson.

Some non-screen types, looking glamorous, came to Morton's, but left early, like Jane and Marc Nathanson (since he was off for two days skiing). Others stayed the evening, like Jane Glassman, there with Melon's Judy Greitzer and her husband Michael.

And some people really had a swell time, like Barkin, sitting with friends in the tent—and, in a white T-shirt dress, looking wildly different from the country-Western daughter she played in the film. She watched the TV as "Bobbie Duvall" made it, holding on tightly to the hand of the mother of a friend nearby, then screamed and cried, tears running out from under her now-punky haircut.

A Family Get-Together

"It's the most deserved award in the world," she managed. Then, as Shirley MacLaine got her award—OK, that was another favorite of Barkin and everyone in the tent—and talked, and talked, Barkin commented, still crying, "We were much calmer. We did our job and went home. Bob just got his award and went home."

Oscar night in Hollywood is a family get-together, so "My Favorite Year's" Joseph Bologna and wife Renee Taylor brought their teen-age son Gabe to Spago. If Gabe had won the Oscar, his mother couldn't have been prouder, as she told how her Beverly Hills High son came in second place in a recent competition with a scene from "The Tempest."

And his father? "There is nothing I can say or do. He's talented. If I were a doctor, he'd be walking around carrying a medical bag."



TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Some quick kisses for a winning party, from Roy Scheider to Spago's Barbara Lazaroff.

Some guests left both parties early, like Dr. Harry Glassman, the plastic surgeon who had to rush out with Victoria Principal because he "had an emergency," Lazaroff explained. But, not to worry. "We have a total of four plastic surgeons here at Spago tonight," the party's hostess explained.

At both parties, it was "on us, our treat" for regular customers.

Roy Scheider sat on the Spago patio, Maud Adams strolled through and Michael York hid in a corner. "David Ladd left and he's not coming back," one of the attendants at the door screamed to the "Entertainment

Tonight" crew set up in the bar. A trio of fabulously dressed and very hip-looking young people got to the door and were turned away. Glitter is not the same as famous on Oscar night.

And, speaking of glitter, Zsa Zsa Gabor was at a table with Peter Tams—who did the dances for "Flashdance"—and daughter Francesca Hilton. Gabor was ga-ga over the loss by the Hungarian nominee in the foreign-language film category, beaten out by "Fanny and Alexander."

"The Hungarians were so happy," she said. Gabor, now known mostly for TV talk shows, was once in the movies, starring in "Moulin Rouge" opposite Jose Ferrer, who as Toulouse-Lautrec played the film on his knees. She also played in a 1950s classic in which she was an Amazon-type leader of a diaphanous-gowned society that was not big on men.

"I am so American, I don't really care, but that Ingmar Bergman, he can't lose in America, even though it's long and boring. It's highbrow, it's highbrow."

Concern Over Sinatra

Not many folks looked at the TV? Concern was expressed over Frank Sinatra, until a blonde in an extraordinary pink dress urged her table that it was just the fault of the TV. "Look at him over there," she said, pointing to another set. "He looks 100% better."

Not everyone loved everything about the show. One cynic commented, "This is terrific. Herb Alpert doing Maniac."

Aurora Pictures' Rich Irvine joined Ron Rogers and Lisa Specht at Morton's. "I've got a picture in contention, but it's just costume design, for 'Heart Like a Wheel.' We thought we'd get a 'Best Actress.'"

Steve Tesich chatted with Irvine. Beverly D'Angelo came late. And, across the street with no hoopla, Trumps had a full house and Mel Brooks having dinner. In the corner were Metropolitan Theaters' Bruce and Toni Corwin (that's movies, isn't it) with their children.

Early in the evening, Puck was asked, "Who's going to win?"

"Me," he said, puckishly.

That's Hollywood.

JUL 6 1993
BURRELLE'S



Butler Shaffer

Some progress at work

It has been said that those who are the closest to a situation are often the least informed as to its causes. Thus, if one wishes to discover what brought about a war, or what policy considerations influenced the war's conduct, the last persons to ask are soldiers. So, too, stockbrokers would often be among the least knowledgeable about what produced investor confidence (or lack of it) in the stock market at a given time.

Some historians have put the proposition in these words: if you wish to understand American history, read the British historians; if you wish to understand British history, read the American historians. Truly understanding events — instead of just experiencing them — requires a perspective both of time and space that is not available to those engaged in the day-to-day details of those events.

Western society — and America in particular — is undergoing very profound changes. It has been said, by myself among others, that Western civilization is undergoing its decline and fall.

To those sensitive to the cycles of human history, every great civilization has emerged, risen, peaked, declined and collapsed — according (at least to such historians as Gibbon and Toynbee) to fairly uniform patterns of development. Just as every human being eventually dies, so too, has every major civilization.

As the winds of change began to blow over societies, those who

represented the established institutional interests — who felt they had the most to lose by any change — began to resist. Democratic revolutionaries were hunted down and hanged for treason; scientists were dragged before boards of inquisition and told to recant their discovered truths or face death.

As our present society undergoes its decline, one witnesses the same patterns of the establishment's war against change. Most of us are aware that changes are occurring, but we are too close to it all to identify the broader picture. As a result of not understanding these changes, many begin to look around for any kind of explanation that offers even the most superficial plausibility.

For years, many have seen in the growing opposition to war little more than a carefully developed conspiracy by communists to weaken American defenses. Others, in the meantime, saw the relaxation of sexual mores and the proliferation of sexually explicit books and movies as the work of depraved psychopaths. Even rock music has been taken to task by some who find, in the lyrics, hidden messages from Satan himself!

One of the most popular scapegoats for social change has been Timothy Leary. On two successive days I heard one radio talk show host and two television journalists characterize Leary as being responsible for the millions of lives ruined by the use of drugs he had advocated in the '60s. The logic of the accusations seemed to be that, but for Timothy Leary,

drug use would never have become popular in this country; that he was some sort of Svengalian guru who managed to mesmerize the minds of an entire generation of young people with the allure of drugs.

What nonsense! To suggest that one man can dictate the direction of social change is to misconceive the dynamics of any society. Drugs (and Leary) are but additional scapegoats used by frightened, insecure, thoughtless people to explain why the America of the 1980s is so different from that of the 1950s. The causes of social change run much deeper than that.

Neither Timothy Leary nor the Beatles, Hustler magazine nor the SDS, were the cause of these changes. They were, rather, expressions — symptoms, if you will — of changes that neither you nor I nor Ronald Reagan will be able to stop.

Many people — more out of hope than informed conviction — saw in Ronald Reagan's ascendancy to the throne a turning back of these social changes.

If only we can more sternly punish those who peddle drugs or pornography; if only we can drag youngsters away from rock concerts and back into established churches; if only we can restore respect (or at least fear) of the forces of law 'n' order; if only we can get a good war going someplace in the world and draft young men to march off once again in mindless obedience as they did in World War II, then, it is imagined, all of the self-indulgent

wickedness and irresponsibility of the 1960s and '70s can be reversed.

But such responses cannot overcome the fundamental changes that have already worked their way into the social fabric. Whatever one may think of some of the details from the 1960s, the general influence of the changes that began to develop during that decade has been healthful.

That more and more people are prepared to reject war rather than wallow in its alleged glory, and regard their lives as too important to be sacrificed to greedy institutional interests, and to look upon the quality of life as being more important than the quantity of junk with which we have chosen to burden ourselves, should lead to the improvement of life on this planet.

I have always had great confidence in those unconscious forces within us that operate in the interests of our survival. Human beings, like other life forms, have an interest in pursuing the kind of behavior that enhances — not threatens — their existence.

Just as our ancestors not only survived the social upheavals that faced them, but profited greatly from such changes, we, too, have the opportunity to put aside those bloody, violent, inhuman practices that have long plagued our civilization, and to come closer to discovering how to live as peaceful, loving, responsible people.

Columnist Shaffer teaches law at Southwestern University, Los Angeles.

JUL 21 1983

BURRELLE'S

Is this the self-same Dr. K?

Reagan's merry pranksters may have gone too far this time

By Sandy Grady

Knight-Ridder Newspapers

Washington—On this sizzling day in the middle of 1983, you can no longer make one charge against the Reagan administration. Not now, not ever.

You can't say it lacks a sense of humor.

The Reagan team is obviously made up of merry pranksters who enliven West Wing sessions with exploding cigars, hot foots and bawdy limericks.

For all we know, foreign policy is secretly run by Woody Allen, Steve Martin, Richard Pryor and the ex-cast of "Saturday Night Live."

Oh, there had been hints that someone in the White House had a wild sense of the outrageous. The Reagan regime tried to put a bloke who disliked human rights in charge of human rights. And they picked a guy who distrusted arms control to help run the arms control agency.

But those were just warmups for Mr. Reagan's irrepressible jesters.

When they named Henry Kissinger to head a commission on Central America, the Reagan madcaps pulled the best practical joke since the invention of the whoopee cushion.

Even friendly senators had to receive this news incredulously: "C'mon, fellas, quit kidding around. KISSINGER? To run Central America? You guys been hitting the martinis at Maison Blanche again? You mean you're SERIOUS?"

The irony that lit Washington's guffaws was the administration's insistence that its Central American policies are not a repeat of the mistakes made in Vietnam. Reagan spokesmen have been tattooing the national eardrum: "This is not Vietnam. . . . This is not Vietnam."

Now, as their peacemaker to symbolize their new approach to Central America, they pick Henry Kissinger, the ex-secretary of state whose career was entwined with the Vietnam War.

Oh, sure, the White House could have named someone more inappropriate. Maybe Richard Nixon's and Gen. William Westmoreland's phones were busy.

Considering what he did for Southeast Asia, Dr. Kissinger's appointment should do wonders for bomb shelter entrepreneurs in El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras and Costa Rica.

I mean, isn't this same Henry Kissin-

ger who helped Mr. Nixon arrange the secret B-52 raids that turned Cambodia into a moonscape? Same one who even picked the bombing targets?

To congressmen worried about U.S. troops getting involved in Central

When they named Henry Kissinger to head a commission on Central America, the Reagan madcaps pulled the best practical joke since the invention of the whoopee cushion.

America, it may not be reassuring that Dr. Kissinger helped plot the secret invasion of Cambodia.

Or that his idea of peace negotiation in Vietnam was to threaten the use of nuclear bombs.

Maybe Mr. Reagan picked him to solve the Central America mess because this is one region Henry didn't louse up as secretary of state. In fact, he ignored it. He doesn't even mention the region in 1,476 pages of his book, *White House Years*.

But he did demonstrate his South-of-the-Border style in Chile. According to Sen. Frank Church's 1975 report, he encouraged the covert CIA plot to prevent Salvador Allende from becoming president.

Yes, sir, choosing Henry Kissinger as a symbol for Central American policy is the Reagan team's most delicious joke since it named the MX missile the "Peacekeeper."

Trouble was, when Mr. Reagan announced Dr. Kissinger's name, Washington's big shots reacted in two ways. They laughed or they got mad.

Even the CBS network couldn't take it seriously. They ran film clips of Dr. K leaping over shuttle planes. It was as funny as Charlie Chaplin on the speeded-up assembly line in "Modern Times."

Right-wingers, who have always sworn that Henry Kissinger would never get a job in the Reagan administration, were furious. "There may be somebody lower on my list than Kissinger, but I can't think of him," fumed Sen. Jesse Helms.

"Kissinger was in charge when U.S. foreign policy collapsed and we lost Angola, Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia," raged Richard Viguerie, the right-wing publisher.

"We can't win in Central America with Kissinger, the architect of the 'no-win' policy in Vietnam," stormed Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus.

The Reagan team, which is embattled this week in selling its secret war in Nicaragua and getting more military aid for El Salvador, must wonder if it went too far with its Kissinger farce.

The splendid thing about Henry was that his choice made the liberals as angry as the conservatives. Rep. Ed Markey of Massachusetts called this a signal "that we're going into another Vietnam." Connecticut Sen. Chris Dodd called it a "sales job for the same old package."

From what I hear, the Reagan honchos who chose Henry Kissinger were White House aides James Baker and William Clark, and U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick.

They may not sleep as well if they spend \$19.95 for Seymour Hersh's book, which details the way Dr. K wiretapped his associates' phones and doublecrossed pals at the White House, Pentagon and State Department.

As for Mr. Reagan—well, look at the wonderful things Henry did for Dick Nixon and Jerry Ford.

Yep, putting Henry in charge of Central America is a rich joke, much like naming Genghis Khan to run a Central Asia Peace Commission or Jesse James to a Handgun Commission or Timothy Leary to a drug cleanup.

Folks in Central America must be cheering. Can Henry do for them what he did for Cambodia and Chile?

One tip: If Dr. K. announces, "Gentlemen, peace is at hand," head for the hills.

Starbeams

The Starbeams column, which usually appears on the editorial page each evening, will resume on Aug. 2.

OCT 5 1983

BURRELLE'S

'Drug guru' still pushing non-conformist attitude

By M.K. Reinhart
Staff writer

Former Harvard professor and LSD pioneer Timothy Leary appeared on the ASU campus Tuesday to "stir up a little irreverence toward authority" and to motivate the baby boom generation to "tune in, turn on and take over."

Given an overwhelmingly receptive response from his audience, complete with a standing ovation, Leary seems to have succeeded.

Best known for his experiments with hallucinogenic drugs in the mid-1960s, the 65-year-old Leary is now offering his services as consultant to various software computer companies and promoting his newly released autobiography, "Flashbacks," by lecturing to over 30 college groups a year.

Leary began by telling the crowd packed into the Arizona Room of the MU that "90 percent of everything you've been taught has been disinformation."

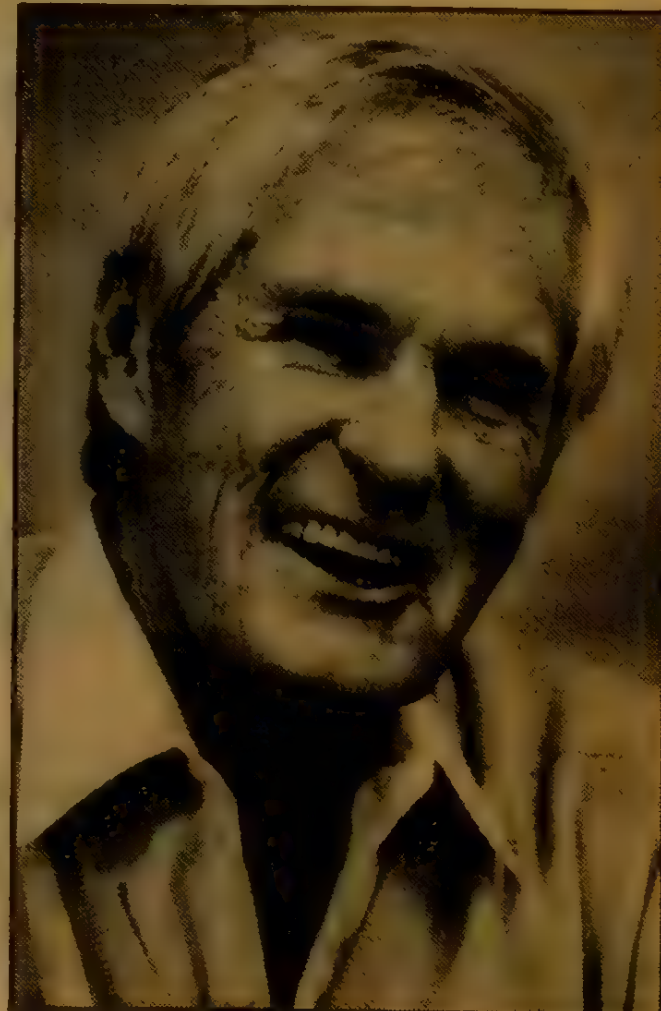
"My purpose in coming here is to encourage students to question authority, think for themselves and challenge anything laid down by an institution," Leary said. "I want to encourage courage."

Leary calls himself a "cheerleader" for the generation born between 1946 and 1964 — the age group he lectured to, protested with, marched with and "tripped" with in his more visual years.

"By 1988, the baby boom generation will be in power," Leary said. It is a generation

composed of a "realistic, much more intelligent" group of leaders, most of whom were not even eligible to vote during the 1960s.

"You're a tidal wave, you've changed



Staff photo by Bob Miles

Timothy Leary

everything in your path," Leary said to representatives of the 76 million members of the post-war generation.

"I can't stress enough to you the importance of your generation," he said.

"The bottom line is that you're Dr. Spock babies. You were brought up with demand feeding. 'Treat your kids as individuals'

'My purpose is to encourage students to question authority, think for themselves and challenge anything laid down by an institution.'

your parents were told," he said.

"In the '60s you hit high school and college campuses with your demand feeding expectations . . . and every aspect of American culture was changed by this tidal wave," he said.

In a press conference earlier Tuesday, Leary made clear his intentions to "poke

gentle fun at every orthodoxy and sacred cow" during his speech.

"I don't believe young people today are as conservative as the conservatives would like to have them feel," he said. "They're not conservative, they're not liberal, they're just different."

Leary still holds fast to the belief that drugs, as long as they aren't abused, can improve consciousness and thus improve the quality of one's life.

"Psychoactive drugs, when used intelligently and prudently, can help you deal with your life," he said.

"There is no good or bad about drugs. Drugs are," Leary said, although he contends alcohol is "the most coarse, vulgar drug we have."

He said he does not encourage students or individuals on the job to use drugs, but added that some usage is "OK on the weekends."

"I don't encourage young people (in school) to go overboard. They should keep their minds clean," Leary said.

"The people who really need recreational drugs in this country are old people," he said, and went on to outline a system in which individuals over 65 could be allowed to indulge in certain mind-altering drugs provided by rest homes or other social services.

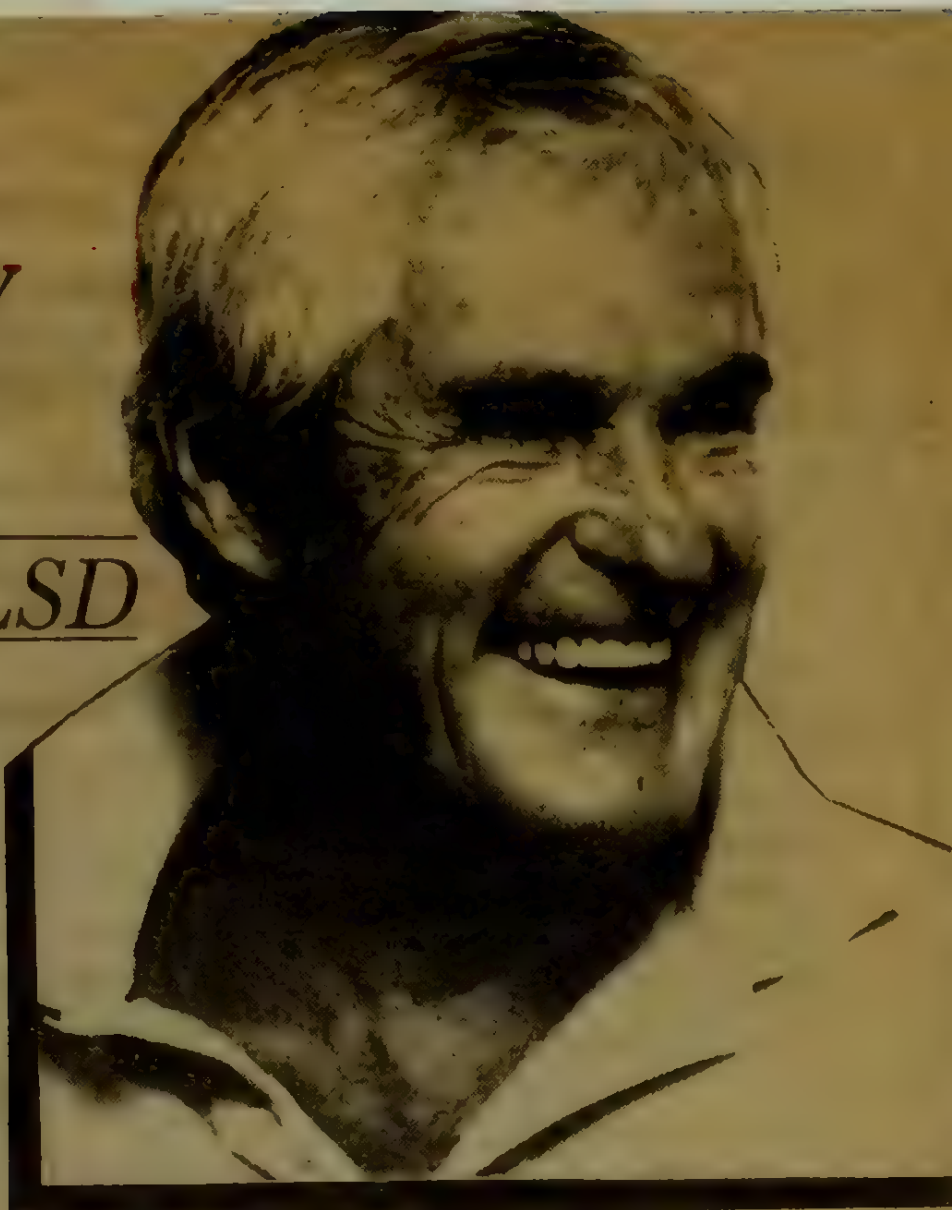
"The main enemy of human evolution and growth is always the system," Leary warned.

OCT 13 1983

BURRELLE'S

Timothy Leary

TALKS LSD



The technical name for the drug is d-lysergic acid diethylamide, but it became better known as LSD, or "acid" for short. To Timothy Leary these hallucinogens, derived from grain fungi, are "cerebral vitamins."

Leary, a psychologist and former Harvard lecturer, "turned on" a whole generation to the drug in the 1960s. To many he was the "the Messiah," the "High Priest of LSD." Others considered him a "corrupter of youth" and a dangerous man, whose message of "turn on, tune in and drop out" was responsible for a generation of drug casualties.

NIU students will be able to judge for themselves whether Leary is Messiah or madman

when he speaks at the Duke Ellington Ballroom (in the student center) Tuesday at 8:45 p.m. Admission is free.

A former West Point cadet, Leary quit the academy and eventually earned his Ph.D. in psychology from the University of California at Berkeley. There he became an assistant professor, writing numerous treatises on human behavior and group dynamics, and generally fitting the image of the typical academician. He even developed personality tests that were later used by the CIA (ironically, one of these tests was administered to Leary himself when he was incarcerated on a minor drug charge).

In 1958, despondent over the death of his first wife, Leary took off for Spain where he underwent

his first psychedelic experience. It was induced by illness, however, and not by drugs. He later described the experience as an "ancient rebirth process that comes only through the death of the mind."

Two years later in Mexico he ate "seven sacred mushrooms" (psilocybin) "and discovered that beauty, revelation, sensuality, the cellular history of the past, God and the Devil all lie inside my body, outside my mind."

Leary returned to Harvard where he began to experiment with LSD in a controlled environment. In one of the experiments, Leary and his associates administered the drug to inmates at a local prison. The result, according to Leary, was that many of the prisoners were able to see the ludicrousness of the "cops and robbers game" and vowed to change their lives for the better.

Leary's superiors at Harvard were not as impressed with his work, however, and threatened to dismiss him unless he discontinued his experiments. Eventually Leary was fired, officially for failing to meet his class schedule.

The psychedelic experimentation that had become a consuming part of Leary's quest "to release from the brain (its) ancient energies" continued independent of the academic world. In a 64-room mansion in Millbrook, New York, Leary began to "turn on" prominent scientists and celebrities.

As the decade wore on, Leary became a national cult figure and a permanent fixture of the youth movement, and of our culture in general. He became the subject of songs by The Beatles ("Come Together") and The Moody Blues, and his activities made good copy for a national press caught up in the volatile '60s. The media image of Leary was the middle-aged, bearded guru who always got busted by Jack Webb on the old *Dragnet* TV series.

Leary's idyllic existence was temporarily strained in 1970, when he received two consecutive 10-year jail sentences for drug possession.

While in jail, Leary was described as a "model" prisoner. However, six months after being incarcerated Leary scaled the wire fence of his prison and escaped with the help of the underground radical group known as The Weathermen.

Leary was granted political asylum in Algeria, later hopping from Switzerland to Afghanistan, where he was stopped at the airport by American agents and forcibly returned to the U.S. He spent the next three years in prison, obtaining release on parole in 1976.

His time in prison was not idled away, however. To date, Leary has written more than 20 books and has developed many of the concepts and theories that have become the subjects for his recent lecture tours. Whether speaking on "exopsychology" or "S.M.I2 L.E." (Space Migration, Intelligence Increase and Life Extension) the 62-year-old psychologist remains a popular speaker on the college lecture circuit.

While fewer people are following Leary's "tune in..." advice these days, the man remains a controversial figure. Accused by some of offering simplistic solutions for world problems, there is no denying that Leary anticipated the "me-decade" two decades early. Back in the placid '50s he pioneered the new "humanistic" psychology movement that showed how "role playing" and "game playing" were a factor in how we achieve our goals.

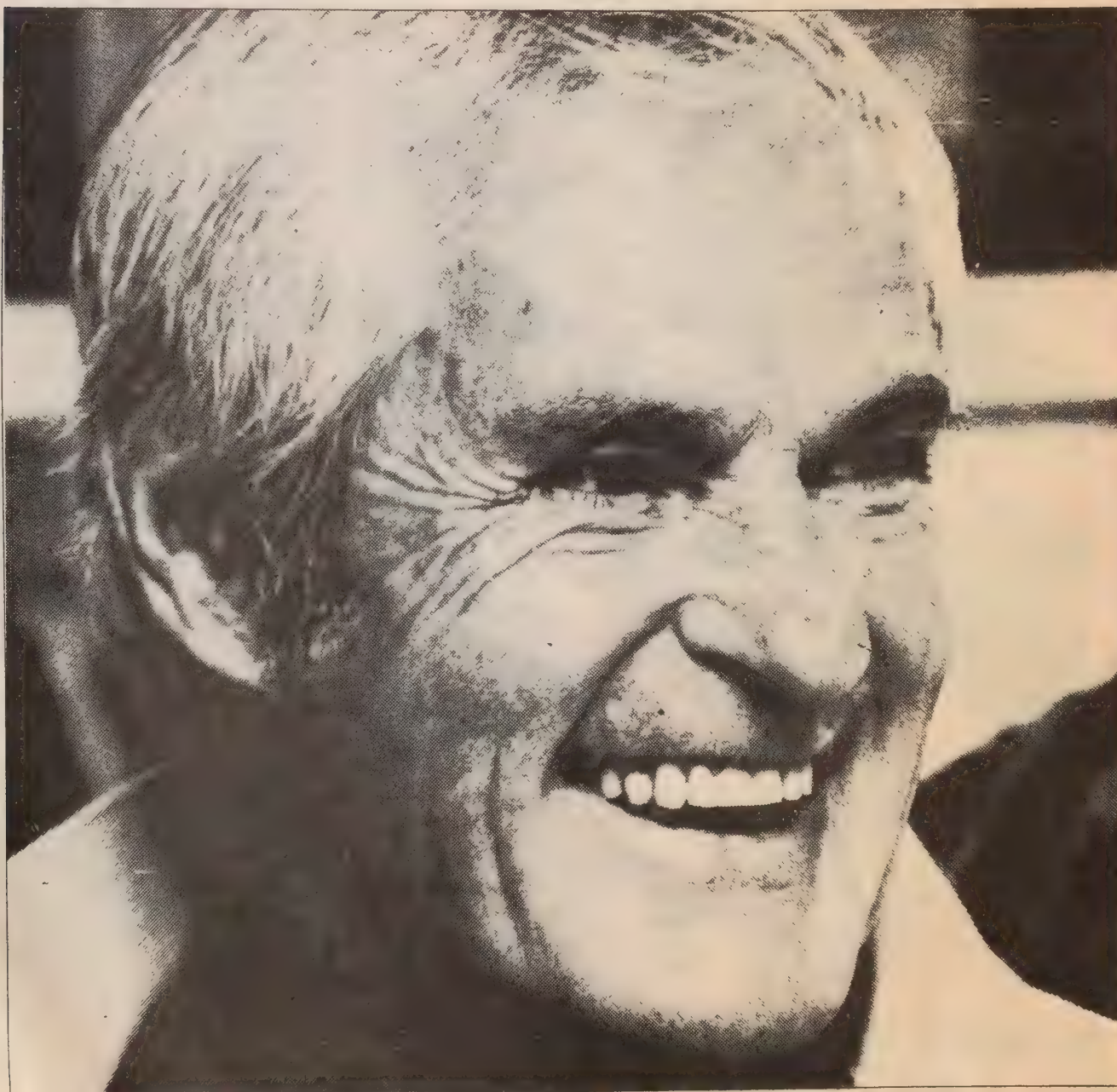
Insofar as advocating drug use, one could argue, as Leary maintains, that during the era that he was administering LSD in a controlled laboratory situation, the CIA was administering the same drug on unsuspecting victims. Whether Leary can justify the total aftermath of the "turn on" decade might be one of the subjects he will address in Tuesday's lecture.

— Lawson Hill

features

TOWSON STATE
MD.

Timothy Leary speaks Sunday



Well-known psychologist Timothy Leary will speak at Stephens Hall at 7:30 p.m., this coming Sunday.

By Stephen Hyde

Once branded "the most dangerous man alive" because of his drug experiments at Harvard in the 1960s, Dr. Timothy Leary's psychedelic image often obscures his back-

ground as an innovative psychologist and commentator on social and political issues.

Leary will be speaking in Stephens Hall auditorium this Sunday, May 6, at 7:30 p.m. as part of the SGA spring speakers series.

After receiving his Ph.D. in clinical psychology from the University of California at Berkeley, Leary became director of psychology research at the Kaiser Foundation in

See LEARY, page 7

Leary and Lowenstein — two voices from the past

FLASHBACKS, by Timothy Leary, J. P. Tarcher, \$15.95, 395 pp.

The King of Drugs writes his autobiography, a collage of scenes thick with pop cultural history, anti-establishment imagery, and genuine spiritual yearning. Anybody interested in heightened mental awareness should read it, if not as an inspiration then as a set of cautions. It is both.

Dr. Leary broke upon the academic scene in the late '50s espousing a personal approach to treatment of mental disorders. Leary's message received a warm reception at Harvard University. During his first term, he attracted a band of professorial admirers who itched, generally speaking, for "something new." For those with firm ties to tradition, the aim was increased knowledge within an academic specialty. Others thirsted for nothing short of revelation: not from God, for they did not believe in God; from their own heads somehow.

They encountered terrible difficulties. Alone and unaided, their heads were not particularly resourceful. In studying the psychologically scarred they discovered that they themselves were blocked from expanded consciousness by dry facts, guilty memories, creepy inhibitions. So when one of them happened on a peddler of hallucinogenic mushrooms in a Mexican market they thought they had found a shortcut to dreamland.

In the company of these seekers of interior heavens Leary first gave himself up to chemistry. He was never the same. His life became a quest for the ultimate high. Drug-users from the ends of the earth sought him out: anthropologists, jazz musicians (notably Maynard Ferguson), pharmacologists, each seeking the academic validity Leary seemed to give their personal awakenings under the influence.

Trip reports varied little. With drugs, people felt fully alive, fully wise; the world's problems seemed simple; social inhibitions seemed laughable. Leary graduated to LSD in 1962. (It was made legally in those innocent days by a pharmaceuticals house in New Jersey.) "Since that time," he writes, "I have been acutely aware that everything I perceive . . . is a creation of my own consciousness . . . I am an actor, surrounded by characters, props, and sets for the comic drama being written in my brain."

Comic sense helped shortly. Once word got out that a professor was dispensing pills promising mystical insights, and furthermore was advising young people to "Tune in, turn on, and drop out" (a phrase he claims was stylish shorthand for a complicated psychological theory), there was uproar. Leary became notorious. Traditional American society linked him with moral breakdown and the clash of generations. A female listener at a speech labeled him the Antichrist.

He did nothing to discourage these misperceptions. By the late '60s, somewhat carried away in his role of spokesman for the drug culture, he urged adherents to live at odds with the norm. His intent was, as with drug use itself, to expand the boundaries of the mind employing shock tactics if necessary. The effect, personally at least, was catastrophic. Texas police arrested him for possession of a microscopic shred of marijuana. He got 20 years.

After about a year and a half he escaped prison with the help of the Weather Underground (whose revolutionaries he portrays as an honest, upright lot). He sojourned in Algeria and Switzerland. An extradition order finally brought him back to prison, where he remained until 1976. Federal agents keep watch on him today, but excepting a minor scandal now and then the man the press called the Pied Piper of American youth has settled down to a life on the lecture circuit. He doesn't shock many people any more.

The autobiography, however, is far from placid. It overflows with the excitement of a man who deeply believes he's onto something. Drugs gave Leary a glimpse of the psychic territory previously trod only by religious mystics. He has never retreated from the revelation, but has pursued it with hip-scientific zeal. He doesn't retreat now. At 65, he continues to ingest mind-altering chemicals — the latest, ketamine, enables one to simulate death — and calls for their deregulation. Early in Leary's career, Aldous Huxley (who took LSD on his deathbed, thus perhaps gate-crashing heaven moments before being issued a ticket), counseled him to be a cheerleader for change.

He cheers and cheers, advertising chemically induced bliss for Everyman. The pitch grows tiresome, and heaven gained by pills doesn't sound like an honest place. But there is something noble about a selfless man, the moreso when his cause is enlightenment. Leary's autobiography is a gospel of secular spiritualism.

Cartooniverse

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Bing

The History of the Future.



alas,
poor
Yorik.



YESTERDAY

The
Old
Globe



What are you
reading Art?

POPULAR
BOREDOM
of course.



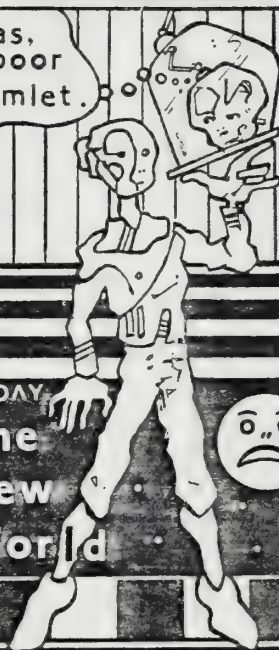
ÆON

so it goes and so it goes
as in all those TV shows
everyone knows the end



before the beginning..

alas,
poor
Hamlet.



TODAY

The
New
World



“Mary Pinchot
Meyer was Jack
Kennedy’s last love:
Why was she
assassinated?”

– *Tim Leary*

in the Nov. 22, 1983 premier issue of *The Rebel*
at your local newsstand

“Mary Pinchot Meyer
was Jack Kennedy’s
last love: Why was she
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Ellis Says He Pitched 1970 No-Hitter Under the Influence of LSD

PITTSBURGH (AP)—Former Pittsburgh Pirates' pitcher Dock Ellis, treated four years ago for drug dependency, says he was under the influence of LSD when he pitched a 1970 no-hitter against the San Diego Padres.

Ellis, now the coordinator of an anti-drug program in Los Angeles, also told The Pittsburgh Press he was on pep pills when he intentionally tried to hit several Cincinnati Reds' batters, including Pete Rose and Johnny Bench, during a 1974 game.

Ellis, 39, said he didn't know until six hours before his June 12, 1970 no-hitter that he was going to pitch.

"I was in Los Angeles, and the team was playing in San Diego, but I didn't know it," Ellis said in a story published in the Press' Sunday editions. "I had taken LSD. . . I thought it was an off-day. That's how come I had it in me. I took the LSD at 12 (noon).

"At 1, the girl (he was with) looked at the paper and said, 'Dock, you're pitching today.'"

"That's when it was \$9.50 to fly to San Diego. She got me to the airport at 3:30. I got there at 4:30, and the game started at 6:05 p.m. It was a two-night doubleheader.

"I can only remember bits and pieces of the game. I was psyched. I had a feeling of euphoria. I was zeroed in on the (catcher's) glove. But I didn't hit the glove too much. I remember hitting a couple of batters and the bases were loaded two or three times."

The Pirates won the game, 2-0, although Ellis walked eight batters.

Ellis said he never pitched again under the influence of LSD or alcohol, but was high on May 1, 1974, when he opened a game against the Reds by hitting Rose, Joe Morgan and Dan Driessen, by walking Tony Perez on four pitches and by throwing two balls to Bench before being removed by angry Pirates Manager Danny Murtaugh.

"I was trying to hit them. That's dangerous," Ellis said. "Those guys' careers were in my hands."

Ellis is now coordinator of the Substance Abuse Rehabilitation Program of the California Institute for Behavioral Medicine in Los Angeles, mainly working with young drug addicts on a one-to-one basis.

"There was no sound," Evans recalled. "It was 100 yards away, right over my neighbor's house. It was there maybe a minute, a minute and a half."

Skeptics insisted it was an airplane, which would be logical, since there is a small field within sight of Evans' yard. But he doesn't buy that explanation.

"My wife was a stewardess," Evans says, "so she knows what an airplane looks like. My dad works for NASA. He's one of the best men in his field. I've always been interested in aircraft and outer space."

At LaDonna's suggestion, Evans went to get his camera to take a picture of the craft. "But as soon as I got up it sort of tilted. It was like, 'Yeah, you see us, but you're not going to take a picture of us,'" he said.

By the time Evans retrieved his camera, the object was getting out of camera range. Then it was gone.

"'Close Encounters' was one of my favorite movies," Evans said, acknowledging that he's been accused of seeing it once too often.

"I believe there is something out there," he said. "And if there are, they've been out there longer than we have. They've evolved beyond war; they've got through it and they want to come and show us how. I hope it happens."

Evans said the experience "definitely helped my career. It gave me something to think about besides myself. It sparked things for me."

United Press

Evans' Batting Got a Lift from A Flying Saucer

Detroit

You've no doubt heard a hitter say he is "seeing the ball better" or "I'm more relaxed" to explain a batting surge.

How about an encounter with a UFO?

Darrell Evans was one of the Giants' hottest hitters in their 1982 stretch drive, and his 30-homer season in 1983 led to a rich, free-agent contract with the Detroit Tigers. After his second three-run homer of the season staked the Tigers to a 5-1 victory over Texas in their home opener Tuesday, Evans said that his rejuvenation started with a UFO sighting at his Pleasanton home in 1982.

"Soon after that, things turned around," he said. "During that time, it was something you think about rather than feel sorry for yourself," which Evans had been doing as he moved among first base, third base, shortstop and the Giants' bench. He was approaching the final year of his contract, and the Giants had said nothing about a new one.

So he was contemplating his baseball future as he and his wife, LaDonna, sat on the back porch of their home that summer night. Suddenly, they saw an object 30 feet wide, triangular in shape, with no wings ("It was more like a flying wing," Evans said) and with green and red lights on each side and white lights in back.

Buc hurler Scurry to take drug cure

Examiner news services

Left-handed reliever Rod Scurry left the Pittsburgh Pirates yesterday to enter a drug rehabilitation program and overcome an undisclosed drug dependency, the team announced.

The Pirates, who are playing in Los Angeles, immediately recalled left-hander Chris Green from their Triple-A Hawaii farm club to replace Scurry on the 25-man roster.

A team spokesman declined to specify the nature or length of the 28-year-old Scurry's addiction. A rehabilitation facility has not yet been selected, he said.

The Pirates said they had no idea how long Scurry would be sidelined.

Scurry pitched in two of the Pirates' first three games this season, recording a 9.00 ERA with no hits allowed, one run, two walks and no strikeouts.

Yankees: Sent shortstop Bobby Meacham to their Nashville farm club in the Double-A Southern League and called up infielder Keith Smith from Nashville.

The move reportedly was ordered by Yankee owner George Steinbrenner after Meacham's 8th-inning error on a grounder by Texas' Curtis Wilkerson gave the Rangers the

Baseball roundup 4-8-84

winning run in Friday night's 7-6 decision over the Yankees.

In other news: Former Pittsburgh Pirates' pitcher Dock Ellis, treated four years ago for drug dependency, says he was under the influence of LSD when he pitched a 1970 no-hitter against the San Diego Padres.

Ellis, 39, said he didn't know until six hours before his June 12, 1970 no-hitter that he was going to pitch.

while you were in S.L.O.

Drug use in baseball, it seems, is no recent phenomenon. Dock Ellis, a for-

mer Pirate pitcher who threw a no-hitter in 1970, says he was under the influence of LSD at the time.

Ellis, who has undergone treatment for drug and alcohol dependency, now works as a drug counselor in Los Angeles. He said he did not know he

was to pitch his no-hit game until six hours before it started.

"I can only remember bits and pieces of it," Ellis said. "I had a feeling of euphoria. I was zeroed in on the (catcher's) glove. But I didn't hit the glove too

much. I remember hitting a couple of batters, and the bases were loaded two or three times."

Ellis said he was high on pep pills in May 1974 during a game in Pittsburgh when he hit three Cincinnati Reds and walked

another in the first inning before being removed.

After pitching for the Pirates, Yankees, A's, Rangers and Mets, Ellis left baseball in 1979. He was hospitalized for chemical dependency in 1980.

4-9-84 Associated Press

Dock's Bad Medicine

Pirates trainer Tony Bartirome dismissed as "crazy and a lie" former Buc pitcher Dock Ellis' assertion that he was under the influence of LSD when he pitched a no-hitter against San Diego in 1970.

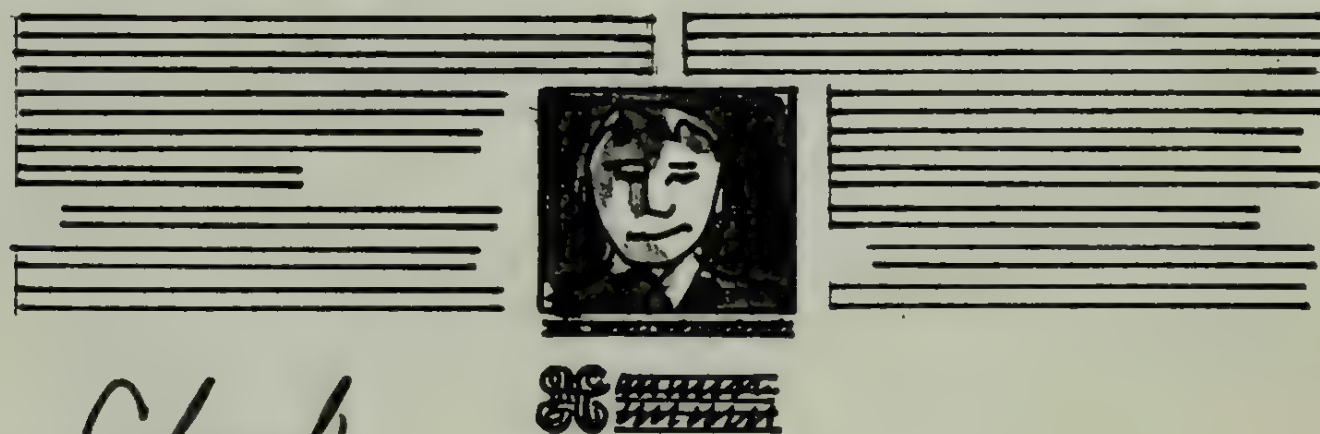
"I wonder what he wants to lie for. I don't know why he's saying that, but if he was standing right here, I'd tell him to his face what a liar he is," Bartirome told the Post-Gazette.

Bill Mazerowski, the Pirates' former star second baseman, said he couldn't tell whether Ellis was high that day. "He always seemed weird to me," Mazerowski said.

4-10

T-
Have you been following this one?
Beautiful spring, isn't it?
Love,
Marked

LEARY ABOUT SOFTWARE?



Boston Ad Club
Lecture May 8 1984

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Zen and the art of Victoria's bathtub

By Jim Wood
Examiner staff writer

THE BUENA VISTA is booming, and across Beach Street a few shoppers straggle from the Cannery toward the Maritime Museum and Ghirardelli Square. Soon the mylar Indian fighter kites will be dodging above the sidewalks.

It's spring again on Beach Street. The merchants are objecting to the street artists, the sun is warming up.

The cable-car shutdown has taken about 20 percent off the top of most of the area's businesses, gallery owner Rajad Hopkins estimates, but he still gets his share of tourists happily carrying loaves of Parisian bread under their arms.

These days Hopkins is smiling, because he has a show that's overcoming the off-season doldrums.

Two years ago local artists, led by contemporary surrealist Michael Bowen, picketed Hopkins' elegant Magna Gallery for a chance to exhibit their work. The demonstration had seemed to make no major impact, but this month, guess whose disturbing paintings are being shown in the Magna?

Right. Michael Bowen's.

Bowen and his wife, a distinguished porn star whose professional

name is Serena, Hopkins and Biff Schweizer, the director, gathered recently in a private showing room off the gallery floor to talk about art and the old San Francisco, of Bohemianism and candlelight and wonder.

Schweizer sprawled informally on the floor, while Serena, her frequently photographed calves primly encased in leg warmers, cuddled on the couch with Michael — a warm, friendly scene. The wall, covered with a burlap-like fabric, is rigged with lights that display paintings to advantage. It's a room where thousands of dollars and some very pleasing art have changed hands. The painting being highlighted just now is one of Michael's, "Victoria's Bath."

"This town is the hardest town in the world to make it as an artist," Michael Bowen says. Hopkins breaks out laughing.

"I've heard that from every artist in every city in the world," Hopkins says good-naturedly, adding something about "art is struggle."

Bowen, who has an appointment in half an hour with an acupuncturist ("He's at 450 Sutter, can you imagine?"), isn't really too interested in the philosophy, or even in the big Beach Street turnaround. He's preoccupied with studying his "Victoria's Bath."

"We'd been living in this incredible paradise in Hawaii and then this place in Bolinas, and it was incredible, too, but we wanted to redo running around together in San Francisco," he recalls. "One day we did some auto-

matic driving — have you ever done that? Some people call it Zen real estate. We started down Pine and we saw this Victorian. Nobody had lived in it for 12 or 15 years, and it was the whole Beatnik thing over again. It had this fabulous bathtub with claw feet and everybody would get loaded and climb in."

Serena giggles, remembering those glowing times. "Sometimes the rain would come in through the roof and slide down the electric cord and over the lightbulb," she recalls. "It would drop down on your finger and it was warm."

Although Bowen is only 47, he in some ways personifies the artistic life since World War II. He's shared time with the saints, Ginsberg and Leary and Watts and Varda and Ken Kesey; organized a Be-In in the Haight, learned what it's like to live in a \$7-a-month room and not be able to pay the rent. He was clashing with G. Gordon Liddy when the Watergate figure and latter-day lecture-circuit star was just a small-town prosecutor in upstate New York. And in that case, some LSD experimentation when the drug was so new it wasn't illegal, Bowen beat the rap, an outcome in which he takes wry pride.

And all those years, Bowen kept painting. He guesses his output must reach into the thousands. His style is a little hard to describe. If someone had slipped a couple of tabs of acid to Salvador Dali and turned him loose on North Beach, the results might have

been something like what Bowen calls "contemporary surrealism." But then the paintings wouldn't be Bowen's. He has his own particular mixture of psychological pigments.

Hopkins says that every new movement has its pioneers who must endure a sort of 20-year ordeal, a form of artistic Darwinism which only the best survive. Bowen, Hopkins says, has survived, hence the exhibit. Also maybe showing a local painter will attract some interest from San Franciscans until the tourists come back. Hopkins is a guy who knows a lot about art.

But he's a businessman, too, and he resents the street artists who get free space across Beach from his gallery. "They buy their stuff from wholesalers."

Bowen objects at once. Some are real artists, he says, such as the one trying to paint two perfect pictures, one on either side of a board. Bowen says the artist keeps changing the paintings, making them better. "He sells other stuff to support himself meanwhile. I always buy a sketch or whatever."

Bowen gets up and walks through the crowded gallery to the sidewalk. The patrons give no sign they recognize him, although Serena draws the attention she's accustomed to. It's late on an April afternoon, and the pace of the street seems slow, easy.

Hopkins shrugs. "The tourists will be back soon," he says. Bowen smiles, and he and Serena walk away.



Examiner/Paul Glines

Michael Bowen stands before one of his surrealist paintings on display at the Magna Gallery, 747 Beach St.

From

FLASHBACKS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY TIMOTHY LEARY

My most vivid memory of my grandfather dates to a wintry evening when he found me sitting on the floor of his study reading *Life on the Mississippi*. He questioned me about my reading. When I told him I read eight to ten books a week, he asked what I had learned. Then he motioned me to follow him into his bedroom, a forbidden sanctum to which only the maid was allowed entry. He undressed with such prudish skill that I never caught a glimpse of his body while he put on a long nightgown.

"Nine children, six grandchildren," he mumbled, "all hell-raising illiterates. You're the only one who reads."

He lifted his frail body onto the bed and motioned me over.

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"You're the youngest and the last so I'll give you the best piece of advice I can." He raised himself to a sitting position. "Never do anything like anyone else, boy. Do you understand?"

"I'm not sure, sir."

"Find your own way. Be the only one of a kind. Now do you understand?"

Fifty-two years and countless adventures, curiosities, battles, heartaches, quests, crazinesses, enemies, caresses, destinies, ecstasies, surrenders, compulsions, comrades, and victories later, it's obvious that Tim Leary took his grandfather's advice. Heroic to some, almost diabolic to others, Dr. Timothy Leary has never been any less than one of a kind.

FLASHBACKS is an extraordinary story of an extraordinary life.

"Gorgeous storytelling."

Kirkus Reviews

"An important historical document."

American Library Association Booklist

"[An] irreverent, readable memoir."

Publishers Weekly

FLASHBACKS

Whatever one's feelings are about Timothy Leary, his societal impact has been undeniable. A symbol of change and self-discovery for an entire generation, Leary's story is a history of our times. Whether in the world of politics, education, psychology, or music, Leary was *where* it was happening, *when* it was happening, knew *how* and *why* it was happening, and more than likely was the one it was happening to. He held the cultural pulse of America right in his hands.



"Someday in a more enlightened age, Tim Leary may be remembered as the Galileo of the twentieth century. Meanwhile, as FLASHBACKS jauntily demonstrates, we can have a lot more fun with our neuronaut than the Italians had with their astronomer."

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FLASHBACKS

"[A] whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor, and later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s."*

"The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility."**

"Hundreds—thousands—of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period: Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more."*

"These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty."**

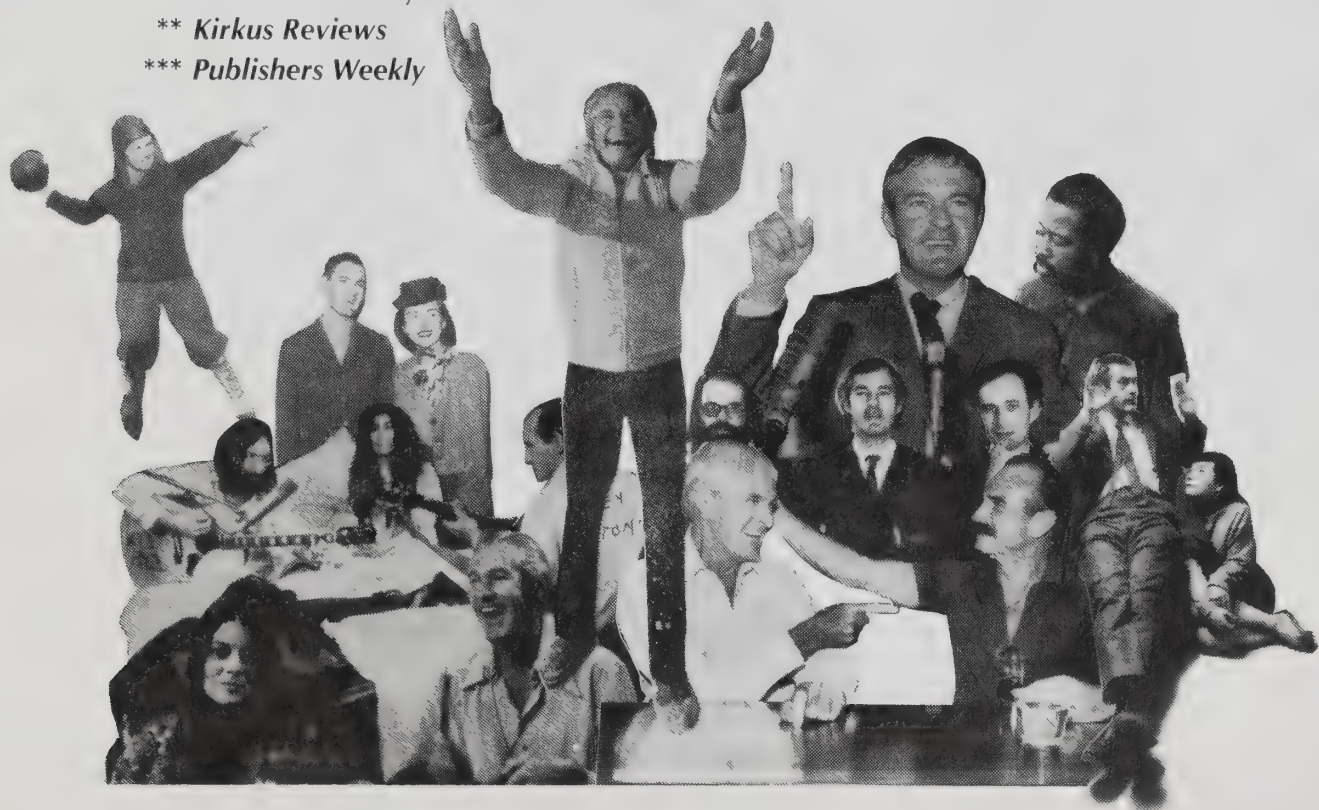
"In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Massachusetts, he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard, and the 'establishment' opposition that led to his public role as a 'cheerleader for change.'***

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* American Library Association *Booklist*

** *Kirkus Reviews*

*** *Publishers Weekly*

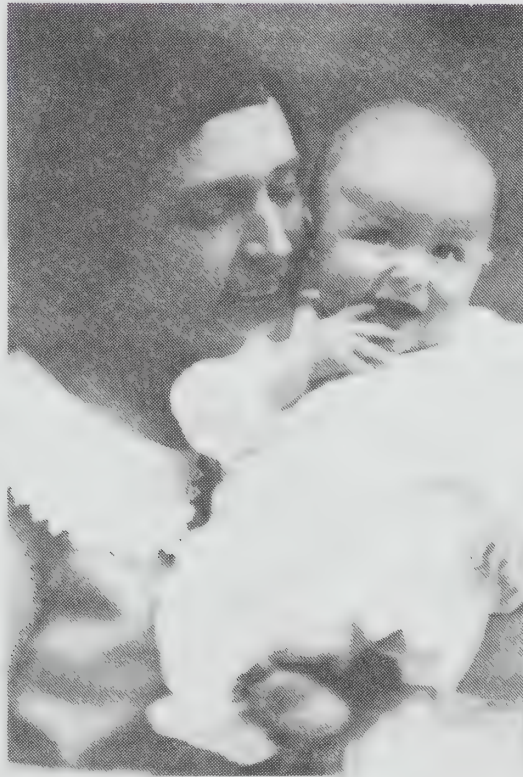


FLASHBACKS

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FLASHBACKS is the story of one of the most daring, charismatic, and controversial figures of the twentieth century, told with wit, charm, humor, intelligence, and love.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, FLASHBACK.



FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography

by Timothy Leary

Published by Jeremy P. Tarcher, Inc.

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May, 1984

Dear Book Reviewer:

Exactly one year ago we published the hardcover edition of Timothy Leary's autobiography, FLASHBACKS. The results were mind-blowing:

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We are now publishing the trade paperback edition of FLASHBACKS. If you didn't review the hardcover edition, we hope you will do so now. If you did, we would appreciate your bringing this new edition to the attention of your readers.

With best wishes,

Kim Freilich

Publicity Director



John
Dvorak

Periscope

D2 ☆☆ May 20, 1984

S.F. Sunday Examiner & Chronicle

Dr. Leary is high on high-tech

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY, the former guru of LSD and renegade-at-large, is designing microcomputer software. He thinks that an "interactive personality inventory system" might revolutionize human behavior. Unfortunately for Leary, while he is known to a large part of the public, he is perceived as (at best) a lawbreaker or (at worst) a crackpot.

Theories about personality development and function are Leary's pre-"tune in, turn on, drop out" specialty. Few realize or remember him for his early work on the structure of the human personality. Some feel that he's a genius in this specialty. More importantly, his approach toward behavioral analysis is based on a system that lends itself to computerization.

So he wants to develop a microcomputer-based system that accomplishes two things. First, it creates a new form of fiction in which the reader controls the action of the story. Second, it analyzes the reader's notions and interactions with the fiction in such a way that the computer (using Leary's concepts) can develop a personality profile of the user.

(At certain points in interaction fiction, the reader is asked to decide what should happen next.)

Leary claims that after a few sessions with the comput-

er, the program will know more about you than anyone ever could.

Behind all this is the hope for self-understanding. And by examining selected data from another person's profile, you also could learn how to deal with other people, Leary said.

The computer, armed with one of these ongoing profiles (part of a personal operating system, perhaps), could quickly determine whether two people could really get along with each other. The machine also could use the information so one person could manipulate a situation to his or her advantage.

I knew something about this some months back, but I wrote it off as a publicity gimmick to promote a new Leary book or something.

TWO WEEKENDS AGO, I attended a closed-door strategy session in New York to hear about the product idea and discuss marketing problems.

I first met Leary the night before at a so-called "wrap party" to celebrate the finishing of Bill Bates' newest microcomputer book. Leary seemed like a pretty nice guy, hardly the burn-out case I anticipated. He has been hanging around with comedian/actor Robin Williams and managed to ad lib more than a few zingers as he spoke.

The next day he outlined his project. Among other plans, he wants to use this system as a base for a new form of literature, interactive fiction, as mentioned above. He'll have friends like writer Terry Southern design interactive stories. (Southern wants to do some sort of computerized pornography; some things never change.)

The meeting continued with my anticipating a demonstration. I was about to be treated to an interactive Huck Finn that would analyze me (based on my reactions to the story and my input when queried) while telling me the tale. Immediately I saw one flaw in the overall Leary scenario. Leary had made the mistake of cramming a diskette into a disk drive that already had a diskette. I didn't think it was possible to do that, but he did it. Needless to say, when the

computer was turned on, it did not like the blink bed approach of the stacked disks. It promptly trashed the disks, making them unusable.

So much for that.

AS THE MEETING progressed, it became apparent that Leary was woefully out of touch with the microcomputer scene. He had naive ideas about copy protection, software authoring and computers in general.

Like a lot of middle-aged hippies (who typically refer to themselves as "New Age" or "New Consciousness" persons) he missed the boat when the technology revolution shifted into gear around 1978. Because the growth has been so dramatic, these people aren't merely six years behind the times, they are perhaps the equivalent of 36 or 60 years out of touch. Technology is changing so fast that six to 10 years can be added to every year missed.

OK, so Leary could buy a few computers and dedicate some time and effort to them and resolve that problem. Even Robin Williams, a certified computer game addict, can probably help him.

The other problem apparent to everyone is, how do you market a Tim Leary product without conjuring up images of paisley shirts, beards, peyote, the Grateful Dead, Haight-Ashbury, people jumping out of windows and long-haired naked women spinning in the street while pounding tambourines? No easy challenge, to say the least.

Leary said he was willing to take his name off the package just to get the software out there. I said I thought it would be a disservice to him and a missed opportunity—the opportunity to change the image that has not made life easy for Leary.

Luckily, Leary has a lot of friends in the right places who will help him change the public perception. Watch how easily good public relations and image-building works. Over the next two years, you'll begin to see what you'll think is a new Timothy Leary. I hope they pull it off because beneath it all are some very exciting products that will make the success of Trivial Pursuit look trivial indeed.

Week's mutual



"We'll take it."

"Third one this trip," Tom said.
 "This drought is red hell."

Gareth nodded. He related something that Hartogs, who was a great hunter, had told him. Animals were being driven mad with thirst and were fighting over carrion. There was some zoological protocol between vultures and jackals that was breaking down. The jackals were supposed to withdraw when the birds came, but lately they were staying and fighting. Hartogs had witnessed a magnificent fight. Gareth described it until Nan asked him to stop.

NAN said to Tess, but projecting for the benefit of the front, "Truly, are we so superior as we think? I wonder a little. When we first moved in at the mine, we did some-

thing at the house so stupid I am still in pain. There were two pawpaw trees growing side by side by the house, one thriving with nice big pawpaws on it and the other sick-looking and leafless—dead-looking. Well, we thought it was plain what we should do: take down the dead tree. So we hauled and pushed on the trunk of the poor tree and strained and pulled it over—uprooted it, Gareth and myself. It was his idea: we must just straight off do this, get it over. Then, with the crash, the servants come out. They had funny looks on. Dineo said, so quietly, 'Oh, Mma, you have killed the male.' We didn't understand. It seems the pawpaw grow in pairs, couples, male and female. The male tree looks like a phallus—no foliage to it, really. The female needs the male in order to

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bear. They take years to reach the height ours had. Then the female died. The staff had been eating pawpaws from our tree for years. It was a humiliation."

"Bit ancient times by now, isn't it?" Gareth said angrily.

"So sorry," Nan said.

They saw a woman standing at the edge of a strip of cultivated land, a mealie patch. A baby was bound to her back with a blanket.

Nan resumed, in the same projecting voice, "And these blankets, let me just mention. These blankets they tie their children to them with. One sees the babies in the hot season and they are sweating and drenched. And I know from the sisters that quite a lot of them get pneumonia and die of it, when they shouldn't. Why, do you think? I say because of acrylics. That's all they can get nowadays. The acrylics don't breathe. Of course, in the old times they used skins, or if they bought blankets they were wool. But we bring

them marvellous cheap acrylics, make them very cheap and drive out the wool, and their children are perishing. Try to buy a wool blanket today at any price in this part of the world."

Gareth half faced the back. "Might I ask where you have the least proof of that? You don't know a bloody thing about it. We can't set a foot right if we're white, can we? Regular litany with you, Nan. You're becoming tiresome!"

"Could you possibly just carry on driving and not overturning? Let the women talk, Gareth. No, I have no proof, sorry. Now watch him start racing."

TOM and Gareth began talking about crime. They agreed that the situation was getting out of hand.

Tom said, "You know, they have some of those road-contract chaps billeted in the Shangule Hotel to this day, the housing they promised is still not ready. Well, I talked to one of



the General Organization, an organization she ran, according to Mrs. Jacobs, "with imagination and charm." Around this time, she met a French-accented, elderly man during a walk down New York's Park Avenue. The man, whom she knew as "Mr. Tayer," became a welcome friend during her walks to Central Park. Years later, after "Mr. Tayer" was only a memory, somebody gave her a copy of *The Phenomenon of Man*. From the jacket, she recognized her Mr. Tayer: Teilhard de Chardin.

Houston has told this "Mr. Tayer" story over and over. In a way, it's an example of how she frequently mythologizes her past, usually for some mildly didactic reason. Houston often tells autobiographical stories during workshops to illustrate some points. Her books likewise illustrate conclusions with folksy yarns from her past.

But there's probably no story Houston seems as fond of telling as the story of her two-year fall from grace while a student at Barnard College. Having gone through a highly successful adolescence, Houston suddenly suffered a number of tragedies at once: three members of her immediate family died, a close friend died, and the scenery from an off-Broadway play she was acting in fell on her head, temporarily blinding her. As a result her marks cascaded, she lost confidence in her abilities, and all of her school offices were taken away. She decided to take one last course before dropping out of school: a study of selected books from the Old Testament.

The teacher of the course, Dr. Jacob Taubes, one day caught up with Houston after school and challenged her to muse on the nature of the "transvaluation of values in St. Paul and Nietzsche." Houston at first insisted she didn't know, but Taubes was adamant. Houston began to answer and in the process recovered her voice. "I was off and running and haven't shut up since," she recalls.

Taubes, says Houston's friend, Gay Gaer Luce, the founder of Senior Actualization and Growth Exploration — S.A.G.E. — "Allowed her to understand the nature of her own intelligence, which wasn't a standard intelligence."

"The kind of question Dr. Taubes asked me appealed directly to the way I think, which was to relate ancient and modern history and crosscultural things," Houston says. She adds that this breakthrough experience caused her to "resolve wherever I found anybody, whatever state of defeat or denigration they were in, I would try to find what latencies were still

alive and try to empower those."

Houston's old counsellor, Mrs. Jacobs, probably wouldn't have been surprised if she'd known about Houston's walks with Teilhard or her subsequent friendship with Taubes. "She sought out interesting, mature minds," Mrs. Jacobs said. This trait was to continue after Houston graduated from Barnard and went on to pursue a graduate program at Union Theological Seminary-Columbia Graduate Program in Religion. During this period, between 1958-1961, Houston met a host of notables, including Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, Paul Ricoeur and Martin Buber, people she later referred to as teachers, not mentors. "I was raised by the great old people of the 19th century. I'm just old enough to have known them at the point where they were about to die."

Upon graduating, Houston began the first of a two-dozen or so years in academia, starting out as an assistant in the department of religion at Columbia. She was later to teach philosophy and religion with specialties in process

"Masters and Houston's research began with the promise . . . to help people awaken from the 'cultural trance' to the realization of their capacities."

philosophy and the philosophy of history at a number of colleges, including Hunter, Marymount, The New School of Social Research, and the University of California.

In 1961, a team of physicians presented Houston with a remarkable opportunity: participation on a project studying the effects of LSD on human personality. As she relates in *Life Force*, "the chief investigators . . . thought that my education in the humanities would be helpful in identifying and guiding the mythic, archaic, cross-cultural, and symbolic themes that seemed to recur under the effects of LSD." She and the man she was later to marry, Robert Masters, studied hundreds of subjects over the next few years.

When Houston started her work researching the effects of LSD, there was no hint of the controversy that was to follow. Huxley's books on the drug experience, plus Wassons' books on magic mushrooms, had just been published. There were long articles about LSD in *Life* and *Time* magazines. The drug initially received a favorable press. All of this, of course, was to quickly change.

The Emergence Of The Possible Human

Robert Masters and Jean Houston married during the spring of 1965 and wrote *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience* on their honeymoon. The book received national attention, but the year it was published was also the year the government changed its tune about LSD. Overnight it became all but illegal for researchers such as Masters and Houston to continue research with the drug. Part of the reason for this change of heart may have been the decidedly high profile maintained by another then LSD researcher Timothy Leary. (Leary and Houston at the time often found themselves addressing the same audiences, but saying different things.)

"People often ask me, 'Why don't you have any children?' " Houston is saying now, without any apparent bitterness. "I say, 'Because of Timothy Leary.' During those years that I would have had children, say between 1966 and 1972, I was too frequently on the road. He (Leary) was going from school-to-school and behind him, often, was the pusher. I don't mean to say that he was responsible, but after he came around, the pusher often moved in. College presidents would call me and ask for help, so I would go in and try to indicate what was possible, what the research indicated and the very real dangers. I'd try to turn the kids on to themselves. I decided it was more important to do this."

Masters and Houston wasted very little time after LSD was withdrawn from the market. "If anything," says Houston, "we intensified our efforts with the non-drug studies of human capacities." Colleges and universities asked them for help in designing programs to enable students to "turn on" without drugs. Their research moved into another phase: experiments with hypnosis, guided imagery, and biofeedback. Reflecting their new concerns, they founded the Foundation for Mind Research in 1965.

Their Pomona headquarters these days reflects their shift of focus. Located on a rural estate 50 miles north of New York City in a house built by actor Burgess Meredith, the Foundation is in many respects a repository of their various phases of consciousness research. Here is the standard biofeedback equipment, plus the less-than-standard Altered State of Consciousness Induction Device (ASCID), a kind of pendulum-like enclosure into which blindfolded, immobilized subjects shifted into trance as their involuntary

THE MONTANA KAIMIN

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Missoula, Montana

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Big Sky Conference to keep 45-second clock p. 4.

Houston Rockets get top pick in NBA draft.....p. 4.

Need a ride home after finals? See classifieds..... pp. 5-6.

Acid king raps U.S. government

By Shannon Hinds

Kaimin Reporter

Americans are being "sullied and trampled by monsters and barbarians" in Washington, D.C. who are under control of a "doddering old president," Timothy Leary, the high priest of LSD, said yesterday.

Leary, 63, told a University of Montana audience of about 500 in the University Center Ballroom that President Reagan continues to advocate hostility and the build-up of arms, rather than trying to change a system that doesn't work.

In 1969, when Leary ran against Reagan for governor of California, the world was a better place, Leary said. People had courage, confidence and utopian idealism, and so they were certain to change, he said.

In 1984, the change has come, he said, and "doom and gloom" prevails as the military clique "living in the Middle Ages" took over Washington, D.C.

Also, the media has obstructed change by misinforming the public and by telling people what they want to know, instead of the truth, Leary said, adding that the deliberate lying

of politicians has also blocked change.

Leary said his goal, which caused the audience to applaud and cheer, is to rekindle the fire for change and the lust for evolution.

The generation from 1946 to 1984 has been the first generation that has realistically questioned authority and promoted change, Leary said. Ralph Nader, Dr. Benjamin Spock, John Lennon and Bob Dylan have all been innovators of change by questioning authority and by thinking for themselves, he said.

People of the 1980s are not a "laid-back group of conservative nerds," Leary said. They are, he said, an important group of people in history and must create change, or else nobody will.

Leary, who claims to be an "evolutionary agent for change," says that man has gone through the process of evolution and, therefore, change is inevitable. People must learn the tactics and strategies of change because the future depends on this knowledge, he said.

But, Leary said, 30 million Americans don't believe in

See 'Leary,' page 8.

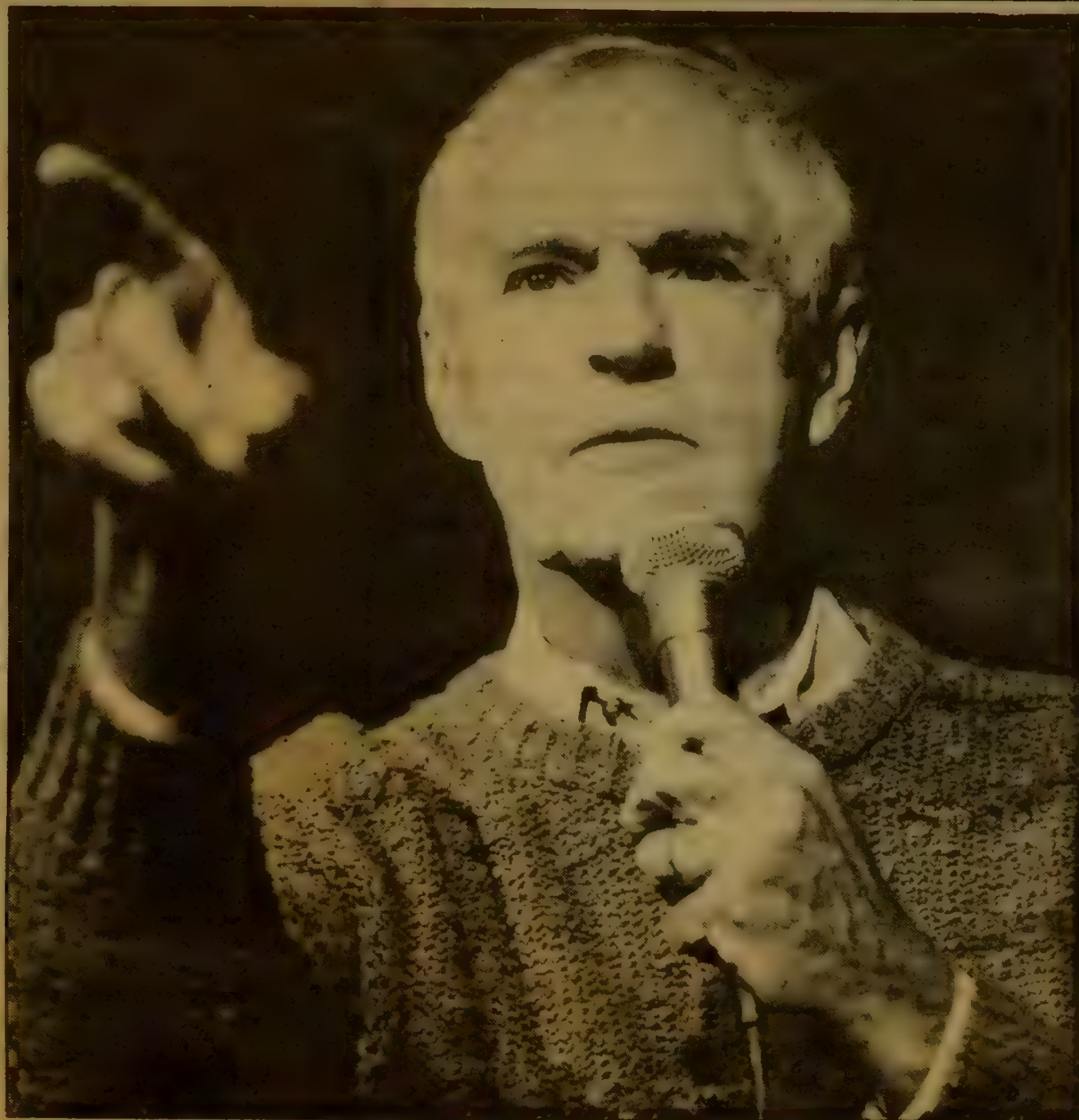
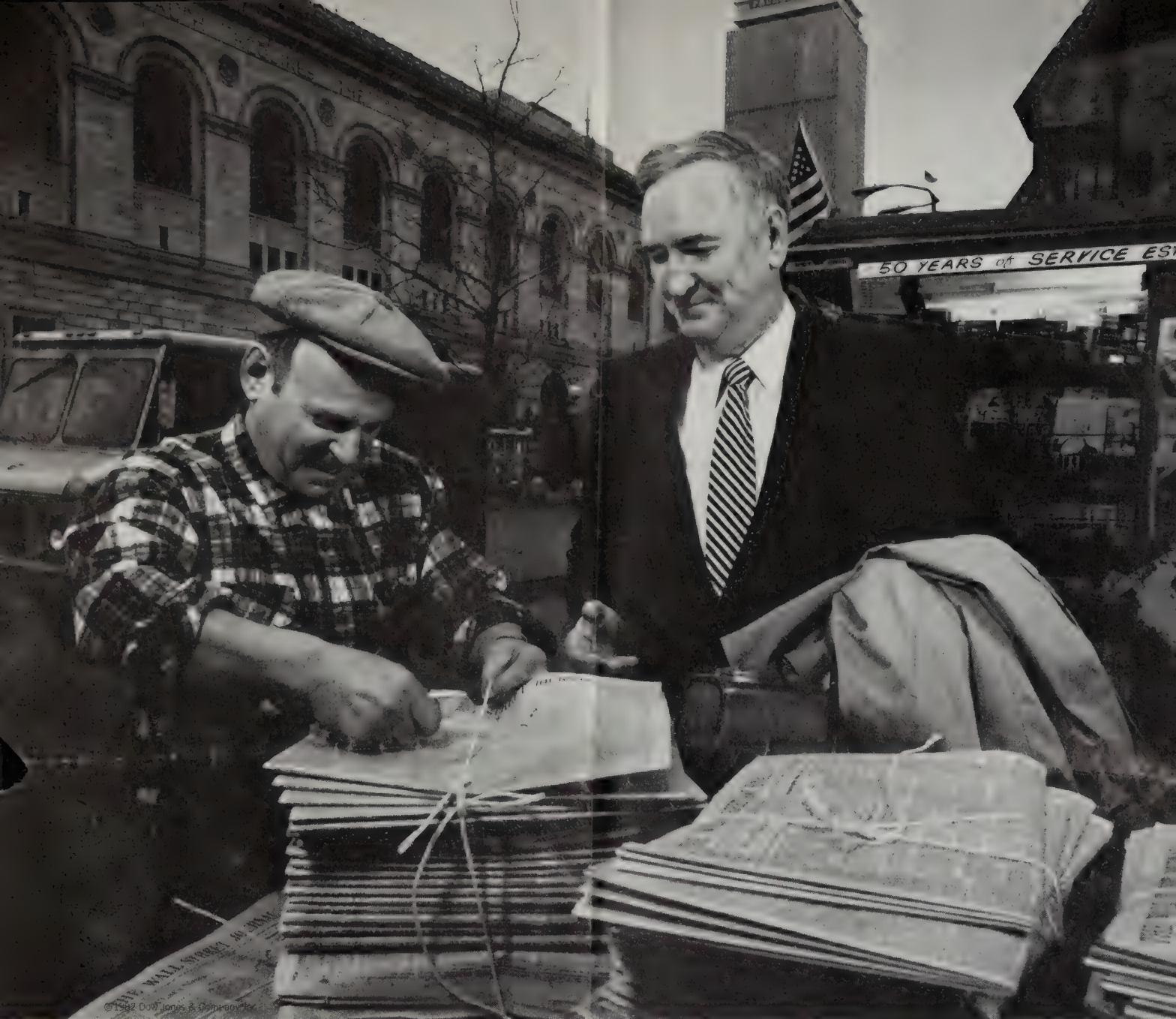


photo by DOUG DECKER

MAKING A POINT. Timothy Leary, known during the 1960s as "the most dangerous man alive" because of his controversial psychedelic drug experiments at Harvard, spoke to about 500 people last night at the University Center Ballroom.



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Brave New World

It sounds like an ideal Paul Mazursky premise. A Russian musician, traveling with the Moscow circus in New York, decides to defect in Bloomingdale's, with predictably bizarre satirical results. "Next Stop Greenwich Village" addressed that very issue of cultural upheaval and assimilation; indeed, it could be said that most of Mazursky's movies, including "An Unmarried Woman," are about the period of adjustment his protagonists must endure as they grapple with some brave new world of the psyche. For Vladimir Ivanoff (Robin Williams), fed up with food lines and KGB harassment, the desire for freedom comes as he's searching for Calvin Klein jeans. "I defect!" he announces to a black security guard (Cleavant Derricks) who, misunderstanding, orders him to use the men's room.

The good news about *Moscow on the Hudson* is the surprising ease with which Robin Williams enters the skin of this confused, ambitious, melancholy Russian. His sweet, touching performance makes one forget Williams the manic comedian. The bad news is that once Mazursky and his co-writer, Leon Capetanos, set their hero loose in Manhattan—where he goes to live with Derricks and his family, gets a series of odd jobs and falls in love with an Italian salesgirl (Maria Conchita Alonso)—they don't know what to do with him. The movie's big running joke is that everyone Vladimir encounters in New York is a foreigner, from his Cuban lawyer to a Korean cabbie and a Mexican dishwasher. It's a clever observa-

tion, but Mazursky sentimentalizes it. "Moscow on the Hudson" is fundamentally didactic—a patriotic salute to America the Melting Pot presented as sentimentiously as a chamber-of-commerce address.

Mazursky's satiric edge has always been leavened with heart. But now that his edge is gone he's wearing his heart on his sleeve and his dramaturgy has gone flabby. At his best, in movies like "Blume in Love," Mazursky was so close to his characters' foibles and obsessions he could make their most stereotypical dilemmas seem fresh and unpredictable. But with the exception of Vladimir, Mazursky here barely seems to be on a first-name basis with his characters. They're mere ideas to him, which makes his fulsome celebration of their diverse humanity disingenuous. There's something uncomfortable in the spectacle of a director lavishing his much-vaunted generosity upon ethnic stereotypes of his own invention. What Mazursky ultimately seems to be celebrating is his own capacity for celebration.

D. A.



Douglas, Turner in 'Stone': Body heat

110 in the Shade

Why does Michael Douglas like misleading titles? People thought his last movie, "The Star Chamber," was science fiction (it was about vigilante judges) and *Romancing the Stone* sounds, if anything, like sword and sorcery. It turns out to be a frenetically tongue-in-cheek adventure yarn in the Spielbergian vein. A plain-Jane New York writer of pop romances (Kathleen Turner) flies off to Colombia to aid her kidnapped sister and finds herself enmeshed in an escapade that becomes, naturally, a wild parody of her paperback fantasies. Every romance ingredient is here—a hunt for buried treasure, comical thugs (Danny DeVito and Zack Norman), a murderous colonel (Manuel Ojeda) and the inevitable hero (Douglas) who rescues the damsel in distress and presides over her transformation into a feisty romantic heroine.

Working from an intermittently clever script by Diane Thomas, director Robert Zemeckis, a talented Spielberg protégé ("Used Cars"), sets his sights on fun and proceeds to blast away at our defenses. Some of the fun is real, but much of it seems grimly willed, which tends to be more exhausting than entertaining. Douglas himself is a less than ideal choice as a hip Indy Jones adventurer—there's no sense of self-enjoyment in his swagger. But Turner more than compensates. She suggests the sturdy but sensual confidence of the old-time romantic comedienne: a plush Maureen O'Hara with the needling wit of Irene Dunne. It was hard to remember exactly what Turner looked like in "Body Heat." After "Romancing the Stone," it's impossible to forget.

D. A.



Sygm

Patey in 'L'Argent': Mass murderer

Fool of Fortune

Next to Robert Bresson, the austere uncompromising French director, most filmmakers today look positively frivolous. Next to his hypnotically powerful *L'Argent*, other movies look disheveled and thrill-happy. Inspired by a Tolstoy tale, Bresson concocts a fiendishly mechanistic plot through which his innocent hero (Christian Patey), a heating-oil deliveryman, is driven to his fate as a mass murderer. A counterfeit 500-franc note sets the fable in motion. The deliveryman, falsely accused of passing the note, loses his job, takes to crime, is deserted by wife and child while in jail and, in a finale as shocking as it is mysterious, takes an ax to an entire family. "L'Argent" is not to be approached as realism, nor does it invite psychological scrutiny. Constructing a work of implacably interlocking images, the 76-year-old director—as clear-eyed, still and attentive as a beast of the forest observing human folly—has produced an Olympian protest against the modern world. Yet his lucid mastery produces not despair, but an odd exhilaration.

D. A.



Steve Schapiro—Sygm

Williams and KGB man: God bless America

Timothy Leary American Culture 1916-1985

We should stomp on him with hob-nailed boots.

— Art Linkletter

Whatever happens to Tim will happen to America

— Allen Ginsberg

THE SPEAKER

Dr. Timothy Leary, Harvard professor, LSD prophet, political revolutionary, renaissance philosopher, and recent Federal prisoner, is certainly one of the most controversial figures of our recent past.

Cadet Private Leary resigned from West Point in 1941. After serving in the Army he received his PhD. in Clinical Psychology from Berkeley in 1950. Until 1959 he was employed as Director of Psychology Research at the Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, California.

In 1960 Dr. Leary moved to Harvard and began the landmark experimental projects with psilocybin and LSD. Increasingly averse publicity led to his firing, on the charge of missing a class without permission.

During the 1960's Dr. Leary became an active and influential advocate of LSD use and research and famous for his often misunderstood slogan: Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out. He quickly gained legions of ardent followers and enemies.

As his popularity grew he attracted the attention of the authorities. G. Gordon Liddy, then an assistant district attorney, repeatedly arrested Leary, once for "conspiracy to practice religion." He was sentenced to ten years imprisonment for his daughter's possession of less than one ounce of marijuana.

Finally jailed in California, Dr. Leary escaped in 1970 with the aid of the

Weathermen organization. Surfacing in Algeria Leary was once again busted — this time by Black Panther Party leader Eldridge Cleaver.

In the most recent chapter, Dr. Leary was once again arrested and spent four years in a Federal prison. Now paroled, he is continuing his research and writing. He is uniquely equipped to discuss American Culture — past, present, and future.

THE IDEAS

I'm always being provocative. To provoke new thoughts in one's contemporaries is elementary evolutionary courtesy.

As I explained "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" in The Politics of Ecstasy (1968), it meant: Turn On to the next level of consciousness and intelligence above you, Tune In to the signal there and use it, then Drop Out of that model, leave that game behind, and Turn On again to the next level up. Don't blame me if the newspapers distorted that. Reporters

are incapable of getting a metaphor right, as Mailer has noted.

I think we should start an all out crash program, similar to the atomic project of the 1940's, to double the national IQ, triple the life span, and build the first O'Neill space cities, all within a decade. This is more worthwhile than spending \$100-million a year on mammalian territorial defense and the country would boom with a spirit like Renaissance Italy or Elizabethan England.

Secrets are the Original Sin, the fig-leaf in the Garden of Eden. The cause of shame and neurosis. Liberals are entirely wrong in wanting to pass laws against wiretapping, let everybody wiretap everybody else! The government, above all, should be under constant surveillance. Government officials are the last people, the very last, to ever have an excuse for hiding things from the people they claim to represent.

— Timothy Leary

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS

Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality, Ronald Press
New York, 1957

Politics of Ecstasy, Putnam, New York, 1968

High Priest, World, New York, 1968

Confessions of a Hope Fiend, Bantam Books, 1973

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MONDAY 10 AM

Hi! Here's a copy of what "we" got today!
Have some reactions, ^{from several people} to opening speech
you may want to hear.

How are you doing on the book outline?

~~Hope to~~ see you at ~~Rogers~~ ^{Paul} 7:30 P.M. - Alexander
Hall.

Ann Soboloff
452-6098

THE NEW YORK TIMES MONDAY AUGUST 30, 1976

Humanistic Psychologists at Princeton

Princeton, N.J., Aug. 29 — A group of humanistic psychologists, planning that it had taken him 10 years to get to Princeton, Charles Franks, this month to express the humanistic psychology movement in a speech to the Princeton community. The speech, which he gave last night, was a surprise to many members of the Princeton community, who had not heard of his work. Franks, a professor of psychology at the University of California, Berkeley, is one of the most prominent humanistic psychologists in the world. He is also a member of the Princeton community, having been a student at Princeton in the 1950s. Franks' speech was a critique of the traditional scientific approach to psychology, which he argued was too narrow and limited. He argued that psychology should be more concerned with the whole person, including their emotions, values, and social context. He also argued that psychology should be more concerned with helping people live better lives, rather than just understanding how they work. Franks' speech was well received by the Princeton community, and it was a surprise to many who had not heard of his work. Franks is a well-known figure in the field of humanistic psychology, and his speech was a significant contribution to the discussion of the future of psychology. Franks' speech was a critique of the traditional scientific approach to psychology, which he argued was too narrow and limited. He argued that psychology should be more concerned with the whole person, including their emotions, values, and social context. He also argued that psychology should be more concerned with helping people live better lives, rather than just understanding how they work. Franks' speech was well received by the Princeton community, and it was a surprise to many who had not heard of his work. Franks is a well-known figure in the field of humanistic psychology, and his speech was a significant contribution to the discussion of the future of psychology.

HEROIN IN HONG KONG

By BONNIE BYLER

THE lines from "Rescue the Perishing" might well have been written as a challenge to save the 80,000 victims of drug addiction in Hong Kong. This means one of every fifty persons, or one in every twelve of the adult male population. Hong Kong has as many drug addicts as in all the United States.

Dr. Lik Kiu Ding, who served four years in Sarawak with the Methodist Mission Board, answers that challenge in his volunteer work as medical consultant for the Hong Kong Discharged Prisoner's Aid Society (HKDPAS).

HKDPAS sponsors a Drug Addiction Treatment Center in Chi Wan San, under the shadow of Lion Rock Mountain, on the edge of a busy industrial section of the city. As we rose in the elevator to the fourth floor, Dr. Ding explained, "This is a pilot scheme testing if it is better for these men to be treated as a patient in a sanatorium. Here they are familiar with the sights and sounds of the city. They do not feel shut away."

As we waited at the door, Dr. Ding informed us he had recently selected

twelve men for treatment from fifty applicants in his office. He estimates that he will succeed to any degree of permanence with only one out of every five or six in his program. The sanatoriums "rescue" one out of eight or nine. "These men come voluntarily for help," said Dr. Ding. "They have asked for commitment. You will see them at a very uncomfortable time. The first three days are most difficult."

We were met at the door by Dr. Chan, Mr. Lee (a social caseworker), and the householder, Mr. Kuang. Three-tiered bunk beds lined two walls of a room 12' by 24'. A complete wall of windows opened the room to the mountainside.

At first glance the men seemed to be sleeping. Mr. Lee explained they were wearing off the effects of the last dose they invariably take before committing themselves. Unmoving dull eyes, fastened carelessly on us, assured us of wakefulness.

Dr. Chan silently checked each man who showed signs of distress. "Sleep is impossible the first three days of withdrawal," he told us. "The men complain of pains. Some beg to be released. If the addict insists, he can go, for he is not a prisoner."

Crackers uneaten at the table, a bowl of warm breakfast by a bed untouched, bore mute evidence the addict had no appetite for food. But now life seemed to stir a bit.

One man murmured his complaints to the doctor sitting on the bedside, then smiled at some small joke the doctor made. Dr. Ding said, "This man has just placed his three children in a government children's home. His wife left him five years ago. He earned U.S. \$3.50 a day with his delicate ivory carving—not a bad wage for Hong Kong. But he began stealing from automobiles to pay for his habit."

Sounds of retching from another room ceased. A man who returned walked loose-jointedly down the hall with the help of the householder. "This man was on the police force ten years when he got into bad company," Dr. Ding pointed out. "Most addicts," he continued, "fall prey to drugs for hedonistic reasons. They have been told it creates unsurpassed sexual prowess. But many blame intolerable living conditions, unbearable working hours, or physical pain."

Pushers of heroin promise release from pain of tuberculosis, cancer, or even stomach ulcers, which only delays treatment. A small packet of heroin costs as little as U.S. \$.35 but creates an appetite for more. The victim's first thrill ends with depression. Despair follows guilt. His sense of value crumbles as his drug demand exceeds his resources. He turns

to peddling and petty theft. He sometimes sells his own blood. This nutritional punishment he inflicts upon himself shortens his life considerably.

In a recent week 275 persons were arrested in Hong Kong for crimes relating to drug traffic. Eighty percent of all prisoners are drug addicts.

"Some of these men," said Dr. Ding, "have been in and out of prison ten to twenty years. HKDPAS offers aid to families of addicts confined for treatment of withdrawal."

Now one man, more fully awake, struggled to the kitchen for a bowl of hot cereal. His head did not want to stay up, but sagged back until he finally sat with his shoulders against the table cradling his head. In less than ten minutes he retreated to lie down, once again, after a violent coughing spell.

We watched as Mr. Lee methodically presented each patient with his pills and water. A few minutes later conversation began to bounce lazily back and forth, picked up momentum, then rolled freely. Laughter caught up the spirits of a few.

We were told that in seven to ten days relief comes from severe withdrawal. The addict begins to take an interest in life.

"After two weeks he shows some desire to earn pocket money. We bring piece work from nearby plastics factories to assemble. Usually plastic flowers, haircurlers, or toys."

"In fourteen days we plan an outing for them with the staff in the nearby mountains." Proof of their prospects for happier days was displayed in pictures on the bulletin board. Before and After pictures contrasted haggard bodies that entered the clinic with full smiling faces that faced society two months later. In this time these men have learned the facts about drugs, which is their best defense to combat their enemy—heroin.

Dr. Ding checks each addict medically and prescribes for his physical needs, but does not give him substitute drugs for withdrawal. He is aware that most American studies of the treatment of drug addiction recommend a gradual withdrawal with the use of substitute drugs, such as Methadone. The insuperable odds of a vast sea of drug addiction in Hong Kong and the limited resources of the clinic, however, prohibit the use of expensive substitutes. He does prescribe an anti-depressant and vitamins. His concern helps the addict regain a sense of personal worth.

Each morning Dr. Ding operates the Plummer (donor) Diagnostic Laboratory for the Methodist Church. Sunday afternoons find him seeing the sick in his New Territories Clinic in the countryside near the border of China.

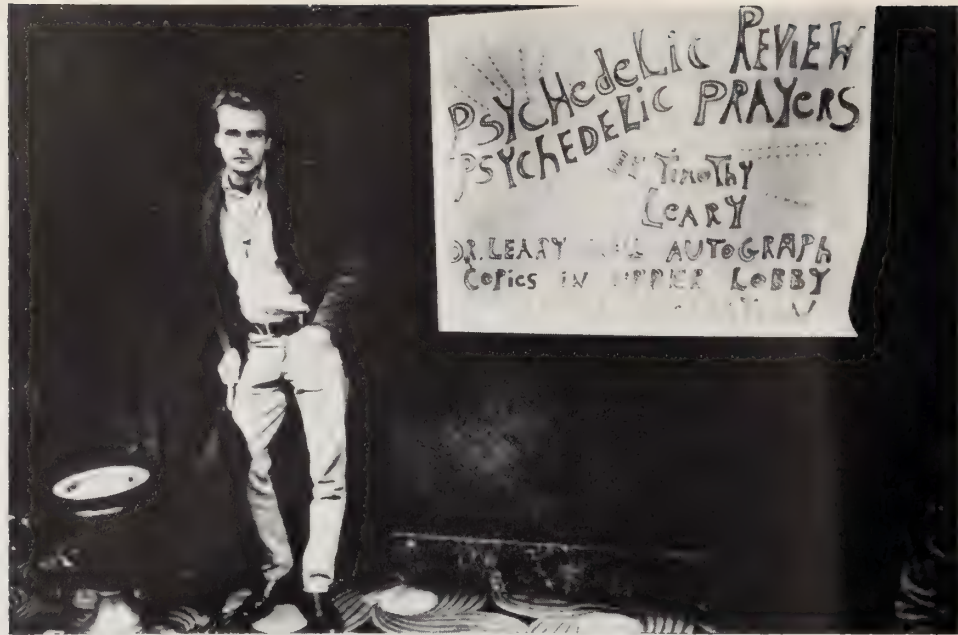
LSD—RELIGION OR DELUSION?

In the United States in the last several years, much has been written about the drug, LSD. Originally used experimentally in research on mental illness, it has become the center of a cult which extols its virtues as a "consciousness expander." This idea has been strongly attacked by doctors and law enforcement officials who warn that use of LSD without laboratory controls may induce psychosis or suicide. Notable among defenders of the drug is Dr. Timothy Leary. Dr. Leary claims that the experiences produced by LSD are religious and is appealing his arrest on several charges on the grounds of freedom of religion, citing the use of peyote by some American Indian groups. In the meantime, he has urged his followers to give up the use of LSD for the time being and this past winter staged a series of "religious observances" at a theater in New York City's East Village. These "observances" had such titles as "The Illumination of the Buddha," "The Death of the Mind," etc. By a combination of lights, sounds and music these performances aim to duplicate the "psychedelic experiences" caused by LSD. Here are some scenes from these performances and some views of how "psychedelic experiences" are being adapted to other fields.

During a performance of "The Illumination of the Buddha," Dr. Leary talks before a projected light effect.



LSD



In the lobby of the theater, a sign advertises collections of prayers by Dr. Leary as well as a Psychedelic Review. Also on sale are kaleidoscopes and other devices to produce "psychedelic" effects.



Poet Allen Ginsberg, assisting Dr. Leary, recites a Buddhist chant accompanied by an Indian musical instrument.



The vogue of psychedelics has spread to many fields. Here projections of lights and images are used, together with sounds and music, to hold a "psychedelic party." An Anglican clergyman in Canada recently held a "psychedelic service" using lights, electronic music, songs, poetry readings and a go-go girl.



Whatever the result of the LSD controversy, the current emphasis on "consciousness expansion" may indicate a renewed interest in the mystical side of religious experience.



Samuel

APRIL 12, 1967 marks the centennial of the birth of Samuel Marinus Zwemer. Because through his adult life he gave himself as a missionary to the Moslems, his friends smilingly—and fittingly—called him “Samuel Moslem Zwemer.” He was one of that remarkable galaxy who late in the nineteenth and in the fore part of the twentieth century led the Protestant world mission in a new era. As young men and into old age they strove, with striking success, to give reality to the watchword of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions: “the evangelization of the world in this generation.” That movement, arising in the United States at a summer conference in 1886 under the direction of Dwight L. Moody, spread to Canada, the British Isles, the Continent of Europe, Australia, and New Zealand. Under its impulse thousands of Christian youth went to Asia and its fringing islands, Africa, Madagascar, and Latin America.

The decades witnessed the heyday of Western colonialism and imperialism. Conscious of the doors opened to the unevangelized millions heretofore inaccessible to the heralds of the Faith, these young people sought to carry the Gospel

to them and to help shape the incipient cultural revolutions brought by the impact of Western civilization.

Zwemer chose for his share in that amazing adventure Islam, the religion which was—and still is—the most resistant to the Gospel. The full reach of his vision did not come at once. His parents were immigrants from Holland. He was one of fifteen children.

Reared in Michigan in the manse of the Dutch Reformed Church, unknown to himself until later, his mother had early dedicated him to the Christian ministry. As was natural for one of that background, he went to Hope College and to the theological seminary of his church in New Brunswick. In his seminary days he joined with a fellow student in organizing a missionary fellowship. In 1890, at the age of twenty-three, he was sent, unmarried, under assignment of his church, to that supremely difficult mission field, Arabia. There he first made his residence at Basrah, in the present Iraq, sixty miles north of the Persian Gulf. Six years later he married a nurse under appointment of the Church Missionary Society. Meantime he had moved his station to Bahrein, only dimly aware of the subterranean oil which was eventually to bring wealth to

that island. He held street evangelistic meetings, met individuals, and supervised colporteurs of the American Bible Society.

For twenty-two years Zwemer's base was Arabia. He acquired Arabic, became a specialist on Islam, and traveled in various parts of that vast sub-continent. With an urge for writing and gifts in literary as well as spoken expression, he early began producing books, chiefly on Arabia and Islam. On his furloughs he spoke in churches, religious gatherings, and student assemblies. He became the first candidate secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. John R. Mott, chairman of the executive committee of that movement, frequently enlisted him for its programs and for other gatherings. He had marked ability in raising money and recruiting personnel for the Arabian mission. For years a Southern woman paid his salary.

While still counting Arabia as his home, Zwemer wrote prodigiously. Among his many books of that period are *Arabia, the Cradle of Islam*, *The Moslem Doctrine of God*, *The Unoccupied Mission Fields*, and *Raymund Lull*. Raymund Lull, the great medieval promoter of missions to Moslems, fascinated him, and

WORLD OUTLOOK

MARCH 1967





SMALL TALK? NOT FOR KOREAN YOUTH WHO THINK BIG.

\$2,000 to build Chong-Ju Youth Center

Methodists in Korea take exception to recent remarks about Chong-Ju Youth Center. Some people are calling it a good small Methodist Youth Center.

Methodist? Yes. Good? They try their best. But, small? That's downright insulting!

—Would a small center have weekend study groups to develop student leadership for Chong-Ju's two high schools, two middle schools, and four colleges?

—Or, would they have creatively relevant seminars and conferences to give an educational lift and spiritual motivation, developing a sense of worth and dignity, and restoring confidence to youth that have lived through a lifetime of military conflicts?

Of course, it's true they need \$2,000 to put a roof over their heads.

But if you're talking to friends in the future, please don't mention size. Chong-Ju may be small—and in need of a roof—but its students think big.

You or your church can help continue big thinking as you contribute to the Project Of The Month. Projects are completed in succession as gifts accumulate to achieve each goal. Reports on projects successfully underwritten from this fund will be reported here in later issues. Send your gift designated "PROJECT OF THE MONTH" to:

The Treasurer, Methodist Board of Missions
475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027

The Advance Special Project Of The Month selects urgent needs from Methodism's worldwide ministries. For further information about Advance Special Projects, write to:

Advance Department, Methodist Board of Missions
475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027



The Status-Sphere of Tom Wolfe

Continued from First Page

formula, with all that hedging . . . It's their books you read. And the books used New Journalism techniques."

No wonder Wolfe irritates.

Particularly since his own targets usually are not crooked politicians but the knowing, educated liberal intelligentsia. The good guys. The very people who take themselves the most seriously. The people, Wolfe says, "who no one else writes about."

Understandably, many charges can, and have, been leveled at Wolfe. He's a right-winger, he's a philistine, he's cold-blooded, he's pop, he's trivial, he's glib, the times have passed him by . . .

Does Wolfe, his own best hornblower since his 1973 essays on the New Journalism, care one bit about all these complaints?

If the truth be known, Wolfe says, "they really get to me."

A moment before, he had been, as usual, assured and bemused; now his gaze is averted to a far corner of the hotel lobby, his voice distant, his manner vaguely uneasy.

He points—with considerable justification—to his "more well-rounded" portraits, of Ken Kesey in "Electric Kool Aid Acid Test" and of the astronauts in his Rolling Stone articles, to be expanded into his next book.

A Dash of Fiction

And he talks with hesitant pride of the "sympathetic portrayals" in his new book's fictional short story, "The Commercial," about a black superstar athlete struggling to promote perfume; and about a piece on two U.S. fighter pilots in Vietnam, "The Truest Sport, Jousting With Sam and Charlie," where the subject is "more serious" than normal for him.

What's more, he says reflectively that he doesn't think his style has limitations, "but perhaps it remains for me to prove it."

What is this? Tom Wolfe humbly offering up a bit of fiction, humility and compassion?

Well, yes, but he surely looks uncomfortable about it all.

Wolfe seems much more in stride explaining, once again, what his brand of journalism is all about. That he does in "Funky Chic," one of the pieces in his new book, where he convincingly demonstrates just how fashion reveals our true selves and, at times, dovetails with political trends.

Forget ponderous sociological studies; look instead at which shops flourish and which close down around college campuses. Ignore politicians' speeches; study instead how various street gangs in San Francisco's Chinatown are divided not by ideology, but by dress and hair style.

The entire counterculture, Wolfe says, broke up over status and class—not philosophical differences. Fashion revealed "that most of the white New Lefters of the period 1968-70 were neither soldiers nor politicians but simply actors."

At the heart of Wolfe's work, of course, is the assumption that fashion means more than clothes.

An Analysis of Status

"Everything," he says, "can be seen as fashion, if you take its deeper definition to mean status and position in life. Status and position is how everything works. That's how I approach every subject I write about."

And that, Wolfe adds, is why he irritates some people so much. "What I do gets close to class and status, and people are more willing—much more willing—to talk about their sex lives than their status lives."

What's more, he says, "culture is what comes when you elevate taste into a system. If you attack taste, then, it becomes an attack on culture."

Wolfe regrets only that not everyone shares his vision. He complains in "Funky Chic" that the social realist novelists who understood fashion to be "a symbolic vocabulary" in their own time were regarded as "lightweight . . . trivial . . ."

The words are about other people, but they seem hand-tailored to Wolfe.

"Yes," he says. "In effect I was defining myself to that piece."

"I take an oath sometimes not to refer to clothes and furniture so much. But I'm irresistibly drawn to the minutiae of people's lives. I think it's so revealing . . ."

Finally speaking on his own turf, Wolfe sits at the edge of his seat; no more averted eyes. Someday, he says, he wants to write a book called "Life."

It will explain all this stuff about "status-sphere." Every situation has a status explanation, from a baby crying to a couple falling in love to families fighting neighborhood integration. It all has to do with reducing your personal world to a size in which you can be who you want to be, and then keeping it that way . . .

Wolfe is barreling along now, moving through ideas as quickly as he fills up pages with high voltage prose, except when he talks it is more with the cultured and mildly reserved inflections of his Richmond, Va., upbringing and his Yale doctorate than with the neon-zapped language of his writing.

"I will go further," he is saying. "Not only can every-

thing be judged in terms of status and position—they should be. If someone had done a status analysis of the Nixon White House, showing the details, how they lived, getting down to the limousines and shirt-carriers . . . how they had become potentates, what status they aspired to . . . If someone had written all that, he might have come close to preventing Watergate."

Why didn't Wolfe himself do that? Who would have been more suited? Imagine Wolfe writing on Nixon and Kissinger, not on their politics, but on their foibles and quirks and vanities, on what they say to the mirror when shaving in the morning . . .

Wolfe leans back in his chair, slowed down just a bit. "Yes, I guess I'm not in a position to complain that no one did it, because I didn't either."

He was, in fact, offered the chance to follow Kissinger around when the secretary of state was still the national security advisor. The offer came from Kissinger through an intermediary, Wolfe says, "but I was involved with other things and didn't do it. I passed up a great opportunity."

Wolfe actually hangs his head. "I guess I've missed quite a few boats in my time . . ."

What follows, though, is more a simple statement of fact than an apology.

"Politics just don't interest me. To me, Junior Johnson (a North Carolina stock car driver Wolfe wrote about) is more important than Lyndon Johnson. Junior Johnson represents the rise of a whole new order in the South; L.B.J. was just another old-style politician."

"What are the most serious subjects, after all? I think in the last 10 years the way in which the lives of people have changed is more important than the way the government has changed."

However convincing, all these explanations still do not quell an almost visceral outrage some feel about Wolfe.

Yes, politicians aren't the only serious subject to write about, and yes, Wolfe's insights often touch on fundamental and revealing trends, and yes, the writing is brilliantly entertaining.

The Critics Gather

But to his detractors, the suspicion persists that Wolfe does not care about people, that he lacks compassion and moral outrage and the urge to change things. The very thought that Wolfe is guilty of these failings leads some into absolute paroxysms of rage and condemnation.

At the bottom of these intense feelings, most likely, is the sense that Wolfe's approach strips everybody—everybody—of dignity and honorable motives.

Wolfe does not help to mollify these suspicions. He concedes he is not at all interested in changing what he sees. "The operation of status doesn't horrify me," he says. "It delights me."

For example, Wolfe says he is not dismayed by what he has termed the 1970s' "Me Decade" of narcissistic self-fulfillment, the subject of his new book's best known article.

To Wolfe, the "Me Decade" is something that stems not from disaffection with the failure in the '60s to bring about political change, but from the general affluence and increased leisure time which give people the freedom to explore themselves.

Questions about the long-term dangers in this new narcissism draw blank stares from Wolfe. Asked if the trend spells terminal illness for concepts such as family and unselfish sharing and deepening of human bonds, Wolfe struggles vainly for an appropriate answer, as if he hadn't really thought about it on that level.

Lampooning Himself

"I see this ('Me Decade') as something possibly good . . . there's a sense of people expanding themselves, moving off dead center . . ."

What's more, Wolfe readily—happily—agrees that he himself operates in the same status-sphere that he lampoons. "Remember that Upper West Side writer who bought the Original XX stovepipe Levis in a bona fide cowhand's store in La Porte, Tex.?" he asks, referring to his new book's title piece. "Well, that was me."

What is this? Wolfe not only delights in all the strutting insanity he writes about, but he's also a willing participant?

"I have backed off from writing in terms of values," Wolfe explains.

"I have been accused often of lacking compassion. Well, if I'm going to be a journalist, it strikes me that's not such a bad thing to be accused of."

He hesitates, then puts it simply.

"Either you're going to analyze the social atom . . . or you're not."

Is there anything Wolfe does care passionately about? His eyes turn back to the far corner of the lobby.

"Yes. Writing. I care very much about good writing, about the state of the art of writing . . ." His voice trails off.

"You know, when they send me questionnaires, there's always a line asking about my hobbies, and I always feel guilty that I can't list anything like para-sailing or up-country big game hunting. But I don't really have any hobbies. All I can put down is window shopping."

TOM WOLFE . . .

Giving Status a Good Name

BY BARRY SIEGEL

Times Staff Writer

It is immediately apparent why Tom Wolfe irritates so many people.

There he sits in the lobby of the outlandishly picturesque Chateau Marmont hotel on Sunset Blvd. in his white Dupinot silk big-bellied peak-lapel custom-tailored suit by Everall Bros. and his white reversed calf wingtip shoes and his Carlin Poster custom-tailored 1938-postcard sky-blue cotton shirt and his Maus & Hafmann denim-blue sea-net patterned Palm Beach white-background tie cleverly matched with a blue houndstooth checked handkerchief and blue kidney bean-paisley socks.

Wolfe willingly provides this description of what he's wearing, but hopes you won't pay too much attention to the socks because he just can't find them custom-made these days.

He can't be a writer. Writers don't dress or talk like this.

But there he is, nonetheless, with that same insouciant grin, out on another publicity tour to promote his latest book, "Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine," yet another collection of his magazine pieces with a manic string of insensible words for a title and his name emblazoned on the cover in neon colors.

Again, in this book, he is paying attention not to what people say, but to what they are doing, and how they dress and walk and furnish their homes and comb their hair. All



TOM WOLFE

" . . . status delights me."

Times photo

the things that don't matter. Except that Wolfe, as always, is saying they do matter, that they tell a lot about people, more than they would ever want known.

And so, as always, he is puncturing balloons.

There's the Upper West Side Manhattan writer with the "mad Byronic dark brown hair, authentic Navy turtleneck and Original XX stovepipe Levi's," laboring over a desk covered not with his latest manuscript (about "recession and repression in police state America") but rather with last month's bank statement and all the bills for the summer cottage on Martha's Vineyard and the kids' private schools and the \$800 cocktail party and the \$248 handmade John Lobb & Sons Ltd. English boots.

There are the college students surging into a lecture hall "like hormones" with "Shasta and 7-Up pumping through their veins," looking "as if they spent the day hang gliding and then made a Miller commercial at dusk"—only to hear the keynote speaker, warmed by a leather jacket, announce that the United States is a "leaden, life-denying society."

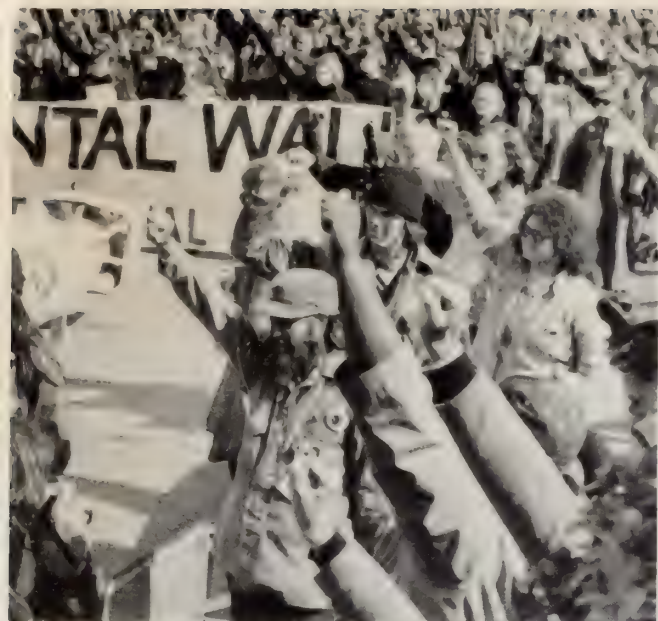
And there's the alluring beauty, revealing in a self-fulfillment group therapy session that the most horrible thing in her life is not a twisted psyche or tortured soul, but hemorrhoids.

All this was expected from Wolfe during the hyped-up, pop-crazed '60s, when the ex-newspaperman emerged on the magazine scene and led high school journalism students into a disastrous imitative collage of exclamation points, dots, dashes and odd noises.

But can Wolfe, 45 now, still be tossing it out in grim, gray 1976? After Woodward and Bernstein have revived the old-fashioned art of investigative journalism?

Yes. He is.

Woodward and Bernstein's Watergate stories, Wolfe will tell you, "are unreadable . . . Standard newspaper



Marchers weathered Southern sheriffs, cynicism, and sore feet



Above and below: Monks, banners, new faces



to focus on these connections and the local implications for each community they passed through.

The atmosphere of this rally was also more eclectic. The presence of a delegation of Buddhist monks from Japan, including several survivors of Hiroshima, exemplified a growing awareness of the spiritual dimensions of social and political concerns. Monks had joined in the Walk all across the country, beating rhythmically on hand-held prayer drums that looked something like pingpong paddles. The stage at the Sylvan Theatre was hung with colorful banners, batiked not with slogans but with lovely designs.

Some familiar elements remained: long speeches, aggressive fund appeals, hawkers selling or giving away various radical newspapers, and a hillside dotted with familiar faces, the hard core of the antiwar cadre, the people who haven't given up.

In fact, the very idea of the Walk was something of a throwback. Almost a generation ago, in the haunted, silent '50s, a tiny band of pacifists walked across most of the Western world to protest the arms race and to try to educate people about its dangers. One "walk" went from San Francisco to Moscow (with a transatlantic assist); a couple of these determined walkers actually made it to Red Square with their ban-the-bomb banners. Another group intended to walk from Quebec to Florida en route to Cuba; after several weeks in a Georgia jail, tied up by a segregationist sheriff, they gave up.

These earlier walks were hardly "successful" in terms of stopping the arms race. But they kept a tiny and beleaguered antiwar constituency busy and in touch with one another. With the emergence of the '60s and Vietnam, these contacts formed a skeleton on which a mass movement could be quickly fleshed out. Now that the war is over, the '70s — so far — have clearly seen organized protest falling into relative doldrums again. Yet this last Walk was respectably large, it brought together a wide spectrum of groups and individuals, and its concluding action was broad in scope and focus. These are good omens.

Bernard Lee, executive director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and one of the main organizers of the Walk's southern leg, told the rally at the Sylvan Theater: "I see this walk as holding the seeds of a new movement for peace and justice in America. We will be back again, in much larger numbers." When these seeds have had a chance to sprout, that will be the season when the importance of the Continental Walk of 1976 can probably best be gauged.

Editor's Note: Continental Walk activities officially culminated on Monday, October 18, in a "March of Death" to the Pentagon, then a "March of Life" to the White House. About a thousand people participated, and sixty walkers, including Daniel Ellsberg, got themselves arrested for placing coffins on the steps of the Pentagon. A delegation from the Continental Walk met with a representative of the National Security Council at the White House. The reception was cordial.

This last march ended in a massive group hug across the street from the White House.

In the Garden of the Forking Paths

The Divine Trio meet their own Watergate: love lost, vows broken, and dirty tricks in the garden

By Stephen Diamond

Rameshwar Das

I. Descent into the Garden New York City

Halfway up the highest Himalayan peak, there is a perfect garden where three separate paths converge. The garden is a beautiful oasis of green vegetation surrounded by a desert of cold white snow.

At this way station, three weary travelers meet, surprising one another. Their climb has been a singular event, a torturous ascent made in solitude. None of them has anticipated meeting another seeker on the long journey to the top, yet they come together in the Garden of the Forking Paths.

From this oasis, the peak of Mount Analog is still visible. One of the three, the man Ram Dass, enjoys the warmth and harmony of the garden but still feels drawn to the peak in the distance.

The second seeker, Hilda Charlton, a woman who has been on the path for half a century, knows that the journey must go on. She sees ahead of them three paths leading up the mountain, away from the garden where they now sit in sun-drenched bliss. Hilda lingers, one foot ready to continue the trek, the other wishing to take root.

But the third member of the party, a woman who began the journey late but through her speed and fire has reached the garden simultaneously with the other

Steve Diamond, a former editor of Liberation News Service, has completed a novel, Panama Red, on the legalization of cannabis. He is also the author of What the Trees Said (Delacorte, 1971), a nonfiction account of life on a New Age communal farm in Montague, Mass.



two, Joya Santanya, a Brooklyn housewife in her late thirties, says to Ram Dass and Hilda Charlton, "Why go further? We are home. I am the Divine Mother. I am the peak which you seek."

For a brief moment lasting twelve months, Baba Ram Dass and Hilda believed that Joya was in fact who she claimed to be: in the garden, Joya became Kali Ma, Athena, Sri Matabrahma, all the faces and facets of the Divine Mother of the Universe incarnate in the form of a Jewish housewife, married at age fifteen to an Italian Catholic boy of eighteen, mother of three, who one day did yogic breathing exercises in her bathtub to lose weight and attained instant

samadhi instead — or so it seemed.

Exactly a year ago, in November 1975, *New Age Journal* published a lengthy interview with Baba Ram Dass, in which he spoke of Joya, nee Joyce Green, as a spiritual entity comparable to his guru, Maharaj-ji, who had left his body in 1973. For the six months prior to that interview and for six months after, students of the three flocked to the garden, to Manhattan and Queens, from all parts of the globe.

Ram Dass, Joya, and Hilda would hold *satsang* together and separately. When all three appeared on stage, so to speak, the vibrational level in the room would "approach mythic proportions," according to one former devotee. Community

aimed shots. One embarrassed FBI agent joked feebly, "We're not giving up. Look how long we've been looking for Patty Hearst."

By the end of July the FBI had made just one arrest in the case. That was James Theodore Eagle, a 19-year-old Sioux whom the two agents were seeking on their ill-fated June 26th mission. Eagle turned himself in on July 9th and was charged with murder on July 27th. They are also holding David Sky, 20, of Claremore, Oklahoma, who was picked up at Wounded Knee after allegedly bragging about his role in the June shootout. But the only link between Sky and the gun battle is the testimony of an FBI tracker dog. The FBI claims the dog found a scent at the site of the shooting that matches Sky's body odor, a piece of evidence so tenuous that Sky's lawyers are mockingly looking for another dog to testify against the FBI dog.

The guerrillas, who fled on foot, escaped the FBI dragnet because food, shelter and transportation apparently

Lessons of history: 'We're tired of being the only ones killed.'

tory it displayed in Vietnam. The military arrived with an F-4 phantom jet and all the paraphernalia necessary for a counterinsurgency effort. When it was over, two AIM supporters were dead and Wounded Knee was reestablished as a symbol of the government's attitude toward native Americans.

The Wounded Knee occupation tended to divide the 12,000 reservation people into two camps, one headed by AIM and the other by Richard Wilson. AIM leaders, wearing black braids and offering uncompromised rhetoric, projected a proud identity to people who had been crushed by generations of dependency. Wilson represented the other side, a government-bought Indian with a bank book thick with public money, who was recently indicted for his role in an assault on a team of AIM lawyers. Wilson, however, had gained influence by using the tribal police force, known locally as the "goon squad," to intimidate opposition.

But now the dissension has reached a new level. Elected representatives from seven of the reservation's eight districts voted recently to secede from Pine Ridge. If they can overcome legal obstacles, that would leave the reservation with only one district—the one where Wilson and the FBI have their headquarters.

This latest move was prompted by the spurious tactics of FBI agents hunting the guerrilla band. In one incident two choppers full of agents dropped in unannounced on a sacred Sun Dance ground. A few days later 26 agents burst into the home of an Indian woman, emptied drawers and tore open bags of food in an unsuccessful search for explosives. Such treatment, according to several reservation sources, is creating more sympathy for the guerrillas and less tolerance for the FBI. "The FBI should get off the reservation," says Jim Charging Crow, a usually taciturn ambulance driver. Other Indians who

most certainly will not end.

On July 4th AIM supporters gathered for a solemn march to the foot of Mount Rushmore in memory of their fallen warriors—who presumably now include Little Joe Killsright. "We will not rest until we gain justice and liberty for Indian people," AIM leader Clyde Bellecourt told an assemblage that braved a blazing midsummer sun. "When July 4th, 1976, comes, unless the white men honor their treaties and commitments, we will be back here to blow out the candles on their birthday cake."

In late July a San Francisco reporter was blindfolded and taken on an evening trip to an isolated shack on the reservation. There his Indian escort removed the blindfold and showed him an arsenal of 60 automatic rifles, 40 gas masks and three cases of hand grenades. "We want people to know that we're serious and we're not going to be kicked around anymore," he was told. "We're tired of turning the other cheek."

Leary

[Continued from 24]

anna's intentions, took along his wife and avoided the trap.

A few weeks later, on September 18th, 1974, a group of Movement people, having heard that Charlie Thrush was singing before grand juries, gathered at a news conference to brand Leary a liar. Leary's new critics had once been some of his close associates: guru Baba Ram Dass, former Chicago Seven defendant Jerry Rubin and Leary's 25-year-old son Jack.

The government officials in charge of Leary seemed to pull back after he was accused publicly of lying. His credibility gap had made him almost useless. And the authorities were beginning to realize that Joanna was dangerously unpredictable.

Joanna was making a practice of tapping phone calls so she could blackmail people afterward. She tried to weasel

money out of Randolph Hearst by claiming that Leary's prison connections could help him find his kidnapped daughter. Then she and Martino became involved in a devious episode known as the "Frank caper" in which they were accused of ripping off \$60,000 from an LSD dealer. And when Martino's ex-girlfriend and an accomplice stole several of Joanna's blackmail tapes and tried to extort \$20,000 for their return, she had the pair busted.

Joanna and Martino, who were living together surreptitiously because Leary had freaked when he found out they'd been sharing a bed, even tried to obtain blackmail material to use against the authorities. According to Martino, when U.S. marshals came by their apartment to escort Joanna to the "safehouses" where Leary was kept, she often greeted them in the nude. Martino stayed hidden in another room to tape the conversation, hoping to catch the marshals in a compromising situation. Later, when one of the mar-

shals brought along his wife (a former Miss Colorado) to protect himself, bisexual Joanna immediately started coming on to her.

By the end of 1974 Leary still wasn't free and Joanna was restless. When her wealthy stepfather died in late January, she returned to London, hoping to hustle a share of his estate. (Her stepfather, it turned out, was also her stepgrandfather. He had married Joanna's mother, who was his stepdaughter, after the death of his first wife, Joanna's grandmother.)

Martino accompanied Joanna to Europe. He began to talk to reporters, part of a strategy the pair had cooked up to force authorities to carry through on their end of the deal with Leary. But then, while vacationing at a resort in Spain, Martino suddenly and mysteriously died. The cause of death was officially listed as a ruptured appendix, perhaps a drug overdose, but Spanish officials suspected murder.

Meanwhile, on February 28th this

year Leary was officially paroled on his five-year escape conviction and on one of his two ten-year marijuana convictions. But that still left the other ten-year sentence hanging over his head.

So Leary must now wait anxiously. In early July two old friends of Rosemary found their house in Berkeley under surveillance. And in late July, the San Francisco grand jury issued three subpoenas in the case, including one to archivist Michael Horowitz.

If the grand jury fails to deliver indictments and the statute of limitations runs out on the case, the federal agents no longer will have any obligation to free him.

But even if Leary's deal succeeds, he will walk out of prison a traitor to the people who once trusted and followed him. As Rosemary wrote in a recent letter to a friend: "Whatever was done to free him was done selflessly and lovingly; until he realizes that he will always be a prisoner."

Duncan Fallowell talks to the elder statesman of mind expansion

Up, up and away with Dr Tim

Timothy Leary, experimental psychologist, youth freak, and advocate of mind-expanding drugs, indeed of mind-expanding anything, was hoping to be in London for the opening of the film *Return Engagement*, but the Home Office said no. In this film debate, Leary defends the rights of the individual against Gordon Liddy who defends the power of the state. Liddy "masterminded" the Watergate break-in, although mastermind may be the wrong word since it was Liddy's incompetence which collapsed Nixon.

This is the positive side of Liddy's work, Dr Leary said at lunch at home in Hollywood.

"It's mildly flattering that the Home Office considers me so much more dangerous than him," Leary said. "There was no problem about him going to England to promote the film. My crime was merely possessing less than a half ounce of marijuana."

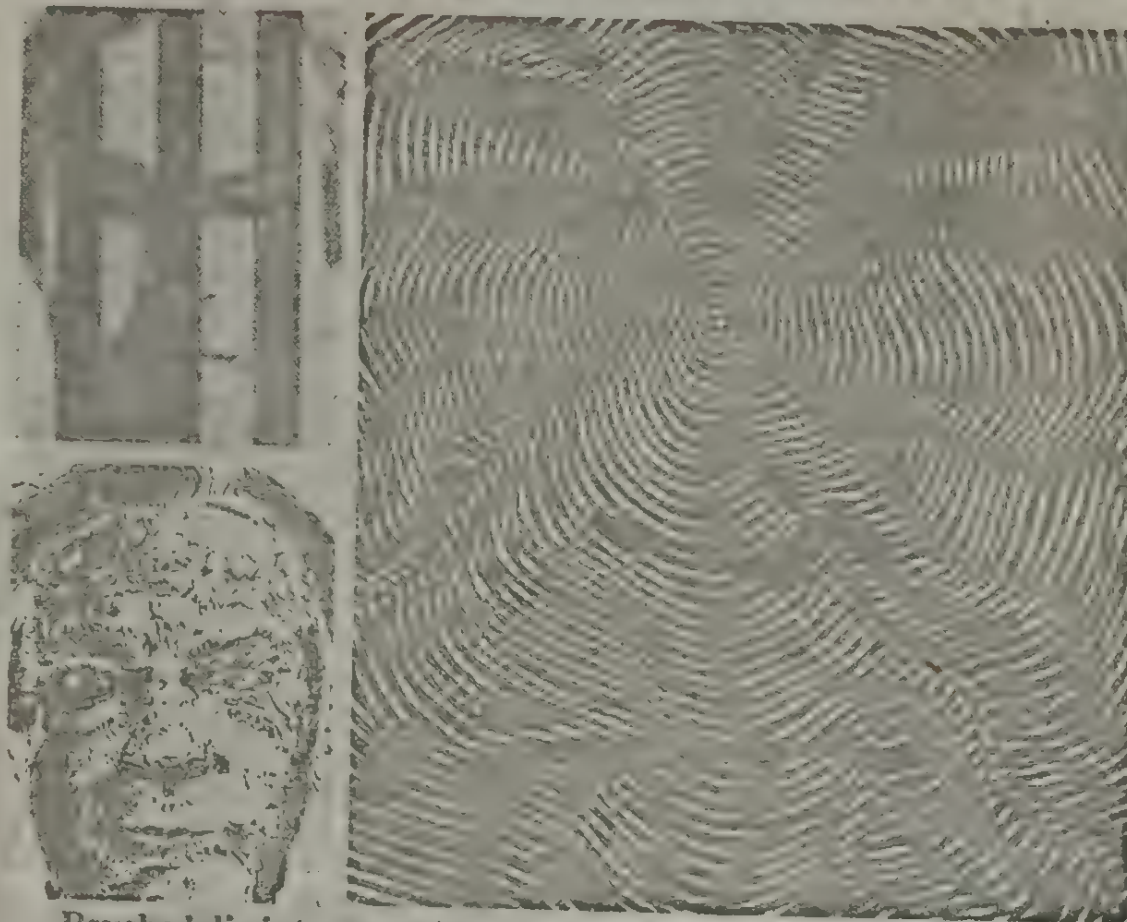
Leary was reminded that he also once escaped from a California prison. "Yes, I got five years for that". He fled to Algeria and entrusted himself to Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers. "I must have been nuts - everyone was a triple agent. It was a period of tremendously lowered self-esteem for me."

He engineered escape from Cleaver's grim "protection" and fled to Afghanistan where he was arrested by federal agents and dragged back to an American jail. After the fall of Nixon, Leary's case was reviewed and he was released. "Possession of that amount had since been reduced to the status of a traffic offence."

"The government put out these statements that I was informing on revolutionary groups and drug rings. This was to discredit me and spread paranoia, in which they succeeded. Until a month before release I'd been plotting another escape."

Leary has been accused of having gone round the bend. He hasn't. He is perhaps a bit shell shocked. His inner and outer selves correlate very well. He can make a living out of his conviction. That he has to rely on enthusiasm rather than intellectual skill in advancing an argument is nothing new.

He talked about his autobiography *Flashbacks*, to be published in England.



Psychedelic interpretations of Leary from his book *High Priest*

next month. "I wrote 3,000 pages which were cut down to 600. In movie parlance I shot five to one."

Leary enjoys musing about his rollercoaster life.

"In total I've spent 42 months in 40 different prisons, 29 months in solitary. That was a luxury because I found myself locked up with one of the most amusing minds of our time. I suppose it began when I was 'silenced' at West Point as a young man."

Dr Leary's bungalow is in Laurel Canyon, north of Sunset Boulevard. This isn't Beverly Hills grandeur, but instead a comfortable place where you might expect to find a middle class college professor. (Leary taught at Harvard until expelled in 1963 for LSD experiments.) The bungalow has lots of hanging plants. "It's rather like the French Riviera, don't you think?"

The sitting room has big cream floor cushions instead of a sofa. The study is filled with "neurotechnology" books. In one corner of the bungalow is a bar, and Leary employs a maid to clean up.

The neighbourhood, Leary says, "used to be a bohemian area, then it became quite rock 'n' roll. Ex-Governor

Jerry Brown lives a couple of doors away". The sun is blazing outside, the air inside is rinsed and rendered lethal to the sinuses by air conditioning. Leary has a young wife and a son. He says he lacks for nothing.

What's it like getting older? "Less breath." Is he more reflective? "I've been reflective all along. I'm a philosopher by blood and bone. You are as old as the last time you changed your mind, as old as the people you hang out with. Reagan never goofed around with anyone young - he'll just about shake hands with the girl scout troop from Mississippi. Have you seen photographs of these geriatric dinner parties? The men who run America are senile East coast Wasps. They are interested only in money."

What is his message for the youth of today? "Intelligent distrust of all authority: spiritual, intellectual, political. And precise scientific optimism about continual change."

But what about unemployed youth, suffering, alienation and depression, with no future. What would Leary suggest they do?

"Move. For Christ's sake, move."

Sometimes migration is the only answer."

What about the problem of drug abuse? "Drug abuse in the 70s made people more thoughtful about drugs, which is good. Just as herpes made people more thoughtful about sex. The average herpes victim is young, attractive, college-educated, affluent - I don't mind being put into that group."

Donald Davie wrote in his autobiography: "... I saw how rare in California is such a sense of history. The sense of a past pressed up close behind the present, conditioning it. This awareness is so much a need of any imaginative European that people who lack it, however rich their personalities in other ways, and however nimble their minds, just seem to him to lack a necessary human dimension."

California has its own sort of history. John Barrymore lived in that house over there. The Spanish heritage lingers in mangled form - a block down the road is something called "El Snack Bar". But if California has a function it is the escape from history.

In a sense, Leary has specialized as an escape artist. What's the nearest he has been to death.

"I nearly drowned in Mexico. I've taken ketamine many times which produces what we call an experimental death experience - it's marvellous, it's the safest anaesthetic. They give it to babies. But look, I've had tremendous personal tragedies and pain every day with my children - maybe 99 per cent of life is that. But the 1 per cent I'm interested in is a precise optimism and skillful growth technology."

If he admires precision so much, why is he full of incorrect statements about Madame Blavatsky, Gurdjieff, Wordsworth and others? "Well, an Irishman's fact is a Celt's hope. My attitude to life is a self-indulgent bravado in presenting what I believe to be tremendously important issues. And aesthetically I'm quite vulgar."

He intends to appeal the Home Office's decision. "This is the third time I've been barred from England. I was hoping for a big reception in London which would then play back in America because, as you know, a prophet is not honoured in his own country".

STILLS
SEPT/OCT 1983

The Plumber and His Mate

RETURN ENGAGEMENT



The politics and the ecstasy: G. Gordon Liddy (left) and Timothy Leary in *Return Engagement*.

APART, PERHAPS, from the 'woman's melodrama' *Remember My Name* (1978), Alan Rudolph has seemed concerned with the broad canvas and multi-level narrative of a *Nashville*, unlike the smaller genre pieces of that other Altman protégé, Robert Benton. *Welcome to L.A.* (1977) was a likeable if over-ambitious ramble through Southern Californian sexual mores and shabby dreams. *Return Engagement*, another 'state of the nation' piece, similarly organizes its elements into a series of interlinking tales (the personal and public lives of its protagonists).

It is a documentary, chronicling eight days in the lives of the current sweethearts of the U.S. college lecture circuit — Timothy Leary, self-styled 'humanist, philosopher and scientist', and Gordon Liddy, one-time Staff Assistant to Nixon and bungler of the Watergate break-in. Their opposing ideological positions — Leary's apolitical, vaguely mystical liberalism, and Liddy's scary, gun-toting ultra-rightism — are offered to us as a dynamic dialogue on the current state of America: 'They have fought for a generation... They now depend on each other for a living. How American opposites become American history.'

What Leary and Liddy actually have to say is really arrant nonsense, sometimes chillingly dangerous. Still stoned to the eyeballs from a few too many sugar lumps, Leary naively heralds a bright new hi-tec age of mind-expanding computer games, with space as an exciting new frontier to conquer. Liddy believes in the subjugation of the needs of minorities to the absolute law of the state, and will kill for this. The result of such a confrontation is, of course, pure theatre, and Rudolph simply gives each man enough rope to hang himself, pointing up ironies both comic and frightening. We move between a debate on stage at a Los Angeles theatre, the Leary

and Liddy families at exclusive parties, enjoying breakfast at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, Leary lecturing at Esplanade, Liddy at a Beverly Hills firing range or riding with a gang of Hell's Angels. The hypocrisy, the glamour, the money, the ideas.

The camera's fascination with Liddy's sexuality is as central as any of the debates. A coldly controlled man, on stage he wears a suit, but off stage indulges in a flamboyant display of cowboy boots, tight jeans, tight T-shirt, neck chain and medallion. One camera movement, at the breakfast, pans up slowly from the boots to the chain and oversize moustache. An image of sexual prowess is also suggested by the choice of footage of Liddy developing his biceps in a gym, relishing the feel of a new gun, riding with the biker gang and discussing his choice of wife upon purely physical, non-romantic grounds. Rudolph seems to use these images of sexuality as the main signifier of Liddy's character, both its fatal attraction and frightening aggression. In contrast, despite his role as guru of the new age of sexual liberation, Leary seems curiously bland and asexual.

As enjoyable as *Return Engagement* may be, it makes too much claim to represent America today. Rudolph may allow Leary and Liddy to condemn themselves, but it is the absence of any other voice which leaves them alone to stand for the opposing forces of contemporary American history. In lieu of any other figure, are we intended to accept, for instance, that Leary represents the American left today?

Too shot through with the values of showbiz, as a historical document *Return Engagement* is ultimately less valuable and galvanizing than that other state-of-the-nation debate, *Town Bloody Hall*●

Martin Sutton

**'A WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT
HIGHLY ENJOYABLE'** GUARDIAN

'NOT TO BE MISSED' 'RIVETING'

DAILY TELEGRAPH

DAILY MAIL

'A REMARKABLY ENJOYABLE COLLISION - MARVELLOUS'

HAMPSTEAD & HIGHGATE EXPRESS

'ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY DOUBLE ACTS I'VE SEEN'

WHATS ON

'A FASCINATING PORTRAIT'

TIME OUT

'ROCKY FOR INTELLECTUALS'

SCREEN INTERNATIONAL

RETURN ENGAGEMENT 15

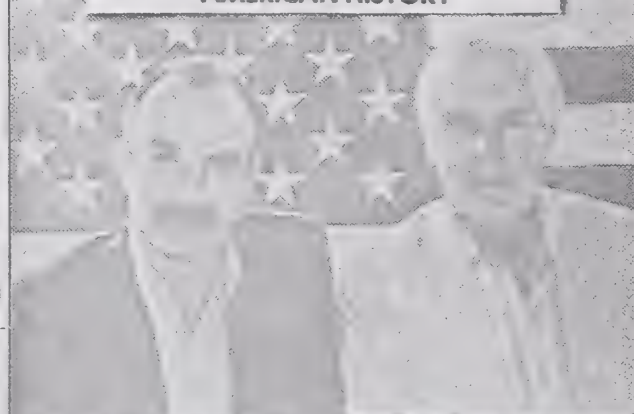
A film by ALAN RUDOLPH

TIMOTHY LEARY AND **G. GORDON LIDDY**

PROFESSOR, 60's LSD PROPHET

LAWYER, WATERGATE MASTERMIND

**HOW AMERICAN OPPOSITES BECAME
AMERICAN HISTORY**



SCREEN ON THE GREEN
ISLINGTON 226 3520



'You sound like an old married couple,' a journalist tells acid guru Timothy Leary and Watergate master-plumber G Gordon Liddy, as they squabble drunkenly over supper between engagements. Leary? Liddy? Engagements? America really is a wonderful country: two of the wildest cards in its pack are the highest-paid act on the college lecture circuit, debating each other. Liddy is the straight man — patriotism, loyalty, law & order, guns and the flag. Leary is the soft-shoe-shuffling joker — youth, consciousness expansion, evolution, the individual. *'Return Engagement'* (Screen/Green) — Liddy arrested Leary 16 years ago — follows them on the road, on and off-stage, with their wives, Liddy with a Hell's Angels chapter, Leary lecturing affresco at Esalen. By the end it's hard to decide which is flakier than the other, though some of the debate audiences are weirder than either. A fascinating portrait of seeming opposites locked together by mutual self-interest, and, in some twisted way, by history. (John Conquest)



Ex-con Liddy's OK, but Britain's still leery of Leary (right).

STILL DANGEROUS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

You probably thought that '60s psychedelia was dead and gone, but memories of that time still have the power to induce feelings or paranoia in the mandrins of the Home Office.

On Monday they announced that permission had been refused for Dr Timothy Leary, onetime high priest of LSD, to enter Britain. 'In view of his conviction for drug's, said a spokesman, 'it was felt that it would not be appropriate to admit him.'

Although Leary spent several years on the run in the '70s after escaping from jail and a number of years inside after his recapture, all he was ever actually convicted for was possession of less than half an ounce of marijuana.

What makes the bar, on a man now in his sixties even more of an over-reaction is the fact that Watergate conspirator Gordon Liddy (see feature) recently arrived in Britain with no trouble at all. Liddy, who was the first law officer to arrest Leary, now does a lecture tour act with him in which the

two debate politics and morality. They were both due in the country to promote a film that has been made of their debates.

'You'll have to ask Liddy himself what he was actually charged for,' Leary said over the phone, 'but he always tells me that he was convicted on more charges served more times and was much more dangerous than me.'

Leary was clearly relishing this new opportunity to tweak authority's nose and his old rhetorical skills had not deserted him. 'Is the British Empire so shaky,' he declaimed, 'that a visit by an Irish philosopher can put it into such a panic?'

In recent years he has visited France, Germany and Holland without any noticeable harm coming to them. Now a family man — married for five years, honorary father of the local Little League baseball team and even the proud possessor of a credit card — he says he intends to fight the Home Office decision. 'I admire England, but I think it needs a little shaking up.' *Jerome Burne*

CINEMA FEATURE



Whatever happened to the Likely Lads?

ONE of the most extraordinary double-acts I've seen in the cinema forms the focus of *Return Engagement* (15 certificate; 89 minutes), a series of wide-ranging, candid conversations directed by Alan Rudolph, best known for his association with Robert Altman.

The unusual stars were recently together in Cannes for promotional purposes at the cinema-carnival that ironically reflected the crazy world they talk and argue about. They are Dr Timothy Leary, guru of the hippy generation ("Tune in, Turn On, Drop Out") and ex-FBI agent and Watergate mastermind, Gordon Liddy. How did they meet?

"Mr Liddy and I met about 15 years ago when he arrested me — for charges which were eventually thrown out of court

— on possession of a tiny amount of marijuana," explains the engaging sage who is every inch the lively college don, tempering his barbs with wit and now acting the worried prophet, crying for sanity in a wilderness of media confusion.

Prophet and profit

Both of them have served their time in prisons, but latterly translated their experiences to the profitable page and two years ago became born-again celebrities

on the lucrative college lecture circuit. The film is a documentary record culled from several such evenings, interspersed with penetrating interviews. The crew spent nine months arguing while cutting the film.

"Movies are very important," asserts Leary. "I live in Hollywood and my wife is a producer — that's how the project came about — so it's natural for me to think that way. But I am sure ideas can generate box-office: Louis Malle's *My Dinner with André* was a guidepost for us. We're following the basic Athenian tradition of democracy-talking things through — and we've made a thinking man's *Rocky* where we slug it out!"

Mutual admiration

If the pair are not exactly philosophical bosom buddies they share an evident liking

and mutual respect though their viewpoints on almost everything are diametrically opposed.

Dr Leary begins to bemoan the Falklands extravaganza; "It's a disgrace with all the problems England has, in education, economics, even in the division of class, to go down there and beat up a bunch of totally insane Argentine generals whose only reason for starting it was to conceal their own inadequacies".

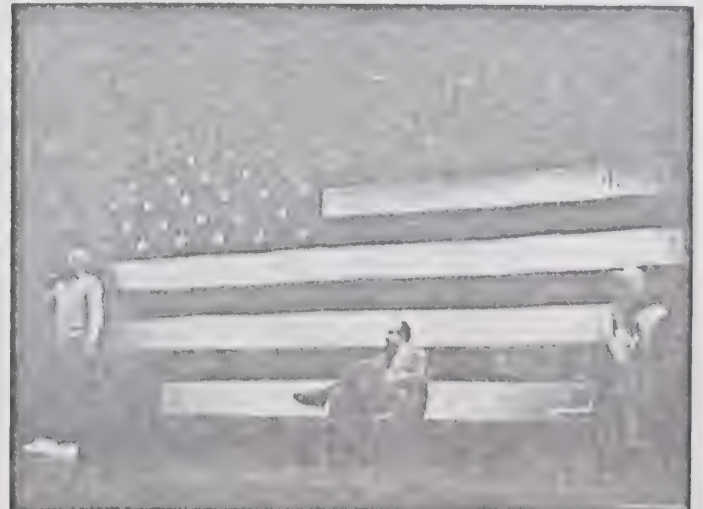
Liddy immediately jumps in with "when Dr Leary has finished denigrating military strength, had we not previously developed military strength in time, we would all be speaking German now".

But, seriously

They concede the difficulties of finding airtime for such serious discussions. In US TV programmes they are more used to having an actress talk about her make-up. "But," says Dr Leary, "people are getting tired of all the *Dynasty* nonsense, they can try something tougher. We've got Hell's Angels, crazed Christians condemning the Devil, we got people calling Liddy a Nazi, we have our wives discussing our personal lives ("My wife did me in, I'm afraid," Liddy interjects), and we made no move to censor."

They are happy to go on at each other's tenets indefinitely. Their verbal skirmishes offer a scintillating display of logic and reason in an increasingly unreasonable society and the film is an appropriately quixotic tilt at all manner of windmills great and small, in the mind, and out of it.

Phillip Bergson



31/8/83

The ex-con

A tough guy who
undermined Nixon

**I was
afraid of
rats, so I
cooked and
ate one.**

IN an age when fame can be won by assassinating John Lennon, when climbing into the Queen's bedroom guarantees a recording contract, and when a great train robbery is a passport to a South American paradise, it should be no surprise that G. Gordon Liddy has become the latest movie star.

Organiser of the bungled Watergate break-in which toppled President Nixon, Liddy has spent the six years since his release from the penitentiary not in disgrace, but on lucrative lecture tours and book or television promotions.

This week he is in Britain to launch his first film, aptly titled *Return Engagement*, about eight days touring with Sixties anti-hero and drugs guru Dr Timothy Leary.

Chilling

Liddy is the latest in a long line of Public Enemies who have been transformed into Public Products.

His graduation to the silver screen is not so strange, when you consider that his bizarre life has held everything you would associate with that most fantastical of celluloid creations, James Bond.

And Liddy provides us with a chilling insight into the abuses Ian Fleming's hero might have endured in his development into a master-spy.

Like James Bond, Liddy had a licence to kill. Like Bond, Liddy's covert exploits changed the face of world politics. Both operated outside the law, yet were sanctioned by their governments.

Liddy even has the look of Sean Connery with his square jaw, thick moustache, muscular arms and hairy chest beneath his open-necked shirt.

He talks in strong, film-star fashion, and projects an image that belies his 5ft. 7in. stature.

"I believe that surely the weak shall perish, and surely the strong shall thrive—they don't just survive," says Liddy, as if delivering a sermon. "I have never sought merely to survive, but to prevail. And I always have."

Liddy's unblinking brown eyes display a cold ruthlessness. Before was an occupational hazard, he says. "The Mafia



G. Gordon Liddy, who tortured himself to achieve confidence

by PETER SHERIDAN

have an excellent saying: "If you can't lose, you can't win." There had to be a risk. His 21½ years of imprisonment were eventually commuted to 5½ months.

Liddy's daring was won as a child and he still bears the scars—physical and psychological—of his greatest battle: Against himself.

"I was very sick and weakly as a child — doctors think it was tuberculosis — and while I was being treated, I built myself up to great physical and psychological strength.

"Becoming fit was easy, with weightlifting, running, jumping, and I soon became State champion of track events.

"But I was afraid of just about everything as a child, except my mother — and I wasn't too sure of her. So I decided that if I was afraid of something, I'd confront it."

He pointed to clusters of brown warts on his arms. Ever since I picked up a burning coal as a toddler, I had been terrified of fire, but I had to confront this fear. So I burned myself — with

a candle, with matches, and another time with a cigarette lighter.

"I was afraid of rats, and because we lived near the waterside there were many scurrying about. I was told they were most dangerous when cornered, so I chased them, but every time I cornered them on the pier they would escape into the water.

Conquered

"Then my sister's cat brought a dead rat home, and I remembered that some American Indian tribes will eat the heart of their brave foes to gain their strength. So I cooked the rat, and ate it.

"I was afraid of lightning, so I went up 60 feet in an oak tree during a thunderstorm, and tied myself to it. That was the only time my parents ever reacted. My father simply said: "I just don't understand you." That's all.

"All but one of my fears had been overcome by the age of 17. The last I conquered in my early 30s — the fear of God. I realised that in all likelihood he didn't exist.

"Now I fear nothing."

Leary is banned from Britain

By Nicholas de Jongh,
Arts Correspondent

DR TIMOTHY Leary, one of the great hippie figures of the late 1960s, when he was known as the high priest of the mind-changing drug LSD, has been banned from entering Britain by the Home Office.

He was to have attended the English premiere of the documentary film, *Return Engagement*, in which he stars. Dr Leary's co-star in the movie, the Watergate burglar Gordon Liddy, has been allowed to enter the country and has already given interviews.

Dr Leary, a former Harvard University lecturer and author of the *Politics of Ecstasy*, has a conviction for possession of marijuana and another for escaping from gaol.

In 1973, three years after he had escaped from gaol, Dr Leary arrived at Heathrow Airport and asked for permission to stay in the country, but was told that he was on a list of unwanted and undesirable persons.

SCOTLAND

FILMS

Bright double act

By JOHN GIBSON

People can say what they like about Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary — and they usually do — but the pair of them, one infamous for masterminding the Watergate burglary, the other notorious for his pronouncements on drugs, make a good, showbizzy double act and it was a bright idea to make a feature-length film about their bizarre lives and times.

"Return Engagement," given its first public screening on Saturday night at Filmhouse, is not a commercial picture, but at the end of a punishing first Festival week it kept me amused, interested and wide awake for 90 minutes.

It shows Liddy and Leary on the road, for the sheer hell and money of it, talking to anybody who will listen, and talking at, rather than to, each other.

They may be kindred souls but they hold violently opposite views on most subjects.

Liddy was there in person, on stage, to answer questions after the screening.

Now that he has done time for his Watergate involvement, and can no longer practise as a lawyer, he lives on the international security business he runs in Miami, and some hundred lectures a year.

TWO opposite ends of the American Dream come together in **RETURN ENGAGEMENT** (Screen on Islington Green). It is a remarkably enjoyable collision for the viewer and, though not a meeting of like minds, makes us understand how showbiz for the Americans is so much a part of politics.

Alan Rudolph's documentary is a visually witty account of the lecture-circus set up by the immovable object and the irresistible force — Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy.

Leary was the LSD guru of the '60s and a man of ostentatiously humanistic pretensions; Liddy was the CIA mastermind of the bungled burglary of Watergate. Both have served time in jail for their very disparate offences.

Now, the twain meet on the lecture stage, talking to a paying audience, explaining themselves to the public as though they felt that strange need for confession.

I would have liked to know which agent genius set them up in the first place (and why, apart from the monetary LSD) but Rudolph's camera does intrude very cleverly into their stage act with its own set-ups of circumstance — a breakfast in which Liddy's wife of 25 years does an amusing put-down of him; a tipsy dinner in which our heroes behave, as an attendant journalist remarks, "like an old married couple".

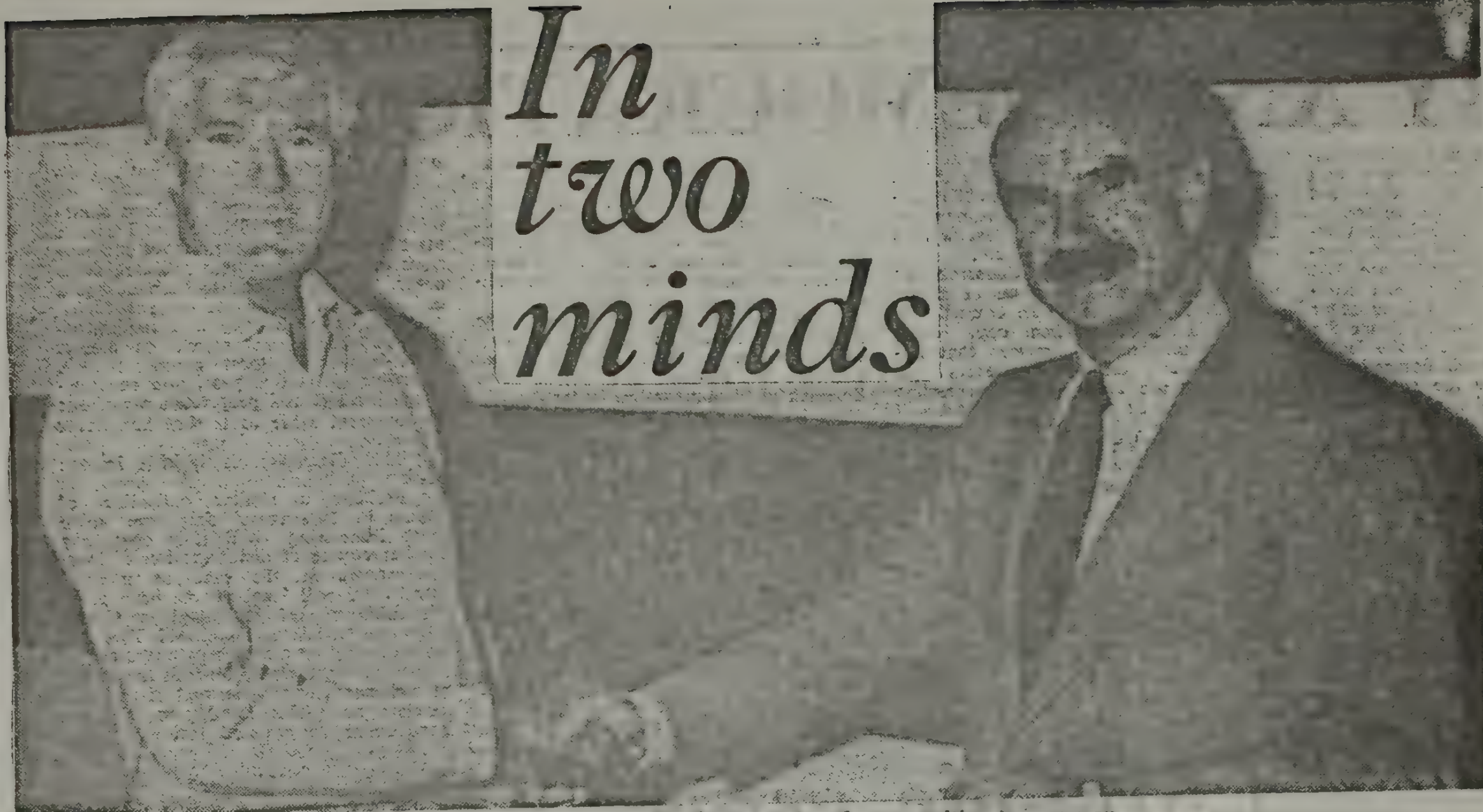
Liddy comes across as the ultimate yes-man to anything that demands loyalty to his country. He is a small-eyed, hard-nosed man with an inordinate belief in himself and what he thinks he stands for.

Leary is looser, more vulnerable to outside pressure — a man in his audience blinded by thugs on LSD shatters him — but just as inflexible you feel in his liberalism as Liddy is in his absolutes.

If Liddy comes over, eventually, as the man you would most like to meet, then that's because, as a lawyer, he's the most practised.

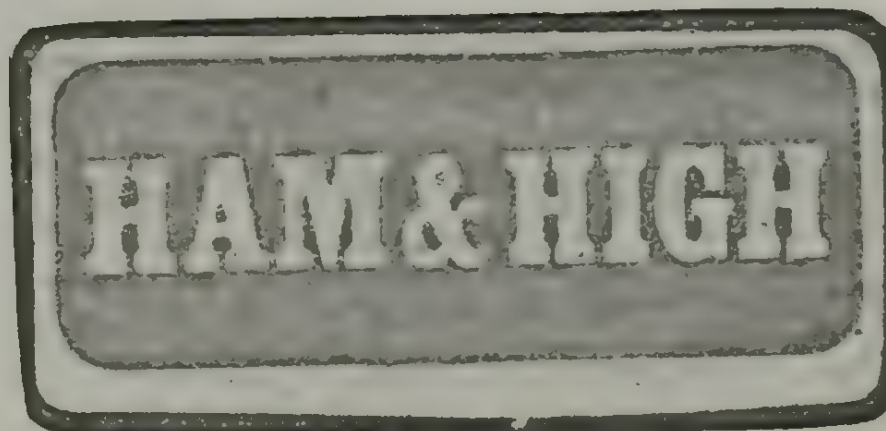
The whole thing is a wonderful exposure of people who, in their way, have been at the heart of power. They still have personalities like blast furnaces. Marvellous stuff.

In two minds



● Leary (left) and Liddy: inflexible Liberal meets ultimate yes-man.

HAM & HIGH, September 9, 1983





Above, Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary in *Return Engagement*; right, Kevin Kline in *The Pirates Of Penzance*

Tim Pulleine reviews *Return Engagement*, *The Pirates Of Penzance* and *Wild Style*, and previews an animation festival

Prattle hymn of the republic

IF OVER a span of years television has increasingly sought to preempt the traditional territory of the feature film, the cinema has lately shown signs of readiness to appropriate on its own amplified terms the "talking heads" format associated with TV. Last year we saw Louis Malle's *My Dinner With Andre*, and now — couched in more journalistic terms — but comes Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* (Screen on the Green, 15).

The participants of the film are two singular exemplars of the American inter-war generation who went on to become public enemies of contrasting hue — Timothy Leary, a high priest of Sixties "drop out" transcendentalism, and Gordon Liddy, prominent Watergate

"plumber." Both have served gaol sentences and have emerged to take up profitable writing and lecturing careers. It is in this capacity that the film regards them as they stage a public debate before a vast audience in Los Angeles.

Rudolph's highly enjoyable movie is not a straight record of this event, but goes behind the scenes and builds up a quicksilver mosaic that is all of a piece with his earlier fiction features, *Welcome To LA* and *Remember My Name*.

We see Liddy hobnobbing with a group of Hell's Angels, one of whom served with him, and Leary holding court at some kind of convention of nudist free-thinkers. And we see the two of them, trim and well preserved, breakfasting in a matey foursome with their wives, and chatting sparringly over a wine-flowing restaurant meal.

It is true that what is said, in public or private, by either man frequently seems little more cogent than the dinner table or saloon bar discourses of one's own experience. But what is diverting, and sometimes stimulating, is the sense not of difference but of symbiosis. It is Leary who describes himself as middle-class, Liddy who professes to be "inner-directed." While Leary extols the virtues of space invader games (and throws out the alarming prediction of video arcade Shakespeare in years to come), Liddy enlivens his target

practice with a sci-fi laser gun.

The good-natured opposition between the two is mirrored by the film's own lightness of touch and serves as a reflection of that multi-faceted American individualism hymned long ago by Walt Whitman. Neither Liddy nor Leary emerge as admirable figures, but they are allowed to have their own reason. Not for nothing one feels, and certainly not for glib ironic effect does Rudolph sign off the picture with a child's voice singing *America The Beautiful*. I, for one, left the cinema remarking inwardly that a society which can so openly and cheerfully expose its own contradictions has quite a lot of good luck and good judgment on its side.

THE GUARDIAN Thursday September 8 1983

The Mail on Sunday, September 11, 1983

*Return Engagement (15):
Screen On Islington
Green*

THERE is no under-estimating the conceit of those who have become celebrities, however small-time.

This witty, fascinating documentary looks at the lecture-circus set up by two Americans from opposite ends of politics: Timothy Leary, guru of the Californian drug culture in the Sixties, and G. Gordon Liddy, the bungling burglar of Watergate.

A man who would kill his own son for his country

Films

by RICHARD BARKLEY

DR TIMOTHY LEARY, the self-confessed American High Priest of the drug LSD, who urged the Sixties generation to "turn on, tune in, and drop out," waffles to an audience about the wonderful "consciousness expanding" effect of taking LSD.

Then a blind man stands up in the audience. And quietly brands Leary as a public enemy.

The man says he was blinded by a shotgun blast from youths hallucinating on LSD. He says he still has 130 pellets in his brain.

"I hope you can sleep peacefully," he adds.

Leary, shaken, is struck speechless. So is the audience.

It is a scene from an astonishing new documentary, *RETURN ENGAGEMENT* (Screen on the Green, 15, 89 minutes).

On stage and off the film captures a bizarre and lucrative double act that Leary performs with G Gordon Liddy, a former FBI agent who once arrested Leary on a drugs charge, then who went on to become President Nixon's villainous sidekick, the mastermind of the Watergate burglary.

Leary and Liddy now tour the States lecture circuit together, regaling rapt, paying audiences with exploits from their notorious pasts.

Remarkably, before our very eyes, 'sixties folk hero Leary turns into a villain. And the infamous Liddy into a patriot of John Wayne calibre.

Leary, a sacked Harvard academic, boasts of having made 5,000 "trips" on LSD. And it shows.

He tries to look youthful on stage in sweater and slacks, but he is a living warning of drug abuse, a shambling, incoherent, white-haired figure who looks ten years older than his age of 63.

Liddy is an undeniably fascinating character.

He toughened himself up as a youth by holding his arm over a lighted candle until the flesh seared. To overcome his fear of rats he caught, cooked and ate one.

After 14 years of law enforcement with the FBI, he was recruited by the White House, and assigned to a secret group dedicated to securing the re-election of Republican President Nixon, at any cost.

One of his schemes was to befuddle a Nixon critic at a fund-raising dinner by drugging the man's soup. Another was a Miami-based yacht, wired for sound, with call-girls to lure and compromise delegates from the Democratic National Convention.

Fluent, looking smart in suit and tie, Liddy blandly tells his audience how he was involved in a plot to assassinate America's leading journalist William Manchester after he had twice "blown" the C.I.A.'s cover.

Insisting that his life-long motive has been to secure the greatest good for his country, Liddy emerges as a man of uncompromising ideals who has his audience believing him when he states that he would kill his own son if America's interests demanded it.

The Barnum touch

IN Shakespeare's only venture into the Americas, the first reaction of the jester Trinculo to Caliban is to contemplate the fortune this bizarre inhabitant of the New World would bring him in a freak show. In this he anticipated the great nineteenth century showman Phineas T. Barnum, who believed that anything slightly out of the ordinary could be installed for profit in what he called his 'American Museum,' in the process creating a metaphor for that function in American life that transforms everything into a branch of show-business.

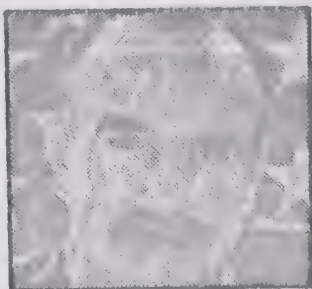
The latest addition to that great American Museum is the double act of Timothy Leary, the former Harvard psychology professor, naïve utopian guru and advocate of freedom through drugs, and G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the Watergate break-in, samurai of the suburbs and staunch upholder of victory through willpower.

This past year they have been touring America, lecturing and debating together, and Robert Altman's former assistant Alan Rudolph has made an engrossing, very funny documentary about a week this odd couple spent in Los Angeles, *Return Engagement* (Screen on Islington Green, 15).

This title refers to revisiting the Sixties and Seventies, through these emblematic figures, and to the fact that back in 1966 Liddy, as an eager young district attorney in an ultra-conservative New York county, arrested Leary's whole commune several times on drugs charges. This harassment led, so Leary argues, to Liddy being hired as a narcotics expert by the White House, and thus on to Watergate, justifying Leary's claim that the pair helped bring down Nixon.

CINEMA

by PHILIP FRENCH



G. Gordon Liddy: 'I plead not guilty on all counts.'

For commercial reasons the two need each other. Until Liddy came along, Leary was a drug on the market as a lecture-circuit performer, while Liddy needed a way-out stooge to make him sound more humane and reasonable. Together they can attract a mixed house of doves and hawks. But though, as Liddy remarks, 'we disagree about everything it is possible to disagree about,' the pair have taken to each other. Whatever each may actually profess, they are representatives of a cranky American individualism at its most extreme that took both to jail for long sentences.

Appropriately the movie begins with Liddy's hoarse baritone rendition of 'America, America' to what he terms Leary's 'psychedelic' piano accompaniment, and their good-humoured public dialogues take place before a giant 'Stars and Stripes' backdrop that recalls the pre-credit sequence of 'Patton.'

Rudolph's film (with Altman operating one of the cameras) is as deceptively loose-textured and as artfully contrived as his directorial debut, 'Welcome to

L.A.,' with exposition as carefully planted as in a well-made play. We have the pair doing their act on stage and separately interviewed by the Los Angeles journalist who moderates the public sessions. A roof-top hotel breakfast with their wives presses on family issues, and allows us to observe the acquiescent femininity of Leary's young wife, and the toughness of Mrs Liddy — when Liddy refuses to talk about his sex-life, saying 'I plead not guilty on all counts,' she retorts, 'You always do — that's why they gave you 20 years.'

Rudolph cross-cuts between Liddy working out in the gym to the point of extreme pain and Leary playing with his mind-extending word-processor. When Leary goes off to talk a load of mystical guff to a largely nude audience of 'Me Generation' zealots at the Esalen Institute, Liddy is out on the road with a local motor-cycle gang, whose leader did time with him in a Federal penitentiary.

While Liddy visits an indoor shooting-range, keeping up his skills with shot-gun and pistol, Leary drops in on a computer-games arcade, preaching his message that with computers 'you can double your intelligence in a week.' Both have a session with a class of high-school seniors, Liddy lecturing them on ethics and social responsibility, Leary flattering them with his ideas on the imminent and necessary take-over by post-war youth.

What they have to say is usually eloquent, and in Liddy's case often shrewd. But sooner or later (usually sooner) their particular brands of authoritarianism and anarchism are pushed so far that each disappears into the wide blue yonder on the back of the great American eagle with a manic gleam in his eyes. But they're a genial couple, deep in the American grain. There are few dull moments in their company and 'Return Engagement' is as much a testimony to the resilience of American democracy as it is evidence of a national addiction to show-business.

The buccaneers of the lecture circuit

Return Engagement (Screen on the Green: 15), a documentary about Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, is the pleasant surprise of the week. The film's protagonists, who met when Liddy arrested Leary on a drugs charge, are now a popular double-act on the American lecture circuit. Since there is no danger that they will find common ground, they accept the invitation to parody themselves, and there is something trumped-up about their confrontations on stage; but "Return Engagement" leavens the lecture-hall footage with interviews and conversations.

On stage, Liddy has an ugly, hectoring manner, except when he is making wisecracks about mellow California; in interviews he cheerfully owns up to things most people would try to keep secret under torture. He married his wife (with children in mind) because she was a "math genius" and because her father had been a champion athlete. Love, he says, is by definition an act of the will.

Liddy has the knack of identifying himself as an individual unable to deny his moral conscience, when there's a law to be broken, and then as the representative of national necessity, when there's an individual to be suppressed. He is that oddity, a conformist loner, following the line of least resistance but seeing it always as a victory over massive odds.

Leary is a much milder figure, maintaining simultaneously that his estimated 5,000 acid trips have not affected his intellectual powers and that he has been reborn ("sociobiologically, I have changed species in midstream"). Leary's recent obsession is the baby-boom generation (birth dates from 1946 to 1964), who are

learning from video games how to run the world, and need only to be led tenderly from the arcade to the Oval Office.

Predictably enough the interviewer, Carole Hemmingway, gives the blander of her two subjects a much tougher time; the Home Office, which last week debarred Leary from entering the country, seems to be following her cue. No objection was made to Liddy's entry.

Alan Rudolph came to notice in the 1970s as assistant director to Robert Altman (who has produced previous Rudolph films, and graciously acts as assistant cameraman on "Return Engagement"); he has given shape to the documentary material, without undue editorialising. His subjects are only too willing to expatiate on their differences, and thereby disclose their resemblances. Timothy Leary is every bit as smug sitting at his word-processor as Gordon Liddy is when he rides his motorbike.

The pair of them do show some redeeming qualities offstage. Liddy defends Leary to a group of Hell's Angels against charges of being a "snitch". Leary intervenes tactfully when Frances Liddy (seizing her opportunity as the cameras roll) berates her husband for being interviewed by nubile journalists and never introducing her to them. Leary asserts that the employees of "People" magazine are "notorious trollops", capable of anything.

Alan Rudolph's film is manipulative only when it shows us an odd-looking person in the audience at the debate, queuing up to ask a question. He has good reason to look odd; but since his immediate predecessor at the microphone has turned out to be a fundamentalist, calling down fire and brimstone (at different temperatures, to be sure) on both participants, we are led to dismiss him in advance.

In fact he presents himself as evidence of the harm Leary has done as an LSD prophet; he was shot by people who were tripping at the time. He retains 130 pellets in his brain: "The eyes you see," he says, "are plastic". Not only does he blame Leary; he forgives him.

This confrontation is electrifying, and also entirely unfair; but Alan Rudolph can hardly be blamed for that, and his "Return Engagement" is by and large a well-paced and thoroughly entertaining film.



G Gordon Liddy (left) and sparring partner Timothy Leary in RETURN ENGAGEMENT; see New Releases for review and Circuit for interview.

CITY LIMITS SEPT 9-15, 1983

■ **'Return Engagement'** (15) (Alan Rudolph, 1983, US) Timothy Leary, G Gordon Liddy. 89 mins. Disgraced Edwardian celebrities often eked out their twilight years regaling music hall audiences with the lessons of their misspent youth. Following that tradition, but relocating it to the American lecture circuit, are Dr Timothy Leary and G Gordon Liddy, who earn well buttered crusts by debating with each other their visions of the American dream. Breaking with their Edwardian predecessors' tradition, they also proclaim that they were right all along. 'Return Engagement' is a documentary of Leary/Liddy debates, interviews, drunk/stoned anecdotes and geographical and mental ramblings. Leary suggests that, as the brain behind the wearisome phrase 'tune in, turn on and drop out' he, together with Liddy, mastermind of the Watergate break-in, 'brought down the Nixon White House'. Even this delusion palls before the twin conceit that the two men stand in heroic opposition, and that they matter. Leary speaks up for stoned liberal anarchism, 'youth' and individualism; Liddy for radical right anarchism, quack genetics—and individualism. Leary's pathetic search for the lost grail of youth renders him a pathetic figure, while Liddy's chirpiness makes him mildly engaging. But the film should stand or fall by the tension between the two protagonists, and what we see here is some bizarre Californian version of a TV wrestling bout, no blood, no guts, and a fix from beginning to end. (Nigel Fountain) ('Return Engagement' plays at the Screen/Green; see West End for details.)

IS THERE LIFE AFTER WATERGATE?

I didn't remember much about G Gordon Liddy — only that he was the one from Watergate that wouldn't squeal. While Dean, Magruder, McCord and the rest were trooping up to Capitol Hill to spill the beans to the avuncular Senator Sam Ervin, it became apparent that only Liddy — the 'mastermind of the bungled burglary' — could tell us what we all wanted to know: who told him to make the break-in? But Liddy wouldn't talk.

Now, ten years on, I am amazed to find myself sitting across a restaurant table from Liddy watching him eat Japanese raw fish with chopsticks that he keeps rubbing against each other as if he were trying to sharpen them. I am asking the questions that I used to want someone else to ask him — and he is answering them.

The occasion for my interview is the release of a documentary feature, 'Return Engagement', that presents Gordon Liddy in his new occupation: travelling the lecture circuit in America with — wait for it — Dr Timothy Leary, guru of the LSD era and once the victim of two drug busts led by Liddy himself.

I was apprehensive about meeting Liddy. Reading his bestselling autobiography 'Will' in preparation for the interview, I had encountered a portrait of a fanatic on a par with Travis Bickle, the protagonist of 'Taxi Driver'. Like Bickle, Liddy is obsessed with physical fitness, guns and right-wing politics. Unlike him, fortunately, he is highly intelligent and very amusing.

'If I have any redeeming social value,' Liddy tells me, 'it's that I have a sense of humour. With the kind of life that I lead, you need one.'

Liddy thoroughly enjoys taunting liberals. 'I like to pull their chain.' He does so by flaunting his belief in *real politik*: Liddy happily confesses that he once offered to assassinate investigative columnist Jack Anderson in order to stop him leaking the name of a CIA agent. He admires the Germans for their 'technical efficiency' in military matters, and he thinks that it's OK to commit crimes in pursuit of a greater good.

But if you press this textbook authoritarian about his beliefs, the most surprisingly liberal sentiments come to the surface. What kind of conservative is it who abhors anti-Semitism and racism, who wants equal rights for women, who is ag-

Matthew Hoffman dines with G Gordon Liddy, the 'mastermind of the bungled burglary' who's now enjoying a profitable career on the American lecture circuit.



nostic and despises organised religion, and whose own children disappoint him by being 'very intolerant of homosexuality'?

I begin to relax on hearing these congenial thoughts and dare to point out to Liddy that he is not really so different, after all, from Leary. Suddenly, the small, neatly attired figure becomes all still concentration. His obscurely dark eyes stare fixedly at me as I stammer out the comparison: 'You are both admirers of certain things — you deadly machinery and he hallucinogenic drugs — and you are both willing to break the law to indulge your tastes. Both of you justify doing so by an argument about the greater good.'

Liddy reflects, smiles wanly and begins to relax. 'Maybe. Anyway, that's a paradox or an irony that will assist your piece.' He then goes on to flatter me for being an 'intelligent

liberal', not the 'knee-jerk kind we have in the United States'.

I too relax, pour out a little more saké and turn to Watergate. Does he think that it was right that he should have been jailed for doing the President's will by burgling the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist? Yes, he does. It is an 'occupational hazard' of intelligence work. And what the Democrats did to Nixon by impeaching him was also fair. 'We'd have done the same thing to them in their place.'

In short, Liddy does not believe in the arbitrary exercise of executive power (as, for example, in Nazi Germany). He just believes that those in authority have the right to break the law as long as they are willing to accept the consequences if they are caught. That's the code he learned to live by when he was an FBI agent, and it's the one he's sticking to.

"If I have any redeeming social value, it's that I have a sense of humour. With the kind of life that I lead, you need one."

Liddy goes on to point out that since leaving prison he's been honoured by US 'military intelligence, the New York City Police Department and the Coast Guard. 'I'm a happy man,' he proclaims. 'Virtue has finally had its rewards.'

But the thought of Judge Sirica still riles. Liddy tells me that he did a 'research job' on his old enemy. He discovered that the father of the judge that broke the Watergate cover-up used to run 'the biggest package bootleg operation in Washington' during Prohibition, and at a time when Sirica himself was a US attorney 'chargeable with prosecuting people in those activities'. 'I don't say he should have jailed his old man, but quit jerking me off John about cover-ups and all that bullshit. He's a phoney.'

One thing G Gordon Liddy is not is a phoney. I wondered when I was reading his book about his claim to have burnt his palms and wrists with cigarette lighters in order to strengthen his will-power. At first I thought to dare him to do it in the restaurant, but I settled for asking to see his scars. As Liddy showed me the twisted and glossy scar tissue, he began to explain how the 'holes eventually fill up with new flesh'. I didn't pursue the subject.

What does Liddy see in the future for himself? For the next few years he just wants to continue lecturing and writing bestselling thrillers. But his real ambition is to be a university lecturer, 'if they would ever let me in'. I suggest that they might employ him at one of the right-wing colleges, but Liddy wants to teach at an institution where students would be able to go from a class taught by a liberal 'like yourself' to one taught by him, so that they could learn the principles of 'free inquiry'.

'But,' I protest, 'that's classical John Stuart Mill liberalism.' Liddy's eyes narrow. 'That's a dirty word,' he cautions menacingly.

'Return Engagement' opens at The Screen on the Green on Thursday September 8. See Film: West End/First Run listings for details.

CIRCUIT

CINEMA

Liddy: where there's a will...



The Chas and Dave of the Acid Generation? Freshly banned Timothy Leary at the pianoforte, Gordon Liddy on vocals...

Gordon Liddy was the Watergate burglar. Timothy Leary was the acid king. Now they are together as themselves in the film 'Return Engagement.' DUNCAN CAMPBELL met Liddy in a darkened hotel lobby last week-end.

The idea of 'Return Engagement' is that you take two polar opposites and watch the chemistry. Which is fine except that Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary are terribly similar. Both pursued and over-indulged in two of the most celebrated of American drugs—power and acid, respectively.

Both were damaged by them but both have used that to their advantage. Liddy now thinks that Leary is an OK guy.

'In his own perverse way he has a degree of integrity. I was visiting his home one time and he pointed at some chocolate chip cookies and said "It's all right for you to have those but avoid those brownies"—they were laced...'

Liddy's autobiography is called 'Will', which refers not to some old marine buddy but to what he feels has taken him where he is—his will. The last line of the book, referring to his five children, is 'Tomorrow belongs to them'. What about the associations with Nazism?

'The song was written by the fellow who wrote "Cabaret", who happened to be Jewish and, I can assure you, had no Nazi sympathies.'

'But the people singing it did and

it's sung here by young fascists... and you like singing the "Horst Wessel" song and describe "Triumph of the Will" as a masterpiece.'

'I learnt it (the "Horst Wessel" song) as a youth. And "Triumph of the Will" is listed as a masterpiece at the film academy in the University of California in Los Angeles.'

'I believe you can appreciate the techniques of a film without adhering to the beliefs it espouses,' says Liddy, sipping a Bloody Mary. He is very cool—and neat. I am sure he never travels without a nail-clipper.

'You espouse some of those beliefs, you espouse the beliefs on geneticism.' (In 'Will', Liddy recounts how he had sought 'the woman I wanted to bear my children: a highly intelligent, tall, fair, powerfully built Teuton, whose mind worked like the latest scientific wonder, the electronic computer.')

Liddy doesn't pause: 'the difference in my beliefs and those espoused in the Third Reich are that I think a person contemplating marriage and children would be well advised to use the common body of knowledge about genetics. But I would recognise that everyone has a freedom of choice. The Nazis' belief was that no-one would have that choice.'

And the five little Liddies? Are they all now looking for their perfect genetic mate or... 'how about your children? Any hippies? Drug-takers?'

'The oldest child is a nurse at the medical centre in Boston and an accomplished marathon runner. The next child, she has just graduated from university.'

'James is the next, he's an officer of the student government and a world class water-polo player. Thomas spends his summer in the marine corps barracks in Virginia and will be a marine jet-fighter pilot. The last one down is Raymond. He is a very physically powerful young man.'

'None of them will ever smoke a cigarette, indeed only one will even eat ice cream because it contains sugar... They find me too much to the left for their taste.'

'What—all of them?'

'Yes.'

How about the other Watergate villains? Are they all doing so fine? (Liddy says he earns £100,000 a year on the college lecture circuit, in his security business and with his writing. That's in a 'poor' year.)

'I have been in correspondence with President Nixon but have not had occasion to see him directly in person... Dean is a pariah and he

skulks about... Magruder took a degree in divinity and subsequently became a Presbyterian minister in California; all I can say is they had better keep a weather eye out of a poor box.'

He's a Reagan fan, supports him against people who want the 'so-called Equal Rights Amendment', thinks Russia's ultimate goal is 'tanks on the Mexican/American border at El Paso,' believes the Russians masterminded the assassination attempt on the Pope, has absolutely no regrets about Watergate except getting caught, doesn't set fire to his hand any more to prove his 'will'—something he did in prison to win the initiative with the other cons, thinks that Rupert (Sun) Murdoch's papers in the States are mainly concerned with stories like 'Baby Eats Mother's Left Leg' and are read by 'people who don't vote, they're not people of consequence.'

He's just returned from a day at the Edinburgh Festival—he saw the Military Tattoo—and met some film people there, mainly 'politically to the left, which doesn't surprise me because the film industry in my country is oriented to the left.'

'But American films are terribly right-wing at the moment—vigilantes, violence, vengeance, Eastwood, Bronson...'

'These are more crime things. There's nothing political in that... These pictures appeal to the fantasies of "alright the police can't stop it so I will", that sort of thing.'

'That's what you were doing, acting outside the law.'

A pause. 'Well, I was acting outside the law, but most of the time I was acting, I was part of a law enforcement agency, who in certain circumstances, typically, did things that were outside the law.'

My italics. His fantasy. Watergate was, he says, 'an accident of history. I really look on it as a detour, an accidental diversion.'

His theme song is really 'No Regrets', not 'Horst Wessel'. But perhaps that's the song he has to hum because what burns him more painfully than any flame to his forearm is the fact that, thanks to his cock-up at Watergate, 'we were all given a brief, fleeting and alarming glimpse of The Beast in all its genetic majesty.'

Unintentionally Liddy turned a nation on to distrust of its leaders, in the end a far more subversive piece of mind-management than any of Dr Timothy's sunshine.

See Cinema: New Releases and West End for details of 'Return Engagement'.

CITY LIMITS

CITY LIMITS SEPT 9 15, 1983

LONDONER'S DIARY

Open sesame for '60's guru

TIMOTHY LEARY, high priest of the Californian drug culture in the Sixties, and a convict for much of the Seventies as a result, has finally been given the seal of approval by the British government.

Refused entry to Britain on no less than three occasions back in those days of notoriety, the Home Office now seems to have forgiven and forgotten and Leary will be arriving here at the weekend for the first time since a brief trip some 11 years ago when he was on the run from a U.S. gaol. Then he was allowed no further than Heathrow Airport.

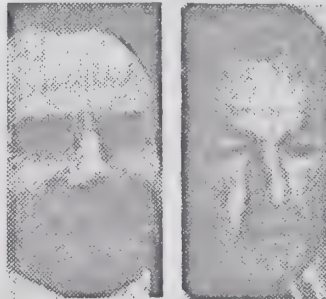
And his mission this time? It could not be more bizarre—to promote not only himself, in the form of an autobiography out shortly, but also to lend a helping hand to the unlikely figure of an old adversary, the Watergate “dirty tricks” burglar, G. Gordon Liddy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the former FBI agent Liddy, a God and Country man arrested Leary, laid-back and anti-State, twice on drugs charges and that there is still little love lost between them, they have established a barely plausible but lucrative business arrangement whereby they tour the States together giving joint lectures on

their diametrically opposed philosophies.

By all accounts, their “shows” are a scream. They sit at opposite ends of a stage with an impartial judge between and, starting with their first meetings as sheriff and outlaw, recount two very different tales.

So successful has the circus been that, with extra footage of their lifestyles thrown in, their encounters have been made



Liddy confronts Leary.

into a film, *Return Engagement*, which is to be given its world premiere at the Screen on the Green next Tuesday.

The protagonists are keeping apart in this country — other commitments is the reason officially given. Liddy, an obsessive self-disciplinarian who once bit off a rat's head and used to burn himself to conquer phobias about rodents and fire, is here already but leaves shortly before Leary arrives.

And the tough guy's verdict on the man who would undermine his beloved country? “Dr Leary talks like somebody who has injected himself with too many chemical substances. But he's got an elfin Irish wit. I think linearly. I'm a lawyer and I have to pounce on him very quickly.”

As one mutual acquaintance puts it: “It's remarkable that they can bring themselves to make money out of each other.”

Derek Malcolm reports on the highlights of this year's Edinburgh Film Festival

ANYONE presented, as we were at Edinburgh's Film Festival earlier this week, with films like Andrzej Wajda's *Danton* and Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* might be forgiven for thinking that the problem of setting the world to rights was well beyond human endeavour.

Both films are really about where we go from here: Wajda's is a treatise on the problems of the revolutionary process as reflected by *Danton* and *Robespierre*, and Rudolph's the record of a highly remunerative lecture tour by Dr Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, protagonists of the left and the right in American terms.

Given the choice, which of course one never is, I would personally have to think long and hard which of this extraordinary quartet I would rather be ruled by. Preferably — at least as they are presented in these two films — it would be by none of them. The problem with Wajda's otherwise excellent film is that neither *Danton* nor *Robespierre* seem very capable of inspiring trust, though clearly Gerard Depardieu's *Danton* is the more likeable of the two.

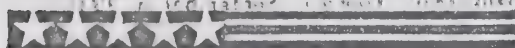
Return Engagement gets there even sooner but I can't resist the comment that if this is what Americans think socio-political debate is about, they have to be either stupid or crazy. The film is a wonderful entertainment but when you hear Carole Hemmingway, the debate moderator, telling the audience to "cool it, let's talk mellow," you do begin to wonder whether the Californian sun finally addles the brain as one's always suspected.

Anyway the thought of tuning in, turning on and dropping out with the gallantly ageing Leary, who abjures everyone not to vote for anybody born before 1946 before asking them to listen to him, is fairly horrendous. Though one can certainly support his idea that nobody born before that date (except himself, that is) knows any name for relaxation other than booze, which is probably the most destructive.

As for Liddy, he is very funny about prison warders,

describing them as people with an IQ at room temperature who have failed to get into first the police and then the fire service. But one does wonder at his suggestion that he might just divorce his wife of long standing or even kill his son if patriotism demanded it. And what of the amiable doctor's statement that you can tell the age a man had his first orgasm by the kind of music he likes? That's fruitful ground at a place like Edinburgh just now.

Daily Mail, Tuesday, September 6, 1983



Ban on LSD professor

FORMER Harvard professor Dr Timothy Leary, who discovered LSD and has served a prison sentence for drug offences, has been banned from entering Britain.

Dr Leary sought to come to London for the opening of the documentary film *Return Engagement* in which he co-stars.

THE TIMES TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 6 1983

UK entry denied to US professor

Dr Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor who served a prison sentence in America for possessing marijuana, has been banned from entering Britain. The Home Office yesterday advised Dr Leary's publishers, Heinemann, that he would not be able to come to Britain to publicize his autobiography, *Flash Backs*.

THE SUNDAY TIMES, 28 AUGUST 1983

And so to a last documentary, which also nicely conveys this Festival's flavour. Sharp of wit and eye, *Return Engagement* shows that improbable pair, C. Gordon Liddy, the Watergate burglar, and Timothy Leary, the Harvard guru, on tour with their double act of salty intellectual burlesque. No film better achieves the tension of facts and fantasies, delusion and truth, the techniques for confusing which Edwin S. Porter introduced at the turn of the century.

Master minds clash in a war of words

Return Engagement (15)
Screen on Islington Green

WHEN TWO notorious old adversaries such as Dr Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy mount their own lecture road-show to do combat, they are surely engaged in the profitable politics of survival.

As two much reviled men of conviction, their resilience is as understandable as it is necessary. I'll scratch your eyes out in public, if you scratch out mine: that seems to be the mutually beneficial understanding that has brought the two polemicists together on the college circuit, where they are reportedly the highest priced speakers.

One of their encounters, symbolising as it does the fundamental clash between two deeply contrasting philosophies, has been recorded on film in *Return Engagement*. As a microcosmic glimpse of the American debate over the past 20 years or so, it is an intellectual prize fight not to be missed. The drama continues outside the ring.

The British distributors of the film offered an apology for the non-appearance of Dr Leary at the London Press screening this week. The Home Secretary, they declared, had refused him entry into the UK on the basis of his previous record.

He has impeccable antecedents. The one-time Harvard professor and so-called LSD guru has been challenging authority for a long time, and he still issues his famous call "Tune in, turn on, dropout"—this time on the platform to his old rival.

Yet it is by no means an unequal contest. Liddy, former FBI agent, was the mastermind behind the Watergate break-in. He spent four-and-a-half years in prison but resolutely refused to name his associates. And his first encounter with the philosopher-scientist occurred when, as an assistant district attorney, some 16 years ago he arrested Leary in Dutchess County, New York.

The silver-haired academic, a man bubbling with seductive slogans, is patently adept at sententious verbal demolition. He begins the debate by insisting that it is his duty to expose his admirable foe.

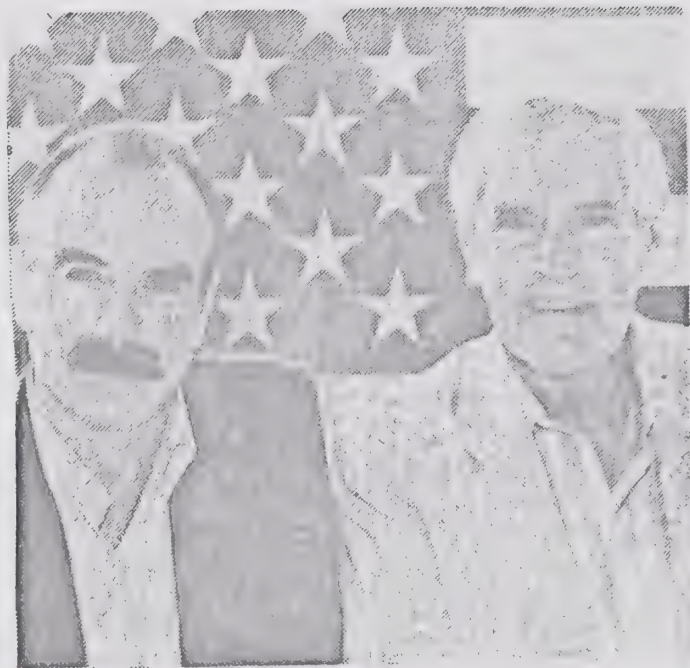
Liddy, according to the pro-

phet, is a member of a very dangerous and destructive group; he is a self-confessed lawyer, one of that exclusive band of intellectual hitmen. Most of those who fought in the Second World War saw it as a test of manhood. They became addicted to it—Legionnaires' disease, he calls it. From the political Right comes formidably cool Liddy. Had it not been for those warriors, they in the US would now all be speaking either German or Japanese.

Challenged from the floor, the former Harvard man insists that he has never advocated the taking of LSD or any other drug. "I do, however, advocate the option of the American citizen to make an intelligent decision about who and what to put into his/her body."

Not all the decisions, though, are intelligent ones. The professor is visibly shaken when one member of the audience, a Vietnam veteran, steps forward to declare that he had been blinded, not on the battlefield but back home in the US—by a trigger-happy group high on LSD.

Both men are clearly well versed in the hard-sell business. Such salesmen need to be treated with caution and deep suspicion, though that in itself does not explain why the venerable doctor should not be here in London to explain what he calls his cheer-leading is all about.



Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy in
"Return Engagement."

DAILY EXPRESS

9/9/83

● RETURN ENGAGEMENT

(15) Screen on the Green, is a curious entertainment—a documentary focused on Gordon Liddy and Dr Timothy Leary and one of the so-called debates they engage in for profit.

Liddy, who went to jail for masterminding the Watergate burglary, attempts to justify his actions on the grounds of loyalty to his country.

Leary, who did time for drug offences, defends the joys of freaking out on LSD. They both seem as devious as their arguments are specious.

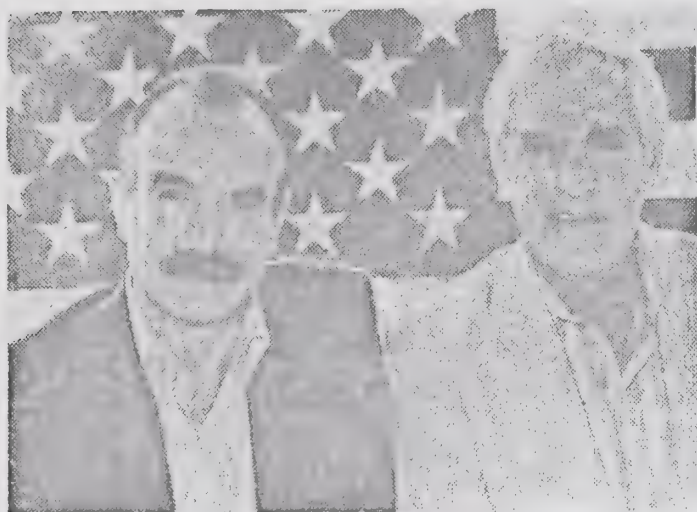
In terms of showbusiness, you laugh at them rather than with them.

The pirates of panache

A MUCH more entertaining documentary, Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* (15: Screen on the Green) is a journey across a substantial part of America's psychological and ideological landscape, our guides being the Sixties' drugs guru, Timothy Leary, and the Watergate mastermind, G. Gordon Liddy. The film goes behind the scenes of a lecture tour they made together, in which they expound to huge audiences the fundamentals of their (respectively) naive Utopianism and paranoid conservatism.

It somehow encapsulates the themes of the week: the merits and demerits of alternative lifestyles; the ambivalent impulses in American life; Leary and Liddy as the Gilbert and Sullivan of the American campus scene, outrageous, satirical, but (to borrow a wicked James Agee phrase about W. S. Gilbert) "whose every punch is a sort of self-caress."

THE ARTS



Tuning in: Liddy, left, and Leary

Return Engagement presents a spectacle just as bizarre, though rather more disturbing. An amiable duffer sits in an oatmeal-coloured pullover repeatedly saying "I'm a philosopher", though his tenets number two: those born before 1946 are dead, even if they are alive; the future of the world, furthermore, lies in young kids and video games. Alongside is a whippet-faced slyboots in grey and dark blue, plausibly expounding odious notions of private and public morality.

Despite first impressions, these figures of fantasy and nightmare are real, certified people. The first is Timothy Leary, former Harvard professor and drugs prophet, responsible for the precept "Tune in, turn on and drop out; the Home Secretary this week banned his proposed trip to Britain to publicise his autobiography. The second is G. Gordon Liddy, former lawyer, FBI agent, Nixon aide and mastermind of the Watergate burglary. O brave new world, as Miranda said, that has such people in't.

The lessons of *Return Engagement* are rather less salutary. For Leary and Liddy, after a combined eight years in jail, have teamed together to become the highest-paid performers on America's lecture circuit: they recount their exploits and declare their thoughts while young audiences, frighteningly, take notes. The film documents eight days in their lives: on stage at a Los Angeles theatre, relaxing with their wives, lecturing to school-children, playing in video arcades, visiting Hell's Angels.

Return Engagement provides evidence of his continuing fascination with American counter-culture, but the fragments are assembled here with self-effacing skill: Leary and Liddy are left to reveal themselves through their own words and actions. The tactic works well in small doses, though the viewer is left with a great many questions unanswered. It is only in the final restaurant scene, for example, that we glimpse the pair's combative social relationship and find their minds meeting head on; the public debate only reaches the level of music-hall sparring

The Darby and Joan of L.A.

Return Engagement (15)
Screen on the Green

Return Engagement takes as its starting point a travelling showbiz entertainment (the stopover here is Los Angeles) featuring the unlikely double act of Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy. Its object, however, is not to surrender the floor to these two genial, opposed ideologues (non-combatants now, rather respected veterans), but to use the engagement—Liddy the burglar of Watergate vs. Leary the guinea-pig of a thousand and one mind-expanding substances—as a way into the recent, riven history of the United States.

Alan Rudolph, the director, worked with Robert Altman on several films including, in particular, *The Long Goodbye*. *Return Engagement* offers a similar mesmeric reflection of the Californian way. More significantly, however, Rudolph was assistant director on *Nashville*, and co-author of *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*—two history lessons, the latter told through participants turned, as here, sideshow performers.

This being L.A., Liddy the ex-prosecuting lawyer (it was he who in the Sixties first put the cuffs on Leary, hence the title) and Leary the ex-college professor, spar with a dispassionate mellow ease. All real passion is spent. They behave, someone remarks, like an old married couple. They are content, after the vicissitudes of the past 20 years, when they represented the Drug Culture and the American Way, merely to entertain, to enjoy their slightly tainted celebrity in the California sun. People pay to

see them, because gaol, it seems, has only increased their cockiness.

What gives this singular film its edge is that all is clearly not as mellow as these two equable and in many ways disarmingly attractive men would have us believe. Leary has no answer for a man who was blinded by gunmen on a "bad trip"; Liddy, ever his country's loyal servant, can dispassionately discuss how he was assigned to weigh the pros and cons of murdering a famous newspaper columnist, but overall singularly fails to justify his past criminality. Both men have their positions so carefully defended that they both ultimately register as deeply untrustworthy.

They resolutely refuse to come to terms with what they once peddled seriously and what they continue to profit from. Liddy, the ex-con turned author, disingenuously lines himself up with O. Henry, Defoe and Anwar Sadat; Leary, the fluffier of the pair, claims only to be the cheerleader for the postwar generation. Of course they have their reasons, and one is half-inclined to believe them. Creatures from another age: telling exhibits for today's high-school seniors—who, thank heaven, appear not to be taken in.

*Return Engagement (15):
Screen on Islington
Green.*

THE debate between G. Gordon Liddy, the architect of Watergate, and Timothy Leary, the prophet of the drug-orientated hippie generation, had to be riveting. In this documentary they agree to disagree on just about everything, but obviously got along famously.

At times it's hard to remember how influential they and their disastrous opposing philosophies have been in shaping the attitudes of America.

Leary, still considered a threat, was refused entry into Britain to promote the film and his book. The cold-eyed Liddy, apparently, is all right—he's simply a crook who served his time and justifies his crime on the grounds of patriotism and loyalty.

Someone described them in the movie as consummate scoundrels, which didn't appear to bother them overmuch. They just went on talking. The only time Leary had the grace to be speechless was when he was confronted by a victim of LSD-crazed thugs.

TIME OUT 8-14 SEPTEMBER 1983



'A WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT'
DEREK MALCOLM—THE GUARDIAN
HOW AMERICAN OPPOSITES BECAME AMERICAN HISTORY

RETURN ENGAGEMENT¹⁵

A film by ALAN RUDOLPH

TIMOTHY LEARY AND **G. GORDON LIDDY**
PROFESSOR, 60's LSD PROPHET LAWYER, WATERGATE MASTERMIND

Music by ADRIAN BELEW. Photography JAN KIESSER. Editor TOM WALLS.
Produced by CAROLYN PFEIFFER. Directed by ALAN RUDOLPH.
An Island Alive Enterprises Production. Distributed by MAINLINE PICTURES.

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Keeping tabs on the sixties

TIMOTHY LEARY: Flashbacks
(395pp. £9.95. Heinemann).

By ALAN BOLD

"YOU'RE just what we need to shake things up at Harvard:" with these words, enormously ironical in retrospect, Professor David McClelland offered Timothy Leary an influential academic post that would enable him to expound his ideas on the existential implications of psychology. At the time, spring 1959, Leary was out of work though highly regarded as the author of *The Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality*. His own background was traumatic — an alcoholic father and a wife who took her own life in 1955 — and he was adamant that the future of psychology depended on the ability of the experts to change in accordance with the condition of their subjects. A psychological session was to be a mutual exploration of human problems and Leary's radical approach included a willingness to experiment on himself.

Eventually, the clinically unorthodox methods adopted by Leary led to his deification as the psychedelic guru of the 1960s and his imprisonment as an advocate of supposedly mind-expanding drugs. Now he contemplates his extraordinary career and emerges full of hope for the future because, he says, "the Young Ones are ready to *Turn On* the higher circuits of their brains, *Tune In* to the awesome strength of their numbers, and *Take Charge* of evolution. It's about time." Leary is proud of the part he played in the so-called "youth revolution" and sees himself as Leary the Lamplighter always on hand to illuminate the minds of his fellow citizens.

Along with his gift of the gab,

Leary has a talent for the journalistically attractive expression of his theories. He coins slogans that are as catchy as tabloid headlines and he can encapsulate in prose the essence of any action that has affected him. In 41 chapters, each of them introduced by a boxed biography of a figure held in high esteem by Leary, he describes his pursuit of imaginative excellence and the consequences that followed; arrest, imprisonment, escape, arrest, imprisonment, release.

He also drops famous, and infamous, names with enthusiasm as he looks back on his life with all the excitement of a man watching a spectacular movie. The narrative moves quickly and the punchy prose is interrupted by axiomatic asides: "Prison... is a psychotron, a sealed container for interpersonal thermodynamics." Leary's literary panache suggests that it is reasonable of him to reject the notion that he is "a burned-out acid casualty" and project himself as a man with a sense of purpose — which, of course, the reader can take or leave as he (or she) likes.

Leary's life changed completely in 1962, he admits. Up to then his Harvard research, principally with prisoners and colleagues, was restricted to the use of the drug psilocybin. A new influence, however, entered his life with the arrival of a man called Michael Hollingshead who claimed, with justification, to have ingested more LSD than any other individual. Hollingshead invited Leary to participate in what he assured

him was an astonishingly uplifting experience.

In fact, Leary recalls, "it was the most shattering experience of my life. . . . It has been 20 years since that first LSD trip with Michael Hollingshead. I have never forgotten it. Nor has it been possible for me to return to the life I was leading before that session. I have never recovered from that ontological confrontation. I have never been able to take myself, my mind, or the social world quite so seriously. Since that time I have been acutely aware that everything I perceive, everything within and around me, is a creation of my own consciousness." Since the man who turned on Leary, and through him countless others, is well known to me I am in a position to test Leary's text in a direct way and thus assess his reliability as a witness.

In 1970 I received a phone call in Edinburgh from a character who identified himself with these words: "My name is Michael Hollingshead. I'm the man who turned on Timothy Leary." He asked me to meet him, which I did; and to help him with his autobiography, which I did. He was impeccably polite and at no time tried to press any drugs on me. Leary describes him in this manner: "Sporting an Oxford professional accent he (was) medium-height, balding, and he had a whimsical style, spinning witty multi-reality tales." That is quite correct. When, however, Leary goes on to describe Hollingshead as an "architect of . . . enlightenment," "the magician," "an agent for some higher intel-

ligence," "some sort of a god," "unmistakably divine" I obtain some insight into Leary's pathological craving for a mystical awareness that would blot out his troubled past. The drug-induced vision that led him to embrace solipsism as a way of life — "everything . . . is a creation of my own consciousness" — was an excuse for self-indulgence rather than an authentic agent for change. Leary's solipsism enabled him to transform every other individual into an adjunct to his own personality. Hollingshead was no exception.

Quite literally, then, Leary's story is that of a man on a massive ego-trip through America and elsewhere, finding his greatest pleasure in the fact that he is a celebrity made much of by the biggest names around. In Hollywood he goes to visit Cary Grant and basks in the charm of "the handsome man with the charisma," in Los Angeles he sees Aldous Huxley to advise on a LSD session; at home in Millbrook, New York, he is approached by R. D. Laing and takes to the "canny dour Scotsman, distinguished in tweeds."

These famous figures flatter Leary, endorse his opinion of himself as a spiritual leader set for an inevitable martyrdom. It is possible to sympathise with Leary over his ordeal at the hands of the authorities, to admire his literary flair, to enjoy his anecdotes. It is difficult, however, to accept his assessment of himself as a Messiah destined to flood the planet "with advanced humans wired to take over peaceably and initiate the necessary changes." The whole concept of "advanced humans" is too close to egomania for comfort.

confidence and vote for ERA.

TL: But in as much as roughly half the world is male, and half the world is female, I do not foresee one-half the population of the world reversing the present order. I do foresee a gradual, and I think welcome, emergence of women into all aspects of society, but I don't see them taking over and controlling it.

How about, for example, the Bohemian Club which is the ultra-exclusive gathering of prominent males which takes place in northern California every year? a boys' locker room, and these are the 'kefellers, the Kissingers, the Reagans. They are locker room jockstrap, pre-pubescent males who, unfortunately, control the world. As you know they wear skirts, dress up in drag—there's nothing wrong with any of that; but the fact that they bar women from the gatherings in which they discuss our fate and our duties is a kind of comic Monty Python example of what is wrong.

How did you become friends?

TL: Strange as this may seem, even during what I would consider to be the most chaotic of circumstances—when I was actually putting Timothy under arrest and attempting to interrogate him as a prosecutor would a defendant—Tim's intellect and fabulous Irish wit, samples of which I keep receiving here today, lead him to be very civil, and very friendly. So we never really viewed ourselves as personal enemies, I don't think. I never viewed him as a personal enemy. I abhor some of the things he holds. But we got along rather well, considering those circumstances. Then, we both just coincidentally happened, years later, to lecture within about days of each other at the University of

Texas at Austin. And a fellow who runs what I guess is characterized best as a counter-culture bookstore there who knew Timothy many years ago and knew that I had arrested him said, Gee, I've gone to both lectures and they still are 180 degrees apart, wouldn't it be a fine idea to have them debate each other. He set up the first one and it just took off from there. It did very, very well and went from Austin to Boulder to Broadway to Hollywood, which is quite a hop.

RH: What were the circumstances of the arrest?

GGL: Back in the '60s, Timothy had his headquarters in Millbrook, New York, in Dutchess County, where I was Assistant District Attorney in charge of major cases. And Timothy's then-leadership of a drug counter-cultural society did not fit in with the milieu in Dutchess County. I received not one, but two search warrants from the local court commanding me to search the premises for controlled, dangerous substances, as they are now called, which I did and that was what led to the arrest.

RH: And you mentioned something on your differing views—

TL: (You might) like to address your question to Gordon, but first (I'd like to say) I respect, honor, and admire Gordon because, although he sees himself as a faithful and loyal operative agent of the System, somewhere inside him there's this ultimately romantic Mickey Spillane, knight-errant crusader for his ideals. I'd like to remind you that Gordon Liddy has pulled off some of the most irreverent, audacious, mischievous send-ups of the establishment that have had me, as a lifelong professional Huckleberry Finn anti-establishment person, clapping. For example,

when Gordon was brought before, I think it was the Senate Watergate hearing, and they asked him to raise his hand and to swear, "Do you tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" I've been in that situation dozens of times and I'm so indoctrinated, I'm so brainwashed by the System that I always said yes. But Gordon, give him credit, said no. Even though he was protecting the System, he was protecting Nixon, they still couldn't deal with that. Judge (John) Sirica gave him more prison time than they gave me, and all I did was totally destroy the moral fabric of 200 years of America. But he's a greater threat to the system. When Nixon had his famous reunion of all the real crooks—I think it was the tenth anniversary of the Watergate break-in—the one ham they wouldn't invite was Gordon Liddy, who was the ultimate loyalist to the System, because in some way Gordon's system goes beyond even the Republican party. There's some incredibly deep idealism on Gordon's part that has led to be seen as a threat even to the ultra-right wing. And although Gordon did five years in prison for his ideals because he wouldn't talk, when the statute of limitations was over, Gordon came out and he did talk and he said something that you're not supposed to say. He said, yes, he would have killed Jack Anderson if he had been persuaded that it was in the national interest. Now, a good anonymous gray bureaucrat is not supposed to say such things, and it's these obstinate idealistic romantic high principles in Gordon that I think are misunderstood by many people. But I know that the System is a little suspicious of Gordon because he's in some ways too idealistic. I never told you that, Gordon, what do you

sometimes—

TL: Ah, I'm going to challenge you on that later.

GGL: It is sometimes practiced in international politics. It is quite true for example that we sent poisons to Africa to be used to assassinate Lumumba. The only reason it was not used was Mr. Lumumba was out of office before the poison arrived. And there have been several instances like that. But, normally, it is not for a political reason; it is usually for a reason that is perceived to be for national security. It's always the same committee, they just keep changing the name with every administration. With respect to assassination, the United States practices the dictum of Alexander of Macedon who, when he defeated the Persians and advanced to meet his adversary, found that the Persian king had been slain by the Persian king's own generals, thinking they were doing Alexander a favor. Alexander immediately had the generals slain and announced that only a king may kill a king. And if it is contemplated or suggested that a chief of state be killed, that may only be done with the full knowledge and support of the President of the United States, and it's a very, very rare undertaking. As you pointed out, three times we tried, three times we failed with respect to Fidel Castro. There have been a few others, but I don't want to mislead you into thinking that every Tuesday there's a group that gets together downstairs in the White House and decides who we're going to kill this week.

TL: I choose to challenge you on that Gordon. My autobiography was severely censored because I raise some issues. I offered no answers, but I suggested that there was a coverup—

TIMOTHY LEARY: "I'm going to do everything in my power to urge that women take over every aspect of government and that no one vote for a man."



think?

GGL: I know, and when this interview is over I'm going to take you outside and give you a very stern talking to. This business of saying nice things about me is going to destroy my reputation and I'll never be able to work again. It's bad enough what [George] Lucas did to me. The Washington Post called me the Darth Vader of the Nixon Administration, and then Lucas, in his latest of the Star Wars trilogy [Return of the Jedi], turns around and has Darth Vader end up being a good guy, thus just destroying my reputation. If you don't stop this, I'll never work again.

TL: I've heard Gordon Liddy say, at least 20 times in front of public audiences and on camera about the dirty tricks of the Nixon Administration, "They all do it. Johnson did it, Kennedy did it, Roosevelt did it, and on and on." And he said, "If you can't face those blunt facts, you're living an illusion." Now a good conservative Republican loyalist isn't supposed to say that, and it's Gordon's honesty that makes him too hot to handle.

GGL: One of the reasons that we get along so well is that we are both Jesuit-educated which, of course, the Jesuits do not advertise these days. Usually when I lecture at a Jesuit college the first thing I do is to give absolution to the Jesuits. I tell them, it is true the Jesuits taught me how to think, but they did not tell me what to think; I'm responsible for that. We're both educated to the same level; he has a doctorate and I have a doctorate, and so when we are at a university and, say, the PhD's and the Poli Sci department and what have you, rise to take us on, we have a very good time with them because we are easily as educated as they are, and it's a lot of fun for all.

TL: I think Gordon would definitely risk his life for me or for any companion and even be willing to give his life for someone. But, on the other hand, the minute that's over, if he got a phone call from Ronald Reagan who said, "Listen, Leary is getting too far out. We've got to off him." Gordon would probably off me.

GGL: In the first place, assassination, political assassination, is not practiced in this

think?

TL: Censored or censored?

TL: Censored by the lawyers.

RH: I'd like you to meet Maura Moynihan, Senator Moynihan's daughter.

TL: Maura, dear.

MAURA MOYNIHAN: How are you? It's good to see you again.

TL: It's so good to see you. I'd like you to meet Gordon Liddy.

MM: It's nice to meet you. Tim, how is Flashbacks doing? I had a copy and I got one-third through it, and then someone took it.

TL: Great. I encourage people to steal that book.

MM: I'm definitely a child of the '60s. My personal ideology, everything was formed then. I think I'm more sympathetic to the hippies than to, say, the young professional. The hippies are very misunderstood.

TL: People of the '60s are going to be the rulers of the '80s. We're grooming you to run for high office in '88.

MM: Maybe I will. Hippies are the only ones who have any survival doctrine.

GGL: It is incorrect to seek to survive. One ought always to seek to prevail, let the other poor son-of-a-bitch survive you.

MM: Well, what about keeping the ecology intact? I'm concerned about preserving what we have for future generations.

GGL: Often times those persons whom you have just spoken of admiringly act counter to that purpose. For example, they are generally against the use of nuclear power for the generation of electrical energy. Whereas the use of coals and fossil fuels we are told is severely damaging to the protective layer around the earth. You have the whole problem of acid rain and the rest of it, and you have the poor people dying in the coal mines. No one so far as I have been able to ascertain has even caught a bad cold from the use of nuclear energy to produce electricity, so I find them rather at cross purposes. Not to speak of the danger to those poor fellows miles below the earth.

TL: I think the essence of our debate was caught a minute ago when you said "survive" and Gordon said "prevail" and I

Books

Flashes of charm, whiffs of pathos

FLASHBACKS by Timothy Leary. Los Angeles: J.P. Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, 1983. 395pp. \$15.95.

Reviewed by Herbert Gold

The dawning of the age of Aquarius provided a new career for Timothy Leary, Ph.D. Researcher and teacher of psychology at Berkeley, then at Harvard, he became the adored LSD guru. His slogan, "Turn on, tune in, drop out," answered the ethical and metaphysical needs of part of a generation. His image is fixed in the history of the Sixties — that handsome smile on posters, that ardent manipulation of the media, that assumption of the dual role of genial cut-up and philosopher to the Youthquake. And now he attempts a summation of his life and times.

Leary's autobiography is partly justified by his adventures, which took a dismal turn with his arrest on drug charges, a cowboy turn with his escape from prison with the help of the Weathermen, a weird turn with his exile in Algiers in the custody of Eldridge Cleaver. He seeks to set the record straight, make it moving, justify himself. He tells us, as usual, both what he thinks we want to hear and what he wants us to believe.

His memory is copious. Fondly he recalls his own conception, his alcoholic father, his term as a West Point cadet, his first wife's suicide. He introduces his chapters with capsule biographies of such notables as Dante, William James and Mark Twain, setting standards for himself. He undergoes education, he flounders, he falls in love a lot, and then he finds the cause which gave his life meaning — "plotting the neurological revolution, moving beyond scientific detachment to social activism."

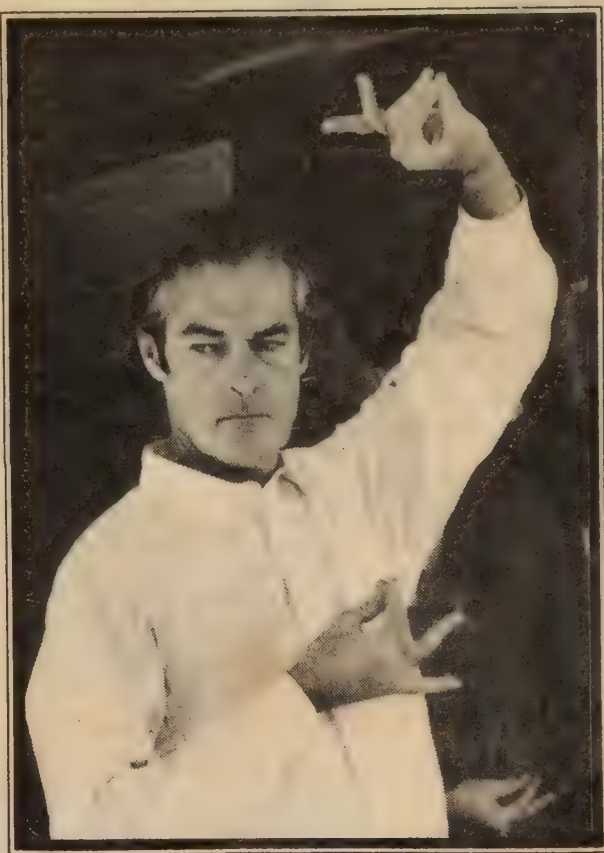
He also discovered "the Beatnik network," although Jack Kerouac led him on his first bad acid trip and Allen Ginsberg described him as a "cosmic worrier." Accompanied by such guides, and with his friend, Dr. Richard Alpert (later Baba Ram Dass), he learned to place himself in mythic roles, "a Sundance-Butch Cassidy alliance," "a Tom Sawyer-Huck Finn partnership." He became a crusader. At Harvard, when a few students freaked out — he reports bemusedly that one ate the bark off a tree — he lost his job because of the complaints of uptight parents and timeserving academics.

Events moved fast. Wonderful heirs and heiresses funded his community of innerspace revolutionists, the Castalia Foundation. Busy with mystical explorations ("I listened with animal wisdom to the sound of forest life, felt love and empathy"), he also realized — a persistent theme in this book — that his life would make a terrific movie. As in any hero's career on the silver screen, problems occurred, such as the rivalry between Andy Warhol's "fast-lane hard-reality drugs and our blue-sky spacey drugs." During a tour of Japan his marriage fell apart. "Nanette became more and more moody, homesick for the States, lonely for her dog, Naughty."

It was time to search out a guru in India, who spoke welcome words: "We've heard about your attempts to illuminate America. Please consider our shrine your home in India." In due course, Sri Krishna Prem "patted me affectionately on the back. 'It is time, my friend, for you to return to the West, and there you will meet difficult challenges and be forced to pass many arduous tests.'"

So it was back to Naughty. He also met Rosemary

Gene Anthony



Timothy Leary in 1967

("There she was! The next seven years of my life!") and Marshall McLuhan, who advised him to keep smiling. With his children and new wife, he was busted for pot in Texas, but defended his First Amendment right "as a scientist and as an initiated Hindu to use marijuana as a research tool and a sacrament." This did not play too well in Laredo, but the psychedelic frontiersman rode on, thanks to the appeals system. He did a stage show in which he lectured Jesus on the Cross: "Hey, Jesus, for God's sake come on down and let's have a party." He wrote a book, *Start Your Own Religion*, gathered disciples, and as the film moves right along, refers to many connections with terrific and famous women.

For the reader, much of this provides a reminder of the good old days of Woodstock, Altamont, funny clothes, and the LSD dad riding high, along with other babas and swamis and sris. His handsome grin said it was all right to have fun. He was just horsing around, and happened to turn into the messiah. He also ran for governor of California.

Later, with prison, flight, victimization by lawyers, women, drug agents, informers, and Eldridge Cleaver, a few clouds passed through Eden. The description of his escape is good suspense stuff, except for the guiding tarot cards which drop some flakiness on the enterprise. One of the getaway Weatherpersons confides, "My father is a Senator." When Rosemary ran toward him, just as in a movie, "It was one of the best scenes ever."

Occasionally Leary's charm — was charisma a disease of the Sixties? — pokes through the self-praise. He plays clown with some shrewdness, although his hands continually wipe at the makeup to reveal the underlying divinity. There are lovely moments in the role of "despised racial minority" with Eldridge Cleaver's army of four Black Panthers in Algeria, where they constituted the American government-in-exile. Cleaver said Leary was "brain-fried" and Leary allows as how there might be some evidence for this. But he remembered to flash that McLuhan-advised grin whenever he saw a camera.

Legalese

By Hazel Weiser

Perry Mason didn't demand fees from his clients before he would rescue them from the false accusations of Hamilton Burger. In the real world, California lawyers filed 1,639,518 private lawsuits and defended 923,834 criminal actions in 1981 because lawyering is a business. And real lawyers ask their clients for fees.

Until 1975 it was considered unethical for attorneys to charge less than the minimum prices set by state and local bar associations. Finally, the courts labeled this practice illegal price-fixing; competing lawyers can no longer agree among themselves on the rates clients must pay. Since 1977, lawyers may tastefully advertise, fully transforming the client of an attorney into a consumer of legal services. Because some providers of legal services use words like "res ipsa loquitur" and "heretofore" in ordinary conversation, the consumer needs to know the ordinary language of fees. Here are four basic ways counselors get their client's money.

The simplest arrangement is the **flat fee**, commonly used in uncontested divorces, drunk driving defenses, will drafting, setting up a partnership and most criminal cases. Flat fees vary considerably. A drunk driving defense can run anywhere from \$500 to \$1500 and up if the case goes to trial. Especially in criminal cases, many lawyers want the fee up front before they make any court appearances. After all, the client just might not be around to make all the installment payments.

Next is the **hourly rate**, the payment schedule used in defending civil litigation, counseling clients on specific legal issues, drafting up unique documents and resolving contested divorces. The range can go from \$50 an hour for a recent admittee to the Bar, all the way up to \$500 an hour for lawyers of the movie star variety. Ask for an estimate of just how many hours the task will take, and have the attorney request your authorization to proceed if additional hours are required.

Contingency fee means the lawyer gets paid only if she wins the case. Personal injury claims, medical and legal malpractice suits and litigation that results in those astronomical verdicts California juries are famous for reaching are usually contingency cases. The percentage going to the lawyer can range from 25 to 50 percent of any recovery. Some lawyers have clients pay court costs as they arise, others deduct those costs from the settlement before the contingency percentage is calculated. But all of that should be spelled out clearly in the retainer agreement. If it isn't, ask for an explanation you can understand.

Finally, as an incentive to lawyers to file suits which operate in the public interest — antitrust actions against monopolist corporations and price-fixers, civil rights cases, and employment discrimination suits, to name a few — Congress and the Legislature have provided for **statutory attorneys' fees** to be awarded to the advocate representing the successful plaintiff.

In California, 79,050 men and women are licensed

to practice law and another 8700 are studying right now for the July Bar examination. This proliferation of attorneys benefits the public by making fees competitive. But price is not the only consideration in choosing the right lawyer. Although a recent graduate from law school is often enthusiastic, up to date on the law and hungry for clients, established law firms have impressive offices, word processors, libraries of briefs already written and swarms of junior associates to carry on an aggressive and expensive fight. Like doctors, lawyers also have their specialties.

Unlike Perry Mason, however, no attorney ever wins all the time.

Steve McNamara

continued from page 2

is using this case to kick off its anti-freedom of information campaign. The campaign will be along the lines of the *Chronicle's* earlier campaigns to put pants on zoo animals and to demonstrate the perils of The Last Man On Earth.

3. The papers are embarrassed by revelations during the trial of huge profits and fumblefingers management. What especially distresses them now is their successful use of the "stupidity defense." The *Sun's* attorneys insisted that the two papers could have done nicely as separate entities if they had only made some prudent business decisions, such as a new mechanical plant for the *Examiner*. The dailies answered that there was nothing in the law that compelled the papers to be smart. They had only to show that for one reason or another (including stupidity), they were losing money. Yes, that's embarrassing. But it's mostly embarrassing for the *Examiner*, and all indications are that it is the *Chronicle* which is pushing this issue.

So Explanation No. 3 winds up with no more credibility than Explanations 1 and 2, which leaves us with...

4. Simple arrogance.

EVERY YEAR or so a miffed friend of the *Chronicle*, usually an ex-employee, will write a stirring defense of the paper. The thesis is that actually the *Chronicle* is a wonderful paper, it is just East Coast elitists and Berkeley Hills intellectuals who are to blame for the paper's low standing in national journalistic circles.

While this is happening it is more than likely that the Rodney Dangerfield of journalism will lumber onstage and shoot himself in the foot.

Register now for college

Anyone interested in taking credit classes at the College of Marin or Indian Valley Colleges should be forewarned that the number of days and hours for registration have been reduced. Starting now, registration is scheduled Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 9am to 3pm. The staff will answer phones on the same schedule.

The fall semester starts August 15, and students may pre-register through August 5. For more information call 485-9600.

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Abelman Art Glass

sympathetic people. Tim looked at her and she said, "Oh, you know; he just hates women." It was a reference to Ginsberg's homosexuality and Tim took it as explanation enough from his girl. He told Ginsberg that Joanna was one of the smartest women on the planet and that whatever she did was OK with him. And when "Neurologic" was published as a small blue pamphlet, the by-line read, "Transmitted by Joanna and Timothy Leary."

Joanna continued her romp among the people she thought could keep her going and maybe spring Tim. There were no hippie hangers-on around the apartment or the Starseed office. Joanna didn't like them, called them losers and spent most of her time with rich men, dope dealers, politicians of stature and lawyers who had at one time or another represented Tim or, like Bill Choulos, were even then in the process of filing briefs and appeals in an attempt to free him. April and Dennis were closest to her now. April was acting as secretary and Dennis continued as helpmate, drug errand boy and would-be lover.

In November, Tim was transferred to the medium-security prison at Vacaville, about 60 miles northeast of San Francisco. He'd been there before—not as a prisoner but as a psychologist who had designed the personality inventory he took as they checked him in. Joanna visited him often and sometimes, taped in a yellow notebook, she took him acid. They hugged and cooed in the visitors' room. Tim would take the notebook and write ideas, people to see, projects to start, things for Joanna to follow up.

His spirits were good: He was working on a book called *Terra II*, which spun out his plan for a multibillion-dollar "sperm ship" that was going to take him and 500 of the most evolved people on earth out through the "Van Allen Belt Womb" into intergalactic space in search of the parental intelligence that had become his obsession since he had gone to prison. He said the problems of the journey were mostly behavioral, not technical. New patterns of interaction would have to be worked out for the huge crew of *Terra II* to replace the petty ways people treated one another on this planet, new forms that would transcend the silly, obsessive fear games people play with one another.

In December 1973, one of the oldest games of all reared up out of secrecy and changed everything. In pretrial discovery proceedings in a drug case, lawyer Michael Kennedy found Dennis named as the free-lance narc who had set his client up for the bust.

Then in January, Dennis signed a statement for Tim's then-current lawyers, Choulos and Kent Russell of the Melvin Belli firm, elaborating some of the details of his cooperation with the Federal narcs:

I, Dennis Martino, am 27 years old and I am currently living in San

T.G.I.F.

Thank Goodness It's Fridays.
Every day of the week.



Outrageous style, brilliant design, wonderful to hold.
Fridays is the new, filter-tipped little cigar that gives you real flavor,
genuine taste, a slimmer, longer shape, every day of the week.

New slimmer, longer Fridays. T.G.I.F.

Francisco, California. At or about Thanksgiving time 1973, I first approached Dr. Leary's attorneys at the request of Joanna Leary. I communicated with them the details of my undercover activities, which are summarized below. . . . During Dr. Leary's exile from the United States, I lived with him in Algeria, Switzerland, Austria and Afghanistan, thereby gaining his complete confidence.

On or about January 16, 1973, I was arrested in Afghanistan contemporaneously with Dr. Leary's abduction. Although I was not officially charged, I was told by James Senner of the American embassy that I could only leave Afghanistan by contacting Mr. Burke in the Justice Department of the embassy. Mr. Burke indicated that I would be permitted to return to the United States if I consented to become an informant for the BNDD [DEA].

I consented to this arrangement and was assigned a contact agent in Los Angeles. However, upon my arrival, I was again arrested at the Los Angeles airport, jailed in special custody in the informant block of the Hall of Justice and then approached three days later by my contact. This individual indicated that I could secure my release from custody and have all passport charges dropped if I would consent to assist as an undercover informer. Part of my assignment was to gain the confidence of the Leary defense team and to let my BNDD superiors "know what's going on with that [escape] trial." . . .

I periodically reported for debriefings to narcotics officers during the pendency of the escape trial. On at least some occasions, members of the Orange County district attorney's office were present when I discussed what I had heard at the San Luis Obispo home being rented by Dr. Leary's defense team.

Furthermore, during the trial, I was asked to place a phone call to Joanna Leary and to discuss the trial with her. The phone call was recorded without Mrs. Leary's consent and was placed from the offices of the Orange County district attorney. After completing the conversation, I asked my superiors whether there were many other tapes relating to Leary and I was informed that "there's a library."

When he was through, Dennis swore it was all true and signed it.

When Tim and Joanna found out and confronted Dennis, he pleaded his case the way every rat in history has pleaded it: *They think I have been spying on you, my friends, but really, I have been peeping on them. I have studied their ways*

and know that the only chance to beat them is to pretend to join them.

Joanna believed him, saw a new kind of survival wisdom in what he said. She had nearly run her game out, anyway. She was close to broke and had, one by one, alienated the people who could have helped her raise more money. Most of the lawyers had long since deserted her for lack of payment and Tim was no closer to freedom than on the rainy day they brought him back. Now Dennis, her confidant and almost lover, a longtime inner-circle tripper, a 5'3" hustler with a silver tongue and bright eyes, was telling her that what looked like treachery was really a plan.

Tim had been under pressure from the prosecutors to talk since they picked him up. He had specific information on the Brotherhood and the Weathermen that they wanted, but, more than that, he had pieces they were missing—little pieces that probably no other person could have. The symbolic weight of breaking him, turning him into a fink, into someone who would trade other bodies for his own, was not lost on the other side. You hold the keys to your cell in your own pocket, they told him. Talk and you walk.

He had refused whatever vague offers of special treatment or even freedom they had made to him by the end of 1973. But now, in the first month of the new year, with his perfect love discouraged and desperate and his best friend a rat, he was close to going over.

In January, he was subpoenaed to testify for the defense in the trial of Nick Sand, an acid chemist for the Brotherhood. All charges against Tim in connection with Brotherhood activities had been dropped by now for lack of evidence and the Sand defense counted on him as a helpful witness. He'd agreed that he could help and he was shipped to a holding cell in the San Francisco Hall of Justice to wait to be called. Joanna visited him there and put him through the kind of ordeal the Government never could have. At one point, she began to cry. "They tell me you can free yourself," she said and then went berserk. She began hitting herself in the head with the telephone receiver and yelling that if he was the greatest scientist of the 20th Century, he would stop her bleeding, end their separation. Very soon after that, Tim sent word to the Sand defense that what he might say on the stand would not be beneficial to their case. He was sent back to Vacaville without testifying.

When he got there, he sent a telegram to the Federal narcs in Southern California, saying that he wanted to help them with their "drug-education program."

In the four months that followed, the Feds considered the game. There was going to be much internal scrambling in the Justice Department over how the case should be handled and by whom.

While Tim waited for word, he began a series of encounter-type interviews with a prison psychologist named Wesley Hiler. He rambled on about neurologics and space travel, teleportation and time in prison. He put down his old friends, Ginsberg and Ram Dass, he talked about love. Now and then, he dropped a melancholic phrase or train of thought that betrayed his real fear—that he was going to end his days behind bars. Between state and Federal charges—two roaches in Laguna Beach and an ounce of grass smuggled across the Texas border from Mexico and his escape—he stood to be in jail until he was 71 years old.

Meanwhile, Dennis, Joanna and April were busy playing both ends against the middle. Dennis continued to report to the men he called his superiors, while Joanna cast about for money in the hope that something bold would spring Tim as it had once before.

In March, the three of them moved to a cabin on the side of Mount Tamalpais and Joanna learned that her uncle, Stanislaw Ulam, a distinguished nuclear scientist and one of the fathers of the H-bomb, was a candidate for the prestigious Enrico Fermi Award. When Joanna learned that a cash prize went with the award, she visited Ulam and made a series of phone calls that built finally to vague threats on his wife if he didn't give her \$25,000 to help free Tim. Ulam stalled and the plan died, but only because a kinkier plot involving more money had begun to congeal.

Joanna had met a rich and mysterious man named Walter. He was involved in drug deals, false papers and gunrunning and he introduced her to a mild-mannered Buddhist, one of the Bay Area's largest acid chemists. His name was Frank. Joanna convinced him that she knew people at the Sandoz laboratory in Switzerland, where LSD had been developed. She said she knew Hoffman, the original acid chemist, and that she had a girlfriend in San Francisco whose uncle worked at the Swiss lab and could get quantities of ergotamine tartrate, a central component of LSD and one of the most difficult to get. Frank told her that if the quality and the source were what she said, he wanted five kilos. They agreed on \$60,000 and arranged a meeting at the Hyatt Regency. They met in the bar and Joanna told him that the Swiss chemist's niece, a girl named April, was waiting in a room at the Holiday Inn near Chinatown with the ingredient.

In fact, they had taken four rooms at the hotel: April was in the first, where they would take Frank with his briefcase full of money. Next door, a girl was waiting to hold the elevator at the right moment. There were two other rooms, several floors up. The suitcase Frank was buying was in one. Across the hall, a fourth confederate waited behind a door

with a peephole to signal Frank's arrival at that room to the others downstairs. Dennis waited out front in April's car with the motor running.

Joanna arrived with Frank, took him to April's room and introduced them. Then she broke out some French champagne and though the young Buddhist protested that he never drank, she and April convinced him that there was celebrating to do. After a few glasses, he was having a little trouble forming his words. April asked to see the money. He opened the briefcase and April and Joanna counted the packets of \$100 bills: 30 of them, 20 new hundreds in each and an extra bill on top, in case he'd miscounted. They laughed and hugged him, gave him the key to the upstairs room and then, with their eyes full of the promise of sex, they told him to come back after he'd picked it up.

The plan had been for them to wait for a phone call from upstairs to say that Frank was in the room before they made their run. But he left his coat and that panicked them. They gave him a minute and made their dash. The elevator was waiting and they were still stuffing money into their purses as they scrambled on. Downstairs, they went through the lobby on a dead run, piled into the car and Dennis drove them straight to a house in Berkeley.

Upstairs, Frank found an aluminum suitcase with a combination lock on it. Joanna had forgotten to give him the combination. But while the three of them were together, they had talked about Aleister Crowley and the magic number 777. He tried it as a guess. It worked and for his trouble and his money, he found the typescript of "Neurologic," along with some prayer paraphernalia and holy bells from the East. Joanna would say later that they hadn't really ripped him off, that the manuscript alone was priceless.

Tim knew about the plan as it evolved and he loved it. When he got word that it had come off perfectly, he asked Joanna to send him \$60 for himself and \$60 for a friend. He was still waiting for official acceptance of his offer to fink and, meanwhile, money meant options. His spirits rose.

Joanna immediately scored a quarter ounce of coke in Berkeley. She and Dennis and April drove back to San Francisco and took a lavish room at the Hyatt Regency. The next day, Joanna called the Starseed answering service to see if Frank had called. And in his voice she heard this: "You're free as the wind; fly like a bird. How could I have done such an honored thing?"

They were elated: They had ripped off a man on whom they had a bunch of damaging information. They were safe.

For two weeks, they snorted and shopped for cameras and jewelry, stereos and clothes. Every night, they ate out.

The three of them were getting their coke from a San Francisco dealer named Charley DeWald and they were using close to five grams a day. It was costing them almost \$2500 a month.

Joanna needed a public explanation for her sudden windfall, so she called her mother, Maryita, who lived in Marbella, Spain, and who Joanna had always claimed was wealthy. She and Dennis picked Maryita up at the airport in a rented Rolls-Royce and took her to the new house that they had rented, this one on Mount Tamalpais also, with natural-wood decks, a huge tub, rented furniture and a spectacular view. Mother stayed a month.

During that time, Joanna took the Rolls to Vacaville for visits and she and Tim plotted and schemed and waited for word from the Feds. But even with the money, there was a dead-end feeling to their plans. Joanna and Dennis were growing close in ways that were finally going to leave both Tim and April out. Still, there was to be one last bizarre fantasy that all of them chased before Tim took the last part of his fall.

At the end of March, a mountain man, big, grubby and carrying a gun in his pack, showed up at the Starseed office and said he was from a family of people who wanted Tim out of jail and were willing to die to accomplish it. Joanna and April took him to Enrico's, where he hypnotized Joanna and asked if she was willing to die to free Tim. She said she was. Then she and April took him to the house. Over the days he stayed, eating with his fingers and refusing to bathe, they planned an escape that Tim would love and that they truly believed would work.

April had been clipping flying-saucer reports out of the newspapers for Tim. She believed that she had seen one herself years earlier in Laguna Beach, and with the spirit of *Terra II* still in their heads, they decided that if they could get two helicopters, and pilots good enough to fly them, they could spring Tim. Some midnight, the mountain man and his group were going to plant explosives around the prison and on signal set them off as a diversion. Then over the gentle hills that surround Vacaville would swoop one of the copters, with huge mirrors on the bottom and weird lights all over it to make it look like a UFO. While the guards fled in preternatural fear, it would hover, land on the tennis courts, Tim would jump aboard and fly away. The second copter was to be painted with Air Force insignia and was to buzz the prison as if it had come from nearby Travis Air Force Base to give chase. Joanna said she wanted to be naked in the UFO copter, so that she and Tim could make love as soon as he jumped on. The mountain man argued that whoever was in the UFO copter had to be able to use a gun. Joanna insisted,

said she'd go naked except for a machine gun. Dennis was to ride shotgun in the other copter and April was to wait some miles away with a Porsche in which Tim and Joanna would race to the ocean, where a boat would pick them up and run them out of U. S. territorial limits.

Joanna had between \$25,000 and \$30,000 left, and since the San Luis Obispo escape had cost only \$25,000, she believed it was enough. But finally they couldn't stand the mountain man; he began to scare them. The plan collapsed of its own absurdity.

April was cooking and cleaning and running errands and by the middle of April, things in the house had become worse than awkward. Dennis and Joanna were drawing away from April, and though she was angry and sad, she was taking care of herself. Every few nights, she would walk to the bottom of the hill, where their coke contact would pick her up in his Jaguar, and the two of them would drive to the beach and make out. On those evenings, when she got home, Dennis and Joanna would grill her and shout at her. Though they didn't want her around, they were afraid of how much she knew and might tell if they threw her out.

Dennis and Joanna made two trips to Los Angeles around the third week in April to talk to his drug-agent bosses about the logistics of full cooperation from Tim and what he might expect in return. When they came back from the second trip and visited Tim, he took his yellow notebook and divided it into three parts: Love, Life and Freedom. They went back to the house that night with the Freedom portion filled with about 15 names. They were people Tim was willing to trade for himself: his wife, Rosemary, some Weathermen, some lawyers who had handled his cases, political activists who had come too close and said too much to him or to Joanna.

Of all the names on the list, the most important to the Feds was Rosemary's. She had been hiding where she couldn't be found since she and Tim had split up and she was the only one who could give firsthand testimony as to who arranged the connection and passed the money to the Weathermen for Tim's San Luis Obispo escape. The prosecutors believed, and Tim had told them, that it was a prominent San Francisco lawyer, active in the National Lawyers Guild and for years a fighter in unpopular and radical causes. But Tim had been in jail when the escape was arranged and only Rosemary could finger him for sure. And time was running out: In September of 1975, the statute of limitations would be up and no one involved in the escape, except Tim, could ever be tried for it.

Very close to the time Tim made his list, a friend of April's named Donna, also a close friend of Rosemary's, called

the house. It was possible that she knew where Rosemary was. Joanna and Dennis told April that she had to meet with her and get the address. The two of them had lunch in Sausalito and when April told Donna what Dennis wanted, the two of them decided to make up an address in Florida. April took it home with her and the next day Dennis and Joanna flew to Miami, where they were met by Federal agents. Together they raided the ghost address.

April picked them up at the San Francisco airport the next day. Joanna called her a cocksucking bitch and then Dennis slugged her in the stomach and threw her into the back seat. When they got home, April pleaded that her friend had made up the address, that she had no way of knowing. Dennis and Joanna apologized, called her "our little girl" and even invited her to bed with them. She refused.

The next morning, Donna called and Dennis answered the phone. He asked her why she had lied to them. She said that she and April had done it together. And that was it. After a screaming scene, and threats of death if she talked, April left with a few of her things in a cab to stay with Charley DeWald in San Francisco.

By May 25, all decisions had been made. Tim took the code name Charles

Thrush and in great secrecy was moved from Vacaville to Chino, where he could be processed out of the state-prison system and into the hands of Federal authorities who had assigned the notorious witch-hunter of radicals, Guy Goodwin, to shepherd Tim's grand-jury testimony. Goodwin was the man behind the Berigan indictments and most of the other important Government cases against the radical peace movement. None of the dozen or so highly publicized cases he ran resulted in conviction, but that was never their first purpose. It was more important to Goodwin and his team to gather dossiers on the left and then harass them until they either cooperated or were forced into long costly trials. His bosses in the Justice Department were Robert C. Mardian and Henry Peterson.

Tim refused to see or communicate directly with his friends, but he was sending cryptic messages to everybody: "Nobody should have any secrets anymore. . . . I'll be out of sight for a while. . . . I won't hurt anybody . . . the only people who haven't ripped me off are the Feds. . . ."

According to rumors leaked by the Government, Tim was to be flown from Sandstone Prison in Minnesota to Chicago, where he would testify before the Goodwin grand jury. For some reason, he never testified, although the Government continued to leave the impression that he had. In fact, his trip to Sandstone,

where he was kept in special custody and wore a black bag over his head when moved in sight of the general prison population, may have been punishment for an abortive escape attempt that he and Joanna had planned and almost gone through with in June.

There were many rumors by then that Tim was singing, but no one was sure what he was saying or to whom—or even where he was. Neither the California prison authority nor the Feds would say anything. Tim was in contact with only Dennis and Joanna on the outside and they had pretty well dropped from sight. Almost no one knew for sure where the two of them were, including April, who had spent the weeks with Charley in San Francisco, planning her revenge.

On the evening of June seventh, she and Charley and mysterious Walter drove to the Mount Tamalpais house with the intention of holding Dennis and Joanna at gunpoint while they ransacked the house. No one was home, so robbery turned to burglary: a fur coat Joanna had bought, a stereo, some jewels, sleeping bags and, most important, 15 or so tape recordings, most of which Dennis had made over the course of their bizarre doings. The tapes included telephone calls to and from the house, plans, names of people, details of the cooperation Tim had begun, blackmail and drug deals. The Hitler tapes were there, too, along with

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the yellow notebook and Joanna's address books. The next day, they phoned Dennis to say that he could have the recordings and address books back for \$20,000.

They arranged a meeting at the Towne-house Hotel in San Francisco a few days later. When April met Joanna in the lobby and asked for the money, an army of Federal agents and San Francisco cops closed in on her. Charley was upstairs in a room with the suitcase that held all but four of the most damaging tapes; and a few minutes after they pinched April and sat her in a patrol car, they dragged him through the parking lot, hands cuffed behind him, yelling "Mum's the word." The police took them downtown, booked them both for attempted extortion and April for possession of heroin, cocaine, marijuana and a deadly weapon. She had a little butane torch in her purse. When the San Francisco cops were through with them, they were driven across the bay and booked for burglary in Marin County, where they both eventually pleaded guilty. The four tapes April had held back were never found.

At the end of August, the Government admitted to *The New York Times*, through a Justice Department spokesman, that Leary was cooperating with Federal authorities in the hope of making a deal. They also said he was in Chicago testifying before a grand jury about the Weathermen. They claimed that Leary was filling in a lot of gaps for them and that the reason for the heavy secrecy and security was that they had information that his life was in danger. They never said who might want to kill him, but it was a theme they were going to hang on to in order to manage the story, leak it on their own terms and in their own time. Over the months that followed, they would change the story as to whose custody he was in, they would deny that they had him and then take the denial back.

On September fifth, the first really ugly result of the Thrush testimony hit. George Chula, an Orange County lawyer who had represented Tim in his original marijuana bust, and who had helped him for no money at other times, was himself busted in Orange County. First reports said that the indictment was the result of Leary's testimony the day before in front of an Orange County grand jury in which he had accused Chula of smuggling hashish to him while he was awaiting arraignment for his escape trial. The testimony itself was still secret, however, and no one really knew what Tim had said, or Joanna—reports said she had testified, too.

With Chula's arrest, the paranoia that had been building among Tim's old friends and associates and among the people who had known and run with Joanna reached a breaking point and two weeks later, a committee called People

Investigating Leary's Lies (PILL) held a press conference in San Francisco.

Ken Kelley, a San Francisco journalist/activist, called the whole thing "the death of the Sixties." He was most responsible for putting the group together and whether or not it was the death of those years, it was certainly a flashback. There were over 100 journalists and longhairs, people with sitars and babies, arrogant and pushy television crews and up front a table full of faces from a time when Leary's name fit in the same breath with the Beatles and peace and love. Jerry Rubin was there, in a velvet coat and bow tie and one gold earring. He hadn't been in front of the cameras in three years and said he was sorry to be there now. Kelley sat next to him, then Ram Dass, Ginsberg and on the end, Jack Leary, Tim's 25-year-old son.

Kelley said PILL was lashed together to dispel the rumors and to condemn the pressure brought by the Government on prisoners to convince them to fink on their friends. He compared it to the McCarthy era and the Rosenberg affair. He called Guy Goodwin a "swinster" and said he himself had been before one of his grand juries in the Midwest a few years before. He said it was like being in the court of the Queen of Hearts: no lawyer, no appeal, no right to refuse self-incrimination. Before he introduced Rubin, he said that although "the fantasies of an acid-addled mythomaniac like Leary are easily impeached in a court of law . . . no one who has had any contact with Leary over the years should be surprised if an FBI agent comes knocking at the door."

Then Rubin read the facts as they knew them up to that time. It was a loose chronology and they didn't know much for sure. Chula had been indicted on the basis of Tim's and Joanna's testimony. Tim had been completely out of touch for months and there were rumors that he had made a video tape in which he named names and pointed the finger at old friends. Rubin said one theory was that Tim's spirit had been killed but that a phantom Tim lived on, cooperating with his executioners. But most prisoners don't break, he said, and he knew from personal experience that Tim never had a firm grasp on where truth ended and fantasy began. He finished with this: "He is trying to give his jail cell to someone else. . . . I feel sick for the death of Tim Leary's soul."

Ginsberg began by chanting Om for a couple of minutes. He'd written what he called "Om Ah Hum: 44 temporary questions on Dr. Leary." They ran a mood range from serious to bitchy, worried to funny: "Trust. (Should we stop trusting our friends like in a hotel room in Moscow?) . . . Are all my serious prefaces to his books and imperious anti-thought-control declarations reduced to rubbish? . . . Doesn't he recently hear of

voices from outer space, does he want to leave earth like a used-up eggshell? . . . Are not the police, especially the drug police, corrupt and scandal-ridden, Watergate persons like Liddy and Mardian connected with his long persecution? . . . Is Joanna Harcourt-Smith, his one contact spokes-agent, a sex spy, agent provocateur, double-agent CIA hysteric, jealous tigress, or what? . . . What was Joanna's role in isolating him from decade-old supporters, using up crucial legal-defense money? . . . Does Leary see himself as spiritual President like Nixon, and is he trying to clean the karma blackboard by creating a hippie Watergate? Will he be pardoned by the next guru? . . ."

Ram Dass rambled and hedged and held out that Tim had always been more of a rascal than a scoundrel and that he wanted to reserve judgment. But if he and Ginsberg were holding out, Jack, Tim's son, wasn't.

Everyone in the room sat pretty much stunned as he took the mike and said, "I know that there's a lot of people who have always supported my father and still do and don't believe that he could ever do anything wrong. I hope this blind devotion, which I don't think he ever deserved, doesn't make people believe that he hasn't become one of the police. Most public figures have two lives—one public and one private. Timothy certainly did. . . . As incredible as it might seem for many people to realize that Timothy has become a Government informer, his action comes as no surprise to me. I know Timothy Leary lies when he thinks it will benefit him. He finds lies easier to control than the truth. . . . Timothy has shown that he would inform on anybody he can to get out of jail, and it would not surprise me if he would testify about my sister and myself if he could. He had already implicated my sister in his escape. Knowing this, I have avoided him in prison. . . . As for his new girlfriend, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, we know few actual facts concerning her status. Some people are convinced she has been a police agent all along. My immediate reaction to her was that she is crazy."

Crazy, maybe; mean, for sure. When the grand-jury testimony against Chula was revealed, it was Joanna's that had done the heavy damage, not Tim's—although he had talked, too. But it was Dragon Lady, Joanna D'Amecourt of Washington, D.C., Joanna Tambacopoulos of Athens, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, now Leary, who had set up the Orange County lawyer. Tim knew about it and if some of his old friends at the press conference were trying to believe that he was just playing cosmic prankster again, it was only because they had not yet seen the words of testimony.

IN SUPERIOR COURT IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY

Joanna sat in front of 19 grand jurors and answered the questions an assistant D.A. asked her.

Approximately June 16 of this year, did you have a phone call with Mr. Chula?

Yes, I did . . . I called him . . . told him that I was coming to Orange County from San Francisco on Monday and that I would very much like to meet with him.

At the time you made this call, were you working in conjunction with investigators from the district attorney's office?

Yes, I was.

And other officers from the Drug Enforcement Agency?

Yes, I was.

After the phone call, did you have occasion to meet with Mr. Chula?

Yes, I told him I was checking into the Saddleback Inn and he told me he was going to call around eight o'clock. . . . We got in touch and 30 minutes later he showed up in my room. . . . I told him that Timothy was at Terminal Island and that was the reason I was now in Southern California. . . . Then the telephone rang and it was the investigator.

What investigator are you talking about?

I think it was Dick Stewart.

All right, this is a person who is employed by the DEA?

Yes, sir.

And he called while Mr. Chula was in the room?

Yes.

Where was he calling from?

He called from the next room.

So there were investigators in the room immediately adjoining your own?

Yes.

What next happened?

[Chula] pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and he approached the night stand and he said, "Would you like some cocaine, girl?" So I said quite loudly, "Oh, cocania—"

Cocania? What is that?

That is cocaine in Spanish, you know, I was just, I was very amazed, I didn't ask him for anything. . . . Then I said he was a generous man and he said, "Let's make some lines." . . . Then he asked, "Do you have something sharp so I can cut it?" . . . So I gave him a photograph . . . of Timothy and myself that we had taken in the afternoon at Terminal Island. . . . He takes



*"I've got to try to bag a duck this time, darling.
Edith is getting suspicious."*

the photograph and starts tapping on the white substance . . . tap, tap, tap, you know what I mean. . . . He made three very quite thick lines. . . . And then he gets up and says, "Let's do this in style." and pulls out a hundred-dollar bill. . . . Then he says, "Put it in your nose and take it." . . . So I pretend to aspirate a little bit and I left him the rest and then I told him I would like to keep some for later . . . and I asked him at that point, "Do you know how to fold a cocaine paper? because I don't." . . . So he made it into this flat piece of paper and then he said, "Keep it in a safe place." and I said, "Well, I will put it in my passport, because if something happens to me, that is the last thing they will take," and he said, "No, that is not a safe place," so then I put it in a brown-suede purse—

I would show you a clear-plastic envelope with a white piece of paper bearing several initials on it and ask you if you could recognize—

Yes, that appears to be the piece of paper.

Did you place those initials on it here?

Yes, those are definitely my initials. . . . So then we leave the room and go to his car, which is a black Fiat. . . . And as soon as we start driving . . . he pulled out a blue Kleenex and said, "Let's have a joint." . . . Then I said, "Where did you get this?" because I knew he had been to Mexico, and he said, "Oh, it is Mexican, of course," and I said, "Did you bring it in with you?" and he said, "Yes." and I said, "It must be quite easy for lawyers to smuggle dope." and he said, "Not so easy as that."

I think you are at the point where you are about to arrive at the restaurant.

We sat down in a booth and he introduced me to the owner . . . and then I got up and went to the phone and I called the Saddleback Inn and let the police representatives know at what location we were. . . . I went back. . . . Then I got up again and went to the ladies' room and I met with officer Carol Nease and I gave

her the cocaine in the little paper that I just identified. . . .

Four days later, Joanna repeated the setup, at the Newporter Inn, again with Orange County and Federal narcs in the next room. Only this time, she gave Chula a Newporter postcard to cut up the coke.

She testified that on July second she met with him again and this time asked him to get her a half ounce of cocaine and gave him \$700 of police money to make the buy. Just before he was to deliver the powder, he got an anonymous phone call saying that four police cars had been following the man in the black Fiat and that he was going to be arrested that night. Chula drove to Joanna's motel and asked flat out if she had anything to do with the setup. She said he was just paranoid because he was snorting so much coke and when she told the grand jury about it, she added, "I took this opportunity to tell him that it was very bad to take this much cocaine, or any cocaine, because it just makes you see life in a crazy way." When they asked her why she was testifying, she said:

Because the first year I spent in this country, I met a lot of people who were part of the drug culture. . . . I found 99.9 percent of them to be dishonest, lying people.

Are you interested in helping Mr. Leary?

Sure, but if I didn't like the people I was working with, I wouldn't do it.

You are talking about the police agencies you are working with?

Yes.

During Tim's testimony, he told the jurors that he was a psychologist and a philosopher, but he left out the stuff about Socrates this time. He said he was testifying voluntarily and that on January 30, 1973, just after he had been brought back to America, Chula had given him a chunk of hashish in the hallway of the Orange County courthouse and that he had eaten it. He said Chula did the same thing the next day in the visitors' room at the jail. When they asked him, he said that he liked Chula and bore him no animosity. "I have moral judgments," he told them, "but no emotions. I feel a certain responsibility for ending what I think is a cover-up . . . and I feel that lawyers . . . I call them two-ply lawyers . . . with their left hands are very friendly and in some cases profit by and encourage and sponsor activities which are illegal and then, on the other hand, they defend the people with whom they have been collaborating and cooperating." Then he gave them the nut of his rationalization for becoming Charles Thrush: "I think that we are at a time now in this country when everybody has to tell the truth. . . . If Watergate hadn't happened, I probably wouldn't be here today. . . . I feel no shame or guilt for

the things I have done in the past. . . . I think the truth should be open for everyone to see."

Even the grand jury didn't believe they could sell *that* coming from Tim Leary. They indicted Chula for possession of the marijuana and cocaine Joanna had told them about.

Through the fall of 1974, the game continued on its crooked, hidden way: The Feds said nothing, Tim kept his dead-man's silence, Joanna and Dennis lay low.

Ginsberg became convinced that Tim was being held incommunicado against his will and that his testimony was the product of some horrible brain beating, part of the Government's grand plot to bust and harass the most daring thinkers in the society. He wrote to Tim, asking for a note that he was OK and acting freely; he wrote to Senators and Representatives; he badgered the DEA and the FBI for word; and when none of that came to anything, he prepared to file a writ in an attempt to force the Feds to produce Tim in open court.

At the end of December, Tim did send a letter, but it was to the lawyer Bill Choulos, not to Ginsberg. In it he said he was fine and happy and that he was satisfied with the evolution of his legal situation and that he wished Choulos and everybody else who thought they were helping him would just let it be, leave him alone.

In January of 1975, Chula was found guilty on a reduced charge of marijuana possession and was sentenced to 45 days in the Orange County Jail. At the same time, rumors and a hoax telephone call placed Tim in a safe house near Sacramento and predicted that his parole was imminent.

Then, in late January, Tim was subpoenaed to testify at a California personnel-board hearing that was to decide the official fate of Wesley Hiler, the psychologist who had made the tape recordings with Tim at Vacaville the spring before. Hiler had been fired for showing transcripts of the tapes to a magazine editor and he was appealing the action on the grounds that his original agreement with Tim had included the possibility of publication. The state said that Hiler had violated Tim's privacy. Joanna and April were subpoenaed, too.

Late on the night of January 26, Tim was delivered from Folsom, where he had been in special custody—probably in a house on the prison grounds—to Vacaville, through the back gate. In the morning, he was led by a small army of Federal agents into the closed hearing, well dressed and tan, according to Hiler and his attorney. He testified honestly, they said. But it didn't do Hiler any good: His firing was upheld. Tim sank back into custody.

Joanna lied when it was her turn, they said. She had been in Europe with Dennis and the two of them had returned so that she could appear. They stayed a few weeks and then flew back, to Joanna's mother's house in Marbella. Before they left, Dennis told friends and a reporter that he and Joanna were the perfect love duet now and that Tim was out of it and a fool.

Three weeks after the hearing, the authorities began to show their gratitude in the way Leary had hoped for. On February 28, the California state-prison system officially discharged him, after 31 months, into the hands of Federal marshals. He still had ten years of a Federal sentence for marijuana possession hanging over him and a minimum of 18 months to serve on it before he could walk. By Federal law, the only one who could reduce or pardon those months was Gerald Ford, and since that was unlikely, the best his jailers could do was to start him serving his time as soon as possible. The Justice Department said he was in an undisclosed Federal penal institution, the DEA said he was in custody of Federal marshals, rumor said that he was in Los Angeles for a while. In March, an old Leary friend, Jaakov Kohn, had a visit from FBI agents who asked him if he would like to take a call from Tim. Kohn said yes and Tim phoned to say that he wished his friends would cooperate with the FBI, that Ginsberg was being a Jewish mother in his efforts to help and that he was just trying to rip off the first interview, and, again, that the Feds were nice people and were treating him well.

No one has heard another word from him.

Two weeks after Leary's call to Kohn urging cooperation and honesty, Dennis Martino was found by a Spanish maid, dead in a cheap Malaga hotel room, where his body had lain for several days. He was 29.

First reports said it was an overdose of alcohol and Valium. Then a Spanish autopsy said it was gastritis and peritonitis: a ruptured appendix. The underground scoffed at both and held it up as rat's karma: what happens to informers when the Government is finished with them. Joanna hid at her mother's, refused to look at the body and said nothing publicly. Dennis was flown back and buried in Southern California.

Whether it was suicide or murder is hard to know. For a reporter who has chased the story for nine months, all things are possible and nothing is for sure. Except maybe this: The game goes on and Dennis died of the game. Which may be better than being its ruined prisoner, somewhere in an undisclosed Federal penal institution.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF TIMOTHY LEARY

article

By **CRAIG VETTER**

it has been a strange, sad odyssey from clown prince to convict, from fugitive to fink

BY THE TIME Tim Leary fell for Joanna Harcourt-Smith, he'd been on the run for two years and the lords of karma had already begun to turn his fugitive doings back on him in hard ways.

His wife, Rosemary, had left with another man over a year before. She was a fugitive, too, and had grown tired of it, sick with their marriage, out of rhythm with the all-is-perfect cosmic-prankster style they had been chasing since she helped him break jail that night in San Luis Obispo. They fled first to Algeria, but the Black Panthers ran them out only four months after they got there. Eldridge Cleaver said they used too many drugs and weren't serious enough about the big struggle, which didn't have anything to do with tripping naked among the sand dunes and goat herds of the Sahara.

They crept around North Africa, Asia and Europe and holed up finally, tenuously, in Switzerland, where they were almost welcome as long as they kept moving from canton to canton, from rented house to rented house. And Tim was bored at 50, into heroin—snorting it—and cocaine and lots of acid, as always. Whatever chalet they were in was full of the desperate circus that found them everywhere now: wired friends, dopers, revolutionaries, other fugitives, power peddlers, smugglers, informers, burned-out cases, some relatives, star fuckers, journalists, some babies, musicians, other women.

Rosemary's spirit was low when a friend of hers, John Schewell, arrived in October 1971 for a visit. He came with Dennis Martino and April White, two young friends of Tim's from the Laguna Beach Brotherhood of Eternal Love days. The Brotherhood was a ragtag bunch of young hashish smugglers. They bought the hash in Afghanistan in 100-pound bundles and then shipped it into Canada and the U.S. While Tim had lived in Laguna Beach, he had been something of their spiritual father. Dennis had been a courier for the operation and April was his girl.

Schewell had never met Tim, but he was in love with Rosemary. He'd helped her with the fund raising and legal scrambling during the six months Tim had spent in prison, and the night they arrived at the house, everybody took acid to celebrate. Except Rosemary: She was moody and blue and didn't take any.

The next day, Tim went into the hospital for ear surgery, and while he was gone, Schewell and Rosemary talked and held each other and made love. By the time Tim got back, the shift of passions was complete. The day he went home, they took acid again and Tim finally looked at the two of them and asked Schewell if he and Rosemary had been getting it on. Schewell told him yes. Then Tim looked at Rosemary, and when she said yes, he told them, "I think the two of you should go away together . . . right now." Rosemary, crying, packed one suitcase, kissed April and Dennis

and went. It was the end of seven years together for Tim and Rosemary, through high times, arrest, trial, conviction, jail, escape and flight. And after this day, he would almost never mention her name again. When they'd gone, Tim walked down the hill and came back with a bottle of wine, a newspaper and another woman: Emily, the first of many.

Tim was never without a girl or girls from then on. They came and they went, but only after he had watched them, talked to them, made love to them and read his poetry to them. He was always looking to see if this was the one, his perfect one. For of all the things Tim Leary was—intellectual, psychologist, prince of the chemical Sixties—he was most of all girl crazy. He always had been. He was a man who believed that the highest you could get on this planet, straight or stoned, was to rock your loins in the loins of a beautiful woman who adored you, who could share your madness and even your sanity, who could play your games, call your bluff, chase your blues, undo you. With that you could play table-stakes poker with Alexander the Great. Without it you were begging.

He was still insanely handsome. He had sandy hair turning whitish, blue eyes, a strong jaw, straight teeth and that Irish smile that had weathered all the storms of his life and still came out like the sun.

The living situation around him was communal. Everybody slept in the living room and slid freely among one another as lovers. Tim (continued on page 96)

TIMOTHY LEARY (continued from page 89)

was up early every morning; he read the newspaper every day, and sometimes when the intensity of the house was low, he would go to his typewriter and work.

He didn't have a passport in Switzerland, but he had money, which is like a passport for a man on the run. He'd written a book, *Confessions of a Hope Fiend*, with his friend and house guest Brian Barritt, a British novelist. *Hope Fiend* was supposed to be an account of his time in jail and the escape, but the two of them turned it into fiction and fantasy. Tim sold the 16th version to Bantam Books and he had borrowed from friends against the first part of an expected quarter-million-dollar advance. He was spending like a fugitive: making flashy memories against a time when they might again be the most of what he had for passing the days.

He bought a yellow Porsche and with Pink Floyd humming up into the earphones from the tape deck, he drove it like the roads had no turning. He bought a home recording studio, amplifiers, a synthesizer and mixers, and everybody in the house played with them. There were fancy dinners, ski trips and a casino evening when he tipped the doorman \$200 to let him in wearing tennis shoes. There was money that he gave to friends who showed up broke, money for dope, money for bribes and money he never saw that got skimmed by lawyers and agents who had influence with the Swiss government.

Michel Hauchard, a wealthy, shady character, was his archangel. At the end of *Hope Fiend*, Tim describes him this way: "A man emerged from booth eight and approached us. He was tall as a giant, silver-white hair swept into a leonine mane, face radiant with regal benevolence. He spoke to us in rapid Parisian French. It was Goldfinger, welcoming us to new life in Switzerland, land of freedom."

Hauchard lived in Lausanne and had strong enough and crooked enough lines into the Swiss council and other official agencies to keep Tim in the country and out of jail. But the price was high: Tim signed a contract with Goldfinger giving Hauchard total rights to everything he wrote for the next 15 years in exchange for money and favors that, in December of 1972, included an introduction to his sometime mistress, Joanna.

The house was in Immensee now; four bedrooms, built like a ship, with nautical bunks and fine woodwork. It was rented in Dennis' name. Tim's time in Switzerland was running out. Hauchard had warned him that his influence wouldn't keep him safely in the country past the end of the year and the government was making official noises that he had until

New Year's Day to find another place to hide from extradition to the U.S. But if Tim was worried, he didn't show it. He was living for the moment and had been since he broke jail.

He was in Bern the day Joanna called to meet him and when Tim pulled the Porsche into the driveway that night, Joanna's rented orange Volkswagen was right behind.

They came in together, smiling: Joanna, a slender body in jean coveralls and a pink sweater with a sunburst on it. There were introductions, some welcome-home chatter and then everybody sat in the living room by the fire listening to music, drinking wine, eating oranges.

Joanna told them she was Hauchard's mistress and not much more. She said that she'd always wanted to meet Tim, that she admired his work and that, really, she felt they'd met before. Tim flirted with her across the room. After a while, she reached into her pocket, pulled out two hits of windowpane acid and ate one. Then she said, "Whoever eats this other will follow me." Tim jumped up, grabbed the other, put it in his mouth and swallowed. No one else had any.

They stayed up all night, speaking French, making love and laughing, and in the morning, when the others awoke, Tim announced that he and Joanna had made a perfect genetic connection, achieved the ultimate helical embrace, that they had known each other in another life, that this was the perfect love he had waited for and that she was his mystical sister, *sora mystica*.

Over the next two weeks, things changed in a way they never had with Tim's other women. Everybody still slept in the living room, but more and more Tim and Joanna were becoming separate, whispering, moving their mattress to a corner. They took long baths in the big tub, made love all day, took long walks, tripped, talked about the poems Tim was writing.

She warned him again that he wasn't going to be safe in Switzerland much longer and then suggested that they take a trip together, to St.-Moritz—a ski fling. When they told the others they were going, they called it a honeymoon and said not to worry, that everything was perfect.

Tim liked to ski: He liked the metaphor of it. His theory of momentum was that if you get going fast enough in this life, you *can't* slow down, and then it doesn't matter if you get off the track. Sometimes, with a head full of acid, he would throw away his poles and take the hill in a straight schuss. Joanna skied well enough to keep up. After a week, they called April and Dennis to say that they missed them, that everything was high and fine and that they were leaving

Christmas Day for Vienna to make a film. Dennis, April and Tim's daughter, Susan, who had just arrived from India, made plans to join them. In early January, they did.

When they arrived, they found things happy but not quite perfect. Tim and Joanna were staying at the Bristol Hotel, making an anti-heroin documentary. It was in exchange for a passport promised by the Austrian chancellor, Bruno Kreisky. But Joanna had picked up hepatitis before she met Tim and the symptoms were just beginning to show. She began to look and feel worse and worse and the doctors told her that she should check into a hospital immediately. She said she was happy in the hotel room with Tim and refused to go.

Susan had arrived from India with a bottle of water from the sacred River Ganges, which was said to have healing powers. One night, Tim put Joanna into a bath, poured the water over her and then got in himself. But it didn't work. She was yellow now and weak and the doctors told her that if she didn't get treatment, she would die.

Joanna began to believe that the hepatitis was being used by one government or another to trap them, so they decided to run. She suggested Ceylon, said she'd been a movie star there as a child and that she knew the place. She wanted to stop in Beirut on the way to celebrate her birthday, January 13, then go on to Afghanistan. She'd never been there, she said, but she'd heard the hash was good and if she was going to die, she wanted to be high.

Dennis knew Afghanistan well. He had been there a dozen times to fill Citroëns and campers with hash to be shipped back to the States. He had friends and contacts there and spoke a little of the language, and they agreed that he should go along as guide and helpmate.

The money was almost gone and the three plane tickets took most of what was left. They told April and Susan to go to Amsterdam with most of the luggage and wait for word to join them. Tim was expecting money from Hauchard and he promised to send for them as soon as he got it. April was upset. Tim told her there just wasn't enough money to fly them all. As it was, they were going to have to jump their hotel bill.

The night before they left, everybody took acid in the hotel room. As Joanna began tripping, her strength seemed to return; she got out of bed, she looked better, seemed happy and excited about the trip. Tim took five hits of windowpane, waved his new passport and called it freedom.

Tim, Joanna and Dennis took an Ariana flight to Beirut, where they played for three days. Then they flew
(continued on page 104)

TIMOTHY LEARY (continued from page 96)

on to Afghanistan—a country that has no extradition agreements with the U.S. and where, they told themselves, they would be safe. Tim believed that he could go anywhere but home on his new passport.

When they arrived at the airport in Kabul, Tim and Joanna sat in the lounge while Dennis took their passports to the visa window. A nervous little man with a mustache watched them and a moment later began calling out "Timothy Leary . . . Timothy Leary." Tim identified himself and the man went over. He asked for their passports. Tim signaled Dennis to bring them and when he did, the man took them. He said he was from the American embassy and that their papers had been revoked. He told them to wait and left.

They waited. The airport cleared. Then an Afghan customs man walked over and asked to see their passports. They told him an American official had taken them. The Afghan looked surprised, said there were no American officials there and that if they didn't have passports, they would be taken into custody. Tim and Dennis argued, told the man in English and a little Afghan that Joanna was very sick and needed a hospital.

The Afghans put them into a car and took them first to a small police station, where there was more arguing and where they tried to separate the three. They clung to one another as if it were all they had left. Finally, they were put into another car, taken to a third-class hotel with a mud floor and one small oil heater and left under guard.

Tim insisted that they weren't really in trouble, that it was all a mistake, that they would be out soon. The Afghans brought them *nan*—the local bread—and water, but Dennis said if they ate it, they would get dysentery. They went hungry. Dennis was released the next day and checked into the Intercontinental Hotel. He called April to tell her that they needed money and help desperately.

Dennis took food from the hotel for Tim and Joanna and reported on the progress of efforts to get help. By then the three of them were beginning to suspect that Tim was going to be returned to the States. Then, three days after they were put into the hotel, an Afghan car picked them up and delivered them to the airport, where a Pan Am 747 waited on the runway. They were told that since they had no money and no passports, they were being deported to Beirut first, then to London. Then they knew for sure. Dennis was taken into a small customs room at the airport, then the car delivered Tim and Joanna to the door of the big jet. The two of them said later they knew who was going to be on the plane, that they'd read about him in *Rolling Stone*. His name was

Burke and he was the head of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in Kabul. When they walked into the first-class cabin, he greeted them happily. He told Tim that his passport was being held and that he had been issued an identity card meanwhile. Tim's card had his passport picture on it and said he was born in Massachusetts, U.S.A., on October 22, 1920, that his occupation was philosopher, that he was six feet tall and that his eyes and hair were gray. Across the top of the card was typed, DIRECT RETURN TO UNITED STATES ONLY.

On the flight to London, Joanna told all the passengers who would listen that they were being kidnaped. At the London airport, while they waited for the polar hop to Los Angeles, Tim laughed and smiled and told reporters that he was going to get a lawyer.

Then they were put on another Pan Am flight, direct to L.A., and when they were over Montana, a couple of hours or so from landing, Tim took out pen and paper and wrote this note: "The right to speak for me I hereby lovingly give to Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who is my love, my voice, my wisdom, my words, my output to the world for our love, etc., etc., etc. Timothy Leary. January 18, 197" Montana, U.S.A."

It was raining hard when the plane taxied to a stop in Los Angeles. Immediately, ten Federal officers stormed aboard. They found Tim and Joanna in the upstairs lounge. One of the officers read the charges against Tim: escape from the Men's Correctional Colony in San Luis Obispo, California, September 13, 1970 . . . 19 counts of smuggling and conspiracy to smuggle in connection with the activities of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love . . . and back-tax charges, \$76,000,000, also out of the Brotherhood indictments.

Then an agent told him, "You're under arrest."

"What's your name?" Tim asked him. But the game had run out.

"Stand up," the agent said. "You know the procedure."

They cuffed his hands behind him and put a light rain jacket over his shoulders. Fifty Los Angeles police with riot guns and helmets lined the way to a VW bus that was waiting to drive him to Parker Center. Tim smiled for the newsmen on the way. The agents smiled, too; his bail had already been set at \$5,000,000. They were going to lose the key this time.

Joanna was released. She had never been arrested. Dennis was still in Afghanistan. No one knew what had happened to him. It was the Government's game now. One adventure had ended, another was beginning.

Joanna was a stranger in Los Angeles, but it wasn't going to be a problem for

her. Tim had given her a list of names—old friends, movement people, media contacts—and the note he'd given her was going to be better than a passport for travel in the underground. One of the first people she called was Art Kunkin, then editor of the *Los Angeles Free Press*, and he set up a press conference.

Joanna began it by reading her love-note credentials with a slight French accent. Her eyes were the color of mustard by now. She said she and Tim had been kidnaped and then gave a short version of what had happened in Kabul. She finished the story by saying that she knew everything was going to be all right. One of the reporters asked her how she knew that. "I know that because I know that Timothy Leary is a free man . . . he's stronger than ever. He's happy." And then she said, as if it followed, "We were in Vienna by invitation of the chancellor, making an anti-addiction film. We're against hard drugs."

Someone asked her why the change of image for Tim. "It's not a sudden change of image," she told them as if it were true, "it's just two years later and there's perfect love. Timothy Leary never was for hard drugs."

Then she said she intended to stay in the United States "as long as it takes. Maybe it will take weeks, maybe months. I just intend to use every minute of my time and my life."

"Where's Rosemary?" they asked her.

"I don't know," she said.

April and Dennis arrived in the United States a week later. April had wired Dennis money from Amsterdam to pay the Kabul hotel bill, then he joined her and the two of them flew to Los Angeles, where he was busted going through Customs for passport and probation violations. They took him to the Hall of Justice, kept him there several days and then let him go. Dennis told everyone that his probation officer had interceded for him.

After legal tugs of war between Orange and Los Angeles counties, between Federal and state prosecutors, Tim was shipped to San Luis Obispo and put in solitary confinement to wait for his trial on escape charges. Joanna took a house in nearby Cayucos, where she began raising money and helping Los Angeles attorney Bruce Margolin prepare the defense. She visited Tim once a week, the maximum she was allowed, and the two of them continued to sing their song of perfect love for anyone who would listen. She was convinced that Tim would be free very soon and in mid-March, when a jury of 11 women and one man was seated in the heavily guarded courtroom, she told everyone that Tim would seduce them into returning a not-guilty verdict.

The trial was important to the prosecutors not only because they wanted

(continued on page 201)

TIMOTHY LEARY *(continued from page 101)*

the cocky acid prince back behind bars but also because both he and the Weathermen claimed they had broken him out. The Weathermen, a radical political group of bombers led by Bernardine Dohrn, had sent letters to newspapers and TV stations just after the bust-out claiming that they had "the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo, California." None of them had been arrested.

Tim sent out letters of his own after the escape, from Algeria, and in them he let down his peace-and-love prattle and picked up the revolutionary rhetoric of his wheelmen. "Resist actively," he wrote back, "sabotage, jam the computer—hijack planes—trash every lethal machine in the land . . . shoot to live . . . blow your mind and blow up the controlling systems of the genocidal culture." Then he called the police pigs and warned them that he was "armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or freedom."

The trial lasted over two weeks. When Tim took the stand, he swore that he was tripping when he escaped and that no one had helped him. He said he shinnied along a cable, jumped a 12-foot Cyclone fence and hitchhiked to a supermarket, where he bought a pair of khakis and a fishing hat. That was it, he told

them: no Weathermen, just a lucky run.

When they asked him his occupation, he said he was a philosopher and a neurologician and that he'd coined that last word. He also said he was a time traveler from beyond the 20th Century and he was being persecuted for his ideas. But, he said, he was used to it: In other lives, he'd been Socrates and several witches burned at the stake.

The nub of Margolin's defense was that Tim was in a state of involuntary LSD flashback when he ran away. Tim confirmed that by saying most of the time he was not Dr. Timothy Leary. When he was driving a Chevrolet, he said, a fragment of his nervous system was a Chevrolet. Then he turned to the jury and explained in long detail his system of neurologics, a pseudoscientific and philosophical theory that sees man crawling up through seven levels of consciousness to reach his ultimate evolution, which waits somewhere in outer space. Then he told them, "I escape from everything . . . we've got to escape from this planet, from ourselves, or we will be destroyed."

In his final argument, Margolin called Tim an eagle beating his wings against a cage. The jury retired, talked about it for an hour and a half and then pronounced him guilty. Judge Richard Harris added five years to the ten he was serving when he escaped, and this time,

instead of a country-club assignment, they sent Tim off to do hard time at Folsom.

Joanna broke down at the verdict and for the first time since she'd arrived in the country, she avoided newsmen. Then she and her secretary, Betsy Klein, and Dennis packed her things and moved her to an apartment in San Francisco, where she began a devastating nine-month run through the Bay Area underground that was going to leave everyone who had contact with her sorry about it.

Tim began his time in Folsom still talking like Socrates. He made a video tape that was supposed to be shown on TV but never was. In it, he said that millions of people all over the world thought he was the greatest philosopher of the 20th Century. He said that he'd taken LSD over 500 times but that he thought he'd misled a lot of kids and other people about acid. "I don't want anyone to listen to this broadcast and get any other idea than I'm telling you, stay away from LSD. In the first place, 99 percent of what's called LSD isn't LSD and 99 percent of the things said about LSD are totally lies or fabrications." At the end of the interview, he talked about the comet Kohoutek, which was then being promised as the greatest astronomical phenomenon of the century. He said it was a sign from a higher intelligence in deep space that we were visitors on the planet Earth and we weren't going to be here very long. He said he and Joanna had renamed the comet Starseed and that it was a symbol of unity and hope. It turned out to be a comet nobody saw.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, Joanna had changed her name legally from Harcourt-Smith to Leary and opened the Starseed Information Center to collect money and coordinate benefits for the Leary defense fund.

The benefits, mostly in San Francisco and Los Angeles, were always well attended, but they never made much money for the cause. Rock-'n'-roll bands played and gurus spoke of kidnapping and repression, but whatever money was made Joanna squandered—on cocaine and long-distance phone calls to her mother in Spain, on boots from I. Mag-nin and on jewelry from Cartier's. Finally, her style was too much for Baba Ram Dass, the man who had been Richard Alpert years earlier and was an old Leary friend. He refused to give Joanna \$800 from one of the shows and told her in hard terms that the money was going to Margolin, who hadn't seen a penny for his work, and that she was sabotaging all their efforts to help Tim. Then Allen Ginsberg, the poet, another old Leary friend, went with Joanna to visit him at Folsom. He told Tim, in her presence, that Joanna was blowing precious money and turning off a lot of otherwise



"Was that the only reason you wanted to see me, warden?"

Tim Leary turns on to video

BY STEPHEN BRUNT

Timothy Leary designing video games? It's hard to fathom at first — the elder statesman of the Love Generation, the man who coined the phrase "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" and made LSD part of the popular vocabulary — now immersed in the world of Pac-Man. But though his public image might suggest a wild-eyed, drug-fried flower child, Leary defies stereotyping. There's an almost grandfatherly quality about him, appropriate for a man who will be 64 in January and has two grandchildren. Rather than lamenting the transition from the peace-and-love sixties to the Reagan eighties, Leary looks to the future, with an optimism rooted in the possibilities of home computers.

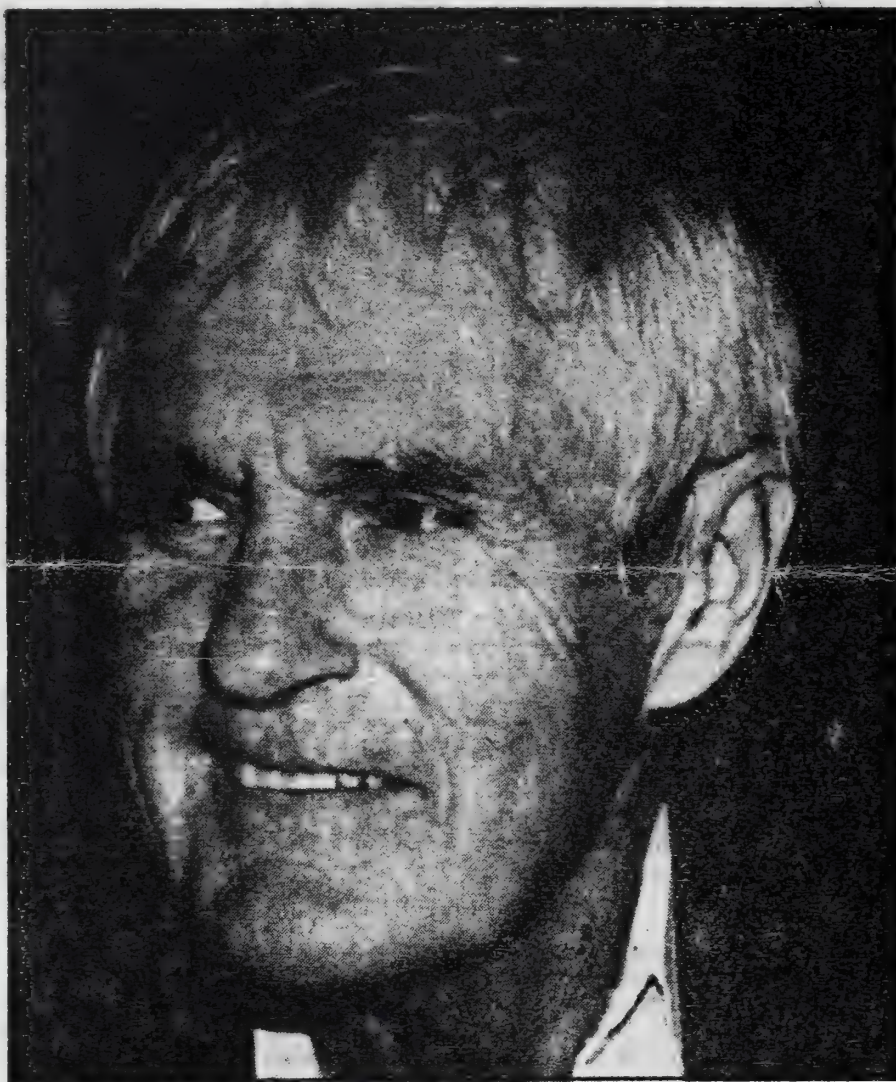
As guest host of CITY-TV's *Enterprise* (Saturday at 8:30 p.m.), on an episode devoted to artificial intelligence, Leary is far less outrageous than his predecessor Morton Shulman. (*Enterprise* rose from the ashes of the Shulman File when Shulman decided not to return this season.) Surrounded by a panel of computer experts, he can hardly contain his enthusiasm.

Leary's interest in video games and home computers is related to something he's been talking about since the sixties: expanding consciousness. Like his famous drug experiments, he sees computers as a means to increase intelligence and "re-program" the brain.

"In the '60s, we were interested in altered states, expanded consciousness, increased intelligence and pushing the limits of human mentation," he says. "That's exactly what the home computers do. It's no accident that the people who are doing this (like Apple's Steve Wozniak) are young people from the '60s."

Leary thinks that the development of personal computers is "historically important, like the development of the Gutenberg personal book" in terms of liberating information. Computer software designers, according to Leary, are the artists of our time.

"I've been studying video games for the last three or four years," he says. "I'm too old to actually get very good



Leary: 'Video games are the kids' stuff that will lead to a new computer art.'

at it, but I spend a lot of time with my 10-year-old stepson and my 10- and 11-year-old grandchildren hanging around video game arcades on Saturdays. I see developing there the beginnings of a new literature and mythology. Donkey Kong is like a Homeric hero struggling to get his girl back, with all those terrible problems that he has. And then Donkey Kong Jr. is trying to rescue his father. One of the new games, *Dragon's Lair*, is very romantic. Video games are the kids' stuff that will lead to a new computer art. Far from decreasing book literacy, I think that it's going to add dimensions to it."

Leary's own computer game, the *Brain Game*, will soon be released by the XOR Corporation, along with a companion book and possibly a companion album from the rock group DEVO, who are friends of Leary's. "We're trying to build into the software the best possible model of the brain, with different circuits and levels. If you can program the *Brain*

Game, you can learn how to program your own brain. We're building into the program some of the principles of psychological testing, so that the program will be testing you out, and causing you to reflect on yourself and stimulate your consciousness."

Lest any of Leary's old fans despair at his new interests, they can be assured that some things remain the same. "I use any and all drugs legal or illegal when and how and with whom I choose, at the time when they fit my program of personal growth," Leary says in carefully chosen words. "I use drugs intelligently, with great caution and prudence, and I don't advocate the use of drugs . . . I neither applaud or discourage it, but my most practical advice is that the most important decision you can make is to get a good dealer, an intelligent, respectable, honorable, experienced dealer . . . The selection of drugs is much more important than the selection of an accountant or a lawyer or a dentist or a doctor."

The man who told us all to 'turn on, tune in and drop out' has now changed his tune to go with the times. Instead of pushing drugs, ex-guru Timothy Leary is on CITY's Enterprise tonight at 8:30 p.m., pushing his vision of the personal computer as the ultimate '80s mind expander.

Timothy Leary, once the psychedelic-drug "guru" of the '60s, has changed the slogan he coined to expand the consciousness of the universe.

The man who turned the use of LSD "acid" into a kind of religion has stopped urging us to "turn on, tune in, drop out." The message now is "turn on, tune in, take charge" . . . of our home computers, that is.

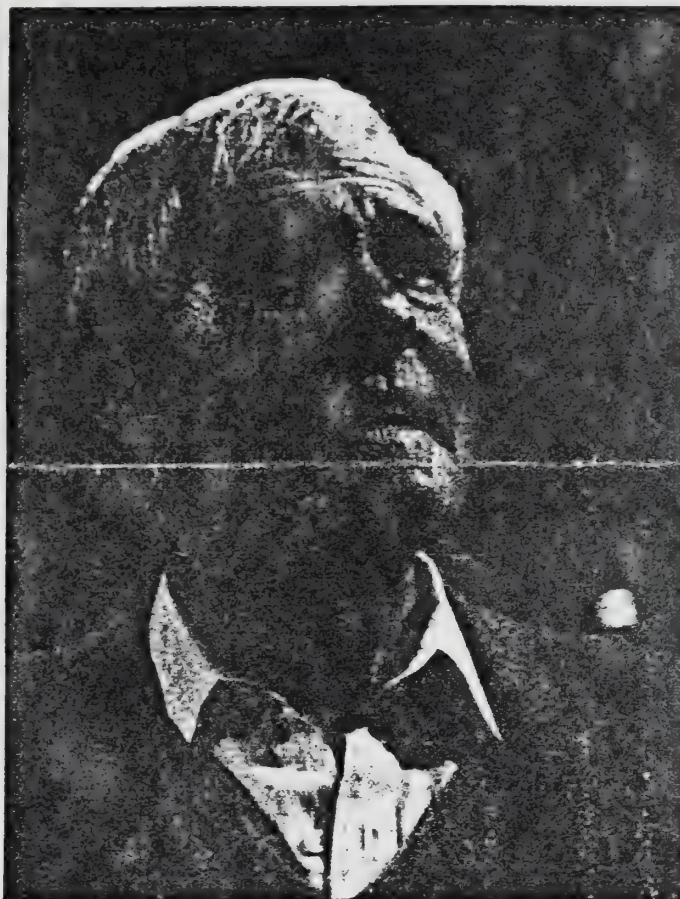
Leary no longer wants to blow our minds, he wants us to learn to control them — "to program the brain as the ultimate personal computer" — and explore the boundaries of the psyche that way. He sees the world of electronics, video-display terminals and software as the ideal place to start.

We need nerds

"I compare the invention of the personal computer to hundreds of years ago when Gutenberg invented the 'personal book.' 'Before Gutenberg there was one main book in any city or town, in the palace of the duke or the cardinal. Today's computer nerds, the experts with the pimply faces eating junk-food, are (like) the illuminating monks. We couldn't read or write, so they were telling us what was happening.

"And then Gutenberg came along and invented the personal book that we could have in our own home. Once we individuals could read, we could make our own interpretations, we could learn to write our own books. Books that led to personal economics, which is capitalism, and to personal politics, which is democracy. I'm very enthusiastic about the implications of the personal computer."

Leary doesn't have time to convey much of his own enthusiasm on CITY-TV's *Enterprise* series show, *Can Machines Think?*, which he came to Toronto from his Hollywood home to host. Instead, he listens to the arguments of six other experts from various computer fields, including Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor Joseph Weizenbaum, one of the world's leading authorities



Timothy Leary



and a staunch opponent of so-called "artificial intelligence."

Weizenbaum says he believes the home computer is doomed to end its days dumped in the same closet as the home-movie outfits that everyone bought but no one uses.

"He lives almost entirely in the past," says Leary with a shrug. "He doesn't want things to turn out well because it'll ruin his theory of apocalypse and the world going down in a basket."

The blurb for Leary's recently released autobiography, *Flashback*, calls him "part man, part myth, part knight, part dragon."

During his 63 years he has been a cadet at West Point military academy, a psychology professor at Harvard, a candidate for governor of California, the author of more than a dozen books, a convicted drug smuggler, a jail-breaker, a fugitive with the notorious Weathermen, and, of course, the high priest of the drug culture.

Leary today is a gentle, friendly, likeable man with a ready smile. He devotes a lot of time, he says, to his grandchildren and spends the rest writing, lecturing and developing mind-expanding video-games.

Still playing games

"I'm working to develop the *Brain Game*, an external representation of our best knowledge of how the brain operates. The wonderful thing about artificial-intelligence research is that it's showing us psychologists how little we know about how the brain works.

"I think we're going to take a quantum jump in human intelligence when we realize we can learn to literally reprogram our brains. It's a direct extension of the work I was doing in the '60s with psychedelics.

"I see the last half of this century and probably the whole of the 21st Century as the Age of the Brain. The '60s was the first expression of this new form of human that is developing. We have to learn what it means to get control of our brains, of our reality-instruments.

"It's a profound humanitarian concept, but everyone's brain is perfect. The Ayatollah Khomeini's brain is perfect. It's the programming that has been uninspiring. We're undergoing a great redefinition of human nature."

Leary doesn't expect everyone to agree with his ideas. In fact, much of his time on the lecture circuit is spent debating against Watergate hard-liner G. Gordon Liddy. "We disagree on almost everything. He's a very intelligent, articulate spokesman for a military, authoritarian society. I'm a libertarian. But I like him, I admire his brain. And he likes me."

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— **Bill Taylor**

Liddy and Leary 'Return' on film

By ARCHER
WINSTEN

THE conjunction of G. Gordon Liddy, the jailbird of Watergate break-in, fame, and Timothy Leary, the ex-Harvard advocate of drug therapies for youth with a slogan of "tune in, turn on, and drop out," is found at the Embassy 72d St. in *Return Engagement*. It's a documentary of one of their many debates, this one in a Los Angeles theater, with added footage from Liddy on a motorcycle with Hells Angels, Liddy with Eselan converts, Liddy on a firing range, and both men with their wives at lunch.

The man in the street is

given an opportunity to state his impression of the men, and some students have their own opinions.

Carole Hemingway steps in as moderator of the debate, and director Alan Rudolph keeps the picture varied and in movement.

Surprisingly, to those who have followed both careers in their most superficial aspects, the men emerge as civilized, intelligent people, albeit diametrically opposed in their life philosophies.

Liddy is the man of action and rigid principle, ready and able to kill in defense of his country.

Leary is the philosopher who sees life in terms of freedom for the individual to live, learn and

expand knowledge and feelings, with the assistance of drugs used wisely.

Their contentions are not without humor, and needless to say, neither one convinces the other to the point of conversion. Still, they don't come to blows, or anywhere near them. One can understand why the lectures have been near the top of the list in popularity. A lively intelligence is given full play by both men, becoming both a revelation to the uninformed, and as entertainment to the general public willing to listen to both sides of an argument.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT. An Island Pictures release. Produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer. Directed by Alan Rudolph. Cast: G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary.

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Meyer was Jack
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– *Tim Leary*

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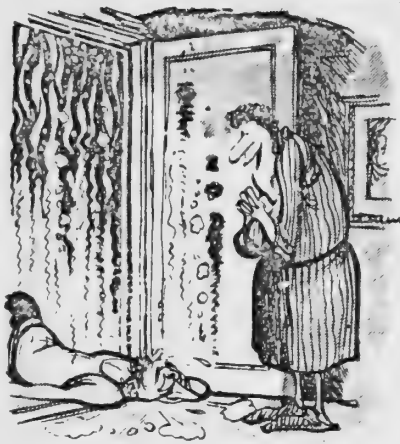
TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer
FROM: Leslee Dart, John West
RE: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Attached, please find two recent breaks which have appeared in the New York Post on G. Gordon Liddy and "Return Engagement," which we thought you would be interested in seeing.

cc: Shep Gordon
Cary Brokaw

Pat Kingsley
Doug Taylor
George Freeman

ROBY'S WEEK



"It's nice to know summer's officially over and we can jump right into our woolies."



"Watch it, Andropov, or I might push the button on ya."



"Yes, we're still getting applicants for Miss Shields' tutor."

The Leary-Liddy act gets the hook abroad

G. GORDON Liddy and Timothy Leary — an odd couple if there ever was one — have been a big draw on college campuses across the U.S. the past several years. But across the Atlantic they are being viewed with fear and loathing.

So much so that both were disinclined from France's Ninth American Film Festival in Deauville. And Leary, as a one-man show, has been barred from the Edinburgh Film Festival in Scotland.

The two had originally counted on appearing at both festivals with *Return Engagement*, a film about their recent careers as a duo of dueling characters debating the power of the state vs. the power of the individual. Guess who's on which side.

They even went to a pre-festival dinner at Chez Pascal in New York with other Deauville invitees, like Ariane Dahl and Joan Fontaine. The dinner was given by Ruda Dauphin, the festival's U.S. representative.

But then the two were told to stay home. Liddy, who rose to fame as the Iron Man of Watergate, says a festival organizer called him and said he was "deemed too politically dangerous by the Mayor of Deauville." Likewise with Leary, the acid king of Harvard, who told PAGE SIX over the phone from Los Angeles, "Isn't that incredible?"

Incredible or not, in Deauville the ban was explained this way: "Liddy offends the liberals and Leary offends the conservatives."

Liddy flew off to the Edinburgh Film Festival on Monday, but hours before Leary was to board a flight for Scotland, he was waved off. "The reason they gave was that I'd be a threat to public order," Leary said. "That gives me one up on one Gordon. Obviously, he's a pussy-cat."

It's a pity, says the onetime professor, because "the British people need someone like me to come over and kick ass for the rights of

the individual."

Leary, who seemed to find the whole thing a bit hilarious, concluded that "the celebrated British sense of humor seems to have left the empire."

Even without the dynamic duo, the Deauville festival had some politics. At a Wednesday night dinner honoring Gore Vidal with Deauville's Literary Prize for his recent book *Creation*, the writer seized the opportunity to rail against the superpowers.

The audience was expecting words about film or literature, but what they got from Vidal, who once tried to run for a California Senate seat, was gloomy predictions about nuclear war.

Asked why the only prize handed out at the film festival is for literature, Dauphin told Susan Mulcahy: "Because they are French and they are not logical. They only give a literary prize."



LIZ: new role

WHEN designer Liz Claiborne appeared on ABC's *Good Morning America* recently to discuss her hot-selling fall collection, she expected to arouse interest from clients and customers, but not movie directors. After she went on the show Liz received a telegram from Woody Allen asking her if she'd like to be in his next movie. And? "It's entirely likely that I'll do it," Liz says. But she's not up for an actual acting part; so far all she knows is that Woody wants her to appear in a vignette playing herself.

Regrets

YOU won't see President and Nancy Reagan in Newport, R.I., the coming week for the America's Cup races. The Reagans were invited to be guests on two of the huge yachts that will be following the 12-meter sailboats. But then the Soviets shot down that Korean jetliner. "He's not going to watch boat races, with everything else happening," said one source. One invite was from Subaru Distributors Corp., asking the First Couple aboard the 165-foot *Empress Subaru*. The other came from U.S. Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole, whose purview includes the two Coast Guard cutters and *The Eagle*, the training barque. Both will be loaded with public officials.



ART: country boy

ART Buchwald is lobbying for more vacations. On Sept. 24 at the New York Sheraton Grand ball-

PAGE SIX

room, the Post columnist will speak his mind at a fundraising dinner for the 80th birthday of Pop Sprung. Pop's the founder of the Pop Sprung Camp Fund, which sends many orphans to summer camp each year, and ART's an alumnus. Says Art: "I wasn't an orphan, I was a foster child, but they

took me anyway." Buchwald, a Mt. Vernon, N.Y., boy spent eight summers at the Sussex, N.J., camp and remembers the experience as "really wonderful. When I was a kid, Pop Sprung was my Father Flanagan."

Model wars

THE NEW kid on the block, Lind Models, has started a bitter fight by raiding L'Image agency and luring away some of its top "bookers" and the models that follow them. Lind v.p. Paul Fisher claims: "We got their whole male division, half of their female division and three of their bookers. They've only got one booker left." L'Image owner Ed Feldman made reference to his lawyers and refused to comment. But Fisher boasted that with the resources of Texan real estate baron Mike Pitzmaurice behind him he's going to put several agencies out of business. "We've got a person behind us with more money than you can believe," he said. "He's worth at least \$120 million." Big talk.

Tessera, tessera

JUST in time for the fall social season, the Tessera Club, after the Greek word for "four," has been formed by Deb of the Decade Cornelia Guest, her cousin Whitney Tower Jr., decorator Jean-Pierre Borg and Italian beauty Millie Lester. They're making a list and checking it — four times, of course — for their first party at Xenon next Thursday in honor of English model Claire Beraford, fashion illustrator Joe Eula, Fred Hughes, Walter Terry and Claude and Anne de Bonrepos.

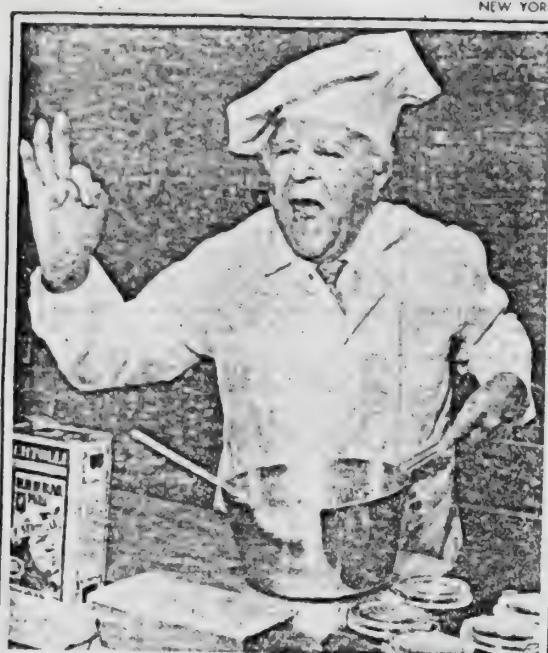
In Dad's steps

IF the guy at the door of the Improviation restaurant/comedy club looks familiar, there's a good reason. The bouncer, Rick, is the son of the man who worked the door a decade ago, Danny Aiello. Danny got his first major movie role in *Bang the Drum Slowly* when he was spotted playing first base for the Improv's softball team in the Theater League. Rick's hoping history repeats.

In the family

LOOKS like the Coppola brood is nesting out at the Astoria Studios in Queens. Every young actor in town was after the hot role of the radio announcer in *Cotton Club*, but the part's gone to Marc Coppola, the nephew of Francis Coppola, who just happens to be the flick's director. Francis, you'll recall, also maneuvered protégée Diane Lane into the female lead.

By RICHARD JOHNSON
Susan Mulcahy is on vacation.



MEADE BRANCHES OUT . . . Brooklyn Democratic chief Meade Esposito makes a gesture of satisfaction after preparing a batch of his marinara sauce at Foffe's restaurant on Montague St. Meade, an expert cook whose father ran a restaurant, is going to start selling the sauce in limited quantities, with the proceeds going to various charities. It will run about five bucks a jar.

Post Photo by Don Malachuk

SIDELINERS ★ SIDELINERS

ZEV Bufman and **Liz** Taylor are forking over more than a half-million of their own dollars to turn the HBO production of "Private Lives" into a regular feature film.

"We took a look at the HBO product on the tube and decided we didn't just want to shoot it from the stage," said Bufman, who in renegotiating the contract decided to split the difference in production costs.

The \$3 million effort will probably be shot at Universal Studios. HBO has exclusive rights to it in the U.S., but it will be released as a feature film worldwide.

In the meantime, Bufman said isspily, Liz' health troubles seem to be subsiding. "Private Lives" had a delayed opening in Chicago Wednesday night to good reviews. "There is a God," he sighed.

PEAKING of Elizabeth Taylor, Barbara Luna says that although he wouldn't mind her for a stepson, she's sick of being asked if he's Victor Luna's daughter. I've already got a jacket that says I'm not Rita Moreno. Chita Jivers or Mabel Lee. Now I'm going to have to get another one," he laughed.

Barbara, who was in town yesterday for fittings of the duds for her upcoming engagement at Caesars Boardwalk Casino in Atlantic City on the 23d, said she was looking forward to catching Frank Sinatra at the Golden Nugget. "He gave me my first on-screen as in 'The Devil at 4 o'clock,'" said Barbara. "I'd like to try it again, but his wife would probably pinch me in the head."

ARTHA Kitti, who's just completed her first new album in 15 years, didn't have any trouble picking the title, "Where Is My Art?"

"That is a constant question in my mind — not that I'm looking," Artha purred. She breezed into New York this week from Connecticut, where she's renovating a 200-year-old

house, for meetings about her upcoming East Coast tour, taking a breather to receive a Shisato manicure and pedicure at Tomo n Tomo.

"It's a lot of work to get settled," she sighed, "but I love that house." It's on 77 acres of land, and she plans to throw a chicken coop building party for the neighbors.

What else is new with Eartha? The role of the Wicked Witch in a new musical production opening in Dallas of "Snow White" with Barbie Benton in the title role.

"The script I have is hysterical," Eartha said. The producers are trying to woo Donny Osmond for the prince in the Broadway-bound show.

WK did a double take when we caught G. Gordon Liddy yesterday waving around a .44 magnum in front of Pete's Tavern, but as it

turns out it was just another "cute" shot for Gordon's press kit. Gordon's manager, Brian Winthrop, said the target was Friedboffer the magician, who was in the process of picking the former G-man's pocket.

Incidentally, Gordon's kids seem to be no more afraid of danger than their dear old dad. It was Tami Liddy who administered first aid to the Fordham University coed who was stabbed recently, and his younger brother Jim helped catch her attacker.

More than a few heads turned the other night when Joey Heatherton arrived at the Water Club to celebrate her birthday with a few close friends. The revelers, led by Joey's dad, broadcaster Ray Heatherton, brought their own birthday cake. How many candies? We promised not to tell.



United Press International Photo

The clock turned back to 1924 yesterday on Broad Street as Dyan Cannon pretended to open a new office building while Cliff DeYoung (center) looked on. It was part of the filming of "Masters of the Game," a TV mini-series to be shown on CBS.

Now it's Cuomo who faces the gender gap

HEADLINERS

By FREDRIC DICKER

GOV. Cuomo came down with a nasty case of gender gap yesterday after nominating the head of a club for men only to the state Banking Board.

His selection of Frank Odell, president of the prestigious Fort Orange Club in downtown Albany, touched off a bitter half-hour skirmish over who wears the pants in the Republican-controlled Senate.

"Certainly if the president of a club which discriminates against blacks and Jews were nominated, there would be widespread objection," said a bitter Sen. Franz Leichter (D-Manhattan).

The nomination is expected to prove particularly embarrassing for the Governor, who earlier this week confirmed the first woman member of the Court of Appeals.

Senate Minority Leader Manfred Ohrenstein (D-Manhattan) opposed Odell, but several prominent senators, including Majority Leader Warren Anderson (R-

Binghamton), drink with him — they are card-carrying members of the Fort Orange Club. So in the end Odell was easily confirmed.

Cuomo had no immediate comment. But aides appeared to be distressed by the dispute.

Who else did he nominate to the Banking Board? Lynn Hecht-Shafren, an attorney for the National Organization for Women.

Namath plea

"BROADWAY Joe" Namath took time off from rehearsing for "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" here to fly to the Coast and plead innocent to drunken driving charges yesterday.

Joe, who was arrested earlier this month by California Highway Patrol officers, was ordered to return to Beverly Hills Municipal Court for a pre-trial hearing Oct. 20.



Photo by Ted Leyman

THE SALESMAN . . . Dustin Hoffman and his daughter Jenna stroll near Central Park as he runs another tryout on his costume for the forthcoming production of "Death of a Salesman". He's been wearing the antique vest and hat to work every day.

Baldwin TANGLEWOOD SALE



SAVE ON BALDWIN'S
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These instruments were in noble company this summer. The Boston Symphony with Seiji Ozawa, the Boston Pops with John Williams, Andre Previn, Earl Wild, plus numerous other noted musicians and their students.

Baldwin had a concert artist technician in residence during the entire Tanglewood Festival to be sure the pianos remained in top performance condition. Now these pianos have been re-checked in our shop so that we can offer a new warranty.

These beautiful instruments are available at special Tanglewood sale prices which include matching bench, delivery, ten-year warranty, a free tuning at home, and the careful service of your Baldwin factory store.

During the sale we are also offering sale prices on many new pianos and organs. And we have some excellent buys in used pianos and organs as well. The sale ends September 30th.



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PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

September 22, 1983

*fill
Return
press*

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer ✓
FROM: Leslee Dart, John West
RE: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

The following is a list of those responses we have been able to determine from the special screening of "Return Engagement" held on Thursday, September 15th in New York:

ESQUIRE - Adam Moss

Thought the film was quite wonderful, moved very quickly and was "very smart."

Tony DeSena - Freelance journalist

Enjoyed the film immensely, and was most appreciative of the chance to speak with Mr. Liddy.

UNITED FEATURES - Ruth Thompson

Liked the film very much, nad was very charmed by both men. She is interested in exploring for her columns the influence of television in catapulting both men to celebrity status.

Sue Russell - Freelance journalist

Enjoyed the film very much and found it very entertaining - such fin in fact that she thought the title a bit too dry. Will gladly recommend the film to all.

NEW YORK POST - Stephen Silverman

Thought the film was terrific and thought provoking.

NEW YORK POST - Archer Winsten

Enjoyed the film very much and found it entertaining. Thinks it should interest a large audience.

ROLLING STONE - Juanita Larrimore (publisher's asst.)

Enjoyed thefilm very much and thought it was interesting and entertaining.

more...

Carolyn Pfeiffer
September 22, 1983
Page Two...

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO - John Kalish

Liked teh film very much, and is preparing a piece
based upon his interviews conducted during the
reception at the Bruno Walter Auditorium for the
N.P.R.

cc: Shep Gordon
Cary Brokaw

Pat Kingsley
Doug Taylor
George Freeman

WEEK-END ARTS



Gerard Depardieu (above) as Danton, Burt Reynolds (below) in Sam Fuller's *White Dog*

The Danton affair

Derek Malcolm reports on the highlights of this year's Edinburgh Film Festival

ANYONE presented, as we were at Edinburgh's Film Festival earlier this week, with films like Andrzej Wajda's *Danton* and Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement* might be forgiven for thinking that the problem of setting the world to rights was well beyond human endeavour.

Both films are really about where we go from here. Wajda's is a treatise on the problems of the revolutionary process as reflected by Danton and Robespierre, and Rudolph's the record of a highly remunerative lecture tour by Dr Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, protagonists of the left and the right in American terms.

Given the choice, which of course one never is, I would personally have to think long and hard which of this extraordinary quartet I would rather be ruled by. Preferably — at least as they are presented in these two films — it would be by none of them. The problem with Wajda's otherwise excellent film is that neither Danton nor Robespierre seem very capable of inspiring trust, though clearly Gerard Depardieu's Danton is the more likeable of the two.

Wojciech Pszoniak's sweating, tight-lipped Robespierre, abhorring the necessity of the guillotine massacres but consenting to them in the name of progress, is a brilliant portrait, subtler than Depardieu's attractive but conceited Danton. Both, one feels, could lead the people towards disaster and neither towards happiness. Perhaps that's what Wajda intended, since he seems to me to be a director who has lost much of his political faith if none

of his very considerable art.

What everyone wants to know, of course, is whether this Danton represents Wajda and Robespierre General Jaruzelski. But such speculations are futile. The viewer is surely invited to make them represent something but by no means everything of what Wajda and Jaruzelski signal in history. For my part I kept on thinking (quite unjustifiably) of Michael Meecher as Robespierre and Roy Hattersley as Danton possibly because, physically at any rate, both could play the parts to a tee. The problem is, would either want to. Seriously, though, it's a very fine film about which I won't say any more until it comes to London in mid-September.

Return Engagement gets there even sooner but I can't resist the comment that if this is what Americans think sociopolitical debate is about they have to be either stupid or crazy. The film is a wonderful entertainment but when you hear Carole Hemmingsway, the debate moderator, telling the audience to "cool it, let's talk mellow," you do begin to wonder whether the Californian sun finally addles the brain as one's always suspected.

Anyway the thought of tuning in, turning on and dropping out with the gallantly ageing Leary, who abjures everyone not to vote for anybody born before 1946 before asking them to listen to him, is fairly horrendous. Though one can certainly support his idea that nobody born before that date (except himself, that is) knows any name for relaxation other than booze, which is probably the most destructive.

As for Liddy, he is very funny about prison wardens,



describing them as people with an IQ at room temperature who have failed to get into first the police and then the fire service. But one does wonder at his suggestion that he might just divorce his wife of long standing or even kill his son if patriotism demanded it. And what of the amiable doctor's statement that you can tell the age a man had his first orgasm by the kind of music he likes? That's fruitful ground at a place like Edinburgh just now.

The film festival, which started off with a big triumph for Oshima's *Merry Christmas* Mr Lawrence, and also a splendid reception for Mike Radford's *Another Time*, *Another Place*, are also showing Alain Tanner's *In The White City*. Tanner is giving a Guardian lecture at the National Film Theatre shortly but the film doesn't

need a lot of explanation, except perhaps to those who didn't see his *Light Years Away*, made in Ireland, and very unlike his notable collaborations with John Berger.

In *The White City* was written by himself and shows full scope for some beautiful, virtually silent film-making in Lisbon, which is made by Acacio de Almeida's camerawork to look like the last outpost of old Europe. Bruno Ganz, whose seamed and chunky face has adorned so many of the better wares of the new German cinema, plays a dislocated sailor with a wife he loves back home and a girl in this particular port. And the film has a lot of atmosphere, tension and feeling just below its pellucid surface.

I don't know what Barbara Woodhouse would think of the two dog movies on display this week. One of them is called *Cujo*, made by Lewis Teague, the American director of *Alligator*, *Fighting Back* and *The Lady in Red*. Taken from a Stephen King story, it has a mother and her sickly son holed up in a broken-down car near a lonely farmhouse where all the occupants are away except for the owner's bat-bitten and now lethally batty canine.

Americans, they say, are clutching at each other in terror as they watch the dog attack the car and wait, seemingly for ages, for someone to rescue the desperate pair inside. But have no food or water. But I can't think why.

Such a success as Sam Fuller's *White Dog* has even allowed a run. This project went through the hands of several writers and even more directors before it landed in Fuller's capable

lap which is perhaps why it doesn't look much like a Fuller film at all. Except, that is, for a marvellously snail first sequence which has a woman motorist run down the white dog at dead of night and then take it off to a vet who charges her the earth for saving the animal.

It transpires that the dog, friendly to her, has been trained to attack black people by some Southern bigot. So she takes it to Burl Ives's animal sanctuary where Paul Winfield tries to retrain it, despite a series of virtual murders it has committed.

The trouble with the film is that it doesn't actually make a lot of sense, and the script is pretty terrible. But no Fuller movie is entirely without interest and racist it certainly is not. Anyone accusing Fuller of that is off his or her head. Besides, it is just as exciting as *Cujo*, and ought to be given a chance to prove itself with audiences.

Another film with an uncertain future in this country is Roger Christian's *The Sender*. This was made under less than ideal conditions, in America by the British director who won an Oscar for his short, *Dollar Botton*, and then another one as set decorator on *Star Wars*. He also was art director for Ridley Scott's *Alien*, so he clearly has considerable talent.

The film, though, was not edited by him and suffers from incoherent hacking so that its story about a suicidal astronaut who can transmit his nightmares (like other people's reality seems little else than a series of special effect frissons without the psychological back up Christian says it originally had.



PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

September 22, 1983

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer
FROM: Leslee Dart, John West
RE: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Attached, please find a copy of Karen Jaehne's piece on
"Return Engagement" as it appears in the October issue
of AMERICAN FILM which we arranged.

cc: Shep Gordon
Cary Brokaw

Pat Kingsley
Doug Taylor
George Freeman

1

Newsreel

"You remember the CBS special on Westmoreland?" she asks. "Well, this isn't that kind of show. This is a historical analysis, not an investigative report. We're not making allegations; we're being very careful."

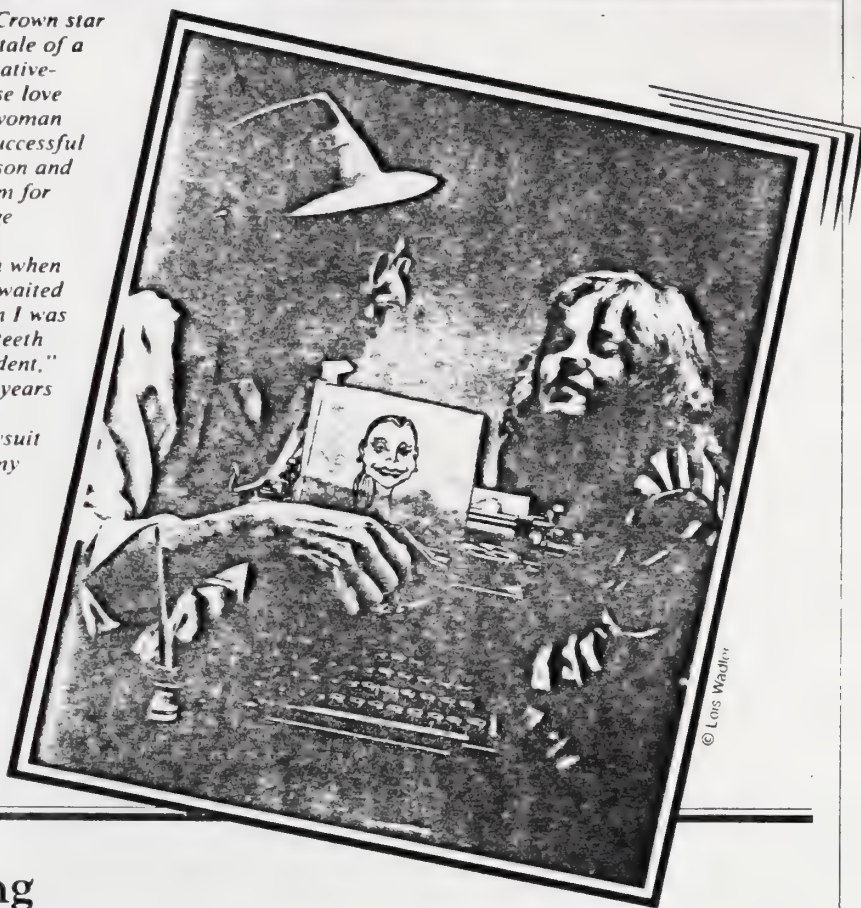
"It seems to me that the segment implies that massacres like My Lai were not aberrations, that this was the way the Vietnam War developed," says John Spragens of the Indochina Project in Washington, D.C.

"We deny that a massacre took place," retorts Jack Shulimson of the U.S. Marine Corps Historical Center, who found the testimony of the Vietnamese villagers out of sync with the Marine Corps' oral history and too sophisticated to be believable. "Frankly, I think the researchers were set up by the Vietnamese government."

Executive producer Richard Ellison, British coproducer Martin Smith, and French coproducer Henri de Turenne spent six years on the project, working with some sixty consultants and four production units, amassing more than a hundred interviews, traveling to Vietnam, and researching seventy film archives worldwide for what WGBH is calling "perhaps the most exhaustive historical documentary series in television history." The British version (which has already aired) is almost identical to what American viewers will see, but the French version, only six hours long, differs considerably. The series cost \$4.3 million to produce and is also intended for use in libraries as well as in college and high school courses.

In light of its use as an educational document, antiwar-movement veterans criticize the series' treatment of the "war at home," which is limited to only one episode. "The tone of the series tends to be understated," says the Indochina Project's Spragens. "The shows are excellently produced, but they're weak on politics. People will be looking at this series with Central America in mind, and I think the lessons of Vietnam are avoided." —Jean Callahan

Nancy Cohen and Elliot Crown star in *City News*, the quirky tale of a poor but ambitious alternative-newspaper publisher whose love affair with a mysterious woman becomes the basis for a successful comic strip. David Fishelson and Zoe Zinman made the film for \$40,000 using East Village locations and borrowed equipment. Filming began when Zinman received a long-awaited lawsuit settlement. "When I was in high school, I had my teeth knocked out in a car accident," she explains. "About five years later, when I'd almost forgotten about it, the lawsuit money came through on my birthday. It was a great birthday present, but I wouldn't recommend it as a way to finance a film." *City News* won awards at the Atlanta, Houston, and Athens International Film Festivals and will open this fall in major cities around the country.



© Lois Wadler

Propheteering

What do Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy have in common? "Together," says Leary, "we brought down the White House." This eminently debatable line is the focal point of *Return Engagement*, a new film by Alan Rudolph (*Welcome to L.A.*, *Roadie*, *Remember My Name*) that combines footage of a Liddy-Leary debate with scenes from the lives of the two enemies turned odd couple.

What interested Rudolph in the project was not the men's messages but what he calls their "getting into the country's most lucrative industry—being a celebrity!" Rudolph explains that the debating idea was originally conceived as a promotion gimmick. A book-store proprietor in Austin, Texas, was intrigued by a booking mistake that brought Liddy and Leary both to town at the same time, and later made arrangements to "re-unite" them. Thus began what Leary characterizes as "dialogues to the unconverted."

Leary and Liddy have had a great deal of control over the film; they even determined what Rudolph would shoot. In *Return Engagement*, Liddy fraternizes with the Hell's Angels, one of whom was in prison with him, and Leary conducts some mind expansion on a bluff at the Esalen Institute with the ragged remains of the counterculture. Rudolph says he raised his directorial finger only once. In a breakfast sequence at the Chateau Marmont, Liddy's wife, Frances, had said nothing, so Rudolph asked Barbara Leary to talk to her. We see Barbara ask, over the croissants and silver coffee urns, about Gordon's sex life. And Frances, "for the first time in her life, after twenty-five years of marriage, opened up her heart," says Rudolph. It is the most revealing scene of the film, showing that when Liddy speaks of loyalty, he does not mean fidelity.

The Leary-Liddy relationship had its origins in Leary's

1966 drug bust in Dutchess County, New York, where Liddy was the local assistant district attorney (Leary was running a psychedelic experimentation center there). The film's title is an allusion to the abiding conflict between what the two men represent. In fact, Leary confesses that while he was in jail reading *The Pentagon Papers* and watching Liddy's slow but sure incarceration, one of his fantasies—that Liddy would be waiting to throw him in the slammer again—was replaced by another—that Liddy might wind up in his cellblock.

Return Engagement shows how little these two have changed over the years. "Never change a winning game," says Liddy. "Change all the time," responds Leary. One issue finds Liddy and Leary in alignment: They are each receiving \$10,000 and twelve-and-a-half points for their "return engagement." —Karen Jaehne

THE TIMES - 27 8 83

EDINBURGH'S flood of movies being a flotsam of all styles - from everywhere, it's comforting that the first film to bring us down to earth was the first film ever made with art in mind.

It's eighty years old, but very little has changed. Wobbly shooting of people being shot, a vintage car-chase, violence to excess - all this is in *Before the Nickelsdons*, an archive portrait of Edwin S. Porter, the pioneer who by 1903 had invented such devices as cutting and continuity, which at a stroke made bioscopic narrative more telling than books - or even life.

Porter not only put together fairy-tales, he reconstructed events like the assassination of President McKinley the day after they happened. So this "artistic mechanic", as they dubbed him, has a lot to answer for, including the gap, in the Festival's first week, that yawns between fact and fiction. Each often looks like the other, and

both feed off violence, even when against it.

If the features commercially declare war on our minds - like Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas* Mr Lawrence - gala premiere here, now in London - the documentaries side with peace. A lot of the latter are feminine, if not by women, outstanding among them Helga Reidemeister's *With Eyes Fixed on the Money*, a fond, gritty study of her sister, a top model in Munich.

Just as peaceable is a touching selection of fact-films from Canada - constructing a canoe in the wild, teaching your kid to break in horses - which offer brave efforts to resuscitate a reality that no longer seems real. So do Friedhelm Bruckner's honest accounts of journeys to far folk - fringes of Tibet, Papuan jungle - who still live in the primitive peace we all in theory want. These are grand

Cut and come again

David Hughes on Festival films

attempts to establish a positive value. They are poignant. All prey on a past that has no future - which even goes for the many films of nuclear protest (like *If You Love This Planet*) that eat your heart out.

The features, on the other hand, indulge in a peacock display of current violence. Gianni Amelio's fine *Blow to the Heart*, in which Trintignant plays an Italian academic betrayed as a terrorist by the teenage son whose standards he has shaped, offers no hope to the world, but is so cuttlingly made as to suggest otherwise - at least art will survive, if not life. As usual, people are shot and cars chase up and down your spine.

With as dead as a cunning

Sam Fuller's *White Dog* plays on our liberal prejudices. This hound, evilly trained by red-necks, kills blacks. Whatever good intentions skulk behind the banalities of the script, the effect, which is a shock one, converts us rather to the violence of the medium than to the message's obvious property.

Again cars are as obtrusive as bullets. Cutting and continuity manipulate us out of ethics into sensation. Thus, too, Lewis Teague's *Cujo*, also about a dog. This one, briefly savaging Edinburgh, gets rabies from a bat. People are torn apart and cars play a leading role.

Only tumbrils travel fast in Andrzej Wajda's *Danton*, which at least equates violence unequivocally with politics. The

great scenes are packed tight with eighteenth-century argument nudged finely up to date. In Edinburgh, for lack of a rival, it stands out as a masterwork, soon to revolutionise the King's Road where the new Chelsea Cinema will be launched next month on the full tide of its rhetoric and elegance.

But it's the season of Oshima's films from 1959 on, opening next week to a wider world at the NFT in London, which really penetrates to the guts of this Festival. All his major works are on show, two to a programme, swamping us in torrents of violence flooded by sex. The nervous grace of Japanese movement, as if verging on ballet, is caught by a camera just as jumpy. It's like reportage turned into instant opera, fairy-tales as fact.

Oshima is raw as well as formal. His cities are cruel. His landscapes sweat threat. Rain

pours down on sexual congress in a deluge of psychiatry and ancient lore. Riots punctuate the privacy of love-making, indeed make public sense of it, converting it into politics.

Whether a character is murdering a tart or stealing books or going back on his ideals, all crime lingers on the palate with a punishing taste of lust. These are films worth seeing, not just as background to "Merry Christmas", but at any cost.

And so to a last documentary, which also nicely conveys this Festival's flavour. Sharp of wit and eye, *Return Engagement* shows that improbable pair, C. Gordon Liddy, the Watergate burglar, and Timothy Leary, the Harvard guru, on tour with their double act of salty intellectual burlesque. No film better achieves the tension of facts and fantasies, delusion and truth, the techniques for confusing which Edwin S. Porter introduced at the turn of the century.



Rudolph Nureyev discovers the Lost Chord in the unlikelyst of places

EXPOSED

Directed by James Toback. Nastassia Kinski, Rudolph Nureyev, Harvey Keitel.

■ EXPOSED HAS so much going for it that any less philanthropic fellow than I must surely be willing it to fail. This is excusable after a few minutes of Rudolph Nureyev's wearisome concert violinist, wooing the impressive Nastassia Kinski with the nauseated grimace of a man the other side of sobriety. Nureyev sets out to undo an apparently unaligned terrorist, played by Harvey Keitel with perfect controlled violence, who exerts a special power over women, using them as his disciples of mayhem.

If I have inadvertently communicated some excitement in this description, I must assure you that there is precious little to be had, despite the direction of James

Toback, widely acclaimed for *The Gambler* and *Fingers*. *Exposed* suffers from a lack of clearly-defined intent, or rather that the film's two accents operate to the detriment of each other. If we are to accept terrorism as the theme, only the last twenty minutes is of any relevance, and if Kinski's wayward innocence is the subject then the whole film is trivial in the extreme. Nevertheless, hers is the only character at all fleshed out. Nureyev manages to be completely incomprehensible in more than one language; Keitel and Kinski make the best of a bad job, and Ian McShane is good, but wasted, as the man who discovers Miss Kinski and launches her international modelling career. It seems a great pity that this, and not *Fingers*, will become Toback's most widely-known film.

□ MARK BRENNAN



Liddy and Leary: a version of the American way

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Directed by Alan Rudolph. Timothy Leary, G. Gordon Liddy.

■ I HAVEN'T quite fathomed the title yet, but when I do you'll be the first to know. *Return Engagement* is pure documentary. Both its subjects are figures of some controversy from the 'sixties and the film revolves around one of the live debates from which they now earn a living, taking the form of fairly

orderly but informal lectures, argument and counter-argument, with audience participation as befits the technique.

These scenes are interspersed with footage of both men in various situations (interviews, teaching, sharing a bottle of wine, or breakfast with their wives), all of them simulated. I might add, with only a passing nod to *cinéma vérité*. Timothy Leary is a champion of mind expansion through LSD, of free love, free thought, freedom of choice, but not free entrance

THE TOY

Directed by Richard Donner. Richard Pryor, Jackie Gleason.

■ "From The Factory Of Innocence, Naivety And Blush", not "Made in Hong Kong", would be the most truthful inscription to be found on the base of *The Toy*, the new Richard Pryor film. Either that or "Made in Black Flesh and Blood". For *The Toy* is Pryor himself, the put-upon janitor of a deep South department store picked out by the ghostly son of the storeowner (who also happens to own the rest of South Central Louisiana) as his new holiday gift, adding to his collection of video games, pinball machines and fancy dress costumes.

Pryor is his latest life-size cuddly toy, the point being that the only thing left to amuse this spoilt brat (who attends military school and should have faced a firing squad long ago) is a black human being who can pull funny faces.

Pryor is not only a real-life gollywog doll but a slave, and he knows it. He longs to escape, but is normally dressed in Spiderman pyjamas and needs the exorbitant salary to pay off his mortgage. Hence he plots with the kid to expose the brat's heartless, megalomaniac father by prying a newspaper revealing the exploitative and particularly racist nature of his massive empire.

Pryor gives the brat all that his father cannot or will not - love, care, time and fun - and there follows the inevitable tug of love, ending in inevitable happy compromise.

The original plot is sufficiently strong (although admittedly pinched from the French film *Le Jouet*), and Pryor is inventive enough, but *The Toy* is too soft dated (a bit like a year-old video game) to hold the attention of either a kid weaned on *Star Wars* or an adult inspired by *Richard Pryor Live In Concert*.

Worst of all, there are some awfully plodding themes of racial harmony, truth and false love, and 'kids who never grow up'. Without the well-meaning but telegraphed emotional string-pulling, the film could have worked a lot better. But pull the strings at the back of Columbia's new toy and you get such lines as "That kid loved you, and he never loved me..." Even Walt Disney might have said 'nein danke'.

□ SIMON GARFIELD



Dalek impersonation by Richard Pryor in *The Toy*.

to his lectures. The man is brilliant, a rack of public work to his name, a living example of not addle the brain if used positively. Philosopher, theorist and, to note, he entertains, how contradictions in the apportion of his creed. His much-aired on, tune in, and drop of the passion of his show he advocates a wholesale takeover of power by the younger America, which would accelerate his own red the while dismissing the leadership. Nevertheless youthfulness and enthusiasm cannot be ignored, nor can his ungather followers, apostles.

G. Gordon Liddy is a more intriguing character, more interesting too. As an FBI agent, he arrested Leary on a drugs charge which sent

prison. Liddy, in the 1960s, was the man behind the Watergate break-in and also served time in jail. His judgement remains unimpaired today. One interviewer asked him: "If he thought he was going to kill his son if he thought he threatened US security, and would divorce his wife, if she had betrayed the same America. He is a persuasive, eloquent and collected arguer, and his frankness, and that is disturbing."

As for as the two doctrines are concerned, "Please you to decide." I believe most of you, like me, will reject the extremism, but even so the issues are relevant to this country also and not easily dismissed. At the very least, you should be troubled by the little impish you assign to these men's comments to the end of the film.

□ MARK BRENNAN

LONDONER'S DIARY

Open sesame for '60's guru

TIMOTHY LEARY, high priest of the Californian drug culture in the Sixties, and a convict for much of the Seventies as a result, has finally been given the seal of approval by the British government.

Refused entry to Britain on no less than three occasions back in those days of notoriety, the Home Office now seems to have forgiven and forgotten and Leary will be arriving here at the weekend for the first time since a brief trip some 11 years ago when he was on the run from a U.S. gaol. Then he was allowed no further than Heathrow Airport.

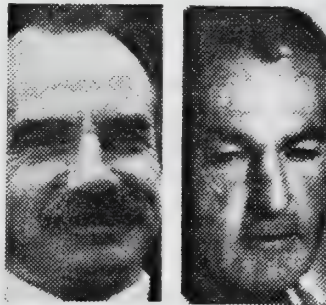
And his mission this time? It could not be more bizarre—to promote not only himself, in the form of an autobiography out shortly, but also to lend a helping hand to the unlikely figure of an old adversary, the Watergate "dirty tricks" burglar, G. Gordon Liddy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the former FBI agent Liddy, a God and Country man arrested Leary, laid-back and anti-State, twice on drugs charges and that there is still little love lost between them, they have established a barely plausible but lucrative business arrangement whereby they tour the States together giving joint lectures on

their diametrically opposed philosophies.

By all accounts, their "shows" are a scream. They sit at opposite ends of a stage with an impartial judge between and, starting with their first meetings as sheriff and outlaw, recount two very different tales.

So successful has the circus been that, with extra footage of their lifestyles thrown in, their encounters have been made



Liddy confronts Leary.

into a film, Return Engagement, which is to be given its world premiere at the Screen on the Green next Tuesday.

The protagonists are keeping apart in this country—other commitments is the reason officially given. Liddy, an obsessive self-disciplinarian who once bit off a rat's head and used to burn himself to conquer phobias about rodents and fire, is

here already but leaves shortly before Leary arrives.

And the tough guy's verdict on the man who would undermine his beloved country? "Dr Leary talks like somebody who has injected himself with too many chemical substances. But he's got an elfin Irish wit. I think linearly. I'm a lawyer and I have to pounce on him very quickly."

As one mutual acquaintance puts it: "It's remarkable that they can bring themselves to make money out of each other."

Home sweet home

POSER, the cat belonging to David and Elizabeth Emanuel, the designers of the Princess of Wales' wedding dress, has returned home.

The long-haired grey Persian disappeared more than a week ago and since then the Emanuels' show-room in Brook Street has been flooded with telephone calls offering assistance and information.

On Sunday evening however he just strolled back into their Knightsbridge home of his own accord.

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3RD ANNIVERSARY
GDANSK AGREEMENT



Watergate Clam



G. Gordon Liddy and his favourite pianist.

The eyes — wary and unblinking — stare out conspiratorily. Their owner G. Gordon Liddy — maverick right-winger, believer in social darwinism, lawyer, gunman, forger and surveillance expert — masterminded the Watergate break-in. When that went wrong and others bleated their excuses Liddy clammed up — a silence leading to 52 months imprisonment. It's entirely characteristic that this unapologetic reprobate continues to defend his actions with zealous certainty and a certain wry satisfaction.

Today he runs a security firm. The job's a natural. Having broken incognito into many buildings he uses his indisputable expertise to guard them against intruders. "The security of buildings", he asserts, "is invariably over-rate. Look how easily an intruder got into your own Buckingham Palace."

Through all-American opportunism Liddy has turned notoriety into a sort of fame, helped by a well-judged humour that's unusual in a zealot.

Feted as celebrity speakers on US college campuses, Liddy and LSD prophet Dr Timothy ("Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out") Leary regale audiences with wit and sophistry.

Polar opposites of the American experience this weird duo banter and squabble (like Zack Norman and Michael Emil in *Sitting Ducks*), dream of conversion ("it's my task" says Liddy with holy fervour, "to lead Timothy Leary back into the paths of rectitude for", he adds with scolding fondness, "Timothy Leary lives in invincible ignorance") while delighting in the improbability of each others company.

Ironically Her Majesty's Government decided that while ex-burglar Liddy was quite welcome on its shores the acid king — only ever convicted of possessing half an ounce of 'grass' — was persona non grata.

While we'll never know how well it would have survived Dr Leary's missionary

endeavours Britain seemed to cope quite well with G. Gordon Liddy. I met him amid the rushed atmosphere of the Edinburgh Film Festival which was showing **Return Engagement** — a chronicle of various Liddy-Leary encounters in which the spirit of wackiness holds sway. He's enjoyed Edinburgh — any venue for a military tattoo is his sort of town — and has enjoyed meeting journalists who know what he's talking about. "American journalists are incompetants. They'll ask you who you most admire and when you say Demosthenes, they want to know what team he plays for. I blame it on an educational system that's creating functional illiterates."

A sometime FBI operative who worked directly for J. Edgar Hoover he learnt there how to undermine "Targets" while they basked in the illusion of security. As general counsel for the Committee to Re-elect the President — quaint euphemism that — Liddy's years of undercover work proved very useful to Richard Nixon whose career had been lubricated by expediency, smears and dirty tricks.

Liddy, ever-loyal to Tricky Dick, disputes this. "he just practiced traditional hard-ball American politics. Nothing he did was outside normal practice."

Politics he sees as a vicious struggle in which everyone is suspect and the innocent

just don't survive. As he sees it Watergate rather than a one-off was the norm in American politics. "It's quite legitimate to gain the information you need on your opponents and that means paying for tip-offs and gaining access to their offices."

He suggests such acts may even constitute some sort of public service. "When Senator Edmund Muskie campaigned for the Democratic candidacy we made a concerted effort — through constant surveillance and disrupting his fund-raising — to stop him. My philosophy — like my associates — was that it was better that he break in the snows of New Hampshire — as he did — than he become president and break while confronting Chairman Breshnev."

To Liddy the worst effect of Watergate was the election of Jimmy Carter. "For a while Americans lost their sense of reason. in their hysterical over-reaction and sudden urge for innocence the Democrats succeeded in nominating a candidate for sainthood. Unfortunately the job description for President for the United States is somewhat different to that for your local pastor.

In prison for much of that time Liddy's sentence was commuted by the saint himself. But wasn't it hypocritical to gaoil him for something he insists was common practice? "Not at all", he remonstrates. "I broke the law — no question about that.

To Liddy self-pity is wasted emotion. "I don't indulge in it — never have; never will. As with everything I knew exactly what I was doing and took the risk. Risks don't frighten me. They're necessary. You have to test yourself in order to know."

Such tests have figured throughout his life, in fact his obsession at overcoming fear and weakness first surfaced as a child. "Then I feared everything except my mother and I wasn't too sure about her. By the time I had grown up I had conquered fear; became invulnerable."

Like Theodore Roosevelt, a long-time hero, Liddy overcame the limitations of a puny body through rigorous physical exertion. The final goal remained — to be able to experience pain while denying its impact. Exposing his arms to a naked flame Liddy achieved his notion of perfection.

Scars testify to what others see as an ordeal. To Liddy they're emblems of victory. "I was", he says by way of explanation, "in the wrong business to be unnerved. It's necessary in that job to develop new instincts, in the same way that any sailor is well-advised to swim."

So how well does he swim? "I'm a fish."

Too young to serve in World War II he remained haunted by the sense of missing out. At Law School he soon learnt that "the lawyer is a hired gun — able to defend anything and anyone." Going into covert manipulation he now sees as natural

development — "It was my natural forte."

The ethics of the job were simple — "never work for anyone whose politics you disagreed with an never get caught." Not that everyone shares his standards — "today there's a mercenary cadre in US politics — basically media experts in print and video propaganda."

Didn't Liddy ever worry that the government was concealing facts from the American people that they had a right to know? "There's a clear cut rule — the governments ability to pursue national goals supersedes all other rights. No government anywhere would jeopardize its future for an ill-thought out liberal concept. As a soldier in the field it was my duty to carry out the orders given to me."

Though Liddy construed the break-in as a patriotic act the Law begged to differ. Indicted and ultimately convicted of violating Dr Fielding's civil rights to prison "wasn't dreadful at all — I was in constant confrontation."

His experiences there allowed him to prove a favoured theses — "that there is no situation, given the time, where you cannot dictate the state of play."

Undermining prison authority with considerable success Liddy jests that his early release may have been to save the system. "the wardens inherited a system fostering brute force on either side. They had no defences against the psychological

warefare I employed."

"I discovered that one guard was obsessively jealous about his wife — one of the more ugly women I've encountered in 52 years — and believed her in constant danger of seduction. Through forged notes — I'm an expert forger — and arranged situations I convinced him of his worst fears. The conclusion was satisfactory as he became so distracted that he had to leave."

Through evidence he accumulated Liddy brought suits of maladministration against prison authorities in federal courts. The victor here too, he concludes that "prison authorities only ever control the situation because prisoners abet them. If they were more imaginative the prison system would break wide open."

He's thought a lot about the type of society that America has manufactured. There is, I feel, a parallel between big business, big labour, big government and big mafia. Those who hold power in them do so through the principles of social darwinism — the operating principle everywhere."

Sometimes he also thinks of an un-American topic called death. "The perfect death has to be a crash. I would never accept wasting away or being put on a respirator. It that happened then for Heaven's sake save the electricity and switch the bloody thing off."

Return Engagement plays at the Screen on the Green. BRENT LEWIS

Kaleidoscope

Last week I saw Hitchcock's **Rear Window** — one of five Hitchcock films — *Vertigo*, *The Trouble With Harry*, *Rope* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much* — that are planned for eventual re-release following screenings at the

Raymond Burr being watched by James Stewart in rear window.



London Film Festival. Watching it wondered if there had ever been a better study of voyeurism than this. Such technical mastery deserved to be applauded and made me want to see other classics of the period like **A Star is Born**, recently shown in New York in its original state. Unfortunately a spokesman from Warners told me there were no immediate plans to release that Judy Garland — James Mason starrer but perhaps if you wrote to them in sufficient numbers they might change their minds.

Interesting to see **Raymond Burr** as the villain in *Rear Window*, BUT THEN before he reformed and became Perry Mason and **Ironside** this was his stock role. I spoke to him recently and was impressed not only with his massiveness but his great gentleness. He remembered his days as villain with affection, recalling how he'd been in the last **Marx Brothers** film and the last with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. "At the time I seemed to be finishing more careers than I started." His great dream is to make a film about **Pope John XXIII** "the greatest force for good since Jesus Christ." Six years ago he made a tele-film about the Pope but it wasn't easy playing Ironside one day and the pope the next. Though the film might cost as much as 20 million dollars he's confident of success very soon. At 66 he has no intention of retiring — "actors never do", he says, "and besides I feel too young."



Ken Dodd, madcap jester, explained the other day how much he's looking forward to doing his pantomime, **Sinbad the Sailor** at the Wimbledon theatre. "Pantomime's the life-blood of theatre", he insists. "If a theatre builds up a good audience over Christmas it's future assured for the next year." Knowing that he was **Mrs Thatcher's** favourite comedian I wondered if that meant she had a sense of humour. "Oh she must do", he said his mouth agape in a toothy grin. He tells me though he may do some television shows soon he doesn't really like it. "It's so unnatural and television audiences either go berserk or sit there like stuffed dummies." A man who's happy at his job, being a comic was the fulfilment of childhood dreams. "There's nothing better than the sound of laughter and knowing that you helped make it possible."

EVENTS

CINEMA

Pick Of The Week

BLUE THUNDER — (John Badham, US, 1982). Detailed to pilot the new police supercop, 'Blue Thunder', crammed with special electronic spy equipment and state-of-the-art weaponry, cop-with-a-conscience Roy Scheider uncovers a plot to provoke urban riots in order to implement this new technology. Above all a film of spectacle, with stunning night-neon photography and some first-class car and chopper chase scenes compensating for a shaky plot and old-fashioned macho stereotypes: an all-action thriller that's at once aggressively up-to-date and deeply traditional. (Selected West End and Suburban Cinemas; listings for details.)

★ ★ ★

DANTON — (Andrzej Wajda, Fr/Pol, 1982). The protagonists of Wajda's controversial French Revolutionary drama have inevitably, if somewhat oversimplistically, been seen as thinly disguised equivalents of Lech Walesa and Jaruzelski. Danton (Gerard Depardieu), impulsive, charming, self-indulgent versus Robespierre the austere revolutionary purist. But this is something less specific: the tragi-comic clash of two incompatible personalities and the political principles they stand for. The questions are large, but the powerful performances and Wajda's clear, cool images (intended to evoke the French classical painter David) triumphantly succeed in bringing the issues alive. (Chelsea Cinema, Independents for details.)

★ ★ ★

HEAVEN'S GATE — (Michael Cimino, US, 1980). After its successful revival at the NFT recently, the full three hour version of Cimino's megabuck folly returns for a very welcome West End run. A sprawling, impressionistic epic of the Johnson County War between villainous cattle barons from the East and poor immigrant farmers in Wyoming, 1890, its characters and narrative remain rather underdeveloped, but the sheer spectacle of it — magnificent, swirling crowd scenes and glorious settings and sets — makes this an unmissable visual treat. With Christopher Walken, Kris Kristofferson, Isabelle Huppert and John Hurt. (Plaza; West Ends for details.)

★ ★ ★

MERRY CHRISTMAS MR LAWRENCE — (Nagisa Oshima, Japan/UK, 1982). Set in a p.o.w. camp in Java in 1942, this probes the clash between two enemy and alien cultures thrown into unhappy proximity: the Western prisoners (Tom Conti, David Bowie, Jack Thompson) and their Oriental captors (played by popular TV comic Takeshi and Ryuchi Sakamoto, a strikingly beautiful and charismatic Japanese rock



Computer games out of control in War Games, which moves into local cinemas this week.

star). There follows a struggle unto death — a struggle which only one of the protagonists will win... Told with a sly wit and an intense emotional power, this should be Oshima's most accessible film yet. (Selected West End and Independent Cinemas; listings for details.)

★ ★ ★

THE OUTSIDERS — (Francis Coppola, US, 1982). No sex'n'violence teen movie a la 'Porky's', this is the simple and lyrical tale — based on SE Hinton's novel — of across-the-tracks conflict between the 'soc' gang (rich kids) and the 'greasers' (poor) in Tulsa, Oklahoma, circa 1966. It's the attempt to capture that fleeting moment between child- and adulthood, the first flush of youth whose sweetness is tinged by the knowledge that 'nothing gold can stay'. Fine, fresh performances and handsome cinematography make this a modest, romantic and rather charming slice of Americana. (Barbican and selected West End cinemas; listings for details.)

★ ★ ★

PSYCHO II — (Richard Franklin, US, 1983). An honourable sequel to Hitchcock's suspense classic that manages to echo the original without (mostly) turning into parody. Anthony Perkins returns as Norman Bates, the mad murderer with a mother complex, who emerges from a mental institution, supposedly cured, and returns to the spooky Bates motel... Stylishly shot, Psycho II is sparring with the usual blood and gore and, aided by Perkin's sen-

sitive performance, takes the time and trouble to portray its protagonist as a homicidal maniac with a very human face. (Selected West End and Suburban cinemas; listings for details.)

★ ★ ★

QUERELLE — (R.W. Fassbinder, W.Ger, 1982). Fassbinder's last film is a very free adaptation of Jean Genet's profane classic about a fatally attractive sailor who becomes involved in drugs, dealing, sodomy and murder. But the 'story' is just a pretext for a baroque homoerotic fantasy played out entirely in a single, extraordinary set. 'Querelle' is a typically brilliant, eccentric and shocking epitaph to its maker: go prepared to be delighted, excited (perhaps), infuriated (certainly) and thoroughly puzzled, because this is like nothing you've ever seen before. With Brad Davis, Jeanne Moreau, Franco Nero. (Selected Independent Cinemas; listings for details.)

★ ★ ★

RETURN ENGAGEMENT — (Alan Rudolph, US, 1982). Erstwhile acid king Timothy Leary, whose infamous 60s slogan invited a whole generation to 'turn on, tune in and drop out', meets G. Gordon Liddy, ex-Nixon aide whose own main tuning-in operation was the Watergate break-in. Once these men were sworn enemies; now they depend on each other for a living as high paid superstars on the lucrative lecture-debate circuit. A fascinating and often very funny record of this bizarre double-act from which the Leary-Liddy team

emerges as the recto and verso of eccentric American individualism. (Screen on the Green; Independents for details.)

★ ★ ★

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES — (Jack Clayton, US, 1982). A travelling 'pandemonium Carnival' arrives in a windswept little town in Illinois one day, presided over by the sinister Mr Dark (Jonathan Pryce) who has the power to grant everyone's deepest desires — but at a terrible price. Only one small boy, his friend and his father (Jason Robards) can resist his wiles... Superb design and photography, and an acute and rather melancholy sense of Middle America made Ray Bradbury's adaptation of his own celebrated novel a stylish and agreeably sentimental adult fantasy. (Odeon Haymarket; West Ends for details.)

★ ★ ★

WARGAMES — (John Badham, US, 1983). One of Hollywood's Movies With A Message, WarGames is a paranoid thriller, strong on action and suspense, if a shade weak on characterisation. Video whizzkid Matthew Broderick starts an exciting new game called 'global thermonuclear war', little knowing that by some fluke his opponent is the US defence system and the missiles are for real... The 'message' is solemnly no-nukes, but Badham evidently revels in his hi-tech wizardry, and his vision of atomic warfare as a super deluxe Space Invaders game belies the apparent pacifism. (Selected West End and Suburban cinemas; listings for details.)

hrie did. And he the English stage way Elizabethan n, with emphasis at the music (it is ny young players tameters). But he is an instinctive

was Ken Tynan, who had been identified with Olivier and with whom Hall had said he could not work. Sir Peter says he recognized that an anti-party faction was ganging up on him and he could face them: "It was the amazing level of hypocrisy and duplicity I couldn't take." It is

succession of strikes were picked on the most absurd pretexts at the new theatre's most sensitive time.

But Peter Hall found little sympathy. In fact the press had chosen him as a punch-bag for the alleged spend-thrift incompetence with which the

*Peter Hall's Diaries, edited by John Goodwin (Hamish Hamilton, £12.95) is serialized in The Sunday Times from Sunday.

Geoffrey Wheatcroft

Duncan Fallowell talks to the elder statesman of mind expansion

Up, up and away with Dr Tim

Timothy Leary, experimental psychologist, youth freak, and advocate of mind-expanding drugs, indeed of mind-expanding anything, was hoping to be in London for the opening of the film *Flashbacks* but the Home Office said no: in this film debate, Leary defends the rights of the individual against Gordon Liddy who defends the power of the state. Liddy "masterminded" the Watergate break-in, although mastermind may be the wrong word since it was Liddy's incompetence which collapsed Nixon.

This is the positive side of Liddy's work, Dr Leary said at lunch at home in Hollywood.

"It's mildly flattering that the Home Office considers me so much more dangerous than him," Leary said. "There was no problem about him going to England to promote the film. My crime was merely possessing less than a half ounce of marijuana."

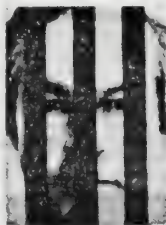
Leary was reminded that he also once escaped from a California prison. "Yes, I got five years for that". He fled to Algeria and entrusted himself to Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers. "I must have been nuts - everyone was a triple agent. It was a period of tremendously lowered self-esteem for me."

He engineered escape from Cleaver's grim "protection" and fled to Afghanistan where he was arrested by federal agents and dragged back to an American jail. After the fall of Nixon, Leary's case was reviewed and he was released. "Possession of that amount had since been reduced to the status of a traffic offence."

"The government put out these statements that I was informing on revolutionary groups and drug rings. This was to discredit me and spread paranoia, in which they succeeded. Until a month before release I'd been plotting another escape."

Leary has been accused of having gone round the bend. He hasn't. He is perhaps a bit shell shocked. His inner and outer selves correlate very well. He can make a living out of his convictions. That he has to rely on enthusiasm rather than intellectual skill in advancing an argument is nothing new.

He talked about his autobiography *Flashbacks*, to be published in England



Psychedelic interpretations of Leary from his book *High Priest*

next month. "I wrote 3,000 pages which were cut down to 600. In movie parlance I shot five to one."

Leary enjoys musing about his rollercoaster life.

"In total I've spent 42 months in 40 different prisons, 29 months in solitary. That was a luxury because I found myself locked up with one of the most amusing minds of our time. I suppose it began when I was 'silenced' at West Point as a young man."

Dr Leary's bungalow is in Laurel Canyon, north of Sunset Boulevard. This isn't Beverly Hills grandeur, but instead a comfortable place where you might expect to find a middle class college professor. (Leary taught at Harvard until expelled in 1963 for LSD experiments.) The bungalow has lots of hanging plants. "It's rather like the French Riviera, don't you think?"

The sitting room has big cream floor cushions instead of a sofa. The study is filled with "neurotechnology" books. In one corner of the bungalow is a bar, and Leary employs a maid to clean up.

The neighbourhood, Leary says, "used to be a bohemian area, then it became quite rock 'n' roll. Ex-Governor

Jerry Brown lives a couple of doors away". The sun is blazing outside, the air inside is rinsed and rendered lethal to the senses by air conditioning. Leary has a young wife and a son. He says he lacks for nothing.

What's it like getting older? "Less breath." Is he more reflective? "I've been reflective all along. I'm a philosopher by blood and bone. You are as old as the last time you changed your mind, as old as the people you hang out with. Reagan never goofed around with anyone young - he'll just about shake hands with the girl scout troop from Mississippi. Have you seen photographs of these geriatric dinner parties? The men who run America are senile East coast Wasps. They are interested only in money."

What is his message for the youth of today? "Intelligent distrust of all authority: spiritual, intellectual, political. And precise scientific optimism about continual change."

But what about unemployed youth, suffering alienation and depression, with no future. What would Leary suggest they do?

"Move. For Christ's sake, move."

Sometimes migration is the only answer."

What about the problem of drug abuse? "Drug abuse in the 70s made people more thoughtful about drugs, which is good. Just as herpes made people more thoughtful about sex. The average herpes victim is young, attractive, college-educated, affluent - I don't mind being put into that group."

Donald Davis wrote in his autobiography: "... I saw how rare in California is such a sense of history. The sense of a past pressed up close behind the present, conditioning it. This awareness is so much a need of any imaginative European that people who lack it, however rich their personalities in other ways, and however nimble their minds, just seem to him to lack a necessary human dimension."

California has its own sort of history. John Barrymore lived in that house over there. The Spanish heritage lingers in mangled form - a block down the road is something called "El Snack Bar". But if California has a function it is the escape from history.

In a sense, Leary has specialized as an escape artist. What's the nearest he has been to death?

"I nearly drowned in Mexico. I've taken ketamine many times which produces what we call an experimental death experience - it's marvellous, it's the safest anaesthetic. They give it to babies. But look, I've had tremendous personal tragedies and pain every day with my children - maybe 99 per cent of life is that. But the 1 per cent I'm interested in is a precise optimism and skillful growth technology."

If he admires precision so much, why is he full of incorrect statements about Madame Blavatsky, Gurdjieff, Wordsworth and others? "Well, an Irishman's fact is a Celt's hope. My attitude to life is a self-indulgent bravado in presenting what I believe to be tremendously important issues. And aesthetically I'm quite vulgar."

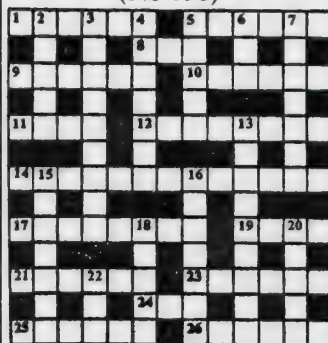
He intends to appeal the Home Office's decision. "This is the third time I've been barred from England. I was hoping for a big reception in London which would then play back in America because, as you know, a prophet is not honoured in his own country."

very strong device in my concerts, but those types use them in a Metro carriage. They are trying to get rid of them, but not with much success."

The guitar amps on the backs of buskers are an exact equivalent of Franglais invasions. Officialdom does not like them, but everyone else does, so they are here to stay, just as we inveigh against American innovations and then accept them.

Before the authorities throw me out, they will have to deal with shops in Paris that sell fashion and call themselves "Chewing Gum", a jersey shop called "La Sweaterie", and a jeans shop called, rather poetically, "Feeling Station". Thank goodness Britain does not get too hot up about foreign invasions. If we did, we would have to ban Sacha Distel, and I certainly couldn't go along with any moves against such a distinguished fellow actor.

CONCISE CROSSWORD (No 156)



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|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|
| ACROSS | | DOWN | |
| 1 Renovate (6) | 2 Decree (5) | 3 Of stomach (9) | 4 Body lift (5,2) |
| 5 Strip magazines (6) | 6 Non-active naval force (1,1,1) | 7 Statement of beliefs (5) | 8 Raincoat (3) |
| 9 Swaying walk (6) | 10 Overindulgence (6) | 11 Smallest amount (4) | 12 Early flower (8) |
| 13 Roadside eating place (9,4) | 14 Boiling tub (8) | 15 Mound (4) | 16 Pantie hose (6) |
| 17 Intense dislike (6) | 18 Unions group (1,1,1) | 19 Stumpy (6) | 20 Dog house (6) |
| SOLUTION TO No 155 | | ACROSS | |
| 1 Cop out | 4 Deface | 7 Slow | 8 Embolism |
| 9 Solidity | 12 Pot | 15 Incise | 16 Plumed |
| 17 ATS | 19 Take away | 24 Ephemera | 25 Poem |
| 26 Scream | 27 Thirst | DOWN | |
| 1 Cast | 2 Proboscis | 3 Trend | 4 Debit |
| 5 File | 6 Cisco | 10 Inset | 11 Yalta |
| 12 Pompadour | 13 Tide | 14 Lira | 18 Topic |
| 20 Abeam | 21 Epact | 22 Jete | 23 Smut |

The Plumber and His Mate

RETURN ENGAGEMENT



The politics and the ecstasy: G. Gordon Liddy (left) and Timothy Leary in *Return Engagement*.

APART, PERHAPS, from the 'woman's melodrama' *Remember My Name* (1978), Alan Rudolph has seemed concerned with the broad canvas and multi-level narrative of a *Nashville*, unlike the smaller genre pieces of that other Altman protégé, Robert Benton. *Welcome to L.A.* (1977) was a likeable if over-ambitious ramble through Southern Californian sexual mores and shabby dreams. *Return Engagement*, another 'state of the nation' piece, similarly organizes its elements into a series of interlinking tales (the personal and public lives of its protagonists).

It is a documentary, chronicling eight days in the lives of the current sweethearts of the U.S. college lecture circuit — Timothy Leary, self-styled 'humanist, philosopher and scientist', and Gordon Liddy, one-time Staff Assistant to Nixon and bungler of the Watergate break-in. Their opposing ideological positions — Leary's apolitical, vaguely mystical liberalism, and Liddy's scary, gun-toting ultra-rightism — are offered to us as a dynamic dialogue on the current state of America: 'They have fought for a generation... They now depend on each other for a living. How American opposites become American history.'

What Leary and Liddy actually have to say is really arrant nonsense, sometimes chillingly dangerous. Still stoned to the eyeballs from a few too many sugar lumps, Leary naively heralds a bright new hi-tec age of mind-expanding computer games, with space as an exciting new frontier to conquer. Liddy believes in the subjugation of the needs of minorities to the absolute law of the state, and will kill for this. The result of such a confrontation is, of course, pure theatre, and Rudolph simply gives each man enough rope to hang himself, pointing up ironies both comic and frightening. We move between a debate on

and Liddy families at exclusive parties, enjoying breakfast at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, Leary lecturing at Esplanade, Liddy at a Beverly Hills firing range or riding with a gang of Hell's Angels. The hypocrisy, the glamour, the money, the ideas.

The camera's fascination with Liddy's sexuality is as central as any of the debates. A coldly controlled man, on stage he wears a suit, but off stage indulges in a flamboyant display of cowboy boots, tight jeans, tight T-shirt, neck chain and medallion. One camera movement, at the breakfast, pans up slowly from the boots to the chain and oversize moustache. An image of sexual prowess is also suggested by the choice of footage of Liddy developing his biceps in a gym, relishing the feel of a new gun, riding with the biker gang and discussing his choice of wife upon purely physical, non-romantic grounds. Rudolph seems to use these images of sexuality as the main signifier of Liddy's character, both its fatal attraction and frightening aggression. In contrast, despite his role as guru of the new age of sexual liberation, Leary seems curiously bland and asexual.

As enjoyable as *Return Engagement* may be, it makes too much claim to represent America today. Rudolph may allow Leary and Liddy to condemn themselves, but it is the absence of any other voice which leaves them alone to stand for the opposing forces of contemporary American history. In lieu of any other figure, are we intended to accept, for instance, that Leary represents the American left today?

Too shot through with the values of showbiz, as a historical document *Return Engagement* is ultimately less valuable and galvanizing than that other state-of-the-nation debate, *Town Bloody Hall*.

Lost

Opportunities

RUNNERS

IF I HAD to find one word for *Runners*, it would be 'modish'. From the moment it starts, with a montage of music and voices behind the black-screen credits, overlaid with a sinister noise, half industrial, half musical, the film sets out to surround its basic story with a sense of unease. Even the title — a slang term for anyone who runs away (as in 'do a runner'), here applied to teen and even pre-teen kids who suddenly and apparently inexplicably abscond from comfortable homes — carries an aura of the universal, with the runners somehow becoming a metaphor for a wider alienation. We're all runners now — something like that. It's the 'somehow' and the 'something like that' which are the problem.

Taking an interesting theme and building a fairly strong story around it, Stephen Poliakoff, the writer, and Charles Sturridge, the director, proceed by means of ellipsis and hint, mood shot and narrative digression, until what is left is a film of fashionably washed-out surfaces, with moments of emotion standing out from the drab sequence of despair. Perhaps the trouble is that *Runners* hovers between feature film and television drama. Poliakoff has a solid pedigree of similarly elliptical television plays; this is Sturridge's first feature after a meteorically successful career in television (a lot of *Coronation Street*, most of *Brideshead Revisited*); and they have worked together before, for TV, with *Soft Targets*. But *Runners*' problems are really all its own.

Take the opening sequence: Rachel's departure. One of the premises of the film is the strength of the family ties which are thrown into doubt if not actually destroyed by the abrupt disappearance of the oldest daughter (Kate Hardie). Yet family life amounts to a brief, touching little scene in which the younger daughter, Lucy (Ruti Simon), is being bathed by her mother, Gillian (Eileen O'Brien). And even this is buried in an accumulation of out-of-sequence scenes: of Rachel coming home on her bike, and leaving again down a street littered with windblown sheets of newspaper (an image of desolation which recurs throughout the film, either simply repeated or adapted to a new setting); of mother and father — Tom, played by James Fox — in the car on the way to the cinema; of them finding her abandoned bike as part of a subsequently unexplained road accident; of a nearby power station... And when, not much further into the film, Gillian abruptly snaps at Tom that Rachel has 'been gone for two years, for Christ's sake', and he is revealed as still obsessed with the search for her, there is a whole emotional background absent.

Instead, the emotion and the sense of loss are displaced onto the images of



Lone Wolf McQuade

(Orlon)

The title character (played un-imaginatively by Chuck Norris) in this poorly written, directed and acted movie is a modern-day Texas Ranger in El Paso who dispassionately slays scores of Mexicans with automatic weapons.

Norris, a karate expert, pits himself against bad guy David Carradine (late of TV's *Kung Fu*) who is selling stolen weapons to Latin American revolutionaries. The tease of a karate fight between the two continues throughout the film until, of course, the final scene. Carradine sleep-walks through his role, offering the worst performance of his career.

The love interest is played by Barbara Carrera's large breasts which are barely camouflaged behind see-through or clinging fabrics. Her face is expressionless. As Norris' rookie partner, Robert Beltran has more energy than most of the other players but his character ends up a poor imitation of Erik Estrada of TV's *CHiPs*.

Illogicalities abound in *Lone Wolf McQuade* and some of them are laughable, such as the scene in which Norris is buried inside his four-wheel drive truck by a bulldozer. With tons of earth on top of him how is he going to get out? Why, hell, he'll just douse his head with a can of Pearl beer to cool off first, then he'll start up that trusty old truck, gun the engine and drive out!

Screenwriter B.J. Nelson (who shares story credit with H. Kaye Dyal), director-producer Steve Carver and co-producer Yoram Ben-Ami have packed a lot of action into this picture and they don't give a damn whether it makes sense or not—they're confident *Lone Wolf McQuade* will at least bring in the drive-in dollars.

—LARRY KETCHUM

though he looks a bit old for the high school sequence.

Sayles likes understatement, never punching up the quirky touches he uses to make the situations distinctive. He also adeptly integrates a large number of pop and rock tunes into both action and background, the most apt being three Bruce Springsteen songs (what could be better for a film taking place in New Jersey?). Sayles has a gift for depicting characters who are unable to control or even comprehend the shaping forces of their lives; he observes them with a commendably subtle blend of humor, chagrin and compassion.

—ABBIE BERNSTEIN



BY DONNA MATSON

Los Angeles' International Film Exposition returns, spanning April 13-May 1 and six theatres along Wilshire Boulevard. Dedicated to the late Verna Fields, Filmex '83 boasts 200 events with 38 free screenings; an Ernst Lubitsch German film series; a B-movie marathon; banned films; and a James Mason retrospective with an in-person appearance in addition to the regular smorgasbord of contemporary cinema, documentaries, classics, animated and short films.

A culture-junkie's ultimate dream, this year's Filmex brings the world to Los Angeles, providing a forum for both international and cross-country communication in the universal language of film—from Mali to New Jersey to New Zealand.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT (USA, 1983; Thursday, April 14, 7:30 pm; Four Star Theatre) features polar opposites Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy as they do battle on the American lecture circuit. Director Alan Rudolph (*Remember My Name, Welcome to L.A.*) spotlights the intrinsic irony and humor in the ideological stand-up routines of these best of enemies. Adrian Belew's music enhances the surreality in this thinking person's comedy.



West Germany. Director Sohrab Shahid Saless elicits brilliant performances from his cast, especially Imke Barnstedt as the girlfriend prostitute of the tyrannical pimp/entrepreneur (Manfred Zapatka) in this multi-faceted study.

KOYANNISQATSI (USA, 1982; Saturday, April 16, 7 pm; Four Star) contrasts American landscapes—high tech urban vs. unspoiled nature—in a stunning fugue of music and images. Director-producer Godfrey Reggio masterfully marries Ron Fricke's cinematography with Philip Glass' score. An important statement about "life out of balance" (the title's translation from Hopi Indian) in purely cinematic language.

Christian Braad Thomsen weaves the unlikely love story between a postman who opens other people's mail in search of loving words and a student psychologist who adds him to her thesis research in **STAB IN THE HEART** (Denmark, 1981; Saturday, April 16, 12:30 pm; Fine Arts Theatre). Relentlessly bleak, it is nevertheless an affecting journey into loneliness and obsession.

In **ILL FARES THE LAND** (Scotland/Great Britain, 1983; Sunday, April 17, 5 pm; Fine Arts) director-writer Bill Bryden carefully limns the fruitless struggle of the proud population of a tiny Scottish Hebridean island to stay on their homeland in rich detail, both culturally and emotionally. Evocative of Robert Flaherty, the film features John Coquillon's camerawork and John Tams' music in the haunting evocation of an era.

Souleymane Cisse's **THE WIND** (Mali, 1983; Sunday, April 17, 8:15 pm; Fine Arts) probes traditional African and Western cultures at odds in the individuals involved in a student uprising in the contemporary city of Bah. Though its characterizations and dramatic conflicts lack subtle shading, the film is worth a look.

LITE TRAP (West Germany, 1982; Monday, April 18, 7 pm; Four Star) an East German agent; a West German double agent; an ultra-modern sophisticated backdrop—a delicious melange of intrigue and romance. Director-writer Niklaus Schilling delivers a thoroughly compelling film with outstanding performances by Armin Mueller-Stahl and Beatrice Kessler. Michael Ruggeberg and Gianna Nannini's music complement Wolfgang Dickmann's fine cinematography.

EXPERIENCE PREFERRED —BUT NOT ESSENTIAL (Great Britain, 1982; Monday, April 18, 6:30 pm; Fine Arts) is Peter Duffell's bittersweet story of a provincial English girl's combat training in the ways of the world as a resort hotel waitress in the '60s. Elizabeth Edmunds is appealing as the bright but socially naive Annie and she's well supported by the cross section of human

Can you imagine a Busby Berkeley musical in living color? How about *Love Lucy*? Picture Lucy's red-orange hair really blazing, not the dull grey it appears in and white re-runs still worshipping almost everyone.

We are not talkin' fantasy means to dress up golden oldie exist. An automated process converting black and white movies and TV's colorless cartoons into color videotapes has been developed by Vidcolor Image of Toronto, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Hal Roach Studios, Inc. them happy.

Before Vidcolor, the thought conversion was prohibitive on level. The time and monies involved were staggering. It meant the taking method of hand coloring each and every frame of film. akin to those poor Belgian nuns supposedly go blind making delicate tablecloths. Forget it. The very few lab people left with Belgian nun complex. Disney them all up years ago. But if you exist, one-half hour of conversion would cost about \$300,000 ones. The new, computerized conversion process can do it for \$1! It's not exactly K-Mart but cheaper.

How does it work? Let's Laurel and Hardy. After all, the Roach Studios is where Star Oliver first became a team and 95 features and shorts. Plus, Laurel and Hardy.

First, a black and white picture divided into its individual scenes. The color director specialist then divides the color needs for the first frame, each scene. There are 124 frames available to date. In *Sons of the Desert* (1933), let's say Stanley Ollie each need a red fez, a dark blue bow tie and a yellow shirt with bright, red letters. These are fed into the first frame of the scene. The automated process takes over and electronically converts the colors in the right places of the frames to produce a master videotape. Each time the frame appears, it's red, the sash is yellow so on.

The possibilities are endless. Glick, chairman of the board of Hal Roach Studios, believes there are approximately 15,000 well-known black and white films which should be candidates for color. Some will, of course, balk at the idea of seeing *The Maltese Falcon* or *Kane* in color. Some will not.

FILMEX REVIEWS

LOOKING AT AMERICA WITH 'LIQUID SKY'

By KEVIN THOMAS,
Times Staff Writer

Be warned: "Liquid Sky," which screens at Filmex tonight at 9 at the El Rey Theater and opens Friday at the UA Cinema Center, early on depicts so brutal an assault upon a young woman that at a preview it has caused walkouts. This scene is doubly lamentable: first, because it need not have been so explicit or protracted; second, because what follows is an exceedingly venturesome and entirely original pitch-dark comedy-fantasy centering on the new-wave scene in Manhattan that marks the feature directorial debut of Russian emigre Slava Tsukerman.

That young woman (Anne Carlisle) proves to be a cross between Ms. 45 and Edie Sedgwick. She's fled both her aristocratic New England family and her acting professor lover (Bob Brady) to become a new-wave fashion model and the lover of a demure-looking but breathtakingly tough drug dealer and would-be new-wave singer (Paula E. Sheppard). When we meet her, this young woman has begun thinking for herself. She seems to have put drugs behind her, has decided she's neither straight nor gay and clearly is in the mood to start resisting the dominance of Sheppard. But then a flying saucer lands on her rooftop apartment.

Written by Tsukerman with Carlisle and another emigre, Nina V. Keroya (who plays a fashion designer in the film), "Liquid Sky," which is slang for heroin, is first of all a foreigner's view of contemporary America in which the new-wave phenomenon represents our society's extreme jagged edge in a lethal blur of sex, drugs and violence. As it turns out, that flying saucer contains an unseen alien attracted not to Carlisle but to all that heroin being injected around her. However, since the human brain apparently reacts to drugs much in the way it does to sex, the alien responds accordingly, zapping everyone into oblivion who forces him—or her—self upon Carlisle.

Such an equation between a heroin high and orgasm suggests a view of sex in America as taking a devastatingly destructive expression. "Liquid Sky," then, is a kind of comment on the war between the sexes and also the rise of androgyny and feminism. On a lighter note, it is a comment on our rather presumptuous view of aliens from outer space (which, in turn, perhaps stands for aliens from other lands). It is Tsukerman's amusingly deflating view that they would come neither as enemies, as the sci-fi horror pictures of the '50s insisted, nor as friends, as Steven Spielberg would have it, but simply looking for kicks.

If much of what is depicted in "Liquid Sky" is ugly

and decadent in the utmost—there is, however, a kind of crazy grandeur in a new-wave fashion show, part Kabuki and part Flash Gordon—it is nevertheless a richly visual experience, with Tsukerman's gifted cameraman (and fellow emigre) Yuri Neyman contrasting the wretched excesses of Carlisle's pals with glorious panoramas of the Manhattan skyline as seen from the alien's point of view. Rarely, if ever, has Manhattan been viewed so intensely as at once an isle of enchantment and despair.

For comic relief, Tsukerman, who also helped compose the film's effectively weird score, strays from the New Wave scene to follow the mother (Susan Doukas) of one of Carlisle's crowd in her frustrating pursuit of a visiting German scientist (Otto Von Wernherr), who in turn is in pursuit of the alien.

In becoming bemused—and amused—by the uniqueness of Tsukerman's vision, one must, to reiterate, not lose sight of its more brutalizing moments. "Liquid Sky" (Times-rated: Adult) is most emphatically not a movie for general audiences but rather for those attracted to far-out experimental cinema. And, while Tsukerman doesn't endorse drug-taking, the new-wave scene he depicts has enough bizarre glamour in itself that it could very well impress young people for all the wrong reasons.

'RETURN ENGAGEMENT'

United States, 1983

Today at 7 p.m. at the Four Star

Film maker Alan Rudolph's curious piece of Americana documents eight days in the lives of G. Gordon Liddy of Watergate infamy and Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor and LSD guru, who are on the road on a paid lecture circuit together. The unlikely duo are depicted in public and private sequences, which reveal as much about the society that spawned them as the men themselves. In addition, Rudolph is too much of a dramatic artist not to expose the devastating similarities between these two very glib, middle-aged, middle-class men. This is an entertaining, well-edited film, except it makes one very uneasy because it gives such a large and rather frightening show biz forum to Liddy, who is as articulate and intelligent as he is unrepentant.

—LINDA GROSS

'MYSTERY'

Mexico, 1979

Today at 9:45 p.m. at the Four Star

Mexican film maker Marcela Fernandez Violante's very ambitious film about how the illusions of film making, in general, and television soap operas, in particular, intermingle and interfere with reality and ultimately become it. This is black comedy and social satire at its most incisive. Beyond the very brilliant premise, the film maker falters with problems of making credible the banal world and characters that she is attacking. They lack humanity and vulnerability, so they are not as accessible to us. At a certain point we cease to care for their dilemma beyond the fascinating *trompe l'oeil* effect of the director's *mise en scene*.

—L.G.

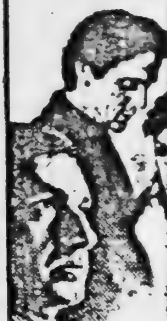
"High Road to China" has great action... thrilling flying sequences... a perfectly engaging film."

—L.A. TIMES



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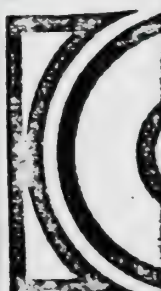
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Some things

FILM REVIEWS

Return Engagement

Four Star Theatre, April 14, 7:30 p.m.

Talk about strange bedfellows. G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the bungled Watergate burglary and Dr. Timothy Leary, '60s LSD guru, are chronicled in this 90-minute documentary as they tour on the lucrative college lecture circuit. Director Alan Rudolph has captured a curious part of Americana as the Liddy/Leary act plays in "Great Debate" staging before a throng of 1,500 theatregoers at the Wilshire Ebell.

Liddy chitchats about "the code" he has lived by, while Leary lights out about the future being with video games. Presented through a series of 19 sequences, including one deliciously droll white wine/Hollywood/literati party, where the two mingle with the easy aplomb of those of "celebrity" status, "Return" is a dryly ironic film. Both Liddy and Leary seem somewhat bemused, realizing they are now seemingly dependent on each other for the bulk of their income, as they argue and nuzzle about drugs, Watergate and morality. As an observer in the film exclaims, "You two sound like an old married couple." —Duane Byrge

Mystery

Four Star Theatre, April 14, 9:45 p.m.

Touted as winner of seven Arieles in its native Mexico, "Mystery" stands little chance of accruing such hearty laurels here in the United States. Film concerns a young soap opera actor who has difficulty distinguishing reality from his suds life, as do we. Again and again distinct separation between these differing states are presented and repeatedly dispatched with "Twilight Zone" bravado. Ultimate effect proves amusing which, unfortunately, was not the filmmaker's intent. Overall, "Mystery" plays like a soap opera deemed unfit for the small screen.

Production value, too, is less akin to film than video. Sets are, obviously, sets; replete with color schemes implying depth and the characters are decidedly one-dimensional. This American premiere of director Marcela Fernandez Violante is worth a fun chuckle but will hardly be considered for an amalgam of "The Best of Filmex."

—Joe Eckdahl

ASCAP awards cash to writers

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers has awarded \$77,400 in supplemental cash grants for 1982-83 to writer members of the Society.

The latest grants bring the total amount awarded for the period to \$1,151,550, ASCAP president Hal David said. The grants were initiated by

Pirates' 1st to get simul. cassette, disc release from MCA

"The Pirates of Penzance," the first film ever to screen on pay TV the same day as it opened in theatres, has also become the first film MCA has released simultaneously on videocassette and LaserDisc.

"Penzance" will be available for \$69.95 on cassette in May, and disc for \$29.95. The recent "Videodrome" will also be released next month, at \$59.95 for cassette and \$29.95 for disc.

In addition, MCA Videocassette is releasing "This Island Earth," the 1955 science-fiction film and "Let the Balloon Go," an Australian children's film, for \$39.95. Robert Redford's "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" is priced at \$59.95.

On LaserDisc, MCA is releasing "Fast Times at Ridgemont High," "The Thing," "Somewhere in Time" and "Woody Woodpecker and Friends," for \$29.95.

Sanders director of development at Warner Bros. TV

Bill Sanders has been named to the post of director of TV development for Warner Bros. TV.

Reporting to program vps Cindy Dunne and Lawrence Lytle, effective immediately, Sanders will help develop comedy, drama and variety. Prior to joining WB TV, Sanders was director of variety and late-night programs for ABC in Los Angeles and before that, also on the West Coast, was ABC's manager of variety programs.

Mr. T. for "Battle of the Network Stars."

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Rambling Reporter

Hank Grant

Raquel Welch crosses the pond in early May to cement a deal for her to make her London legit debut on the West End in a new musical, to hopefully segue to the B'way scene of her "Woman of the Year" success. Obviously superstitious, Rocky's not revealing the plot or title till the deal's wrapped up solid. . . . Also on the legit beat, my New York spy Freyda Muggers reports that Harvey Fierstein, the "drag queen" star of his orig hit play, "Torch Song Trilogy," has turned down a film rights bid from Ray Stark, who reportedly sees it as a great movie for Richard Dreyfuss (not "Tootsie" Dustin Hoffman?). It's quite probably that Fierstein, who's had a few other bids, wants to wait until he makes a deal allowing him to star in the movie version (How about that, Sly Stallone?). . . . Dolly Parton may wanna pick up a copy of Forum mag's May issue. Cover story is: "Big breasts: For and Against" (this argument does not include panting males, who are for them and would love to be against them). . . . My Monaco spy Riggs Rule Etweels says it's now official with Prince Rainier's blessing. Princess Caroline will tie the knot in September with Roberto Rossellini (the late Ingrid Bergman's son). . . . Also heading for the altar are producer Lawrence Foldes & Victoria Meyerink, who've set April 24 as their wedding date at the Neighborhood Church in Palos Verdes Estates. Victoria, you'll remember, was the tot Danny Kaye jogged on his knee at the conclusion of each seg of his CBS weekly series. How time flies! . . . Still Steady As They Go: Vicki Tucker & Joe Stellini. . . . Renewed Two: thesps Pam Dawber & Phil Caccioletti, after a year of trying it apartsville. . . . Jack Carter growls: "Don't forget tomorrow's income tax deadline. Some taxpayers close their eyes, some stop their ears, some shut their mouths — but all pay through the nose!"

Don't hold your breath for that reported reteaming of Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice of "Jesus Christ Superstar" and "Evita" fame. While Webber's enjoying the smash success of his solo "Cats!" musical venture, Rice has two new partners. He's working with composer Stephen Oliver on a musical based on the legendary wandering minstrel, Blondel, and he's also teamed with composer Cy Coleman on a stage musical version of Neil Simon's 1972 pic, "The Heartbreak Kid." . . . Now it's Larry Hagman seeking to buy a home away from home in New

in Gotham. . . . HAPPY BIRTHDAY: Brad Dillman, Julie Christie, Rod Steiger, Jerry Tokofsky, Loretta Lynn, Gloria Jean, Ned York, Vince Miranda, Jay Robinson, Tony Hall, Tony Perkins and John Gielgud. . . . FILMLORE QUIZ: Buddy Ebsen's first name his real first name? (answer below). . . . Her "General Hospital" series has never given Jacklyn Zeman as much exposure as she'll be getting in the May issue of Oui mag. She's so sexy and revealing with her cover pose and inside photo layout, she's sure to have ABC toppers spinning their wheels. . . . Richard Dreyfuss & bride Jeramie Raines wasted no time. They're expecting their first heir. . . . Michael Landon's seven-acre BevHills home with seven bedrooms and 13 bathrooms, is on the sales block for \$11½ million. Don't call me, call realtor Mike Silverman. . . . FILMLORE ANSWER: Buddy Ebsen's real first name is Christian. More fully it's Christian Rudolf Ebsen.

Elmore Leonard hardly writes a novel but what it brings him film rights bread. As negotiated by literary agent H. N. Swanson, Davis-Panzer Prods. had laid out 200Gs for movie rights to his "Cat Chaser" thriller. And Universal & producer Jennings Lang have snapped up big-screen rights to his "Big Stick" tome as fast as Arbor House has gone into a massive second printing, not to mention that Avon's laid out a plum six-figure sum for the paperback rights. . . . Also on the Book Beat: Zebra Books will have a first printing this spring of a million copies, no less, of Igor Cassini's first novel, "Pay the Price," no doubt based on his "Cholly Knickerbocker" experiences. . . . And Louis L'Amour also gets a million-copies first edition when Bantam bounces the bookstalls in July with a paperback version of his new oater tome, "Ride the River." . . . Elizabeth Taylor may be interested to know that ex-hubby John Warner's sold the two-story brick home she shared with him in Washington. He was asking \$2.4 million for the manse, but sold it for \$1.75 million in cash. . . . New Two for veal chops at Michel Saadlou's Club 22: Jim Bonura & current "Miss America," Debbie Maffett. . . . Notso New Two hungry again at Madame Wu's: Pat & Cesare Danova. . . . And sharing a pasta feast at Romeo and Juliet in BevHills. Bob Van Ronkel & gawjus Teal Roberts.

(Hank Grant airs his entertainment

HERALD EXAMINER
THURSDAY, April 14

DAVID EHRENSTEIN

Filmex '83

Liddy, Leary debate for the almighty buck

"Return Engagement" (Four Star, 7:30 p.m.) turns the documentary spotlight on former Watergate mastermind G. Gordon Liddy and ex-LSD prophet Timothy Leary. In recent years this pair of seemingly contrasting media personalities have managed to turn their waning notoriety to monetary advantage on the lecture-circuit through a series of much-publicized "Great Debates." As Alan

Rudolph's film quickly reveals, however, the alleged left (Leary) and right (Liddy) these two presume to embody is nothing more than a cynical dead-center of common monetary concerns.

While it's possible, to some degree, to appreciate Rudolph's efforts at exposing these moral charlatans, it's also possible to wonder why he felt them deserving of a film of feature length. Ten minutes would have done it.

Also on view at Filmex today: Two early Ernst Lubitsch comedies, "The Pride of the Firm" followed by "Shoe Saloon Pinkus" (1916), at 1 p.m. at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Following the screening will be a panel discussion with Nicola Lubitsch (the director's daughter), actor Sam Jaffe, producer-director Gottfried Reinhardt, and television commentator Gary Franklin. A silent 1929 version of Liam O'Flaherty's classic tale of the Irish rebellion, "The Informer," will be shown at the El Rey at 6:30 p.m. (John Ford directed the most celebrated version of this story in 1935.)

'Accused'

Continued from page B-1

setback. Increasingly Elinor treats him like a lackey ("he's not my class," she petulantly tells a friend), and the most Paul can do is strike back with furious but ineffective clichés like "I won't be henpecked!"

No, that's not quite accurate. He can, and does, do more than that. For one thing, Paul, at 50, has been having an affair with Myra, a colleague at school who's 20 years his junior. Even more to the point, Paul begins thinking about doing in bossy Elinor. Maybe he can even make it look like a natural death, since she's got a bad heart and is constantly under the weather.

One day a gardener comes by to spray the shrubs with an arsenic-rich mixture called Eureka Weed Killer. Eureka! — it could kill Elinor, too.

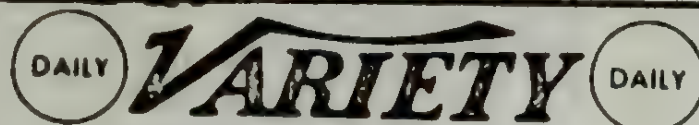
Who among us, if stuck for life with a harridan like Elinor, wouldn't feel a like temptation? The scenes between hateful wife and hate-filled husband are loaded with humor and nuance — just a couple of shouts beyond your typical marital row of thrust and counter-thrust. How often, in the throes of anger, have we felt, "I could kill her (him)"? Only, in this case, the thought is father to the weed-killer.

The performances are splendid. Holm is completely



also optioned two more books, Marc Lovell's comedy adventure about British spy "Appleton Porter": "Apple Spy In The Sky" and "Spy On The Run." He's already written a script for the former . . . Barry Manilow exudes "yesterday morning was one of the most exciting mornings of my life." The Guinness book of records installed Manilow in their sanctum sanctorum for achieving the top, one-day gross in B'way history, also the fastest sellout — all at his recent Uris stand. But, Manilow also admitted "I lost money on that gig! It costs so much to mount a B'way production. But — it was worth it." He's now off to South Africa and Australia where, if someone's standing by with a stop watch, he may also set more records.

N.Y.'s Israeli Film Festival will be launched Monday night with a Waldorf dinner chaired by Merv Adelson. He's not only a strong supporter of Israel, but Lorimar's filmed "Mary & Joseph," "Big Red One," "A Man Called Intrepid" there and Andy Adelson's now in Israel scouting for an ABC-Lorimar vidpic (untitled) by George Rubino about contemporary Israel. At the dinner, producer Gene Corman will present Pia Lindstrom with a plaque honoring her late mother Ingrid Bergman for "A Woman Called Golda." Pam Dawber ("A Remembrance Of Love") and Mike Burstyn ("Barnum") will also be on the dais. Clips from pix made in Israel will be shown . . . Lorimar's Lee Rich receives an honorary Doctorate of Law at Southwestern U. of Law's fifth annual Tom Bradley Scholarship Fund feed, May 18, at the Bev-Wilshire . . . Carol Burnett delayed her trip home to Hawaii to attend the "La Traviata" preem in San Fran with Placido Domingo — who will guestar in her next spec.



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intellectual arrogance, an archness, to "Mystery" that decimates the film once the gimmick has worn off — say about 15 minutes into the film.

The acting is fine — in the case of the hero it verges on fastidious exhaustion — but the double mirrors here quickly begin to reflect the same, single joke. Credit the film for its claustrophobia, but the price exacted is repetition. *Loyn.*

Return Engagement (U.S.—Docu—Foto-Ken Industries Color)

An Island Pictures presentation of an Alive Enterprises production. Produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer. Directed by Alan Rudolph. Camera (Foto-Ken Industries Color), Jan Kiesser; editor, Tom Walls; music, Adrien Belaw; sound, Douglas Vaughn; associate producer, Barbara Leary; assistant director, Bruce Chevillat. Reviewed at the Warner Hollywood Studios, L.A., March 31, 1983. No MPAA Rating. Running time: 89 min.

Features: G. Gordon Liddy, Timothy Leary, Carole Hemingway.

Near the end of "Return Engagement," a documentary on the vaudeville team of G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary, a journalist says to the men, "You two sound like an old married couple." Comment is apt in that, no matter how much the two bicker, score points and attempt to maintain the facade of animosity for the sale of the box-office of their "debate's" tour, a basic compatibility underlies their relationship which gives the impression that they were, in some way, meant for each other. Showing at Filmex tonight in its world premiere, Alan Rudolph's first docu feature will be of interest to pop historians and has a solid future at fests, specialized commercial venues and, in a limited way, on television.

Liddy, known for his role in the Watergate break-in, and Leary, self-styled hippie guru and drug advocate, are billed as the highest-paid team on the lecture circuit, and pic covers eight days surrounding a recent appearance at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre in Los Angeles.

Centerpiece of the film is this public performance, at which both men, along with moderator Carole Hemingway, spout off in

(Continued on Page 21, Column 1)

ting the winning short film, James Scott's "A Shocking Accident" — it's again proven that we have the infrastructure for making outstanding pictures."

Ken Maidment at the British Film & Television Producers As-

SEA-TAC B.O. UP

'Gandhi' Adds 37G; 'Grey Fox' Snares 15G; 'Local Hero' 10G

Seattle, April 13 — Spring is in the sunny air in the Seattle-Tacoma area, and change is boosting b.o. figures in many venues. Only newcomers: "Britannia Hospital" okay \$5200 Top of Exdt, and two documentaries at the small indie Grand Illusion — "Eight Minutes To Midnight" and "If You Love This Planet" — eyeing tidy \$2000.

Latter of the two doc. a Canadian release, was termed "a political propaganda by a foreign agent" by the U.S. Dept. of Justice and won an Academy Award.

"Local Hero" shaping for hefty \$10,000 third Guild 45 2, with "Year Of Living Dangerously" nifty \$9800 eighth Guild 45 1.

"The Outsiders" stout \$31,000 third in four, after big \$65,320 third in same.

"Tootsie" leggy and tall \$55,000 17th in four, plus dandy \$9300 same lap Tacoma Mall 1.

"Gandhi" great \$30,000 12th Music Box, hearty \$7200 same round Tacoma West 2.

Canadian "The Grey Fox" snappy \$15,500 fourth Ridge-mont.

"Bad Boys" meek \$8200 third in three, neat \$3200 same lap Villa Plaza 1.

"Spring Break" fine \$21,000 third in four, spry \$4600 same jaunt Tacoma Village Cinema 4.

"The Verdict" hardy \$14,500 fifth m.o. to three, docile \$2600 second Village Cinema 3.

"Max Dugan Returns" peppy \$22,000 third in four, slick \$5300 same round Villa Plaza 1.

"Monty Python's Meaning Of Life" swift \$47,000 second in

trend in admissions, it has taken \$4,500,000 at the wickets before going to a wide, 200 print release this week.

Nicholas, incidentally, picked up "A Shocking Accident" for U.K. playoff with "Tootsie."

four, debonair \$10,500 same sesh Villa Plaza 2.

Aussie "We Of The Never

(Continued on Page 21, Column 1)

BROADWAY OPENING All's Well That Ends Well

New York, April 13 — Brilliant staging and glossy acting make a reasonably rousing show out of mediocre Shakespeare in "All's Well That Ends Well." The rarely performed "problem play" is a tough nut for modern audiences, but the Royal Shakespeare Company's high-quality treatment should draw okay business during its scheduled 16-week Broadway run.

As Broadway audiences have seen from last season's "Nicholas Nickleby" and this year's "Cats," Trevor Nunn is an imaginative and theatrically exciting director with a knack for lively stage business. Possibly to camouflage the structural deficiencies and puzzling characterizations of the play, he has set it in the Edwardian age and piled on the embellishments.

Such nontextual extras as waltzing dancers, a game of musical chairs, a marching military band and an artillery barrage are visually nifty and brought off in high style. The period clothes, scenery, lighting and music are all superbly theatrical.

The acting is of the high classical standard customary with

(Continued on Page 20, Column 4)

FILM REVIEW

Return Engagement

(Continued from Page 3, Column 3)

front of a giant American flag, a la "Patton." More amusing and revealing, however, is the off-stage time spent both together and separately, when each gets the chance to expound more coherently, and less defensively, on his beliefs, and when they can be caught in less guarded moments.

Although Rudolph keeps his film moving along so as not to bore, viewer reaction will naturally be predicated to a great extent upon personal feelings about Liddy and Leary. Immaculately groomed, very proper and tremendously fit, Liddy confounds most preconceived notions about him through his easy command of history and articu-

late manner in which he sometimes twists logic to rationalize his actions.

Leary, too, is able to talk a good game, but anyone who ever thought he was a flake is unlikely to change one's mind on the evidence presented here.

Admitting that he's still a "cheerleader" for the post-war generation, whom he encourages to seize power quickly, Leary is glimpsed playing videogames and spouting such nonsense as, "You're going to see Shakespeare in the future in video arcades," as well as lecturing to aging hippies at Esalen.

One of the most amusing revelations to nonexperts on these gentlemen is that, 16 years earlier, it was assistant d.a. Liddy who busted Leary for drugs in rural New York.

Urging his friend on film to get high, Leary maintains that Liddy is a lost soul because he's concerned with the past, and history, instead of the future, while Leary exposes himself as a utopian idealist who, in Liddy's opinion, might have lost quite a few brain cells to his countless drug trips.

And so it goes, back and forth, like Alphonse and Gaston, at a Hollywood party thrown in their honor, at a wine-enhanced dinner and at a Chateau Marmont breakfast shared with their very amiable wives.

In spare time, Leary works on a book on a word processor, while Liddy exhibits fine marksmanship at a firing range and rides choppers with Hell's Angels, one of whom served time with him at Terminal Island and respects Liddy because he wasn't a snitch. In a way, whole film goes to show that you never know where you might find new friends.

Pic was blown up impressively from 16m to 35m, and tech aspects are all solid. *Carl.*

Saunders Gets Boost At Fox

William Saunders has been named senior vice president of international syndication for the telecommunications division of 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.

In new post, Saunders who will headquarter at the studio here, is responsible for sale of all Fox TV properties globally except for the U.S. and Canada.

He joined Fox in 1964 as manager of tv for the United Kingdom, and in 1966 was named director of European operations, based in Paris, responsibility in that post being for the U.K., Europe, the Middle and Near East, the Socialist Republic and Africa.

Saunders in 1975 was elevated to v.p. of tv international for those same territories.

Before he joined Fox, he was sales director for the export division of the Motion Picture Association of America, based in Nigeria. He also worked for the MPAA in Washington, D.C.

Opera Colorado Off And Running

(Continued from Page 18, Column 5)

conclusion. And despite there being snow on the ground outside the hall, there was applause for the snow which fell in Act III of the Puccini opera.

There were gasps of admiration for the tableau which welcomed the Venetian ambassadors in Act II of the Verdi opera, following a blackout during which clusters of trumpets played in the high balconies of the hall. Richard Lorains' costuming was of an elegance never before seen in Denver opera.

It was the singing casts which made the greatest difference, for never before had entire casts of locally produced operas included world-class opera singers.

"Otello" offered the heroic Othello of James McCracken, the scavenging Iago of the brilliant Silvano Carroli, and the purity if not always perfectly focussed soprano and natural beauty of Pilar Lorengar as Desdemona. Walter MacNell made an impressive showing in the tenor role of Cassio, while Cynthia Munzer excelled as Emilia, and Stephen West disclosed a

OBITUARIES

Wayland Michael Hewitt

Wayland Michael Hewitt, 33, a videotape recording engineer for ABC Television, died April 11 at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center.

Hewitt had been with ABC broadcast operations and engineering department in Los Angeles since 1973.

He is survived by his parents, Mary and Bud Hewitt, brothers John and Patrick and sister Mary Lee.

Services will be held in Seattle.

Maurice Davidson

Funeral service is pending for Maurice Davidson, 73, retired assistant cameraman with International Photographers Local 659, who died April 12 at the Motion Picture & Television Country Home in Woodland Hills.

In the industry for 26 years, Davidson worked at various studios and was also a member of the Screen Actors Guild and the Screen Extras Guild.

He is survived by a daughter.

Homer L. (Kitt) Carson

Scottsdale, Ariz., April 13 — A private memorial service will be held within the next few days for Homer L. (Kitt) Carson, 83, father of Johnny Carson, who died in his home here last Saturday.

Survivors include his wife, a daughter and two sons.

RSVP Service 2 Bouts To F

(Continued from Page 6, Column 5)

ner, promoters said yesterday. Such a matchup may be part of the year-end "culmination" PPV event Granath is looking forward to.

Pay Per View Association's Rick Kulls, who's assisting in marketing of the fight, says unlikely that a WBA-WBC heavyweight champions matchup would be staged year.

\$15 Charge

The suggested per-hour charge for the May 20 telecast is \$15, meaning an overall sign-up rate on all systems cleared would generate at \$4,500,000 in fee revenue. Promoter Don King said yesterday at a Beverly Hills press conference that the "total cost of card" is \$8-10,000,000.

Southern California cable clearances announced yesterday for the RSVP event include systems operated by Val Cable, Storer, TCI, Falcon, and Cable Systems Pacific. All, 15 Southern California terms have agreed to carry telecast.

RSVP hopes to break even PPV ground by selling advertising on the May 20 program. Granath said the venture is looking for a sole sponsor that would pay "a large amount, not a couple hundred dollars," to

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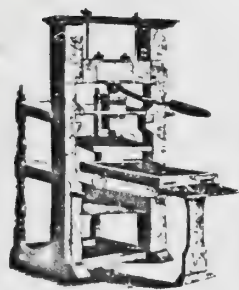
December 2, 1983

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer ✓
FROM: Leslee Dart, John West
RE: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Attached, please find Lewis Archibald's review of
"Return Engagement" as it appears in The Aquarian,
the issue dated November 30, 1983.

cc: Shep Gordon
Carey Brokaw

Pat Kingsley
George Freeman



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Debra Winger and her young son Huckleberry Fox express contrasting emotions as they leave the state of Texas for a new life in Iowa in *Terms Of Endearment*.

(continued from previous pg.)
peevish when they bring up
the subject.

Bating away the compliments of one of those would be admirers, she will snap out (and mean) "Don't worship me until I've earned it." Confronting her son-in-law's move to a distant state, all she will admit of loneliness and separation is, "He can't even do the simple things like fail locally." The woman says exactly what is on her mind, unadorned by any social grace, and it cannot fail to be sharp, grating and often piercingly funny.

Of course, those around her don't often get the benefit of the chuckles. It's no wonder that that bewildered and slightly abandoned daughter chooses to marry the most complete opposite to her mother that she can find: the perfect archetypal nonentity, a man so bland and featureless in presence that he seems more like a void than anything else. He can't even, the daughter soon finds out, cheat on her successfully, just think about it unevenly. He's a potential first cousin to Woody Allen's Zelig but he's unable to adopt anyone else's characteristics because he can't choose just whom to emulate.

Caught between these two, the daughter has a lot with which to cope. Fortunately that's precisely what this film is about: coping (just as the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* was before it). Coping with the day you finally get to the head of the line at the supermarket and you find you're \$1.47 short of the total rung up and the clerk comes from the Don Rickles School of Tact and Forbearance.

Coping with the new date who takes you for a whirl in his open sports car before depositing you at his high tone club for lunch where all the guests can see that your clothes now look like an Apple Annie original and your hair has all the order of a patch of crab grass. Coping with the one thing, a fatal disease that must of necessity alter a life you feared would never change but still, hoped would never end.

Actually, Brooks gets on somewhat shakier ground when he introduces that element into the story, its last half hour has a sense of manipulation about it that is blessedly absent from the lighter rest of it. Even to the end, Brooks has a wonderful way of setting up entirely conventional moments and then having his characters squirm, wriggle and back their way out of them in anything but conventional ways.

Like Eric Rohmer's *Pauline at the Beach*, this film takes a fond, but pointed, view towards its people that makes them at once wryly ridiculous and charmingly profound.

Of course to do this, you have to have excellent actors—even excellent actors who don't mind looking a bit ridiculous, looking a bit uninteresting, looking more than a bit befuddled as the script demands. Fortunately—or maybe it's just a testament to Brooks' ability as a director as well as a writer—he's got them in spades.

Newcomer Jeff Daniels plays the nonentity—what a role with which to make your major film debut—with a steady sense of squirreled-away bewilderment, a lack of backbone and spark that achieves a hard won poignance when he is so obviously unable to deal with a serious crisis.

Shirley MacLaine gives the mother bite and sass and a wonderfully deceptive sweetness at just the wrong times—there hasn't been such an interweaving of motherhood and manipulation since Katharine Hepburn took on Eleanor of Aquitaine in *The Lion in Winter*—and she never resorts to charm or poignance or any of the easy tricks to pull in a family drama. She wins our admiration the tough way (she doesn't even get anything that could be called show stopping until the last 10 minutes) but she certainly does win it.

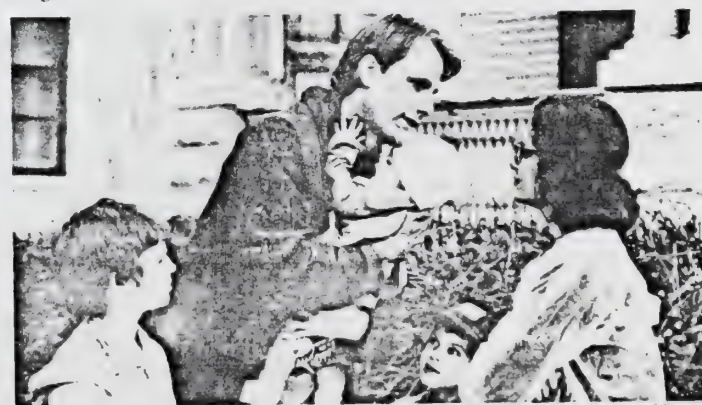
Ditto for Jack Nicholson as an aging and boozy ex-astronaut who turns out to be MacLaine's opposite, a man who never says what he truly

thinks but only what he hopes will achieve the effect he wants to get. Watching Nicholson and MacLaine parry each other through some of the more intriguing love scenes in recent history (it's enough to make you wonder how anyone dares to call themselves grown up) is a rich sight indeed.

But the film's best virtue is Winger as that Everywomanish daughter. Her voice jumping around every note in the human scale like a careening bullet, her eyes ever ready to give an inward shrug or two, her body both slightly uncoordinated and completely energized, the lady has here found the part her vastly original, totally endearing personality has been waiting for since *Urban Cowboy*.

In it she is so wholeheartedly, contradictorily, mind bogglingly alive that you wonder if she hasn't just sat back and redefined acting while she was doing it. It's captivating work.

As for the most part is the film itself. It creeps on you quietly at first, curls its laughs around you, surs in a few cockeyed truths for a heady aftertaste and then of course when you don't expect it—that's almost a given with this film—stabs you right to the heart with its view of things.



Husband Jeff Daniels, wife Debra Winger and their brood—Troy Bishop, Megan Morris and Huckleberry Fox—prepare to get settled in their new Iowa home in *Terms Of Endearment*.

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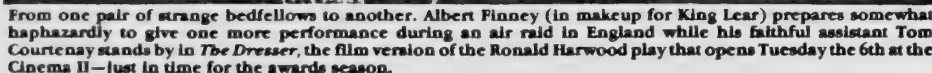
A Weekly Entertainment Journal

Return Engagement

Lousy and Leary! It sounds like a vaudeville team, doesn't it (the sort of team where there would always be some protracted wrangling about the billing) and that's pretty much the way it turns out in this documentary look

at the lecture tour those two faded blossoms of the '60s and '70s recently embarked on not so much in the name of truth and free opinion and a good healthy argument—as they spend much too much time maintaining—but also one suspects in the name of a healthier bank account.

As they stand now, both



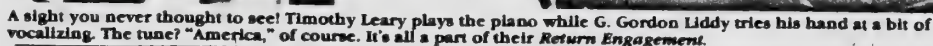
Liddy has an even better sense of delivery and some very droll notions, even if they are a bit sour. His experi-

In the end what it seems to come down to is that Liddy mistrusts people without lots of legal protections surrounding him and Leary mistrusts the state without lots of ways to protest around him. Those of us who stand much closer to the middle—desirous of both democracy and individuality, of mutable laws *and* limits on change, in short of the most ethical compromise we can find—aren't going to get much courage or sustenance from either camp. A good bit of laughs, though.

Exploitation, however, is still exploitation, and this one struck me as that and, pretty charmless at that. The film gets embarrassingly pretentious at the beginning—lots of grandiose shots of the Kennedy Space Center

Warren, who keeps her clothes on, goes instead for dramatic involvement and sympathy and damn near succeeds before the film shoots her down with an embarrassingly graphic love scene. Too bad She deserves a better director and script and Atkins deserves an open-ended, I use the term advisedly, run at *Chippendale*.

Yup, the blond hunk in this case is Christopher Atkins with straight hair and looking like a Ken doll in heat and the teacher is Lesley



MANHATTAN RIVOLI TWIN <small>OPENING 1989</small> BOOKS ALLERTON TRIPLEX PALACE TRIPLEX VALENTINE TRIPLEX WHISTONE MULTIPLEX • OPENING 1989	QUEENS ASTORIA FLEX CROSSBAY <small>OPENING 1989</small> JACKSON TRIPLEX MIDWAY QUAD UA QUARTER	BROOKLYN RKO KENYON QUAD RKO MIDWOOD REGENT RIDGEWOOD TRIPLEX STATEN ISLAND ISLAND TWIN • OPENING 1989	MANHATTAN LYNBROOK QUAD MEADOWBROOK QUARTER, <small>OPENING 1989</small> MOVIES AT SUMMIT HALL WESTBURY WESTBURY D.I WESTBURY
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PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

November 28, 1983

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer
FROM: Leslee Dart, John West
RE: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Attached, please find Richard Freedman's review of "Return Engagement" as it appears in the Newark Star-Ledger, November 24, 1983. This review is also syndicated to Newhouse Newspapers across the county.

cc: Shep Gordon
Carey Brokaw

Pat Kingsley
George Freeman

FILMS IN FOCUS

Leary and Liddy team in engaging 'Return'

By RICHARD FREEDMAN

Just in time for Thanksgiving, brings us two plump, well-basted turkeys for the price of one.

They're G. Gordon Liddy, Nixon's steadfast stonewaller who planned the Watergate break-in, and Timothy Leary, the former Harvard psychology professor who became uncrowned guru king to a generation of hippies.

For a period, both these rare birds became jail birds. Liddy served a four-and-a-half year sentence for his role in Watergate; Leary three-and-a-half years for possession of marijuana.

In fact, they first met 17 years ago when Liddy, as assistant district attorney in Dutchess County, N.Y., busted Leary for possession of drugs.

They've been friendly enemies ever since, and last year made the concert tour together that resulted in this spaced-out documentary, directed by Alan Rudolph ("Endangered Species").

Although they're on opposite sides of just about any fence you want to name, Leary and Liddy have much in common. Both are consummate showmen—intelligent, articulate, personable, and just a bit beyond the bend.

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a stirring, if off-key rendition by Liddy of "America," with Leary at the piano, before a "Patton"-sized American flag. They're warming up for a debate before 1,500 fans in a Los Angeles theater.

In keeping with their roles, Liddy is dressed in a conservative suit, blue shirt and tie; Leary in an open shirt, sweater and sneakers. Liddy looks like an evil Dabney Coleman playing a cross between the late New York Gov. Thomas E. Dewey and British fascist leader Sir Oswald Moseley. The white-thatched Leary paces up and down the stage like a shaggy caged panther.

Between them, Leary notes with some justice, they brought down the Nixon Administration.

Their debate—of no great intellectual clout—is interspersed with snapshots of them looking much younger, but no more appealing, and scenes of them joshing each other in private or engaged in some of their characteristic activities.

Describing himself as a "futurist cheerleader," Leary is seen at his word processor, admiring the videogames at an arcade, which he compares favorably to the invention of the wheel, and lecturing to a semi-nudist colony on how he's updated his famous slogan, "tune in, turn on, and drop out," to read "tune in, turn on, and take over," because he believes the world now belongs to a more liberated generation born after 1946.

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SHOW

ENTERTAINMENT, NEWS, REVIEWS AND PERSONALITIES

Leary, Liddy: Eerie, giddy

"I think they're both a little nuts," says a man on the street at the start of *Return Engagement*. His opinion echoes as we watch G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary bonging each other with rhetorical dumbbells.

Alan Rudolph's film of the Liddy-Leary road show is a sober documentary that is also a fascinating comedy of contradiction. Liddy, the Watergate burglar who "never ratted" and became hero to macho boys everywhere, teamed up with Leary, the smiling Johnny Appleseed of acid-dropping, for a series of college "debates" that allowed them to rub egos in public and collect inflated fees.

They perform Patton-like, before a huge flag, and before audiences which respond to them as adversarial heavyweights. That either man can draw a flock of partisans doesn't say much for American education.

Sweater-dressed Leary prowls the stage like a cat (with a mike cord for tail), purring the "futuristic" vision of a benign hipster who has flown over 5,000 acid trips and never failed to land where he thinks youth is at. The basic comment on Leary was made by Aldous Huxley in 1962: "I am very fond of Tim. ... But why, oh why, does he have to be such an ass?"

Liddy, his hardball head gleaming with hair oil, his eyes beaming with certitude,

MOVIES

BY DAVID ELLIOTT

rises in his crisp suit to score points as swiftly aimed as the bullets we later see him blasting at a pistol range. Locked into his own fantasy, Liddy offers ideas that make a salad of leftovers from J. Edgar Hoover, Ayn Rand and Steve Canyon.

In more private encounters, Yin and Yang size each other up, wary but amused comrades called to the colors of mutual profit. In a great scene, Leary and his young lover observe Liddy nervously fending off his fed-up wife's complaint of his marital waywardness: "I'm pleading not guilty." A smooth kidney puncher herself, Mrs. Liddy retorts, "But you always have. That's why you got 20 years."

Liddy and Leary are *Ding Dong School* debaters, lobbing forensic duds through the holes in each other's heads. This smart, well-crafted movie is part of the media overload that has made them stars, yet doesn't hype them — after all, they hype themselves.

Return Engagement

An Island Pictures release. Directed by Alan Rudolph. Produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer. Photography by Jan Kiesser. Music by Adrian Belew. With Timothy Leary, G. Gordon Liddy. In New York City, others later. Unrated (profanity).



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FILM CLIPS

Continued from Page 1

giving an extra dimension to music," said Carl Colpaert, an American Film Institute fellow with a short film up for this year's competition.

Colpaert's 10-minute work, "Aggelos," shows an ancient Greek torch carrier emerging from the Pacific Ocean, encountering modern Los Angeles and then walking back into the sea. It cost \$2,700, he said.

Rock videos don't always mean trouble for makers of short films. They're providing new job opportunities. They're revitalizing the concept of playing theatrical shorts before feature films. And in some cases, they're making artistic waves.

"Some of the most creative things are being done in that medium," said Shelley Levinson, a member of the academy's short-film selection committee and an Oscar winner for her 1981 short, "Violet." "But I'm sure glad they weren't around the year that I won."

Whether "Thriller" and other teen-oriented rock videos thrill the academy voters remains to be seen.



Michael Jackson



Tamar Hoffs

many of the members of the selection committee are in their 60s and 70s.

Paul Schneider, whose \$34,000 short film, "Sweetwater," starring Diane Lane, is contending for an Oscar this year, said that he isn't worried about competition from music videos. "The academy members are extremely conventional-minded," he said. "They're looking for stories that have emotional impact with a beginning, middle and end."

□

BUY AMERICAN: With "Thriller" immortalized as a short film, work is under way to turn another Michael Jackson song, "Billie Jean," into a feature film.

The project is being developed by Island Alive, a maverick company with the noble goal of producing and distributing American independent films. The company was launched in May by Chris Blackwell of Island Records and Shep Gordon of Alive Enterprises, a music management and film production company.

Foreign films have been aggressively courted by Hollywood's major studios in the last two or three years. But American independent films often fall by the wayside. Island Alive's current roster of projects is evidence of the range of stateside movie making.

The company is currently distributing "Koyaanisqatsi," Godfrey Reggio's staggering "visual tone poem." Island Alive also produced and distributed "Return Engagement," a documentary about the G. Gordon Liddy/Timothy Leary debates that opened at Cineplex Wednesday. Future releases include "Android," a campy science-fiction thriller starring Klaus Kinski, and "El Norte," a dramatic feature about two Guatemalan emigrants that won acclaim at the 1983 Telluride Film Festival.

The company's biggest venture is "Choose Me," a low-budget romantic fantasy by director Alan Rudolph starring Keith Carradine, Genevieve Bujold and Lesley Ann Warren. Teddy Pendergrass is recording the sound track for the film, which recently completed shooting on a minuscule budget of \$750,000. "There's a growing market for intelligent films," Carolyn Pfeiffer, Island Alive president, asserts. "The baby boomers do go to the movies, and these kinds of films can succeed with them. We truly believe we're filling a void."

□

TRAILERS: Burt Reynolds and Clint Eastwood will perform together for the first time in "Kansas City Jazz," a mystery set in the 1940s. Marsha Mason co-stars in the Warner Bros. film.

Disney Pictures' "Baby" begins shooting in West Africa next month. Sean Young ("Blade Runner") and William Katt play a young couple who discover a family of dinosaurs on an expedition. One cast member has already left for Africa: a mechanical mama dinosaur, 15 feet tall and 75 feet long, constructed at Disney Studios and flown to its natural habitat in several segments.

MOVIE REVIEW

'RETURN ENGAGEMENT' FOR LIDDY, LEARY

By KEVIN THOMAS,
Times Staff Writer

In 1966 an ambitious young Poughkeepsie, N.Y., prosecutor named G. Gordon Liddy arrested Timothy Leary on a drug charge at a Victorian mansion in nearby Millbrook, where Leary was conducting a seminar on consciousness-raising drugs.

Sixteen notoriety-filled years later, the two men teamed up to become perhaps the highest-paid attraction on the speakers' circuit. Writer-director Alan Rudolph filmed their act at the Wilshire Ebell last summer as the basis for his aptly titled "Return Engagement," which documents an eight-day period in their lives both onstage and off (although they seem "on" all the time cinematographer Jan Kiesser's cameras are grinding).

The result is an amusing, provocative, disturbing and admirably responsible study of this pair of incorrigible showoffs and publicity-seekers who seem to have captured the imaginations of so many. The well-made "Return Engagement" reveals the same incisive concern for contemporary issues, values and life styles that have characterized such Rudolph films as "Welcome to L.A.," "Remember My Name" and "Endangered Species."

Introduced by their moderator, columnist-commentator Carole Hemingway, as Watergate's "mastermind of the bungled burglary" and the man who "seems to have influenced a generation in taking drugs," Leary and Liddy seem more alike than different, despite their contention that they disagree on just about everything. Both are poised, fit, attractive, learned, highly articulate middle-aged men with considerable humor and charm. Above all, they are very adroit performers.

Leary sees himself as a man of the future, urging the baby-boom generation, those 76 million young people born between 1946 and 1964 to "tune in, turn on and take over," while Liddy seems mainly preoccupied with

defending himself, justifying everything he's ever done on the basis of national security. Actually, Liddy's offstage remarks are more revealing—e.g., "If I were John Dean, I'd hope I'd have the courage to put a pistol in my mouth and do the job."

Both men score points, especially Leary, but those points are blunted simply because of who Liddy and Leary are. Leary, in fact, makes lots of sense, but his continuing espousal of LSD is profoundly disturbing, considering all the casualties that the drug has left in its wake. (This is not to say that it's not possible to agree with Leary that the drug is worth further research.)

The film's most absorbing moment occurs when Leary is confronted by a man in the audience who claims he was blinded by shots fired by people high on LSD. Stunned, Leary claims that he has never advocated in his writings that people should take LSD. But what of his responsibility in his catch-phrase of the '60s, "tune in, turn on and drop out"?

Liddy likewise offers some pertinent observations on the realities of national security, but they're undercut because they're being expressed by a man with an all-too-fanatic gleam in his eye. Too much of the time both men seem to be outrageous for the sake of being outrageous. (The evening opens with Liddy singing "America the Beautiful" to Leary's piano accompaniment against a huge American flag as their "Patton"-like backdrop.) Since it's hard to take them seriously, they too often come across as crackpots, with some of their remarks sounding downright dangerous.

What makes "Return Engagement" (Times-rated Mature because it will be over the heads of the very young) both worthwhile and entertaining is that Rudolph has created contexts in which to challenge Leary and Liddy at every turn.

Moderator Hemingway expresses what most in the audience surely must be thinking when she says to Leary, "Your act is pretty show biz." (He agrees gleefully.) And when Rudolph shows us Liddy cashing

in on his notoriety, as have so many of the other Watergate convicts, we are made to remember that the one Watergate story that goes untold may be the most important of all—that of the alert Watergate guard who uncovered the bungled burglary and whose life has taken a tragic turn ever since.

THE VOICE OF BRITAIN

Jail, the only penalty for soccer hooligans

Like all real Chelsea supporters I was shaken by the events at Brighton on Saturday when thugs beat up the policemen and tore down a goalpost.

It will do no good to punish Chelsea by letting the offenders off with small fines.

A ban on travelling Chelsea fans has already proved a failure. The only solution is to jail the responsible—and that is the responsibility of the magistrates.

RONAN MUNRO,
High Wycombe,
Bucks.

Soccer chairman Mike Asher of Brighton may be a point in suggesting a ban to midweek soccer games to curb violence. However, a much better solution would be for all clubs to issue free membership cards to their supporters to certify that they are local residents. Clubs would have to be shown admission to potentially troublesome matches. This would work both home and away, even though it might mean at some matches there would be only home supporters allowed.

L. S. DENT,
Brighton,
East Sussex.

After last Saturday's sickening display in Brighton I would like to see Chelsea's

hooligan soccer supporters banned from all first class matches, both home and away,

Getting fat in Whitehall

AS THATCHER'S own policy staff at No. 10 has been increased to eight, Chancellor Nigel Lawson now has three political advisers. What has happened to the "slimmer, fitter, more people mean more efficiency" policy?

J. MOLYNEUX, Prestatyn, Clwyd.

HAPPY TIMES

BRITISH guests at the Monterey Palace complex in Ibiza, Spain, called it "Costa Colditz" because of the "anti-British" staff. We stayed there in July and also had a nightmare holiday—caused by the rowdy, disgusting behaviour of British guests. Apartments and staff were faultless.

Mrs E. J. FEARNSIDE,
Rotherham, S Yorks.

MY SISTER and I had a marvellous holiday at the Monterey Palace.

G. BROWN, Sheffield.

for the rest of the season. Every supporter found guilty of any sort of hooliganism should be detained at the local police station during a game and then sent to clear up the ground after the genuine supporters have gone home.

Mrs V. B. WARD,
Chatham,
Kent.

Egged on

AS a cyclist, I must add my own reply to the car driver reader who saw an irresponsible cyclist riding with his hands clasped behind his head.

After waving a car to overtake me recently, I was hit squarely in the ear by an egg thrown by the smiling passenger. On another occasion a full can of beer passed right through my cycle frame.

Life is full of surprises.

W. R. TUNALEY,
London, N.

Harassment

OH DEAR, don't say the unions are going to do away with the admiring glances we get at work just because some ugly old bat of a TUC official never receives any such "sexual harassment."

JILL RIGHT,
Lewes, East Sussex.

NEW FILMS • Ian Christie



Laughs ahoy: Ronstadt and Smith

On the wild side

● **WILD STYLE** (15) I.C.A. Cinema is a look at young black people bent on self-expression in New York's South Bronx.

The thin plot about a journalist (Patti Astor) on an assignment in the area serves as an excuse for depicting the activities of graffiti artists, "break dancers" and "rap" performers who deliver monologues in doggerel to the accompaniment of a disco beat.

Director Charlie Ahern puts it all together with a feeling of raw vitality.

● **RETURN ENGAGEMENT** (15) Screen on the Green, is

a curious entertainment—a documentary focused on Gordon Liddy and Dr Timothy Leary and one of the so-called debates they engage in for profit.

Liddy, who went to jail for masterminding the Watergate burglary, attempts to justify his actions on the grounds of loyalty to his country.

Leary, who did time for drug offences, defends the joys of freaking out on LSD. They both seem as devious as their arguments are specious.

In terms of showbusiness, you laugh at them rather than with them.

Yo, ho, ho! It's culture and it's fun

I APPROACHED THE **PIRATES OF PENZANCE** (U) Classic, Shaftesbury Avenue with an open mind, determined to judge it on its merits rather than compare it with any stage production of the celebrated G and S light opera.

The film, which is a version of Joe Papp's much-acclaimed New York stage production, hasn't turned me into a fervent Gilbert and Sullivan fan but I found it tuneful, cheerful and at times quite funny.

Appealing too, is the notion that the romantic hero (Rex Smith) became involved in piracy simply because his nanny (Angela Lansbury) was hard of hearing. The lad's parents wanted him to be apprenticed to a pilot, not a pirate.

George Rose is admirably adamant as the Major-General, reluctant to see his daughters married off to buccaneers, and Tony Azito is comical as a policeman whose lot is by no means happy.

Heroine

Linda Ronstadt sings beautifully as the heroine and the entire cast displays a welcome exuberance in the dance routines.

But the star of the show is undoubtedly Kevin Kline, who plays the Pirate King.

With his white shirt open to the navel, he comes on like a combination of Douglas Fairbanks and Errol Flynn, brandishing his sword and kissing girls with equal dexterity.

A wonderful tongue-in-cheek performance.

The Barnum touch

CINEMA

by PHILIP FRENCH

IN Shakespeare's only venture into the Americas, the first reaction of the jester Trinculo to Caliban is to contemplate the fortune this bizarre inhabitant of the New World would bring him in a freak show. In this he anticipated the great nineteenth century showman Phineas T. Barnum, who believed that anything slightly out of the ordinary could be installed for profit in what he called his 'American Museum,' in the process creating a metaphor for that function in American life that transforms everything into a branch of show-business.

The latest addition to that great American Museum is the double act of Timothy Leary, the former Harvard psychology professor, naive utopian guru and advocate of freedom through drugs, and G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the Watergate break-in, samurai of the suburbs and staunch upholder of victory through willpower.

This past year they have been touring America, lecturing and debating together, and Robert Altman's former assistant Alan Rudolph has made an engrossing, very funny documentary about a week this odd couple spent in Los Angeles. *Return Engagement* (Screen on Kingston Green, 15).

This title refers to revisiting the Sixties and Seventies through these emblematic figures, and to the fact that back in 1966 Liddy, as an eager young district attorney in an ultra-conservative New York county, arrested Leary's whole commune several times on drugs charges. This harassment led, so Leary argues, to Liddy being hired as a narcotics expert by the White House, and thus on to Watergate, justifying Leary's claim that the pair helped bring down Nixon.

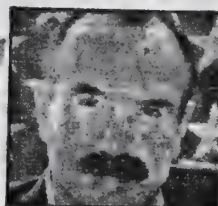
For commercial reasons the two need each other. Until Liddy came along, Leary was a drug on the market as a lecture-circuit performer, while Liddy needed a way-out stooge to make him sound more humane and reasonable. Together they can attract a mixed house of doves and hawks. But though, as Liddy remarks, 'we disagree about everything it is possible to disagree about,' the pair have taken to each other. Whatever each may actually profess, they are representatives of a cranky American individualism at its most extreme that took both to jail for long sentences.

Appropriately the movie begins with Liddy's hoarse baritone rendition of 'America, America' to what he terms Leary's 'psychedelic' piano accompaniment, and their good-humoured public dialogues take place before a giant 'Stars and Stripes' backdrop that recalls the pre-credit sequence of 'Patton'.

Rudolph's film (with Altman operating one of the cameras) is as deceptively loose-textured and as artfully contrived as his directorial debut, 'Welcome to

L.A.,' with exposition as carefully planted as in a well-made play. We have the pair doing their act on stage and separately interviewed by the Los Angeles journalist who moderates the public sessions. A roof-top hotel breakfast with their wives presses on family issues, and allows us to observe the acquiescent femininity of Leary's young wife, and the toughness of Mrs Liddy — when Liddy refuses to talk about his sex-life, saying 'I plead not guilty on all counts,' she retorts, 'You always do — that's why they gave you 20 years.'

Rudolph cross-cuts between Liddy working out in the gym to the point of extreme pain and Leary playing with his mind-extending word-processor. When Leary goes off to talk a load of mystical guff to a largely nude audience of 'Me Generation' zealots at the Esalen



G. Gordon Liddy: 'I plead not guilty on all counts.'

Institute, Liddy is out on the road with a local motor-cycle gang, whose leader did time with him in a Federal penitentiary.

While Liddy visits an indoor shooting-range, keeping up his skills with shot-gun and pistol, Leary drops in on a computer-games arcade, preaching his message that with computers 'you can double your intelligence in a week.' Both have a session with a class of high-school seniors, Liddy lecturing them on ethics and social responsibility, Leary flattering them with his ideas on the imminent and necessary take-over by post-war youth.

What they have to say is usually eloquent, and in Liddy's case often shrewd. But sooner or later (usually sooner) their particular brands of authoritarianism and anarchism are pushed so far that each disappears into the wide blue yonder on the back of the great American eagle with a maniac gleam in his eyes. But they're a genial couple, deep in the American grain. There are few dull moments in their company and 'Return Engagement' is as much a testimony to the resilience of American democracy as it is evidence of a national addiction to show-business.

Charlie Ahearn's Wild Style

(ICA, 15) is a fictionalised study of the disco rappers, free-style flash-dancers and graffiti artists of the blighted South Bronx area that would have been better treated as straight documentary. Ahearn has some movie naturals here — mostly black and Hispanic teenagers — who can talk a streak, dance Jennifer Beals into a chiropractor's chair and transform the exterior of a subway carriage into a cross between a Rivera mural and an enlarged Lichtenstein comic-strip in two hours of darkness using only a couple of aerosol cans.

But instead he has chosen to impose on his real-life street artists what is little more than an old Rooney-Garland romantic musical formula, leading up to a 'Say kids, I've got an idea, let's do the show right here' finale of dancers, DJs, rappers and painters getting together in a run-down Bronx open-air theatre. This is a pity, because the film has a lot of humour, guts and energy.

Anyone who thinks Gilbert and Sullivan indestructible should see the movie Wilford Leach has made of *Pirates of Penzance* (Classic, Shaftesbury Ave, U) with the cast of his own jazzed-up Broadway production, led by Kevin Kline, Angela Lansbury and Linda Ronstadt. The vitality that was the saving grace of Leach's stage version comes over on screen as nervous agitation. Clear diction (always the strong suit of any D'Oyly Carte production) is intermittently achieved, and never in the patter songs.

The film's only touch of cinematic imagination is to have the final chase go through a seafront theatre presenting a parodically conventional Victorian production of 'HMS Pinafore,' which after two hours of Leach's film no longer appears to us the laughably fustian thing he so smugly takes it to be.

Seeing endless short movies is like banqueting on canapés, and such a series of over-rich, somewhat unbalanced meals is offered by the Cambridge Animation Festival (13-18 September). There is, however, the opportunity to survey whole areas of activity in a brief period, and this year the main theme is 'Animation and Persuasion.'

This is a fascinating and contentious area, and one that shows up the limitations of serious animated movies. They're either so abstract and generalised that no one could disagree with them, or so simplistic in their propaganda that only the converted could watch them with sympathy.

What does get under the skin, however, is the 1944 'Bugs Bunny Nips the Nips,' a ferociously xenophobic cartoon that has us roaring with laughter as the Warner Brothers' resident rabbit breaks all the cartoon conventions and actually kills a whole battalion of Japanese soldiers.

"Not only the first great film of 1983 — it may well be the greatest of the year"



GERARD DEPARDIEU
ANDRZEJ WAJDA
DANTON

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But first he must defeat Robespierre...

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LONDONER'S DIARY

Open sesame for '60's guru

TIMOTHY LEARY, high priest of the Californian drug culture in the Sixties, and a convict for much of the Seventies as a result, has finally been given the seal of approval by the British government.

Refused entry to Britain on no less than three occasions back in those days of notoriety, the Home Office now seems to have forgiven and forgotten and Leary will be arriving here at the weekend for the first time since a brief trip some 11 years ago when he was on the run from a U.S. gaol. Then he was allowed no further than Heathrow Airport.

And his mission this time? It could not be more bizarre—to promote not only himself, in the form of an autobiography out shortly, but also to lend a helping hand to the unlikely figure of an old adversary, the Watergate “dirty tricks” burglar, G. Gordon Liddy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the former FBI agent Liddy, a God and Country man arrested Leary, laid-back and anti-State, twice on drugs charges and that there is still little love lost between them, they have established a barely plausible but lucrative business arrangement whereby they tour the States together giving joint lectures on

their diametrically opposed philosophies.

By all accounts, their “shows” are a scream. They sit at opposite ends of a stage with an impartial judge between and, starting with their first meetings as sheriff and outlaw, recount two very different tales.

So successful has the circus been that, with extra footage of their lifestyles thrown in, their encounters have been made



Liddy confronts Leary.

into a film, *Return Eng...*, which is to be given its world premiere at the Screen on the Green next Tuesday.

The protagonists are keeping apart in this country—other commitments is the reason officially given. Liddy, an obsessive self-disciplinarian who once bit off a rat's head and used to burn himself to conquer phobias about rodents and fire, is

**Everyone knows we
know I know he
knows she knows it
knows they know
you'll know how to
get a free**

3RD ANNIVERSARY OF GDANSK AGREEMENT



here already but leaves shortly before Leary arrives.

And the tough guy's verdict on the man who would undermine his beloved country? “Dr Leary talks like somebody who has injected himself with too many chemical substances. But he's got an elfin Irish wit. I think linearly. I'm a lawyer and I have to pounce on him very quickly.”

As one mutual acquaintance puts it: “It's remarkable that they can bring themselves to make money out of each other.”

Home sweet home

POSER, the cat belonging to David and Elizabeth Emanuel, the designers of the Princess of Wales' wedding dress, has returned home.

The long-haired grey Persian disappeared more than a week ago and since then the Emanuels' showroom in Brook Street has been flooded with telephone calls offering assistance and information.

On Sunday evening however he just strolled back into their Knightsbridge home of his own accord.

“We were all very worried,” said Elizabeth. “We had visions of him ending up as a collar on someone's coat. He seemed quite unscathed though

ate need of more volunteers.

The number of despairing callers has risen so dramatically that at least another 5000-6000 helpers are needed to join the already 20,000 strong team. The central London branch has been particularly badly hit.

Director, the Rev John Eldrid says they have had an extra 500 callers already this year and the numbers are increasing. “It does seem to be a general trend all over the country, but of course, cities are always the worst hit,” he said.

The central London group still have their headquarters in the crypt of the Wren church of St Stephen Walbrook in the City, which is where the organisation was founded and which was restored with funds raised by Samaritans readers. The Rev Eldrid now hopes those same readers will show similar support for the Samaritans themselves.

Peace pioneer

PEACE, it seems, is becoming quite a competitive business. No sooner has yoga teacher Swami Vishnu decided on the date of his latest peace protest—flying over the Berlin wall—than a rival pair of peace pro-

THE ARTS

FILMS / KEITH NURSE

Master minds clash in a war of words

Return Engagement (B)
Screen as Islington Green
Wild Style (ICA)
The Pirates of Penzance (U)
Classic, Shaftesbury Ave.

WHEN TWO notorious old adversaries such as Dr Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy mount their own lecture road-show to do combat, they are surely engaged in the profitable politics of survival.

As two much reviled men of conviction, their resilience is as understandable as it is necessary. I'll scratch your eyes out in public, if you scratch out mine: that seems to be the mutually beneficial understanding that has brought the two polemicists together on the college circuit, where they are reportedly the highest priced speakers.

One of their encounters, symbolising as it does the fundamental clash between two deeply contrasting philosophies, has been recorded on film in *Return Engagement*. As a microcosmic glimpse of the American debate over the past 20 years or so, it is an intellectual prize fight not to be missed. The drama continues outside the ring.

The British distributors of the film offered an apology for the non-appearance of Dr Leary at the London Press screening this week. The Home Secretary, they declared, had refused him entry into the UK on the basis of his previous record.

He has impeccable antecedents. The one-time Harvard professor and so-called LSD guru has been challenging authority for a long time, and he still issues his famous call "Tune in, turn on, dropout"—this time on the platform to his old rival.

Yet it is by no means an unequal contest. Liddy, former FBI agent, was the mastermind behind the Watergate break-in. He spent four-and-a-half years in prison but resolutely refused to name his associates. And his first encounter with the philosopher-scientist occurred when, as an assistant district attorney, some 16 years ago he arrested Leary in Dutchess County, New York.

The silver-haired academic, a man babbling with seductive slogans, is patently adept at sententious verbal demolition. He begins the debate by insisting that it is his duty to expose his admirable foe.

Liddy, according to the pro-

phet, is a member of a very dangerous and destructive group; he is a self-confessed lawyer, one of that exclusive band of intellectual hitmen. Most of those who fought in the Second World War saw it as a test of manhood. They became addicted to it—Legionnaires' disease, he calls it. From the political Right comes formidably cool Liddy. Had it not been for those warriors, they in the US would now all be speaking either German or Japanese.

Challenged from the floor, the former Harvard man insists that he has never advocated the taking of LSD or any other drug. "I do, however, advocate the option of the American citizen to make an intelligent decision about who and what to put into his/her body."

Not all the decisions, though, are intelligent ones. The professor is visibly shaken when one member of the audience, a Vietnam veteran, steps forward to declare that he had been blinded, not on the battlefield but back home in the US—by a trigger-happy group high on LSD.

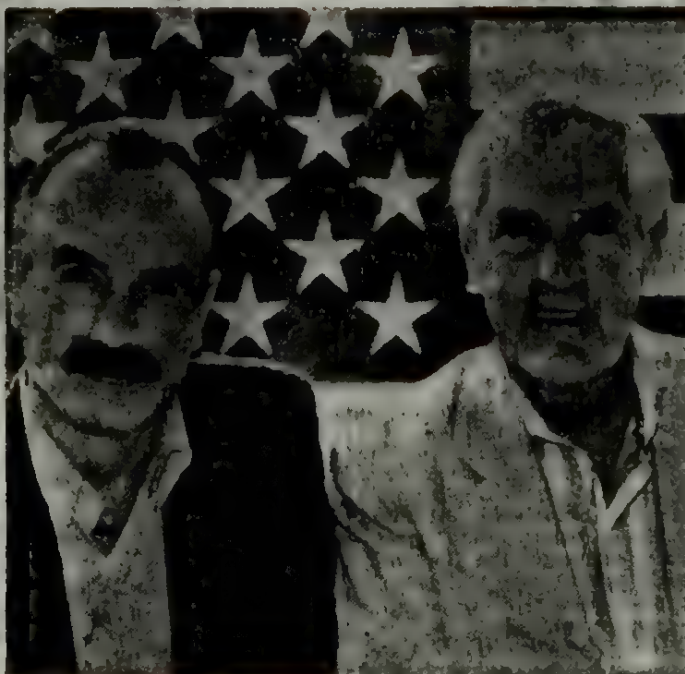
Both men are clearly well versed in the hard-sell business. Such salesmen need to be treated with caution and deep suspicion, though that in itself does not explain why the venerable doctor should not be here in London to explain what he calls his cheer-leading is all about.

MEANWHILE, on what seems to be quite another planet, the kids in the South Bronx are struggling to express themselves in a ghastly landscape of dereliction and social deprivation.

Not for them the niceties of well-paid verbal fistfuffs. *Wild Style* by Charlie Ahearn is a curiously naive and sentimental tale about a young graffiti artist whose speciality is to make night sorties into the railway sidings and give the subway trains some local colour.

Raymond (Lee Quinones)—Zoro by night—is a soft-hearted teenager with a crush on a pretty muralist nicknamed "Lady Bug." Their slang-ridden exchanges are distinctly hard to follow.

Then enters a media woman, blonde Virginia (Patti Astor), who finds the Bronx beat not without its uplifting sidelines.



Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy in "Return Engagement."

She seeks to broadcast the achievements of the ubiquitous young painter with the spray-can to the moneyed Manhattan gallery set.

Somewhere in the background there is a decidedly threatening atmosphere and clearly a mood of black militancy. But the production gives this subject a wide berth and offers, simply, a foot-tapping hip-shakin' surface view of the kids from the mean streets.

THE ORCHESTRATIONS may have been revamped but the lyrics are as fresh and witty as ever in *The Pirates of Penzance*, the film version of Joseph Papp's Broadway adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.

It brings to the screen the

original New York cast—rock singer Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, George Rose and Tony Azito—but with the addition of Angela Lansbury as the piratical cook-washer-woman.

The film is well served at its centre. Kline's swashbuckling Errol Flynn-like Pirate King has a tongue-in-cheek dash about him which gives the production its radiating energy and vitality. The others follow breezily enough along the same jolly old gang plank. It is performed against painted backdrops, with brightly coloured foliage and painted grazing cows. A silent film appears to have burst into song and the Keystone Cops—albeit in British bobby blue uniforms—have been let loose on the set.

THEATRE / Crime and Punishment

THE DRAMATISATION of Dostoevsky's novel, "Crime and Punishment," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Wednesday night proved an artistic triumph and received an ovation.

This re-treatment with English actors of a production from Moscow's Taganka Theatre, staged by its artistic director Yuri Lyubimov, uses the resources of the theatre medium in ways so new in effect as to astonish the imagination.

On a black, empty stage, the actors are often seen only in pencil thin poles of light, or through a weird, stroboscopic flickering; for scenery there is little except a white door, suddenly splashed with blood.

Fleeting crowds, swept by rain or moving balletically through sinister backstreets, conjure Petersburg in the 1860s and the delicious sufferings of Raskolnikov, the poor student, played by Michael Pennington with a power not even this fine actor has achieved before.

He has murdered a pawnbroker, partly for the money to save his sister from a bad marriage, but mainly to prove his Napoleonic superiority over ordinary men. He bungles the crime, escapes by a fluke, becomes feverishly ill and now faces a terrible dilemma. If he does not give himself up, an innocent will be hanged in his stead.

But, although Lyubimov is

such a phantasmagoria of theatrical invention, the hand of a great director is seen also in the performances he coaxes from a large cast. I do not mean only the drilled precision and the speed of their ghostly entrances and exits, mostly in the mind of the tormented student. All the acting is fine in detail. There is piercing excitement in the murderer's cat-and-mouse fencing with Bill Paterson's wily detective, whose Scottish accent adds as much to his menace as the comic gait caused by his haemorrhoids.

Notable particularly was Christopher Guinee as a drunken layabout, Bill Stewart as a well-heeled lecher, Gary Waldhorn as a self-seeking

sadist and Veronica Roberts as a prostitute.

But the whole cast contributes to Dostoevsky's frenetic canvas—claustrophobic rooms which, in wild and hysterical speeches, good people and bad argue for and against the existence of God and the mystery of the evil he permits in the world.

The play ends on a topical note, which perhaps indicates why Lyubimov is no favourite of the Soviet authorities: Raskolnikov's crime is interpreted as an act of overwhelming pride, and his fate as a warning to any people with a Napoleonic ambition to show themselves superior to the rest of mankind.

JOHN BARBER

TELEVISION / A life on the ocean wave

ON THE LAST Friday of November 1929, the four-masted barque Peking, the largest sailing ship afloat, set sail from Hamburg for Talcahuano in Chile with a cargo of china, laundry pans and coke. It immediately ran into a North Sea storm that wrecked 68 other ships, a minor rehearsal for the 80ft waves encountered while rounding Cape Horn.

On board with his camera for the 11,000-mile voyage was the young American sailor Irving Johnson. His silent film in flickering black and white made a breathtaking start last night for the third series of *Travellers in Time* (BBC-2), pictures of early exploration.

As outside observer, Johnson was inclined to take a rather romantic view of why men should sign on for six months and more of such toil, wetness and misery, with a constant

danger in rough weather of being washed overboard. He was not one for asking questions about the conditions on German dry land at the time.

He was also a brave man, fortunate to survive his filming of the heavy seas, which kept the decks almost continuously under water, and the perilous climbs among the acres of canvas that kept the 8,000-ton ship moving.

The producer, Richard Robinson, assembled an acceptable sound track, combining natural sounds with a commentary made in a monotone by Johnson himself when he gave a lecture round his film seven years ago. He is still alive at 78, and the Peking is to be seen fully restored at the South Street Seaport Museum in New York.

That money should be spent on such enterprises seemed more than dubious after watch-

ing *Your Money or Your Life* (BBC 2), the second of two "Open Space" programmes shown during the evening, each reflecting the work of Jon Alpert and his resolutely committed underdog supporter, Downtown Community Television of New York.

This distressing documentary focusing mainly on the crumbling, overcrowded Kings County Hospital of Brooklyn, for patients who cannot afford proper medical care, made as vivid a case for a strong National Health Service as I have seen. In the general Downtown Video (BBC 2) account of his work Mr Alpert did not claim objectivity among his virtues. This does not mean that all his carefully calculated angles are spurious.

New York is not the only place where it is unwise to be ill. In *The Holiday's Over*

(ITV), marking the return of Thames's "TV Eye," we learned of the casual treatment that is likely to follow when visitors have the misfortune to fall off their motor bicycles on the Greek island of Rhodes.

From Peter Prendergast (reporter) and Jack Salzman (producer) this was the sad tale of Kim Sabido, the young ITN reporter who made his name during the Falklands conflict. He fractured his skull on a Rhodes road last May.

The intended message was that his brain damage and loss of memory could have been limited if insurance companies were more efficient at air evacuation. The other message was that we are fortunate to live in Britain and it is not such a bad place for holidays.

SEAN DAY-LEWIS

Take advantage of Midland Savings.



MUSIC / Senseless

FOR their tenth anniversary stric clinic, bizarrely trans-

FILM CLIPS

It's time for film festivals in the Rockies



For those who have been wondering, the Denver International Film Festival is alive and preparing to present its 10-day program beginning Oct. 20. This year, the festival will be at two downtown theaters: the Denver Center Cinema and the Paramount.

Although the festival, kept afloat by a grant from United Bank of Denver, has yet to nail

down opening and closing-night films, director Ron Henderson says the city's celebration of film will retain elements familiar to fans during the last five years: first-run films, documentaries, animation, critic's choice programs, films from Mexican-American filmmakers and a children's program.

Henderson also announced notables who will be in Denver for the festival, which was moved from May to October during a reorganization last year. French director Louis Malle will be honored with a tribute, as will Polish director Krzysztof Zanussi, who recently appeared at the Telluride Film Festival.

American director Alan Rudolph will show his recently completed documentary, "Return Engagement," about a traveling lecture tour by G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary. Visiting critics include Roger Ebert of the Chicago Sun-Times and David Ansen of Newsweek, who will join Denver critics in selecting cinematic treasures: favorite neglected films.

Foreign fare scheduled for festival screening includes Hungarian director Karoly Makk's "Another Way," a film about two lesbians in the 1950s; "Educating Rita," a comedy starring Michael Caine and Julie Walters; and "They Were Nobody," director's Sergio Bravo-Ramos' look at a Chilean woman searching for her lover.

Documentaries include the Canadian film "Poetry in



Director Alan Rudolph will show recent documentary at Denver International Film Festival.

Motion," in which 24 poets perform their works; "Black Wax," a British documentary about musician Gil Scott-Heron; and "Chicken Ranch," about the house of ill repute that inspired the musical, "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." For more adventurous tastes there will be "L'Ange," a feature-length avant-garde film consisting almost exclusively of special effects.

The festival is also sponsoring a four-mile run on Oct. 23. The race starts at 9:30 a.m. at the Denver Center Cinema and ends at the Paramount Theater. An awards

ceremony and a film about running will be after the race, which is being sponsored by Frontier Airlines.

This year's festival will include half as many programs (about 75) as last year. But the number of available seats is greater by about 40 percent because of the addition of the 2,000-seat Paramount. Watch this column for more details or call 321-FILM for more information.

If you're looking to leave the city but loathe the outdoors, try Aspen during "Aspen Filmfest/'83," which opens on Sept. 21 and continues through Sept. 25. Among the highlights: George Lucas' "Filmmaker: A Diary," a 1968 movie about Francis Ford Coppola; Robert Elstrom's "Moses Pendleton Presents Moses Pendleton," a film celebrating the 33rd birthday of Moses Pendleton, founder of the Pilobolus Dance Company; Alan Rudolph's "Return Engagement" (see above); David Morris' "Purple Haze," a feature about a student expelled from college in 1968; Slava Tsuckerman's "Liquid Sky," a new wave adventure set in Manhattan; and George Nierenberg's "Say Amen, Somebody," a documentary about American gospel music. The festival is also honoring screenwriter Lorenzo Semple, whose movies include "Papillon," "Three Days of the Condor," "King Kong" (not the original) and "Pretty Poison." I'll be there to participate on a panel with Semple on screenwriting. (I'll try to refrain from telling him how to do it.) For more information, call 1-925-6882.

Can't get enough festivals? Try the third annual Breckenridge Film Festival, which will be held from Sept. 15 through Sept. 18. This 20-program festival will honor British producer, writer and director Ronald Neame, who will appear in person at the opening night showing of "The Horse's Mouth." Also in Breckenridge for the festival will be actor Sam Waterston. The festival includes a children's program, midnight creature features and documentaries. For more information, call 453-6200.

mained on the shelf and he never quite regained the abundant creative power he enjoyed during the silent days.

What was and what might have been are amply displayed in two films he made in the '30s — *Lucrezia Borgia* ('35) and *Beethoven* ('36). Neither has ever been seen uncut in this country, and both are showing in their full-length versions this week at the Vagabond. They make a special contrast. *Lucrezia Borgia* is a film Gance later denounced — or at least lamented — but having the commercial flourish of a genius, it's still alive and even a little more fun than his serious work — it's trashy but exuberant. *Beethoven*, on the other hand, is a masterpiece to stand beside (and even above) *Napoleon*: with the growing improvements in sound

Lucrezia Borgia: a breakthrough scene in its day.

technique, Gance was able to get back some of his outdoor mobility, and in rendering the onset of Beethoven's deafness, his use of sound is as stunning and imaginative as anything he ever did with visual images.

Had *Lucrezia Borgia* been made with the same script in English, with stars like Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton in the leads, it would have been a popular classic by now, a durable favorite like *That Hamilton Woman* or *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. The screenplay by

Leopold Marchand and Henri Vendresse has a talky, stagey intelligence in common with the brighter Hollywood products of those years.

The story is narrated by Nicolo Machiavelli, for one thing — and this is a witty touch. Aside from being a first-hand witness to the rise of the Borgias, he was also in the process of writing that preeminent study of men in power, *The Prince*, and his double perspective not only shows us the Borgias in their own light, but makes them a satirical model of human greed.

The Borgias ruled Italy for roughly 100 years, but their greatest coup came in 1492, when Lucrezia's father was made the Pope of Rome. (Roman Catholic law permits a married layman to be crowned Pope, if the College of Cardinals is moved to do so by "unanimous inspiration." Not surprisingly, since the brutal career of the Borgias such inspiration has been in short supply. Led by Lucrezia's brother Cesar, the family set out to re-establish the old Holy Roman Empire with them-

Film continued on page 19

L.A. Weekly Filmex '83: The First Two Days

Compiled by F. X. Feeney, Ginger Varney and Michael Ventura

The enormous mass of movies that Filmex annually foists on a helpless public are reviewed here chronologically, by date and time, but in somewhat diluted dose — just the festival's first two days. As usual, the press was not allowed to preview the opening night offering, nor any of the 70 films that make up the Special Programs category. Those we simply list, unless they're retrospectives that we've already seen. In any event, that still leaves 130 features, the meat-and-potatoes movies festival goes fork over their five bucks for, and we saw 100 of them. That adds up to more bulk than ever, as Filmex has nearly doubled its scale from last year to this. Whether or not quality has increased along with quantity is a discussion we reserve for the next issue, when our brains (and behinds) are a

THEATER GUIDE

Avco Cinema Center
10840 Wilshire Blvd. at Glendon

El Rey Theater
5517 Wilshire Blvd. at Dunsmuir

Four Star Theater
5112 Wilshire Blvd. at Mansfield

Los Angeles County Museum of Art
5905 Wilshire Blvd. at Ogden

bit more relaxed from the souring effects of a six-week preview program. Meanwhile, this note: the one outstanding film of the first two days was Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers* from 1966. It's part of the Banned Films series, a free screening, as is every offering in that particular program, and we urge you to see it, especially since it has been shown only twice in the L.A. area in the last five years.

—Ginger Varney

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13

BLUE THUNDER USA, 1983

John Badham's action movie about the exploits of a "do-anything police helicopter." Those supporting the hardware include Roy Scheider, Malcolm McDowell and Candy Clark. Anyone too impatient to wait for the regular commercial release scheduled in May should consider that tickets to this event are triple the price they'll have to pay when dignitaries and stars aren't in attendance — \$15. Avco Cinema Center, 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14

LUBITSCH DOUBLE FEATURE Germany, 1914 & 1916

The Pride of the Firm and *Shoe Saloon*. *Pinkus* are the first two of nine films (all silent and none ever seen in the United States) starring and directed by Ernst Lubitsch, when he was still a German comedy performer. L.A. County Museum of Art, 1 p.m.

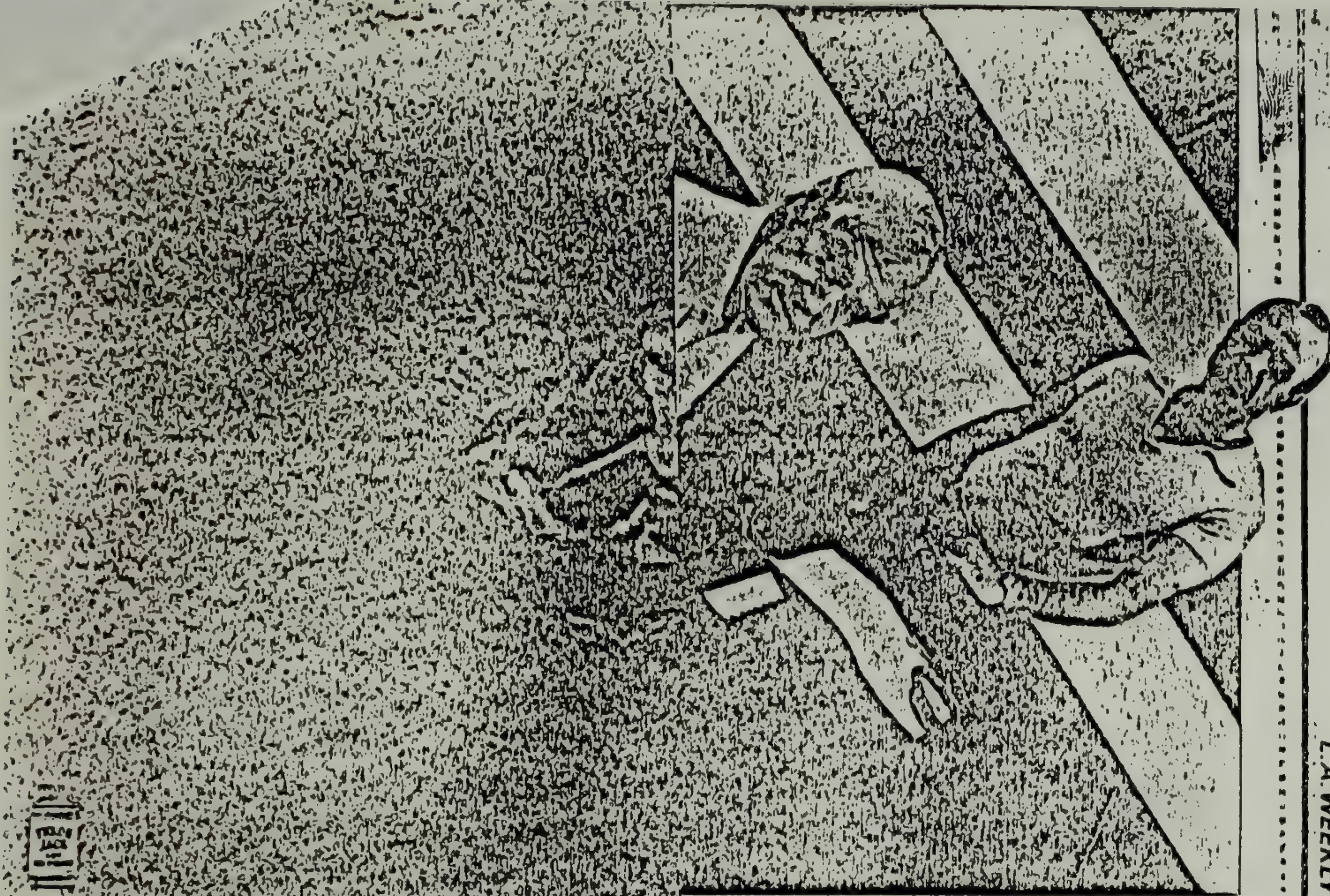
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS France/Algeria, 1966

Gillo Pontecorvo's masterful "fictional documentary" recording the first abortive movement to free Algeria from the French — a movement that, though defeated, spread the seeds for later liberation. This is a dangerous piece, a handbook for violent revolution: its techniques, its demands, its consequences. It is also one of the great modern works on film — one of the few truly unforgettable works of the last 30 years. It takes its place with the journalism of John Reed, the films of Eisenstein, the poetry of Neruda, and the novels of Malraux, as radical art that is also great art. (MV) Four Star, 4 p.m., FREE.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT USA, 1983

Alan Rudolph, the Altman-esque director of *Welcome To L.A.* and *Remember My Name*, has surfaced with a documentary this time, covering last year's so-called

Film continued on page 20



L.A. WEEKLY April 8-14, 1983

"Great Debate" between Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy. The result is fascinating and fun. The debates don't appear to have been much — the issues are too deep, too wracked with suffering on both sides, to be settled in an evening of glib chit-chat — so Rudolph focuses on the personal interactions of the two men offstage. Scenes from the debate are used to lay bare the rather dire conflicts that would otherwise remain hidden. In the process, the Leary-Liddy conflict becomes a genuine confrontation, a real contrast in values that stays with you. Does Rudolph play favorites? Amazingly, no. One would assume he'd favor Leary — that the good doc would be portrayed as God's Wise Fool, while Liddy would remain a Watergate ogre — but something much more interesting happens. Leary comes across as an earnest, good-hearted but mortal fool, running for re-election to an innocence he lost years ago. When cornered in an argument, he blabbermouths in circles, smiling all the while (innocence must be around here someplace!). Liddy, on the other hand, emerges as an enormously intelligent, complex man — a monster whose opinions on just about anything are still too brutal and too ferociously cold-blooded, but whose honesty and depth of feeling are too compelling to dismiss. (FXF) Four Star, 7:30 p.m.

THE INFORMER
Great Britain, 1929

Not the John Ford version. This was the first (silent) adaptation of Liam O'Flaherty's novel of Dublin during the Troubles, and it kicks off the British Film Institute salute from Filmex on the occasion of the former's 50th anniversary. El Rey, 6:30 p.m.

LIQUID SKY
USA, 1982

Murderous, sex-crazed aliens from outer

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors
Discover Yukon Jack. Pure and potent.
100-proof. Not too smooth, not too full of bumps.
Trace the most civilized straight whiskey
on the rocks. Yukon Jack. It's all there.
Always Smooth. Always Potent.
100 Proof
Yukon Jack

Yukon Jack Liqueur Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. © 1982 Dist. Mead & Johnson, Inc.

Performance

Rudolph, Sayles films highlight Filmex week

By Chris Willman
Arts Editor

Once again, Los Angeles' own Filmex is in full swing, and once again, all but a dedicated minority of filmgoers couldn't care less. For those willing to step out and take a chance on non-mainstream fare, however, there are always delights, and this year is no exception.

The opening attraction Wednesday was the one Hollywood biggie in the exposition, a benefit showing of Colum-



Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano slow-dance to Sinatra in John Sayles' *Baby, It's You*.

bia's major summer offering, *Blue Thunder*. Although the action thriller has not yet been previewed for the press, one reliable source who has seen it enthusiastically predicts that it will be "this year's *E.T.*"

A few other of the festival's attractions will be opening soon in exclusive runs or art houses. (*Baby It's You*, for example, opens next week at the Regent in Westwood.) But for the majority of the films, the Filmex

screenings will be their only Los Angeles showings.

Following are brief reviews of a few of the coming week's highlights:

Thursday, April 14

Return Engagement (USA, 1983; Four Star Theater, 7:30 p.m.). In the '60s, future Nixon White House "plumber" G. Gordon Liddy busted none other than drug guru and former Harvard professor Timothy Leary. In 1982, they got back together again on somewhat friendlier terms for a lecture/debate tour, the basis for this brilliant documentary by director Alan Rudolph (*Welcome to L.A.*).

Talk about a meeting of the minds. Both men are incredibly intelligent and incredibly charming — but, as is eventually seen, both men also hold some incredibly reprehensible views. When Liddy and Leary aren't scratching at each other's weak points, moderator Carole Hemingway is, and she's one tough cookie of an interviewer.

Excerpts from a lively debate at the Wilshire Ebell are interspersed with scenes of the two men sharing a pleasant dinner together with their wives, talking individually to classes, or singing "The Star Spangled Banner" together.

There are more fine comic moments within this documentary than in any comedy in recent memory, but there are also scenes of significant dramatic power, such as when Leary is confronted by a handicapped

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 9)

man who received his wounds from LSD-crazed thugs.

But it's particularly disturbing to recall the sincere ovations awarded Liddy in Bovard last fall when listening to some of his comically frightening comments here. Would the preppies who applauded him then clap after hearing him admit to Hemingway that he would have killed her had she gotten in the way of his burglary, just as he almost killed Jack Anderson?

Rudolph, a Robert Altman protege, has clearly done his best work to date with *Return Engagement*. (Music fans, take note: the varied soundtrack is by Adrian Belew.) While the Liddy/Leary debates might seem like an unabashed money-making scheme by two has-beens — and they were — this is a bizarre chance to see the strengths and dangers of two polar extremes. It's not to be missed.

Friday, April 15

Android (USA, 1983; El Rey Theater, 6:30 p.m.). This modest science fiction thriller has a look that's far beyond its minuscule budget. It also has a certain degree of class — too much so for Roger Corman's New World Pictures, which produced the picture and then sold it back to the director because it didn't have enough exploitative value.

Klaus Kinski is a semimad scientist who, in the best *Forbidden Planet* tradition, finds his remote research outpost threatened by intruders. His sole companion is not Anne Francis, but an android going

though growing paranoia. The intruders aren't feminists, but a gang of outlaws.

The best moment is somewhat comic in the attempts of the who appears to be lescient, to find out the facts of life. The disappointingly routine plot progresses, but enough that is witty to recommend SF fans.

Saturday, April 16

Koyaanisqatsi (Four Star Theater). Non-linear, experiential, are almost always affairs that play on theories, if at all. Giorgio's first (and, he film's an extreme exception. Made for cool \$3 million, the feature premiered at Radio City Music last year after Franco's joined up as "president."

There is no dialogue plot, but there is a compelling score by Philip Glass that accompanies the film. The title is an Indian word meaning out of balance, extreme, majestic desert silence give way to scenes of ban life.

Surprisingly, the most never dull, although Giorgio's use of extreme for most of the grows grating, as it is. This God's-eye modern world is being izing and revealing the pattern of the pattern for modern living.

“Mary Pinchot
Meyer was Jack
Kennedy’s last love:
Why was she
assassinated?”

– *Tim Leary*

in the Nov. 22, 1983 premier issue of *The Rebel*
at your local newsstand

“Mary Pinchot Meyer
was Jack Kennedy’s
last love: Why was she
assassinated?”

– *Tim Leary*

in the Nov. 22, 1983 premier issue of *The Rebel*
at your local newsstand

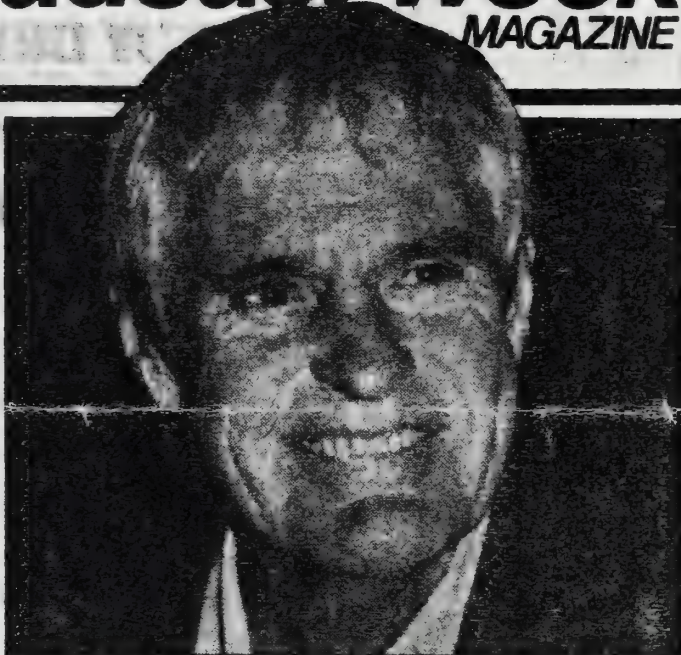
NOVEMBER 26
to **DECEMBER 2**

Broadcast Week

MAGAZINE



Success has not spoiled Sneezy Waters (here, with Backstretch co-star Florence Paterson). /9



Former drug guru Timothy Leary pushes the 1980s opiate of the masses: video games. /10

TV NOTEBOOK

ROBERT VAUGHN JOINS EMERALD POINT

Though he's been constantly active in movies, mini-series and other projects, Robert Vaughn is becoming a TV series regular for the first time since *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* was cancelled in 1968. Vaughn joins the cast of the prime time soap *Emerald Point N.A.S.*, set on a Florida naval air station, as the rich and powerful businessman Harlan Adams. (Patrick O'Neal, who has been playing the role until now, left the series at his own request, according to CBS.) One thing Vaughn will be called upon to do as Adams is romance the character played by Jill St. John.

TV HABIT-FORMING FOR SEYMOUR

British actress Jane Seymour is rarely out of work, with her ability to perform equally well in television, on

the stage or in films. Television, though, seems to have become a habit. Seymour appeared recently in the TV movie *A Haunting Passion*, about a woman who falls in love with a ghost, and she's now busy filming another TV movie, *The Dark Mirror*. A remake of the 1946 film of the same name (starring Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres), *The Dark Mirror* is about identical twins — one of whom is a murderer.

FROM WIZARD TO WICKED

Fans of the short-lived *Wizards and Warriors*, a swords-and-sorcery fantasy series on CBS last summer, will recall the dashing Duncan Regehr as evil prince Dirk Blackpool. Regehr has been tapped to play another "wicked" sort: he's Errol Flynn in an upcoming TV movie based on Flynn's autobiography *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*. The

three-hour drama, now in production, traces Flynn's colorful career from his arrival in Hollywood in 1935 as a 26-year-old contract player to his acquittal of a highly publicized statutory rape charge in 1943. Also featured are Barbara Hershey as Lila Damita, Lee Purcell as Olivia de Havilland and Hal (Barney Miller) Linden as Jack Warner.



Seymour: a TV murderer.

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CHANNELS LISTED

CANADA	
3 CKVR (CBC)	Barrie
5 CBLT (CBC)	Toronto
6 CKGN (Global)	Paris
8 CJOH (CTV)	Ottawa
8 CKNX (CBC)	Wingham
9 CFTO (CTV)	Toronto
10 CFPL (CBC)	London
11 CHCH (Ind.)	Hamilton
11 CKWS (CBC)	Kingston
12 CHEX (CBC)	Peterborough
13 CKCO (CTV)	Kitchener
19 CICA (TVOntario)	Toronto
22 CKGN (Global)	Uxbridge
25 CBLFT (Radio-Can.)	Toronto
27 CFMT (Ind.)	Toronto
57 CITY (Ind.)	Toronto

UNITED STATES	
2 WGRZ (NBC)	Buffalo
4 WTVB (CBS)	Buffalo
7 WKBW (ABC)	Buffalo
8 WROC (NBC)	Rochester
19 WHEC (CBS)	Rochester
13 WOKR (ABC)	Rochester
17 WNED (PBS)	Buffalo
21 WUTV (Ind.)	Buffalo

See TV UPDATE in the Globe's daily entertainment pages for changes made by stations after Broadcast Week went to press.

Cover painting:
Leoung O'Young

By ANNETTE INSDORF

An Odd Couple Enliven a Documentary

What do G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the Watergate break-in, and Timothy Leary, hippie guru of the psychedelic 60's, have in common? Not simply that Mr. Liddy went to jail for four and a half years following Watergate, while Mr. Leary served a 3½-year prison term for possession of marijuana. What links these notorious figures of American history these days is co-star billing: "Return Engagement," opening Wednesday at the Embassy 72d Street, is a filmed chronicle of the public debates that this odd couple staged last year in universities and theaters.

Directed by Alan Rudolph, "Return Engagement" follows the verbal duelists in both public and personal spheres — from a debate performed for 1,500 people in a Los Angeles theater to private moments with their wives, or in favorite pastimes. For example, Mr. Liddy swaps tales with Hell's Angels motorcyclists and practices at a shooting range, while the

Annette Insdorf is an associate professor at Columbia and Yale.

former Harvard professor and LSD advocate enjoys a video arcade.

Whereas Mr. Leary encouraged the 60's generation to "tune in, turn on, and drop out," his message to those born after 1946 is now "tune in, turn on, and take over." Mr. Liddy, on the other hand, maintains that his primary responsibility is to national security (and admits in a private interview that the only thing that would lead him to divorce his wife of 25 years would be "if she betrayed my country").

Why did Mr. Rudolph — who began his career as Robert Altman's assistant director on "Nashville" and co-screenwriter of "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" before directing "Welcome to L.A.," "Remember My Name," "Roadie," and "Endangered Species" — decide to make this film? "What interested me," said the filmmaker at the Cannes Film Festival in May, "was that one man made drugs a common phenomenon and arguably changed American culture, while the other changed recent American histo-

ry: Without him, there would have been no Watergate, and maybe Nixon would still be President. Now both are acting as celebrities. It's an American phenomenon that I find extraordinary. All the things they did are now boiled down to a form of theater."

Ideology-as-spectacle does indeed seem like an American cultural process — from televised Presidential debates to Robert Altman's vision of country music in "Nashville" — and it is probably no coincidence that Mr. Rudolph is currently directing "Songwriter," starring Willie Nelson and

Kris Kristofferson. Like Mr. Leary or Mr. Liddy, Mr. Nelson is an established — although clearly less controversial — American icon.

After completing "Return Engagement," Mr. Rudolph and the producer Carolyn Pfeiffer embarked on "Choose Me," a contemporary love story starring Keith Carradine, Genevieve Bujold, Lesley Ann Warren, and Patrick Bauchau. It shares with "Return Engagement" a shoestring budget (under \$1 million), stemming from the Los Angeles-based director's conviction that independent filmmaking is the best way to main-

tain freedom over his scripts or concepts.

It is hard to imagine a Hollywood studio financing a documentary like "Return Engagement" — although documentary is an inadequate term for a film whose subjects are such self-consciously stylized performers. According to Mr. Rudolph, "It could not have been totally objective unless we hid the cameras and never edited. But we reduced 30 hours of film to 90 minutes, and it took eight months of editing for eight days of shooting!"

The title comes from the fact that it

was Mr. Liddy, then an assistant district attorney, who arrested Mr. Leary 17 years ago in Dutchess County, N. Y., for illegal possession of narcotics. They were reunited when an Austin, Tex., bookstore owner brought them together for a debate — which proved so successful that they took it on the road. What is Mr. Rudolph's attitude toward these one-time rivals? "They're fascinating," he replied. "They know how to express themselves — which is rare in America, where political language is totally dead. They know how to develop their ideas, elicit controversy, use their great sense of timing, and be particularly brilliant when the audience is hostile to them. Liddy is a good soldier and Leary is a good anarchist. I don't endorse either one."

Pop Music Surges Along New Paths

Continued From Page 1

tion from mainstream pop-rock into a 1950's torch idiom that had gone out of fashion with Beatlemania, it seemed at best a risky commercial venture.

Record industry executives agree that "What's New" benefited from a broadcasting climate that has been loosened up by the rapid ascendancy of music video. MTV, the 24-hour Warner Amex cable channel that now reaches more than 16 million homes, led the way. "In its importance, the rock video clip is comparable to the development of the 45 r.p.m. single," Bob Krasnow, the chairman of Elektra-Asylum Records, said. "Linda's HBO/Cinemax video program, which featured four songs from the album and an interview, was crucial in exposing the record."

MTV was instrumental in giving the American public the first mass exposure to pop groups with visual charisma like Duran Duran and the Stray Cats. As it began to "break"



John Bellisimo/Retna Ltd

records of these shows. Particularly in the case of "Dreamgirls," the result was a pop album that would have succeeded without the show. "I think 'Dreamgirls' was a big step forward in showing what could be done on Broadway with pop music because of the score," Mr. Geffen said.

In an imaginative plan to stimulate pop composers to write for the theater, Joseph Papp has invited more than 75 different writers and composers to write 10-minute musicals for a nominal \$250 commission. The best ones will be put together in evenings of musical one-acts. The list of people he has invited includes both talented unknowns and such big names as Paul Simon, Billy Joel, Randy Newman and Jimmy Webb. "Though we haven't heard from everybody, the response has been tremendous," Mr. Papp said. Meanwhile, Rupert Holmes, the pop songwriter best known for his hit, "Escape (The Pina Colada Song)," has finished the first act of a full-length musical for Mr. Papp, based on Charles Dickens's unfinished novel "The Mystery of

Wexler played her some records by the late jazz singer Mildred Bailey. Miss Ronstadt and Mr. Wexler subsequently went into the studio and recorded a somewhat jazzier album than "What's New," which Miss Ronstadt decided not to release. Her dream of recording an album of standards, however, became an obsession. She and her manager and regular producer, Peter Asher, contacted Nelson Riddle, the arranger and conductor of Frank Sinatra's classic torch albums.

"Unlike rock, this music has no fixed tempos, since the orchestra more or less follows the singer," Mr. Riddle explained. "You can't go back and put a vocal on top of the orchestral track. It all has to be recorded live. It was a very self-examining process for Linda, and it took great courage. When she decided a song needed re-doing, we'd have to call in the whole orchestra and do it over."

Elektra-Asylum, which had to market the album, was understandably concerned for its prospects. "My

"Timothy Leary is a wickedly outrageous man with an elfin Irish wit whose ideas are totally out of phase."

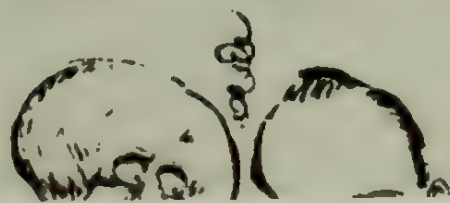
G. Gordon Liddy

"G. Gordon Liddy is a Sam Spade romantic, a Mickey Spillane cold war mastermind whose values are those of a 17th Century warrior."

Timothy Leary

From opposite sides of the American Dream they are THE BEST OF ENEMIES.

ISLAND ALIVE presents a film by ALAN RUDOLPH





PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

November 23, 1983

To: Carolyn Pfeiffer /
From: Leslee Dart, John West
Re: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

The following reviews will be forthcoming , re "Return Engagement."

NEWSDAY - Leo Sellickson's review will be appearing on Monday, November 28.

USA TODAY - David Elliott's review, which we know is positive, is expected to run on Monday, November 28 due to space problems at the paper.

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY - Howard Kissell expects to run his review next week.

VILLAGE VOICE - Enrique Fernandez has assigned Rene Shrafransky to review "Return Engagement." The review will appear in next Wednesday's (Dec. 1) issue, and having spoken with Rene expect that this will be a positive review.

WALL STREET JOURNAL - Julie Salamon was unable to attend any of the press screenings but will be seeing "Return Engagement" at the Embassy 72nd Street. Her review is expected to run next Thursday, December 2.

cc: Carey Brokaw
Shep Gordon

Pat Kingsley
George Freeman



PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

November 30, 1983

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer
FROM: Pat Kingsley, George Freeman
RE: "Return Engagement"

For your information and files, attached please find the photo of Tim Leary that appears in Terry McDonell's "The Way They Are" in the December issue of California Magazine.

This is a result of a photo session Tim had with Bonnie Schiffman this summer.

cc: Shep Gordon
Cary Brokaw

Leslee Dart, PMK/NY
John West, PMK/NY

THE WAY THEY ARE

*Acidheads and
Mouseketeers, together again.*

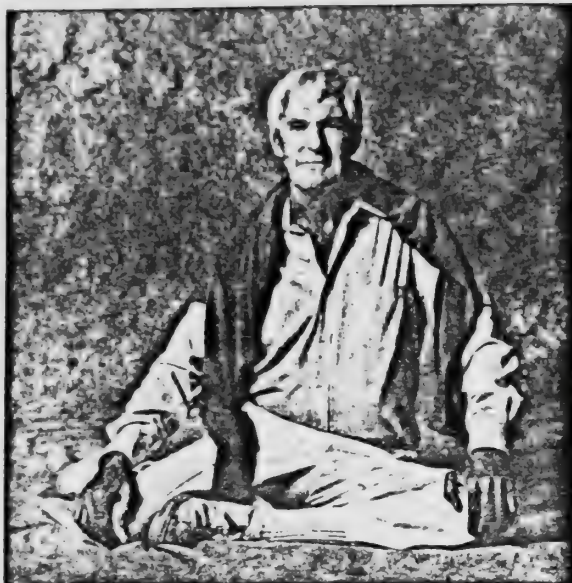
*A portfolio of faces
from the sixties, by Bonnie
Schiffman.*

These people have never been invited to the same party. Too bad, because they are what you'd call a good mix. It would be interesting, for example, to hear what Huey Newton would have to say to Sam Yorty's favorite old contention that "black people are really racist." Yorty, you may also recall, once named Saigon the sister city of Los Angeles.

They all had their moments, of course, and most of them will have some more. At least everybody seems to be working. And they all look pretty good. Annette Funicello is thinner, down to about a hundred pounds. Actually, her clothes hang better now. Sonny Barger is the only one who seems to have gained any amount of weight, but he looks solid. Hobie Alter is probably the richest, but Stewart Brand may change that if he ever decides to act like the businessman he is in his heart.

The biggest partygoer of the lot may be Timothy Leary. He lives in the Hollywood Hills and even likes to throw parties of his own. This is probably because he has a new book and a new movie and a lot of other new stuff to talk about. You still have to wonder about him, though. Some of the people photographed here asked to be separated from him in the layout when they found out Leary was going to be included. Some things never change.

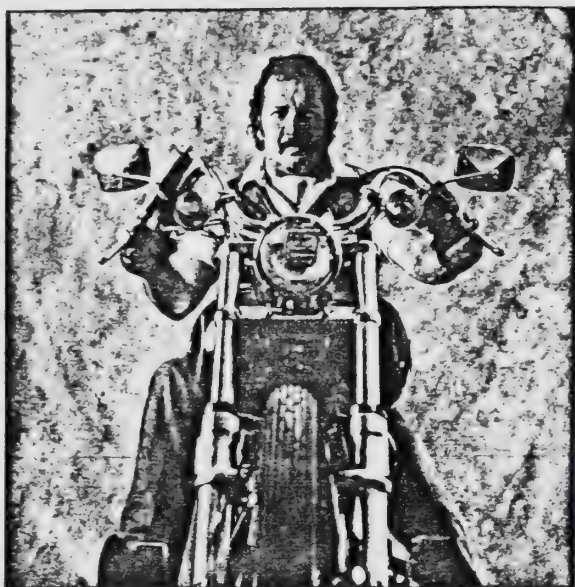
— Terry McDonell



TIMOTHY LEARY

Lecturer

Has an act with G. Gordon Liddy. It is not clear which of them is the dog and which is the pony, but the republic is probably safe from both. What they do is to debate their particular sides of the American way of life in front of college students. Leary, 63, advises the kids to "turn on, tune in, and take over." His old friends seldom call.



SONNY BARGER

Hell's Angel

In April, throat cancer cost him his larynx, and he speaks with the aid of an electrical annex that makes him sound a little like a fast-talking robot. Since being acquitted of racketeering charges, which kept him in jail for fifteen months, Barger has worked as a Nautilus instructor. In addition to riding his motorcycle, the former president of the Angels' Oakland chapter likes to jog with his dogs. "I change with the times," says the 45 year old, "just like everyone else."



SAM YORTY

Politician

"Mayor Sam" says that he and President Reagan "write back and forth quite frequently" these days, which is nice because Yorty used to dismiss his pen pal as a rank political amateur back in 1971 when he was running for president himself. "I'm keeping my fingers quietly in politics," says the 74 year old who ran Los Angeles from 1961 to 1973.

STAR 80, directed by Bob Fosse (Warner Bros.). A Pulitzer Prize-winning news feature, then a TV movie, and now a noisy, ghoulish Bob Fosse film, the true story of Dorothy Stratten has become a minor American myth: the virgin sacrificed on the altar of fame. We've seen similar myths before, in all those movies about rising talents who discover that it's nasty at the top. But ours is an era of lowered expectations. Dorothy Stratten wasn't, after all, a talent, just a high school beauty. And she didn't make it to the top; she became a *Playboy* Playmate of the Year and the mistress of a movie director, and then she was shot to death by her estranged husband, the petty hustler who discovered her. In Fosse's movie, Mariel Hemingway has an entrancing childishness; her Dorothy is a blank slate with curves. But since there is nothing interesting about a blank slate except the havoc wreaked upon it, Fosse prefers to concentrate on the grim wrecker, her husband Paul. Eric Roberts brings to the role a feverish seediness that reminds me of Cagney; he lets us see how tenderness and pride and the tawdriest criminality can cohere to the same soul. Unfortunately, he understands the character better than his director does. Fosse can't find anything really wrong with Paul except his tackiness; the movie condemns his clothes and his manners even as it sympathizes with his grubby dreams. To Fosse, the *Playboy* Mansion really is the paradise Paul imagines it is, and the killer's tragedy lies not in a hideous corruption of

values but in his being turned away at the pearly gates while his wife is wafted heavenward. In short, Paul's sickness is only a more virulent strain of whatever it is the film's got. *Star 80* embodies—and unwittingly celebrates—the schizophrenia of an entire culture: we may abhor the way we worship glamour, but we worship nevertheless. —S.S.

WILD STYLE, directed by Charlie Ahearn (First Run). It's got a ragtag story line and stupefying dialogue, and the "actors" are so logy you'd think there were tsetse flies in the Bronx. But the hip-hop rapping, dancing, and graffiti writing are a marvel, more vital than a hundred *Flashdances*...

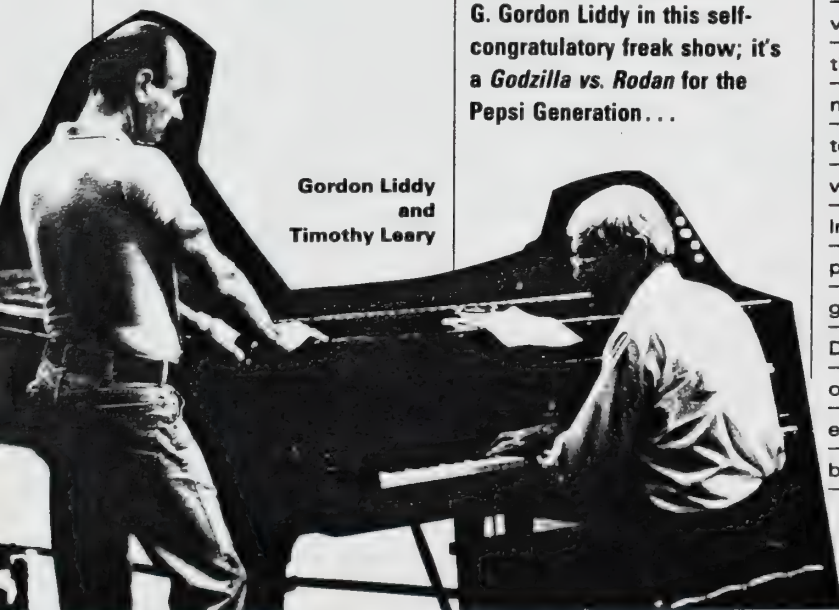


Nina Knapkog as Kamilla.

KAMILLA, directed by Vibeke Løkkeberg (New Line). In America, fledgling directors make *Slash* the Teenager movies. In Europe, they make *Child's-Eye View* movies. *Kamilla* is a sensitive example of the latter, set in a Norwegian hamlet after World War II, but all that the eponymous seven-year-old in it views is adult brutality—no beauty, no adventure, no lyricism. When she grows up, she'll probably slash teenagers. —S.S.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT, directed by Alan Rudolph (Island Alive). Timothy Leary debates G. Gordon Liddy in this self-congratulatory freak show; it's a *Godzilla* vs. *Rodan* for the Pepsi Generation...

KOYAANISQATSI, directed by Godfrey Reggio (Island Alive). Eighty-seven minutes of spectacular images, spectacularly doctored: clouds streaming past skyscrapers, people devouring fast food in faster motion, things blowing up. It's all meant to convince us that technology isn't good for you, which is certainly a Bold New Insight. But if you filmed happy Bushmen gnawing gitchy-goomy root in the Kalahari Desert at 200 frames per second, would they look any closer to God than we benighted burger eaters? —S.S.



Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary

THUMBS UP
THUMBS DOWN



Natalie Wood and Cliff Robertson

RAINSTORM, directed by Douglas Trumbull (MGM/UA). The film that dares to ask, "Are there special effects after death?" And leaves us asking, "Isn't there anything else before?"

POP

Ever since the mid-'60s British rock invasion, when dressed-up mods provoked the scorn of slicked-down rockers, the British pop scene has been involved in an escalating fashion war. The glut of synthesizer pop that dominates the second British invasion now faces a new guitar army, weary of drum machines, synthesizers, mannequin poses, and disco rhythms. The pendulum, as usual, is poised to swing back.

Leading the purist brigade is the half-Scottish quartet **BIG COUNTRY**, whose stomping, modal folk-rock celebrates Celtic roots that were set down centuries before Motown. While the success of the Irish-Christian antiwar band U2 has paved the way for their soldierly stance, Big Country has added its own signature in the fiery dual-guitar pyrotechnics of Stuart Adamson and Bruce Watson, who turn their instruments



PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

November 23, 1983

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer
FROM: Leslee Dart, John West
RE: RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Attached, please find the following reviews of "Return Engagement."

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------------|-------------|------------------|
| 1. | <u>NEW YORK TIMES</u> , | November 23 | Vincent Canby |
| 2. | <u>NEW YORK POST</u> , | November 23 | Archer Winsten |
| 3. | <u>DAILY NEWS</u> , | November 23 | Ernest Leogrande |

cc: Carey Brokaw
Shep Gordon
Susan Isaacs

Pat Kingsley
George Freeman

Liddy and Leary 'Return' on film

By ARCHER
WINSTEN

THE conjunction of G. Gordon Liddy, the jailbird of Watergate break-in fame, and Timothy Leary, the ex-Harvard advocate of drug therapies for youth with a slogan of "tune in, turn on, and drop out," is found at the Embassy 72d St. in *Return Engagement*. It's a documentary of one of their many debates, this one in a Los Angeles theater, with added footage from Liddy on a motorcycle with Hells Angels, Liddy with Eselan converts, Liddy on a firing range, and both men with their wives at lunch.

The man in the street is

given an opportunity to state his impression of the men, and some students have their own opinions.

Carole Hemingway steps in as moderator of the debate, and director Alan Rudolph keeps the picture varied and in movement.

Surprisingly, to those who have followed both careers in their most superficial aspects, the men emerge as civilized, intelligent people, albeit diametrically opposed in their life philosophies.

Liddy is the man of action and rigid principle, ready and able to kill in defense of his country.

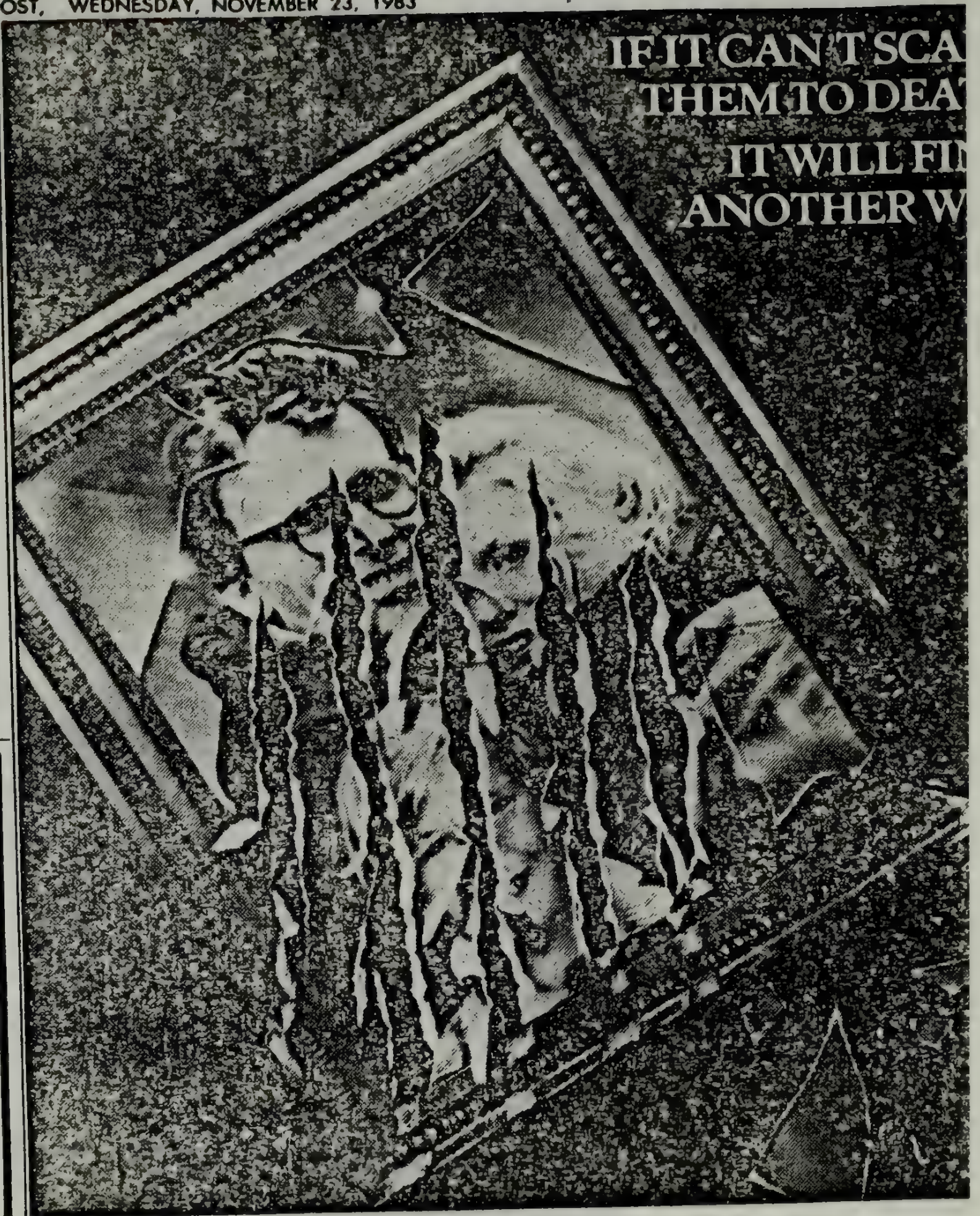
Leary is the philosopher who sees life in terms of freedom for the individual to live, learn and

expand knowledge and feelings, with the assistance of drugs used wisely.

Their contentions are not without humor, and needless to say, neither one convinces the other to the point of conversion. Still, they don't come to blows, or anywhere near them. One can understand why the lectures have been near the top of the list in popularity. A lively intelligence is given full play by both men, becoming both a revelation to the uninformed, and as entertainment to the general public willing to listen to both sides of an argument.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT. An Island Pictures release. Produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer. Directed by Alan Rudolph. Cast: G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary.

IF IT CAN'T SCARE
THEM TO DEATH
IT WILL FIND
ANOTHER WAY



**"A TERRIFIC
MOTION PICTURE.
GO SEE IT."**

—Joel Siegel, Good Morning America, ABC-TV

"Great fun!"

—David Denby, NEW YORK MAGAZINE

judges at the Orange
call a wine exceptional,
rd is as good as gold.

ive distinguished
full days to swirl.
est the 78 Fumé
red at this year's
ge County Fair.
it was over, our
a Valley Fumé
their highest
is crisp, dry,
character.
edal at the
Fair is an
al honor.
mé Blanc
al wine.



Film: Liddy and Leary

Two for the Road

ANY movie ought to be in trouble when it opens with G. Gordon Liddy, the convicted Watergate burglar and author ("Will"), singing a hearty, full-throated version of "America" to piano accompaniment provided by Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor who became the spokesman for the turned-on flower people of the 1960's. What, possibly, can the movie do for an encore?

This movie, "Return Engagement," which starts today at the Embassy 72d Street Theater, does quite a lot of amusing stuff, though how much of it is true documentary, put-on or out-and-out self-exploitation, I'm not at all sure. It is, I suppose, a combination of the three, which means that it's something like an all-American success story.

Here we have the spectacle of two originally very different men as they now join forces to tour America, "debating" their respective political and moral codes, but having more in common with Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins, than with Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas.

The two men are not exactly freaks, but one has the suspicion that they wouldn't be showing off in this way if they could possibly make a living in some other fashion. Whether accurately or not, the movie suggests that the world has passed them by

RETURN ENGAGEMENT, a documentary directed by Alan Rudolph; director of photography, Jan Klesner; edited by Tom Wells; music by Adrien Belew; produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer; associate producer, Barbara Leary; released by Island Alive. At the Embassy 72d Street, at Broadway. Running time: 90 minutes. This film has no rating.
Debate ModeratorCarole Hemmingsway

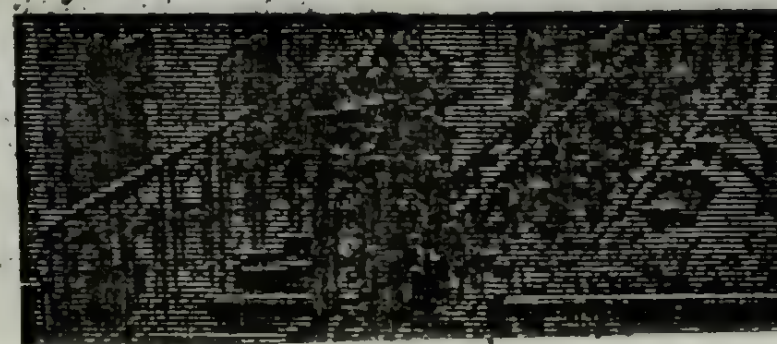
and that this personal appearance tour is one of the last ways in which each can turn his individual notoriety to profit.

The curious thing is that both men come across as far more interesting, humorous, decent, sensitive and aware than they do in their writings. Alan Rudolph, the director, may possibly be somewhat responsible for this. Maybe not.

The film's highlight is not one of their on-stage appearances, but a breakfast on a sunny Chateau Marmont terrace shared by Mr. and Mrs. Leary and Mr. and Mrs. Liddy. In many ways they sound like two attractive, intelligent, middle-aged couples from suburbia, talking about home life, marriage, children and sex, making the time pass as best they can while away from home at an obligatory convention. That's show biz.

Vincent Canby

Lanson FRENCH CHAMPAGNE



By ERNEST LEOGRANDE

★ ★

RETURN ENGAGEMENT. G. Gordon Liddy, Timothy Leary. Directed by Alan Rudolph. At Embassy 73d St. Running time: 1 hour 36 minutes. No rating.

"Return Engagement" is the Liddy and Leary show, G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary in staged collision. Liddy is against gun control. Leary is against drug control. Liddy says he advocates the elimination of anyone, even members of his family, if they endanger the U.S. through disloyalty. Leary says he was performing beneficial experimentation with LSD and it was the government that gave drugs a bad name.

The two first met in the 1960s, as they jokingly recall, when Liddy, as an assistant district attorney, helped stage a drug raid on Leary's communal setup. Now a promoter has had the bright commercial idea of teaming them on the lecture circuit, and this movie, by director Alan Rudolph, is a documentation of their re-meeting in a variety of settings during their tour.

Underneath their polite opposition there is a real antagonism and there is a certain fascination in observing and listening to two men who have become legends in their own time, but there's not much to be gained from the experience, other than trying to sift out the kernels of legitimate motivation from the mass of self-indulgence.

A breakfast scene with the two men and their wives shows Mrs. Leary as a woman inclined to stay in the background, but Mrs. Liddy takes her chance at the spotlight because, as she says, she doesn't get much opportunity to speak up otherwise.

And in a subsequent lunch scene between the two men we are made very aware of just how determined each is to be the dominant figure. What comes through is that, in their singlemindedness, despite being such mythic figures, they have the ability to be consummate bores.

A class of high school students, shown listening to each man speak in turn in its classroom, gives opinions of them afterward to the film makers. The kids' reasoned, untheatrical comments are like breaths of fresh air.

New York's new
is not for ladies

CHIPPED

the video dance
1st Avenue &
(212) 9



and directed the work
Public Theater, "Com-
se voices which Beckett
wrote the accompanying

Rudolph tackles docu genre with 'Return Engagement'

By TINA DANIELL

After directing four features, the last being the \$10 million-budgeted "Endangered Species" for MGM, Alan Rudolph changed tracks to try his hand at a documentary. The result is "Return Engagement," about the debate between, character and world-views of, convicted Watergate burglar G. Gordon Liddy and psychedelia guru Timothy Leary. The film was not only a change of form but a change in finances, since Rudolph and producer Carolyn Pfeiffer made it for \$250,000.

Financial constraints meant that Rudolph and his editor, Tom Walls, couldn't afford a screening room that accommodated their cut of the film, since it was shot in 16mm with 35mm sound, so they only viewed it on a KEM editing machine. It also meant that Adrian Belew (of King Crimson), who lives in Illinois and did the score, had to compose music working with only an audiotape of the cut, not a videotape. The shoot itself was done with a five-person crew, and Pfeiffer and Rudolph took only nominal fees.

Despite this, it was a positive experience, Rudolph said. For one thing, "It was the only film I made where the studio head didn't change during production, because there was no studio." Also, though he acknowledged that filming an event does affect what happens, "I never told people what to do — it was the most fun I ever had." Liddy and Leary were both "very professional. It's probably because there's more theatricality in what they do than anything else."

"Return Engagement" premiered at Filmex in Los Angeles this year and is currently being screened out of competition at the Cannes Film Festival by producer Pfeiffer, who's there looking for both foreign and domestic distribution deals. It is the third collaboration of Pfeiffer and Rudolph. She first worked with him on "Roadie," Rudolph's third film, then "Endangered Species." (Rudolph's first two films, "Welcome to L.A." and "Remember My Name" were produced by Robert Altman.)

The idea for "Return Engagement" was hatched over lunch between the two. Rudolph recalls that "the idea was smaller than the subject," since Leary and Liddy were already touring and were a big draw on college campuses. However, Rudolph noted that he was "not just interested in the debates — I wanted to peel those onions." While still at lunch, Pfeiffer asked Rudolph to estimate a budget. He came up with \$250,000 and she got

up and made one phone call — to Chris Blackwell of Island Records and now Island Pictures — who supplied the financing.

The film took eight months to shoot and eight to edit, mainly because they had 30 hours of footage due to extensive filming of the debates. But the debates make up only about a third of the finished film. While not making any claims to objectivity, Rudolph said he exercised restraint and doesn't think "Engagement" sides with either Liddy or Leary.

In fact, Rudolph said he found a lot of similarities between the two (who have a rapport that's obvious in the film.) "They're both positive, optimistic, patriotic people," Rudolph explained. "They both love their country, and both are moths to the flames of publicity."

Rudolph was drawn to the subjects because both Liddy and Leary were notorious for being involved in events that affected history. With Liddy, it was Watergate, of course, and with Leary, Rudolph observed that his impact, along with others who pioneered drug research from 1960-1963 at the Harvard Psychedelic Research Project, was "far-reaching." "If you could make a direct cut from April 1961 to April 1983, then you would see the cultural impact of what Leary and his group did."

Major events in U.S. history are "often the results of acts by less-than-important figures," Rudolph opined, so if you can put those figures on stage, there's an opportunity to learn something. "If I had filmed Richard Nixon and Bob Dylan, we might not learn anything." "Return Engagement" has been shown in some schools, Rudolph said, and there has been interest from people who want to screen it educationally because it stimulates discussion.

Though doing the film offered him great freedom and a "purge from a couple years of body blows," Rudolph said he isn't sure he would do another documentary. "I wouldn't rule anything out, but I'm not a realist. I think the reason I did a good job on 'Return Engagement' is that these guys are not that real. Theatricality is their core."

But the film was sort of a starting over, he added, and he wants now to get back to doing "good work at reasonable prices." (Both his first films were made for about \$1 million.) He's written a number of scripts, but the one he'd like to do most now is called "The Moderns," about Paris in the '20s, but with a story that could be any time, he said — Paris in the '30s, London in the '60s, etc.

Honigberg renews

Gail Honigberg, executive story editor of CBS "Alice" series, has renewed her contract for a fourth sea-

Tri-Star new name of Nova

continued from page 3 —

yesterday settled on the name Tri-Star Pictures to reflect the tripartite nature of the joint venture.

In a statement issued jointly by Tri-Star chairman and chief executive officer Victor A. Kaufman and company president and chief operating officer Gary Hendler, the two officials said they "believe the name Tri-Star Pictures accurately reflects the studio's unique organizational structure and the leadership status of the three partners." Officials said they decided on the name "after an extensive search."

At the same time, the company has filled in three more slots in its executive roster with the appointments of David Matalon as executive vp with responsibility for worldwide marketing and distribution, and Leslie Jacobson as senior vp and general counsel. Matalon has been with Columbia for 19 years, most recently serving as senior executive vp and international theatrical manager for Columbia Pictures International for the past two years. Jacobson has been with HBO since 1979, serving as vp and associate general counsel of HBO since February.

Also named was Jay Walkingshaw, who, as previously reported here (HR 5/2), is serving as chief financial officer for the new studio has been given the additional title of senior vp. He had previously served as senior vp of finance and administration at Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Co.

Matalon, who will begin his new post June 15, will be headquartered in New York, reporting directly to Hendler based in the company's Los Angeles office. Jacobson and Walkingshaw, whose appointments are effective immediately, will also be based in New York, but will report directly to Kaufman, who is headquartered there.

Embassy

continued from page 1 —

major new novel due out next month. Cameras roll in August on the \$14 million film.

"Mandrake the Magician" will be made with Eric Rochat in association with Goldcrest Films and TV Ltd. for \$18 million and is set for a November lensing start. Also scheduled to begin in November is "The Chinese Bandit," which will be the first film personally produced by Barry Spikings since "The Deer Hunter." The action adventure story bears a price tag of \$20 million.

Steven Tesich ("Breaking Away," "The World According to Garp," "Four Friends") is currently writing the script for "Cinderella City," which will start shooting in September. It is expected the film will be in the \$8 million range or slightly higher.

"Suder" will also start sometime in September. Negotiations are ongoing with an undisclosed major name star for the farcical comedy, which is budgeted at \$10 million.

The three appointments continued to increase the presence of Columbia Pictures in the new venture, particularly since Kaufman was a former Columbia vice chairman and Hendler, while though outside the ranks of any company, had considerable contacts with Columbia through the clients he represented as an attorney. So far, no Tri-Star executive has come from CBS, raising speculation about a possible appointment of CBS Theatrical Films president William Self to top production post at Tri-Star. It is believed Self is among many others currently being considered for the spot.

Matalon began his career with the agency handling Columbia's film distribution in his native Israel. In 1961 he joined the Columbia staff, serving as general manager in Iran, then assistant to the general manager in Italy before returning in 1971 as executive assistant to the continental manager. Columbia's European headquarters in London followed by a return to Europe in 1974 as continental manager. He was made senior vp in 1978 and upped to executive vp a year later.

Jacobson started at HBO as associate counsel-programming and was promoted to chief counsel-programming in January 1980. She was named associate general counsel last June.

Walkingshaw, before his nine-month stint at Warner Amex, served as vp and controller of Group W Cable for a year. He held offices in various divisions of Time Inc. for eight years before that, including vp finance and administration of Time Life Films, vp corporate development of HBO July 1979 to December 1979 and vp program operations for HBO for the three years prior to that.

start is a project representing the first collaboration between Oscar-winning screenwriter Ernest Thompson, multi-Academy Award winner Katharine Hepburn and producer Martin Starger since "On Golden Pond." "West Side Waltz" will feature two other important actors, other than Hepburn, and will cost \$14 million.

Besides these motion pictures, Lord Grade said there are 35 projects in active development at Embassy. Basing his assumption on "what I've seen so far," he anticipates at least 10 of these will definitely move forward.

Meanwhile Embassy has "Champion" still before the cameras on location in Atlanta, after which the film produced by Peter Shaw and starring John Hurt, will conclude lensing in Liverpool.

Lord Grade, who arrived in Cannes last weekend, is leaving tomorrow to fly to Los Angeles to attend ABC's 30th anniversary dinner. After the dinner he will immediately wing back to Cannes to finish out the festival.

Fred Pinkard in the "Blue Murder"

Poledouris scores

Basil Poledouris has been set to compose the score for Paramount's "Uncommon Valor" feature produced by Buzz Feitshans and John



PICKWICK / MASLANSKY / KOENIGSBERG / INC.
PUBLIC RELATIONS

November 11, 1983

TO: Carolyn Pfeiffer
FROM: Pat Kingsley & George Freeman
RE: ✓ RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Please be advised that the following attended last evening's screening of "Return Engagement." We were able to determine the reactions as well.

Gary Franklin, KNXT-TV - Liked the film and was amused and surprised by the film's humor. He will determine a rating later next week.

Luaine Lee, PASADENA STAR NEWS & KNIGHT RIDDER SYNDICATE - Liked the film very much. She is very interested in speaking with both Liddy and Leary for her nationally syndicated column.

Vernon Scott, UPI - Liked the film and will determine if he can use either Liddy or Leary for his wire service column.

Hettie Lynn Hurtes, NBC SOURCE RADIO - Because she is not a fan of either Liddy or Leary, she had problems with the film. She mentioned that she did like Alan's handling of the film.

Stacey Smith, MARILYN BECK SYNDICATE - Thought the film was very entertaining. She will speak to Marilyn for the possibility of an interview with Leary for her column.

cc: Shep Gordon
Carey Brokaw

Leslee Dart/PMK
John West/PMK

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after the French Revolution, the movie is solid, sober and enlightening. Through the lengthy trial scene before he goes to the guillotine, Depardieu, as Danton, talks, talks, talks. The production is opulent but seldom emotionally involving. If you prefer a learning experience to an exhilarating night at the movies, join Gerard. **★★**

Credit Pia Zadora for scoring high marks against heavy odds in *The Lonely Lady* (Universal), a clinker adapted from Harold Robbins' book about a lady novelist not unlike the late Jacqueline Susann. When she finally goes onstage to claim her first screenplay Oscar, the embittered heroine says, "I don't suppose I'm the only one who's had to fuck her way to the top." As a teenager, she is raped (with the nozzle of a garden hose) beside the swimming pool of a famous Hollywood writer, whom she subsequently marries. Oh, everything happens to Jerilee Randall. The wonder is that Pia's honest performance almost conquers the handicaps of a ludicrous script, lame direction, even costumes that occasionally smack of sabotage. She has dignity despite all, consistently projecting a sense of her own worth that takes the edge off *Lonely Lady* as laughable trash. Someday, if ever she lucks out with a reasonably intelligent screenplay and a director who knows his stuff, the last laugh may be Pia's. Take her or leave her or let 'em snicker up their sleeves at her, she is a pro, likely to come back swinging. **★★**

Talk, talk and more talk—all about *l'amour*, with some tumbling in the sack for a change of pace—dominates *Pauline at the Beach* (Orion Classics). French writer-director Eric Rohmer pegs it as one of a film series he calls *Comedies and Proverbs*, "a little dance of love" that is witty, beguiling and featherweight. Pauline (engagingly played by Amanda Langlet) is a teenager vacationing at a seaside resort with her sophisticated *cousine* Marion from Paris—a stunning showcase role for blonde Arielle Dombasle. The plot poses such questions as: Will Marion find happiness with Henri? Should Pauline lose her virginity with Sylvain or Pierre? Who's going to tell Marion that Henri was caught in bed with Louise, the promiscuous candy peddler? None of it matters in the least, you understand, yet Rohmer makes this frivolous ode to summer romance quite irresistible. Reserve some credit for cinematographer Nestor Almendros, one of the world's best, who catches the casual holiday mood to perfection—as easy to take as a snooze in the shade while the birds and the bees flit from flower to flower. **★★★**

G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary are the unlikely co-stars of *Return Engagement* (Island Alive), sharing the platform for a filmed debate—or maybe a vaudeville act—that might reasonably be sub-

titled "Crack Shot Meets Crackpot." Only in America would a convicted Watergate conspirator and the guru of modern mental chemistry team up to air their political differences in a showbiz format that became a hit on tour. Don't be surprised. In this era of best-selling books by crooks, nothing succeeds like excess. *Return Engagement* may be an effrontery, but it is also astounding and audacious, cluttered with mind-boggling images. My favorite is the opening sequence: a giant U.S. flag as backdrop for a performance of *America the Beautiful*, lusty vocal by Liddy, piano accompaniment by Leary. **★★½**

Ostensibly the story of a would-be writer (John Shea) torn between the girl he loves (Kate Capshaw) and aimless tomfoolery with half a dozen boyhood chums, *Windy City* (Warner/CBS) blows it every which way. This studied romantic comedy hard sells charm and eccentricity, with Shea and Capshaw—two exceptionally attractive performers—undone by a whole series of cloyingly cute scenes that put my teeth on edge. Set in Chicago, to music that italicizes any thought or feeling the composer can pin down, *City* wrings poignancy from the terminal illness of one of the hero's pals (Josh Mostel), a funny fat fellow who'd love to sail to Tortuga on a pirate ship before he dies, just like Errol Flynn. You think that's impossible? Not for writer-director Arnyan Bernstein, who waxes whimsical nearly all the time. I won't belabor details, except to warn you that Bernstein claims credit for writing Francis Coppola's misguided *One from the Heart*. Any questions? **★**

Low-key and all aglow, *Basileus Quartet* (Libra Cinema 5) plays like a piece of cinematic chamber music. The analogy is quite fitting for a wise little Italian comedy about a world-famous classical ensemble—four aging, able musicians who have lived only for music and who decide to disband when their eldest member dies unexpectedly. What happens when a brilliant young violinist persuades them to regroup is the tale told charmingly by writer-director Fabio Carpi. As the young musician, who introduces his fuddy-duddy colleagues to recreational drugs and spends his own off hours coaxing women into bed, Pierre Malet seems perfectly cast to emphasize the point that "youth is dangerous... also exhausting." One of his older associates, a closet homosexual, becomes psychotically fixed on the handsome young prodigy, whose presence shakes the Basileus Quartet in countless ways. Some exceptional musical interludes are a nice fringe benefit for those who care, yet knowledge of the classics is not essential for appreciation of what Carpi has to say about youth, age, life and love. *Quartet* moves from Paris to London to Vienna and Venice, scoring modest triumphs all the way. **★★★**

Documentary: on the road
with the debating team

Timothy Leary with G. Gordon Liddy

A somewhat unbelievable sight on the lucrative college lecture circuit these days: on the stage, behind two podiums, stand Timothy Leary, to the left, and G. Gordon Liddy, to the right. Both men are infamous socio-political variables who independently turned the American scene upside down and inside out over the course of two decades. Their film, "Return Engagement," documents their debates, their diverse ideologies, lifestyles and friendship.

Chief White House plumber and Watergate mastermind G. Gordon Liddy articulates conviction and duty to the System in his two bestsellers "Out of Control" and "Will." His sense of absolute honor landed him a 20-year jail sentence (commuted by President Carter in 1977) and placed him outside the system he fought to defend. Psychologist Timothy Leary's psychedelic crusade to "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" led him from Harvard (as a lecturer) to 40 prisons on four continents. Author of over 100 books and articles on psychological diagnosis, personal evolution, generational politics and space migration, his newest book, "Flashbacks," is his autobiography.

Here, two of America's most controversial figures, indeed, radical extremes of each other, debated over lunch at Interview's Union Square office with editor Robert Hayes acting as moderator.

G. GORDON LIDDY: The debates we've had did so well that Mrs. Leary got the idea that maybe we ought to film one of them. She got together with a friend of hers, Caroline Phieffer, who is a producer and Caroline liked the idea, but thought we ought to go further. In addition to just showing the 180 degree opposite ideas that we two have, and the rather unusual fact that despite that we are friends now—especially since in the 1960s I arrested Timothy twice—that perhaps we should go further and have a *cinema verite* presentation of our markedly contrasting lifestyles. It took what I understand was something like 63 hours of film of the two of us, separately, together, and with our families, and it was cut down to an hour and a half. Essentially, it was Allen Rudolf who did that, and from what all the critics have been saying, he did a remarkable job.

ROBERT HAYES: You were arrested twice, Timothy?

GGL: Twice by me, numerous times by a cast of thousands.

TIMOTHY LEARY: Although Gordon outstrips me in years served, Gordon served almost five years.

GGL: Timothy, I think I have you on number of felonies.

TL: Allen Rudolf is a talented director and the film was photographed and cut by top Hollywood professionals. My own feeling is that it was a little superficial because it spent a lot of time on our differing attitudes towards marriage and women. I felt there was too much emphasis on extra-marital situations. I felt that that shallowed out the basic differences between us which have to do with the fact that you, as I see it, represent the System, and I, as an Irish Druid Celtic dissident, represent irreverence to and consistent disrespect for the System. I felt the movie

didn't get at this, but after thinking it over I've come to give Allen Rudolf more credit because I think that of the great changes that have taken place in America in the last 20 years—self-discovery, personal growth and resistance to authority, questioning of the establishment—the key issue is the liberation of women and the tremendous growth and self-confidence that has taken place in women. I have now come to feel that this is probably the most important event of the 20th century, and I personally am waiting for the next two to six years when women look around, recognize their intelligence and power, their timeliness. I think that in the 1988 election—1984 is too soon—the issues that come up in our film about the male/female relationships will express themselves politically. I'm going to do everything in my power to urge that women take over every aspect of government and that no one vote for a man. The men have had 2,000 years and they've totally fucked up. I think it would be mind-blowing for the rest of the world if the American people said, "Alright, we're going to give women two terms, eight years." They certainly can't do any worse than the men. And what a mind-blowing thing that would be if we sent female delegations to the United Nations, if we sent delegations over to Russia; we'd laugh those senile old crocks right out of the water with their war games and their Teddy Roosevelt-World War II-fantasies. I've come around full circle in my relationship to that film and I think that it does raise all the issues including the resurgence of women. What do you think of that, Gordon?

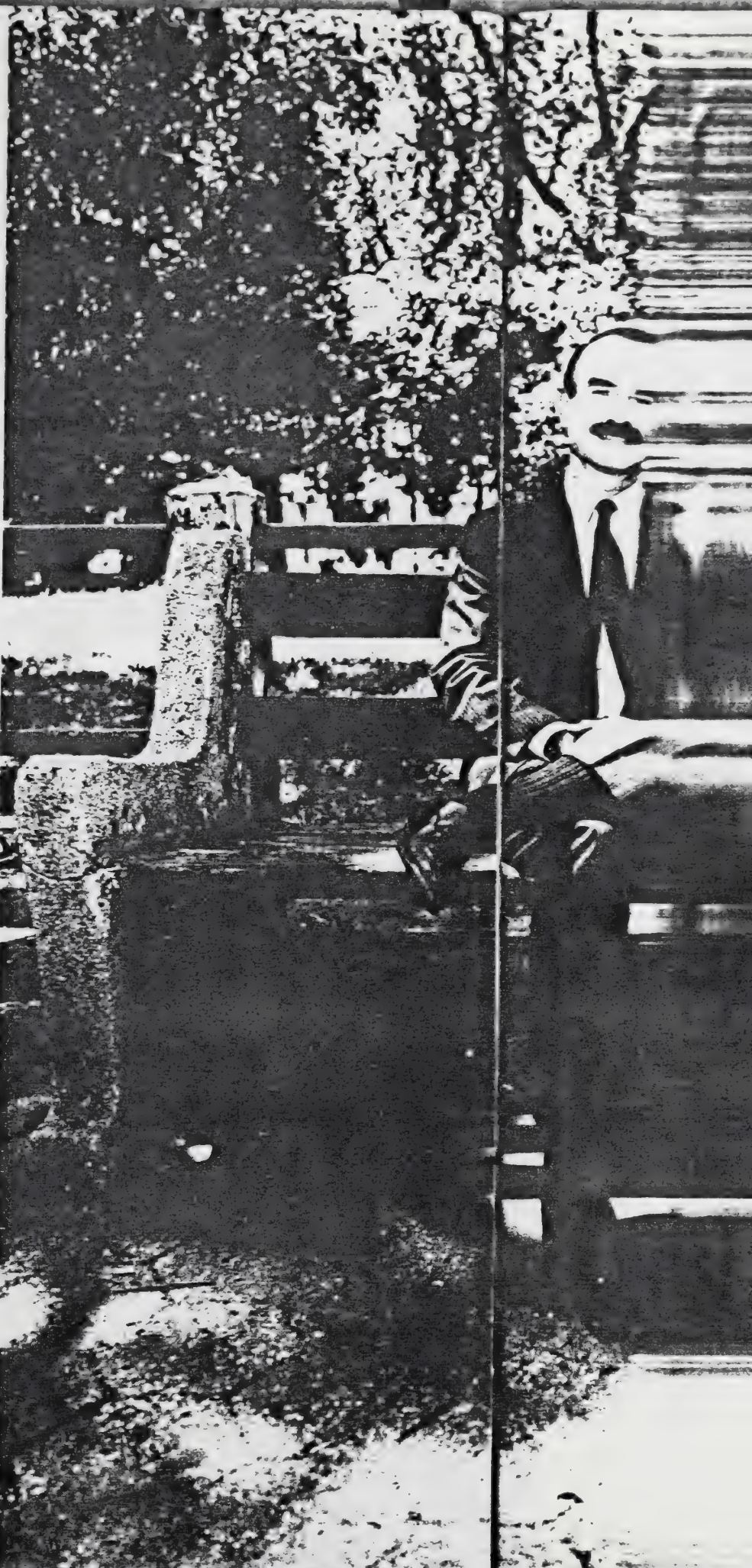
GGL: Well, I bow to no one in my admiration for the opposite sex, and as far as their competence is concerned. The first book I wrote, *Out of Control*, which is a novel in the spy/thriller genre, which I attempted to make as realistic and accurate as possible, had of course, as they all do, a hero and a heroine. And the heroine is actually more intelligent and more competent in the specialized field involved than is the hero. The thing that I used to criticize Ian Fleming for was having James Bond, who was characterized as a very bright fellow, constantly associating with—
TL: *Bimbos*.

GGL: Airheads. And, as you know, bright people are attracted to bright people, and so I chose to demonstrate that in my first book. But, having said that, I do not believe that the United States of America or any other nation is about to, in effect, create an Amazonian state.

TL: Why not?

GGL: Because I don't believe they want to and I think the vast majority of women probably would not. Bear in mind, it was not men who defeated the ERA amendment; it was women who defeated the ERA amendment.

TL: Now we get to the next level of our debate. I believe there is a clear-cut difference in this country between those born before 1946 and those born after. Age is the basic demographic factor that determines culture, determines politics, determines economics. So there's no question that women born before 1946 vote against ERA, but all statistics show that women born after 1946 have discovered their self-



G. GORDON LIDDY AND TIMOTHY LEARY IN UNION SQUARE PARK, NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL SELKIRK. CAMERA—HASSELBLAD



confidence and vote for ERA.

GGL: But in as much as roughly half the world is male, and half the world is female, I do not foresee one-half the population of the world reversing the present order. I do foresee a gradual, and I think welcome, emergence of women into all aspects of society, but I don't see them taking over and controlling it.

TL: How about, for example, the Bohemian Club which is the ultra-exclusive gathering of prominent males which takes place in northern California every year? It's a boys' locker room, and these are the Rockefellers, the Kissingers, the Reagans. They are locker room jockstrap, pre-adolescent males who, unfortunately, control the world. As you know they wear masks, dress up in drag—there's nothing wrong with any of that, but the fact that they bar women from the gatherings in which they discuss our fate and our destinies is a kind of comic Monty Python example of what is wrong.

RH: How did you become friends?

GGL: Strange as this may seem, even during what I would consider to be the most hostile of circumstances—when I was actually putting Timothy under arrest and attempting to interrogate him as a prosecutor would a defendant—Tim's intellect and fabulous Irish wit, samples of which you keep receiving here today, lead him to be very civil, and very friendly. So we never really viewed ourselves as personal enemies, I don't think. I never viewed him as a personal enemy. I abhor some of the ideas he holds. But we got along rather well, considering those circumstances. Then, we both just coincidentally happened, years later, to lecture within about ten days of each other at the University of

Texas at Austin. And a fellow who runs what I guess is characterized best as a counter-culture bookstore there who knew Timothy many years ago and knew that I had arrested him said, Gee, I've gone to both lectures and they still are 180 degrees apart, wouldn't it be a fine idea to have them debate each other? He set up the first one and it just took off from there. It did very, very well and went from Austin to Boulder to Broadway to Hollywood, which is quite a hop.

RH: What were the circumstances of the arrest?

GGL: Back in the '60s, Timothy had his headquarters in Millbrook, New York, in Dutchess County, where I was Assistant District Attorney in charge of major cases. And Timothy's then-leadership of a drug counter-cultural society did not fit in with the milieu in Dutchess County. I received not one, but two search warrants from the local court commanding me to search the premises for controlled, dangerous substances, as they are now called, which I did and that was what lead to the arrest.

RH: And you mentioned something on your differing views—

TL: [You might] like to address your question to Gordon, but first [I'd like to say] I respect, honor, and admire Gordon because, although he sees himself as a faithful and loyal operative agent of the System, somewhere inside him there's this ultimately romantic Mickey Spillane, knight-errant crusader for his ideals. I'd like to remind you that Gordon Liddy has pulled off some of the most irreverent, audacious, mischievous send-ups of the establishment that have had me, as a lifelong professional Huckleberry Finn anti-establishment person, clapping. For example,

when Gordon was brought before, I think it was the Senate Watergate hearing, and they asked him to raise his hand and to swear, "Do you tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" I've been in that situation dozens of times and I'm so indoctrinated, I'm so brainwashed by the System that I always said yes. But Gordon, give him credit, said no. Even though he was protecting the System, he was protecting Nixon, they still couldn't deal with that. Judge [John] Sirica gave him more prison time than they gave me, and all I did was totally destroy the moral fabric of 200 years of America. But he's a greater threat to the system. When Nixon had his famous reunion of all the real crooks—I think it was the tenth anniversary of the Watergate break-in—the one ham they wouldn't invite was Gordon Liddy, who was the ultimate loyalist to the System, because in some way Gordon's system goes beyond even the Republican party. There's some incredibly deep idealism on Gordon's part that has led to be seen as a threat even to the ultra-right wing. And although Gordon did five years in prison for his ideals because he wouldn't talk, when the statute of limitations was over, Gordon came out and he did talk and he said something that you're not supposed to say. He said, yes, he would have killed Jack Anderson if he had been persuaded that it was in the national interest. Now, a good anonymous gray bureaucrat is not supposed to say such things, and it's these obstinate idealistic romantic high principles in Gordon that I think are misunderstood by many people. But I know that the System is a little suspicious of Gordon because he's in some ways too idealistic. I never told you that, Gordon, what do you

sometimes—

TL: Ah, I'm going to challenge you on that later.

GGL: It is sometimes practiced in international politics. It is quite true for example that we sent poisons to Africa to be used to assassinate Lumumba. The only reason it was not used was Mr. Lumumba was out of office before the poison arrived. And there have been several instances like that. But, normally, it is not for a political reason, it is usually for a reason that is perceived to be for national security. It's always the same committee, they just keep changing the name with every administration. With respect to assassination, the United States practices the dictum of Alexander of Macedon who, when he defeated the Persians and advanced to meet his adversary, found that the Persian king had been slain by the Persian king's own generals, thinking they were doing Alexander a favor. Alexander immediately had the generals slain and announced that only a king may kill a king. And if it is contemplated or suggested that a chief of state be killed, that may only be done with the full knowledge and support of the President of the United States, and it's a very, very rare undertaking. As you pointed out, three times we tried, three times we failed with respect to Fidel Castro. There have been a few others, but I don't want to mislead you into thinking that every Tuesday there's a group that gets together downstairs in the White House and decides who we're going to kill this week.

TL: I choose to challenge you on that Gordon. My autobiography was severely censored because I raise some issues. I offered no answers, but I suggested that there was a coverup—

TIMOTHY LEARY: "I'm going to do everything in my power to urge that women take over every aspect of government and that no one vote for a man."



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Photo from Richard Davis House 1980, photo by Christopher Maise

think?

GGL: I know, and when this interview is over I'm going to take you outside and give you a very stern talking to. This business of saying nice things about me is going to destroy my reputation and I'll never be able to work again. It's bad enough what [George] Lucas did to me. The Washington Post called me the Darth Vader of the Nixon Administration, and then Lucas, in his latest of the Star Wars trilogy [Return of the Jedi], turns around and has Darth Vader end up being a good guy, thus just destroying my reputation. If you don't stop this, I'll never work again.

TL: I've heard Gordon Liddy say, at least 20 times in front of public audiences and on camera about the dirty tricks of the Nixon Administration. "They all do it. Johnson did it, Kennedy did it, Roosevelt did it, and on and on." And he said, "If you can't face those blunt facts, you're living an illusion." Now a good conservative Republican loyalist isn't supposed to say that, and it's Gordon's honesty that makes him too hot to handle.

GGL: One of the reasons that we get along so well is that we are both Jesuit-educated which, of course, the Jesuits do not advertise these days. Usually when I lecture at a Jesuit college the first thing I do is to give absolute truth to the Jesuits. I tell them, it is true the Jesuits taught me how to think, but they did not tell me what to think, I'm responsible for that. We're both educated to the same level, he has a doctorate and I have a doctorate, and so when we are at a university and, say, the PhD's and the Poli Sci department and what have you, rise to take us on, we have a very good time with them because we are easily as educated as they are, and it's a lot of fun for all.

TL: I think Gordon would definitely risk his life for me or for any companion and even be willing to give his life for someone. But, on the other hand, the minute that's over, if he got a phone call from Ronald Reagan who said, "Listen, Leary is getting too far out. We've got to off him," Gordon would probably off me.

GGL: In the first place, assassination, political assassination, is not practiced in this country in terms of domestic politics. It is

GGL: Censored or censored?

TL: Censored by the lawyers.

RH: I'd like you to meet Maura Moynihan, Senator Moynihan's daughter.

TL: Maura, dear

MAURA MOYNIHAN: How are you? It's good to see you again.

TL: It's so good to see you. I'd like you to meet Gordon Liddy.

MM: It's nice to meet you, Tim, how is Flashbacks doing? I had a copy and I got one-third through it, and then someone took it.

TL: Great. I encourage people to steal that book.

MM: I'm definitely a child of the '60s. My personal ideology, everything was formed then. I think I'm more sympathetic to the hippies than to, say, the young professional. The hippies are very misunderstood.

TL: People of the '60s are going to be the rulers of the '80s. We're grooming you to run for high office in '88.

MM: Maybe I will. Hippies are the only ones who have any survival doctrine.

GGL: It is incorrect to seek to survive. One ought always to seek to prevail, let the other poor son-of-a-bitch survive you.

MM: Well, what about keeping the ecology intact? I'm concerned about preserving what we have for future generations.

GGL: Often times those persons whom you have just spoken of admirably act counter to that purpose. For example, they are generally against the use of nuclear power for the generation of electrical energy. Whereas the use of coals and fossil fuels we are told is severely damaging to the protective layer around the earth. You have the whole problem of acid rain and the rest of it, and you have the poor people dying in the coal mines. No one so far as I have been able to ascertain has even caught a bad cold from the use of nuclear energy to produce electricity, so I find them rather at cross purposes. Not to speak of the danger to those poor fellows miles below the earth.

TL: I think the essence of our debate was caught a minute ago when you said "survive" and Gordon said "prevail" and I said "evolve." □

Liddy, Leary: a debatable 'Return'

By FRANK SANELLO
Daily News Staff Writer

Director Alan Rudolph calls "Return Engagement," his feature-length documentary on G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary's college lecture tour, "a Mad magazine version of 'My Dinner With Andre.'"

The 16mm film, shot in only eight days on a paltry budget of \$250,000, was a big hit at Filmex

Film News & Notes

this year and also will be screened at Cannes in May as well as at other film festivals around the world. "Return Engagement" will go into wide release in the United States this fall.

The documentary records the Liddy-Leary "debates" at a Los Angeles theater, dinner with Gordon and Tim at the Bistro in Beverly Hills, a breakfast with the men and their wives at Cha-



ALAN RUDOLPH

teau Marmont and various interviews conducted by columnist Carole Hemingway.

Liddy is also seen riding with the Hells Angels, and Leary conducts a seminar at Esalen.

The Angels treat Liddy as one of their own. In fact, one of the bikers was Liddy's cellmate after his Watergate conviction.

Leary's seminar at the Esalen Institute is more of a walk down

Please see **FILM NOTES** Pg. 5

Liddy, Leary's

FILM NOTES from Pg. 1

memory lane as he recounts the good old days of turning on, tuning out and the resulting police drug raids — one of which Liddy conducted.

The film is a funny, sad document of political opposites brought together by the one thing that transcends political boundaries: money. The two men are among the highest paid speakers on the college lecture circuit and consistently sell out auditoriums — when they appear together.

"This is their meal ticket. Money is the glue that keeps these guys the best of enemies," said Rudolph. "I thought it was sad. Here are two middle-aged, middle class men who need their former headlines to earn their current livelihoods. They can't make a living doing what they were trained to do. Liddy was disbarred, and Leary can't teach anymore. Who would hire him?"

"They do it, too because they love the spotlight. They're moths to the flame of publicity and notoriety," continued Rudolph, who at the beginning of the phone interview said he did not have any opinion about his two subjects.

The director's favorite moment in "Return Engagement" takes place at Chateau Marmont, the Sunset Strip hotel where John Belushi died. Rudolph was so pleased he left the sequence in the film virtually unedited.

In the sequence, Leary, Liddy and their wives are having breakfast on the hotel veranda. Barbara Leary is young, beautiful and smart. She co-produced the Liddy-Leary tour. Mrs. Liddy, who looks about the same age as her husband, is intelligent. She can do calculus in her head, according to her husband.

Up until the breakfast sequence, Rudolph had had problems getting anything out of Mrs. Liddy. "She had said, 'When Gordon shut up (referring to his Watergate silence), so did I.'" To get Mrs. Liddy to open up, Rudolph told Mrs. Leary to ask her about her marriage.

Instead, on camera, Barbara Leary said to Liddy's wife, "Let's talk about Gordon's sex life." Mrs. Leary then began a bitter diatribe that stopped just short of her exploding as she described her husband's extra-marital flirtations.

The irony of the film, Rudolph says, is that people come out of the theater liking Liddy, even though the former Watergate warrior reiterates his beliefs that the end justifies the means, including murder.

"If I have any regret about the film, it's that I don't hate Liddy anymore," Rudolph added. The most telling thing the director found out about Liddy was that the seemingly unflappable tough guy has an ulcer.

Leary is also likable in the film, his enthusiasm and constant grin making a nice foil to Liddy's grim pronouncements about unquestioning obedience and willpower. The film also suggests that drugs have fried the former Harvard psychologist's brain. At a video arcade, Leary plays Pac-Man as he seriously insists that video games are the wave of the future.

"Leary told me he has taken acid 5,000 times, but he's still mentally alert," Rudolph said without much conviction.

A former disciple of Robert Altman, who produced Rudolph's moody "Welcome to L.A." and "Remember My Name," the director most recently made "Endangered Species," an ecological thriller about cattle mutilations. None of his

'Engagement' endearing

films has fared well at the box office.

"I seem to make first run cult movies," he joked. Rudolph would not mind, however, if "Return Engagement" became a big hit on the midnight movie circuit. "More people have seen 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show' than all four of my films combined," he noted.

As for objections that "Return Engagement" furthers the conflicting causes of better living through drugs and fascism, the director believes the same "shot should be taken at Coppola for making 'The Godfather.' If you make a documentary about the Klan or the snail darter, are you furthering their cause?" he asks.

"When Liddy says he'd shoot his son in front of his wife if national security were at stake, it's silly, not admirable. They're both aberrations, minor figures in history sniffing around major events. 'Return Engagement' asks the sort of question like, 'What if Paul Revere's horse had broken a leg? Or, what if G. Gordon Liddy had been a competent burglar?'"

EVERY CHORUS HAS A SILVER LINING: After seven years on the studio shelf and numerous announcements of production plans that turned out to be false starts, "A Chorus Line" will finally make it to the big screen.

Embassy Pictures plans to begin shooting the Pulitzer Prize-winning Broadway musical in the fall, with release scheduled for the summer of 1984. The studio purchased the movie rights to "A Chorus Line" from Polygram for \$8 million. Polygram had bought the rights from Universal in 1980 for \$7.8 million.

The Embassy production will have a non-star cast and will be shot in a theater, sticking closely to the original story line.

Using unknown actors and confining the action to a theater should keep down costs, but a pokewoman for Embassy said that cost-cutting was not at the heart of those decisions.

The intimacy and nature of the story was the reason, she said, adding that "A Chorus Line" is opposed to be about unknown, struggling performers. Star casting would make that concept ludicrous.

Arnold Schulman ("Funny Lady") has written the script and "Cabaret's" Cy Feuer and Ernest L. Martin will produce the film. Embassy has not named a director yet.

One of the biggest hits of all time on Broad-

way, the musical about dancers auditioning for a show has been plagued by numerous problems in its transition from stage to screen.

The originators of the show — among them director-choreographer Michael Bennett and composer Marvin Hamlisch — sold the movie rights in 1976 to Universal for \$5.5 million plus 20 percent of the gross once the film broke even. At the time, \$30 million was agreed on as the break-even point. But as production costs rose over the years, (the cost of making the film today is \$20 to \$30 million) the financial arrangement became more untenable for any studio hoping to make a profit on the film.

In purchasing the rights from Polygram, Embassy reportedly renegotiated the projected break-even point with the show's creators. Under the old deal, one press report estimated that the film would have had to gross \$70 million before Embassy earned any money.

. . .

TRAILERS: Paramount now plans to star Joan Rivers and Bette Midler in "Poor Little Rich Girls," from a script by Rivers about two widows searching for husbands in New York. Bud Yorkin will direct. Midler replaces Lily Tomlin, who dropped out because she felt the comedy lacked social consciousness, according to Rivers.

"Dallas'" Patrick Duffy makes his wide screen debut in "Vamping." TV's Bobby Ewing will play a down-and-out jazz saxophonist in Buffalo. It sounds like a male version of "Flashdance."

Universal's theatrical release of Steven Spielberg's made-for-TV movie "Duel" has not exactly burned up the box office, despite a major advertising campaign by the studio. "Duel," Spielberg's first film, which stars Dennis Weaver as a traveler pursued by a mysterious off-road vehicle, took in \$5,410 during its first four days at a theater in Manhattan. Meanwhile, as Spielberg is making "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Death" in Sri Lanka, his production company is shooting a comedy called "Gremlins" in Burbank. The director is Joe Dante, who also directed one of the segments of Spielberg's tragedy-prone "The Twilight Zone."

Phillipe Mora ("Savannah Smiles") will direct Rutger Hauer ("Blade Runner"), Powers Boothe and Kathleen Turner in "A Breed Apart" for Orion.

JUL 27 1983

'New slogans from Leary

A fascinating foray into the mind of a Superguru

Flashbacks: An Autobiography

Timothy Leary

(J.P. Tarcher, Inc., \$15.95)

2140

By Peter Ross

To today's generation, immersed in video games, home computer terminals and personal stereo, the slogan "Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out" would be a mystery: The first two instructions are clear enough, but what to make of the last? According to Timothy Leary, the ex-Harvard psychologist who coined the phrase, even the children of the '60s misinterpreted his message.

In the nearly 400 pages of his autobiography, Leary explains that he never meant to encourage wanton drug-taking, never mind personal dissolution and social disillusionment. Attempting to reestablish his role as spokesman and spiritual father for the most vocal and violent youth

Review/Books

movement in history, he clarifies his purposes and methods and offers insights into his formation and character. All of which makes for an exacting portrait of his life and times.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, it's a strange story. Using a non-chronological format, Leary begins not with his birth but with his conception, then weaves back and forth through his life — darting from family background to his stint at West Point, to his first wife's suicide, to his expulsion from college. He travels from his first, excruciatingly academic experiments with psychedelic drugs to his years of incarceration and exile. He cites, with annotation if not always with smooth transition, the influences of the writers and thinkers he admires.

His cast of characters is a virtual Who's Who of the '60s. From Marilyn Monroe and Cary Grant to Abbie Hoffman and Eldridge Cleaver, from Jack Kerouac to R.D. Laing, from John and Yoko to Jimi Hendrix, Leary recounts his friendships and alliances, his experiments successful and failed.

The story he tells — the transformation of a brilliant researcher, safely ensconced at Harvard, to a prison-seasoned prophet of "Inner Technology" — is a fascinating chronicle. Leary carefully documents the development of the drug culture and of its formulators, crediting not only actual participants but important forerunners. Each of his chapters is headed by a capsule biography of an important innovator, from medieval philosophers to contemporary psychologists.

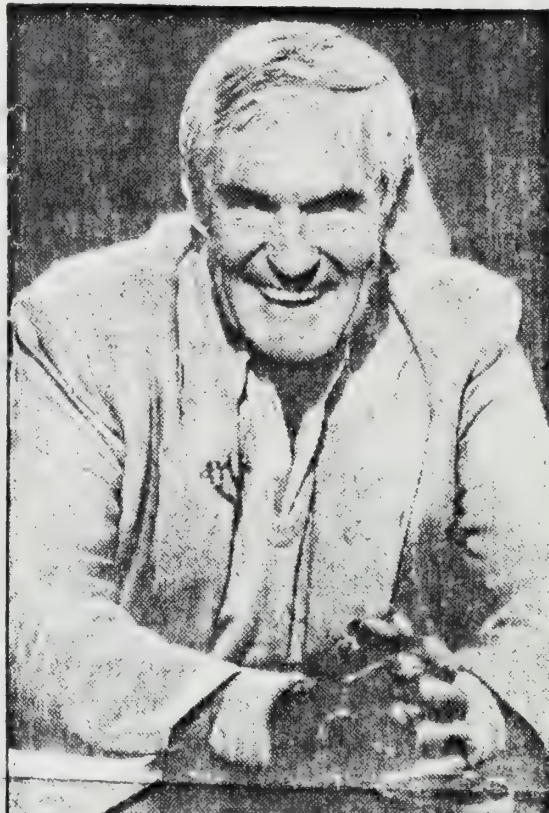


PHOTO BY LARRY KAPLAN

TIMOTHY LEARY: A taste for onomatopoeia and slogans.

The author: Timothy Leary, a former Harvard professor, was one of the pre-eminent gurus of the youth/drug culture of the 1960s.

The book: His autobiography.

The reviewer: Peter Ross is a Detroitier who frequently reviews movies and other cultural manifestations for The News.

THERE ARE PLENTY of shocks here, too. Leary tells of his clandestine partnership with an alleged mistress of John F. Kennedy, herself murdered some time after the president, and implies that she had introduced JFK to the wonders of LSD — thus causing the government to remove him. He deals unflatteringly with Eldridge Cleaver, who he claims held him a prisoner in Algeria, and as unflatteringly with Ted Kennedy. He recalls an early arrest at the hands of G. Gordon Liddy, with whom he has of late been making a lecture tour.

Continued on Page 3F

Exploring the mind of a Superguru

Continued from Page 1F

Along with his acute, candid portraits and his social analysis, Leary tosses in unnumbered examples of his painfully fecund prose, his dry sense of humor and his taste for onomatopoeia and slogans. Describing his meeting with his third wife-to-be (he's now on the fourth), he writes: "A cloud of pheromones floating from her body awakened my lazy off-duty hormones." Warned by Marshall McLuhan that "You're ahead of your time. They'll attempt to destroy your credibility," he says, "It's incredibility I'm after."

His penchant for scientific jargon and for words and phrases of his own coinage make portions of the book slow going. And when Leary adds a mass-market style sex scene and recalls a tryst with a prison secretary — "her naked body was moist as hot octopus" — well, what is one to do? We're not all scientist-explorers as intrepid as Leary, and I

didn't feel compelled to check the metaphor by rushing to an aquarium with a thermometer.

SUCH STYLISTIC quibbles aside, *Flashbacks* is an interesting and involving look both at history in the making and at a vital, unorthodox mind. If Leary's precision is at times discomforting — as it is in his detailed description, complete with diagrams, of his escape from prison — his optimism and honesty are soothing. And despite the changes that time and experience have wrought, Leary leaves us with new predictions, a careful new analysis of the future and even a new slogan.

To the new generation on which he pins his hopes, the "Whiz Kids" born post-1964, he urges, "Turn On, Tune In, and Take Charge," the last referring to the course of human evolution. If that sounds like psychedelia yoked to basic business management, so be it: If anyone knows the future, it may well be Timothy Leary.

'60s Gurus Tell It Like It Was

Cambridge, Mass.

Timothy Leary returned to Harvard University yesterday after 20 years as a psychedelic drug guru and told a cheering crowd that "the world wasn't ready" for him when the school fired him in 1963.

"I never have felt any rancor against Harvard," said Leary, 62, who was accompanied by another former Harvard researcher, Richard (Ram Dass) Alpert, 49, during an appearance organized by a graduate student.

Alpert sat beside Leary in a chair on the bare stage of Harvard's ornate Memorial Hall, his shoes off, his legs drawn up in the lotus position, his eyes often closed in apparent meditation.

Leary was a lecturer and Alpert was an assistant professor of clinical psychology when Nathan Pusey, then president of Harvard, fired them on May 28, 1963, charging they broke an agreement against using undergraduates in their drug experiments.



UPI Telephoto

RICHARD ALPERT AND TIMOTHY LEARY
Back at Harvard 20 years after they were fired

"We shared this with ... anyone who wanted to take the voyage with us," Leary told his

audience.

Joseph A. Kasof, a first-year

Harvard graduate student in sociology, said he hired the hall and the security force and advertised the occasion for a total cost of about \$2300. He said he promoted the lecture because of his interest in psychedelic drugs.

Tickets were \$3 each, and crowds of students stood outside in the rain before the lecture asking for extra tickets.

Kasof said Leary and Alpert agreed to appear for no fee but he planned to split with them any money left after expenses were paid.

Leary, who advised an entire generation in the 1960s to "turn on, tune in, drop out," said he has appeared at Boston-area schools since his firing, but yesterday's appearance was his first at Harvard.

Tall, lean, his white hair shaggily cut, Leary drew applause the moment he appeared on stage.

He compared himself to philosophers Ralph Waldo Emerson and William James, saying "Har-

vard is the mainline of American transcendental thinking.

"The problem, was, of course, the world wasn't ready for us."

"I think they were," Alpert interjected. "Not for one moment do I wish I was not thrown out of Harvard."

The crowd in the 1600-seat hall applauded.

Leary said Harvard always has attracted scholars interested in drugs and the mind. He said Emerson had visited British romantic writers Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth, who, according to Leary, experimented with hashish and opium. Emerson returned to Harvard in 1838 to advise students "to do your own thing," he said.

"He was not allowed back for 33 years," Leary said. "We're back after 20 years. They're more forgiving now. I hope that is evidence that evolution is speeding up."

Associated Press

this, apparently, is the full-length
version of the A.P. story
J Leary May 1983



Timothy Leary before a debate at MIT in 1967

Leary's 'Flashbacks'

FLASHBACKS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Timothy Leary. New York: J. P. Tarcher Inc., 395 pages, \$15.95.

By ELEANOR R. IDE

Tactics for increasing intelligence, paraphrased from Timothy Leary:

"Turn on — Go within to activate your neural and genetic equipment.

"Tune in — Interact harmoniously with the world around you.

"Drop out — Detach yourself from involuntary commitments, rely on yourself, commit yourself to mobility, choice and change."

"Unhappily," Leary said, "my explanations of this sequence of personal development were often misinterpreted to mean 'get stoned and abandon all constructive activity.'"

Leary, award-winning social scientist, pioneer in drug research at Harvard in the '60s, has been called "a symbol of change and self-discovery for an entire generation."

"Flashbacks" is a detailed description of many of the major changes in American society, written by a man deeply involved in those changes. It is a multi-media presentation of Alvin Toffler's "Third Wave," written by a man who has been surfing that wave for two decades.

Leary uses flashbacks as one of his many media. For example, he juxtaposes his first experiences with drugs with his childhood experiences with an alcoholic father.

Leary also uses letters from CIA files, newspaper and book excerpts, vivid description, philosophy and his personal reactions. Above the chapter titles are mini-biographies of other change-agents, from Socrates through Lilly and Lennon to O'Neill.

"Flashbacks" is more than an autobiography. It is a scientific treatise, a social history and a philosophical statement, and it reads like a good adventure novel.

(Eleanor R. Ide is a Raleigh reviewer.)

From: News + Observer - Largest Daily
in Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill, N.C.
(Research Triangle Park) Area

that much nuclear power in her armoury. So what's all this about needing cruise missiles in Europe, "to maintain the balance of power" and enable the West "to negotiate disarmament from a position of strength"? In the context of genuine nuclear deterrence, these phrases are, literally, meaningless since over 95% of American nuclear weapons are redundant as deterrents.

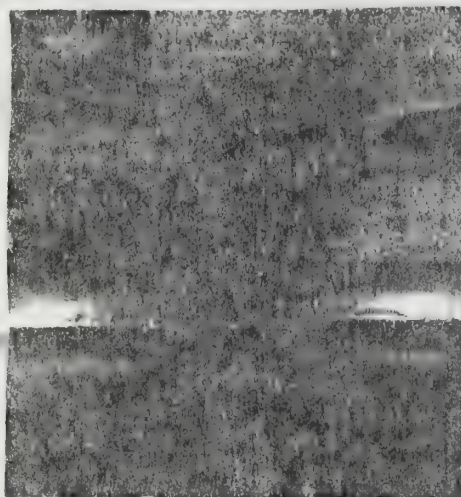
Writing in *The New York Review of Books* (15 July 1982), Theodore Draper, who supports the old-fashioned, straightforward doctrine of nuclear deterrence (the MAD version), came uneasily to the conclusion that in America at present "there are some people in high places who are interested in fighting as well as — or even more than — deterring a nuclear war". And now we have Reagan's anti-Russian rantings, which suggest an intention to whip up mindless fear and hatred to a point where the American public will regard it as their government's moral duty to use nuclear weapons "to force the Soviet Union to seek earliest termination of hostilities on terms favourable to the US". Then the Pentagon gives sombre warnings about Soviet troop build-ups in Eastern Europe. But if you were in the Russians' shoes — or fur-lined boots — how would you interpret the American determination to go on year after year producing more, faster, subtler nuclear weapons?

In 1970, Harold Garthoff, a former US Ambassador to Bulgaria and a distinguished authority on Soviet foreign policy, noted in *International Security* that "the Soviet political leaders in their programmatic statements endorse the idea that deterrence requires strong and ready combat capability, but do not go on to discuss meeting requirements for waging and winning a war". This is confirmed by *Military Strategy*, the major work on Soviet military doctrine edited by Marshal Sokolovsky, which stresses "the colossal and unacceptable consequences of a world nuclear war, not only to the US but to the socialist countries". The Russian political set-up is even nastier than its American counterpart but at least the men who lead it are saner.

On a recent television programme, the retired American Admiral Gene la Rocque pointed out that "If we decide to use nuclear weapons, there is no one in Europe who can stop us". So much for Mrs Thatcher's fatuous faith in the 'dual-key control' of cruise missiles in Britain — and in the marvellous NATO nuclear umbrella beneath which Western Europe can snuggle safely if bad weather blows in from the East. Evidently no one has ever told her that umbrellas go out of control in storms.

All things considered, it's understandable that Jenny's Diary, written in her up-market Hampshire nuclear fall-out shelter, should make the reader feel sick with fear. Some may argue that such books (not that

there's any other quite like Jenny) are pointless. Why provoke fear about a situation we can't alter? If we're going to be annihilated, why not leave us to enjoy whatever remains of life instead of writing morbid books that focus our minds on the ghastly possibilities ahead? That however is the defeatist line. Those who write morbidly on this topic are the optimists. They reckon there is just a chance we may be able to alter the situation, even now, if enough of us make one hell of a row about wanting ourselves and our children to survive. Certainly Jenny recruits thousands for the cause no other writer has done, Yorick Blumenfeld brings the consequences of nuclear war within our imaginative grasp. We're punch-drunk on hypo-critical disarmament discussions and strategic and economic and ethical analyses, all jargon-wrapped. Jenny's achievement is to stimulate our instinct of self-preservation. ●



Timothy Leary

NICHOLAS ALBERY

TIMOTHY LEARY: Flash-backs — an autobiography; Heinemann, £9.95. (1983).

Journey Through Pain

Timothy Leary's autobiography, *Flash-backs*, is surprisingly open about his failures and shortcomings. Even after his first hundred psilocybin trips, he writes that he was still "a successful robot, . . . totally cut off from body and senses. I routinely listened to pop music, drank martinis, ate what was put before me . . . The idea that one should live one's life as a work of art had never occurred to me."

I can't understand why Leary's book has received such bad reviews in Britain — it is one of the most fascinating autobiographies I have read, about a man who has had a more revolutionary effect on our times than perhaps any other person alive today. I believe

philosopher Gerald Heald was right when he suggested that "the emergence of LSD in the 20th century was simply God's way of giving us the gift of consciousness", of saving us from Armageddon. We have used the gift badly and it may be Leary's fault: I have always preferred Aldous Huxley's low-profile strategy for disseminating LSD. "These are evolutionary matters," Huxley told Leary. "They cannot be rushed. Work privately. Invite artists, writers, poets, jazz musicians, elegant courtesans, painters, rich bohemians. And they will initiate the intelligent rich. That's how everything of culture and beauty and philosophic freedom has been passed on." But anti-elitist Tim was determined to disseminate acid as quickly as possible throughout society. Perhaps after all he was right to try. The urgency of the situation demanded such risky tactics, for, as he writes, "just when the situation looked hopeless, here come 71 million post-war Americans, . . . brash, confident, programmed-for-innovation".

This book reassures me. My recent image of Leary had been that put out by Eldridge Cleaver, when he had him in 'revolutionary' jail in Algeria. Leary was "brain-fried". "Poor Timothy, all that acid's burned out the dude's mind". Later though, before one of his series of drug trials, Leary was given psychological tests and found to have 'genius' level intelligence and exceptional creativity. It is reassuring that a man can take 5,000 or so acid trips and yet emerge with his intelligence, creativity, humour, memory and critical faculties relatively intact.

Leary is the perfect gentleman, unembittered by personal tragedies.

Leary has learnt from his oppression at the hands of the government and passes on a series of tips from his experience, guidelines for those involved in social change — such as the need to use the prestige of an institution for protection whilst remaining as far as possible from its centre. And the crucial message that without a power base, (whether territorial, political or financial), social innovations — particularly those involving education of the young, will be relentlessly harassed by the existing bureaucracies.

There is much circumstantial evidence of the lengths to which the government was prepared to go to defend the status quo. Leary's friend, Mary Pinchot, who turned on President Kennedy and others in top Washington circles, was found murdered with 3 bullets in her. Meanwhile government agencies were spending US \$25m on covert LSD experiments, often with unsuspecting guinea pigs.

For those who just want a good read, Leary is very revealing about many famous characters from the 60's, penning witty accounts of his friends Allen Ginsberg, Neil Cassidy, Arthur Koestler, Jack Kerouac, Robert Lowell, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs,

Abe Maslow, Michael Holingshead, Cary Grant, Aldous Huxley, R. D. Laing, Ken Kesey, Marshall McLuhan, Otto Preminger and Eldridge Cleaver. So we have Marshall McLuhan advising Leary about LSD: "You are the basic product endorser. Whenever you are photographed, smile. Wave reassuringly. Radiate courage. Never complain or appear angry."

Leary's other main achievement is simply that he has survived into old age, slightly out of breath but still ahead of his times. He is, as he says, one of those individuals who are "wired by nature to innovate rather than conform" •

JOHN LANE

EDWARD C. WHITMONT: *Return of the Goddess: Femininity, Aggression and the Modern Grail Quest*; Routledge & Kegan Paul, £6.95 p.b. (1983).

Feminine Recovery

"At the low point of a cultural development that has led us into the deadlock of scientific materialism, technological destructiveness, religious nihilism and spiritual impoverishment, a most astounding phenomenon has occurred. A new mythologem is arising in our midst and asks to be integrated into our modern frame of reference. It is the myth of the ancient Goddess who once ruled earth and heaven before the advent of the patriarchy and of the patriarchal religions. The Goddess is now returning." So begins Edward Whitmont's outstanding contribution to our understanding of a new and immensely important cultural pattern. But *Return of the Goddess*, rivalling Erich Neumann's path-breaking *Origins & History of Consciousness* in its description of the evolution of consciousness, should not be read solely by feminists, though they, in particular, might find it of singular relevance. It should be read by everyone concerned with the most important psychic event of our age: the recovery of the feminine aspects of the soul.

"In the depths of the unconscious psyche, the ancient Goddess is arising," he continues, "she demands recognition and homage. If we refuse to acknowledge her, she may unleash forces of destruction. If we grant the Goddess her due, she may compassionately guide us towards transformation." As a noted Jungian (and the author of a well known book on the basic concepts of analytical psychology, *The Symbolic Quest*), it is hardly surprising that Dr Whitmont should stress the importance of inner change. "The seekers after the grail," he writes, "set out together from Arthur's Court, but each chooses his own individual and separate way for the search."

The Quest for the Holy Grail is, in

truth, one of the themes of this closely written, complex book; it is revealed as the key myth to the transformation desired of our times. Aggression, too, no less critical, (for we must surely learn new ways of dealing with conflict and aggression), is studied brilliantly and in depth within the context of the three phases of consciousness — magical, mythological, mental — to which Dr Whitmont devotes the greater part of his book consistently radiating out beyond its immediate subject.

The transition from a gynolatric to an androlatric world, marked by stages, has entailed more



than a transformation of cultural outlook; consciousness itself has evolved through changes in the quality of self and world experiencing. Dr Whitmont's major contribution is to help us to sense these changes from inside as if experienced in all their social, moral, existential subtlety. A few quotations, taken at random, may capture this quality; here are two: the first from a chapter on the cult of the gynolatric period (extending from the prehistoric past of the Stone Age into the Bronze), when the Great Goddess was the central object of worship:

The Great Goddess represents being and becoming. The Feminine is not concerned with achieving and ideating. It is not heroic, self-willed and bent upon battling against opposition. Rather, it exists in the here and now and the endless flow. It values the vegetal dimension of growth-decay, the continuity and conservation of natural orders. It expresses the will of nature and of instinctual forces rather than the self-will of a particular person. The feminine form of consciousness is global, field and process oriented. It is functional rather than abstract and conceptual. It is devoid as yet of the strict dichotomy of inner-outer or body-mind.

And another, also from Part Two, from the chapter on the 'mental' stage of consciousness — the patriarchal ego phase — under whose lightening shadow we ourselves are living. Here Whitmont argues that this consciousness, centred in a rationalizing, abstracting I, ego, has been so absolute that it has been considered *tout court*. We have experienced no other. A small extract may again convey something of Whitmont's general qualities:

Ego strength is the capacity to affect other bodies, living or dead, by the use of will. Ego is a Roman word. Divide and rule was the motto of ancient Rome, the first fully ego-conscious society. It is also the motto of the ego. The orientation of the ego, of space-thing consciousness, is towards aggressive competitiveness, the use of manipulative power and willful ego. Ego strength is measured by the capacity to assert one's will over nature, forcing it to serve ego's striving for permanence, comfort, and avoidance of pain and by the capacity to control one's urges, needs and desires. Existence is perceived as limited to the world of space; hence it is irrevocably terminated by death and decay of the space-visible body.

These passages, taken arbitrarily and out of context, are none the less characteristic of Whitmont's approach; densely written, often complex, rich with manifold and interrelated ideas, his book is also timely. It has an immediate bearing on our present situation. For, he argues, the price for the achievement of our modern (patriarchal) consciousness has not only been a loss of connection with the life-death continuum of existence, not only the experience of ourselves as strangers in a senseless 'other' world, but something even more alarming. "We

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September 1, 1983

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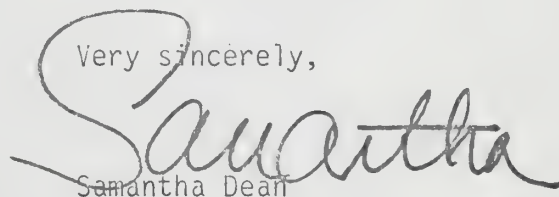
Dear Kim,

We are enclosing this super break from an advance copy of HEAVY METAL's October issue. This came about as a result of an interview we arranged for Tim, while he was in New York, with Michael Simmons.

We do not take responsibility for the interesting photo which accompanies it!

All the best.

Very sincerely,



Samantha Dean

SD/scc
Enclosure

cc: J.P. Tarcher
Timothy Leary

Warren Cowan
Linda Dozoretz
Stephanie Martin
Kathie Berlin



HEAVY METAL - OCTOBER 1983

Cheerleader for Change

The Timothy Leary Interview

by Michael Simmons

In 1960, Aldous Huxley advised him to be a "cheerleader for evolution." In the sixties, millions took his message to "turn on, tune in, and drop out," thereby making him, in the eyes of the public and media, one of the major philosopher/kings of the hippies. Others have labeled him a shuckster, a P. T. Barnum of the circus of the mind. For almost ten years he was hounded by innumerable law enforcement agencies. Today he is a free man with an incredible tale to tell.

That tale is told in *Flashbacks* (J. P. Tarcher), Timothy Leary's autobiography. Leary crams as many experiences as he can into 397 pages. From the night of his conception to the present, Leary's book reads like an epic in terms of the width, scope, and variety of his adventures. He was a rebellious kid, but a brilliant student. He became a highly respected psychologist and won an appointment to Harvard. While there, he discovered the mind-altering power of drugs. This changed his life. He got booted out of Harvard and went on to promote the psychedelic revolution with the fervor of Mohammed selling Hadacol from the back of a medicine show wagon: only this time, the magic elixir worked. Predictably, the authorities pursued him and he ended up in the pokey. Once he made a daring escape, aided by the Weatherloones. He ended up in Algeria with Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers, who soon afterwards put him under house arrest for being "counter-revolutionary." He got out of that bind but was later recaptured in Afghanistan and sent back to the States. After a few more years of incarceration, he was released, some claim because he snitched. He denies it, claiming he only told the FBI names and places they already knew. Recently, he's been on the lecture circuit with Gordon Liddy, famed Watergate burglar/bungler. As an Assistant DA of Dutchess County in New York State, Liddy busted Leary at his infamous Millbrook estate in 1967.

Leary and I met at his publicist's office in New York. I got sandwiched between Jane Pauley and *Time*. Therefore, the interview was a little rushed, but we were able to touch on some of the more fascinating topics; especially his friendship with Mary Pinchot Meyer, the slain alleged mistress of John F. Kennedy.

He's an unflagging self-promoter. He must have mentioned the title *Flashbacks* twenty-five times in forty-five minutes. Overall, I found him to be a vibrant, charming man. He's sixty-two, but he has the energy and enthusiasm of a wild-eyed kid. The man is a dedicated scientist with a sincere desire for radical, yet, peaceful change. He's affected everyone's life, whether they know it or not. I told him he was a very *American* hero, with all that that implies. He laughed and agreed, waving animatedly, "... thumbing your nose at the establishment and heading for the frontier . . ." You haven't heard the last of Tim Leary.

—Michael Simmons

"I'm a positive paranoic. I think we're surrounded by a conspiracy of blessing and grace."

HM: Have any of the Harvard people responsible for your expulsion been in touch with you in the last five years or so?

TL: Amusingly enough, the last week of May was the twentieth anniversary of the canning of Richard Alpert [Baba Ram Dass] and myself. We were invited back, not by the university, but by the students, who hired Memorial Hall, which is the sacrosanct temple. David McClelland, the chairman of the department who fired us, chaired the meeting, moderated, and welcomed us back with affection. The whole thing was sold out. Hundreds of students milling around in the rain outside couldn't get in. It was a great reconciliation and return.

HM: Was there an explanation given or an apology made for the expulsion?

TL: No. They said it was part of the times and that we were ahead of our time.

HM: How much evidence was there that the CIA was behind your getting canned?

TL: Well, Herbert Kelman, the guy in the psychology department, wasn't paid by the CIA to go out and lynch Alpert and Leary. It's not that blatant. He was getting government grants and research funding and being sent to different countries. Instinctively, he knew that it was part of the deal to go after us. The cover turned on him, and it was revealed that he was getting funding from MK-ULTRA, the same branch of the CIA that was funding the horrible LSD studies that began in the fifties. Dr. Max Rinkel, another adversary of mine, was very active in paying Harvard students twenty-five dollars to take a drug they didn't know anything about, which of course is the worst way to have it happen. It's a credit to the students and a credit to the human brain that most of them had a good time and continued to experiment when they found out what it was.

HM: Aside from competition with the CIA, it seems like there was a certain amount of professional jealousy.

TL: Most professors are there for tenure. They're part of the establishment, they want a nice comfortable life, and they don't want to rock the boat. In psychology, it's a disgrace that in 1983 they're still using outmoded personality tests that didn't work twenty or thirty years ago. But people have an investment in these techniques. The history of science is the history of the experts and authorities of one generation trying everything to stop the advances of the next generation. Anyone of the great breakthrough scientists have been anathematized or ostracized. I have a little section in *Flashbacks* about this man Semmelweis, an old doctor in Vienna who introduced antiseptics. Doctors should wash their hands before they touch a patient. Well, that was an insult. They took it as an affront to their dignity.

HM: Surgeons are supposed to have dirty hands.

TL: Well, yeah, surgeons are supposed to have bloody hands to assume that they're doing their job. It took a generation for Lister to come along and say that it's all right.

HM: You tell the story in *Flashbacks* of Mary Pinchot Meyer and her plan to turn the wives and girlfriends of powerful men onto LSD, her affair with JFK, and her mysterious murder. This seems to be the most controversial story in the book.

TL: Well, I thought the fact that Cary Grant was the first great LSD advocate would be a shocker.

HM: That's been revealed before.

TL: Well, Jane Pauley hadn't heard of it. (laughs)

HM: Did she mention ever having experimented to you?

TL: No, no.

HM: About Mary Pinchot Meyer . . .

TL: The Mary Pinchot Meyer issue is going to become very controversial in the next six months. This is the twentieth anniversary of Kennedy's death. There are two television documentaries about his personal life; many unknown facts are going to be brought up to flesh out the myth of JFK. You're going to hear a lot about Mary Pinchot Meyer, the last great love of his life. It's interesting that most people will have heard about it first in my book. That's the reason I emphasized her because she's an unsung heroine. Why was she assassinated? Why was it covered up? And why was her rela-



tionship with Kennedy and the story of her bringing drugs into the White House covered up for the last twenty years? You're going to hear a lot about it; of course, you read about it for the first time in *Flashbacks*.

HM: In the early sixties, Ms. Meyer came to you at Harvard and warned you not to go over your head. She said there were very important people who wanted to see your LSD experiments, which were legal at the time, come to an end. How deep were her ties with the intelligence community?

TL: She had been married for many years to Cord Meyer. There are a lot of reasons to believe that he is Mr. CIA—Mr. Chips of the CIA. He was a young kid when the organization was started. He's still, even though he's retired, the leading CIA spokesman. And of course, being the gray-haired bureaucrat, the last thing he wants in the world is any publicity. Cord, Mary, Kennedy—the whole thing is more exciting than a James Bond story. And then the fact that James Angleton, who was the CIA's dirty tricks specialist, went to Mary's apartment, took her diary, and then made no comment about what he did with it, well, we're talking about history. It's important to all of us to find out. I'm not a conspiracy buff. I'm a positive paranoic. I think we're surrounded by a conspiracy of blessing and grace. I'm not a Kennedy assassination buff either. But obviously there are questions and we get a little uneasy when we feel that people are covering up.

HM: Have you made any attempt to get in touch with Cord Meyer?

TL: No. I'm going to, the next book I write. I'm going to take up some of these mysteries. When I wrote *Flashbacks*, I had over 2,000 pages. They were cut down to about 500. It's like a movie you shoot, then edit. We had to edit out three or four good stories.

HM: *Flashbacks Two*?

TL: Yeah, I'm thinking of calling my next book *Fastforwards*. I'd pick up some of the threads of *Flashbacks* and bring them up to date. *Flashbacks* was the first time I sat down and really tried to explain to the American people what I saw going on in the sixties. I think it's the first definitive book on the sixties. There's a lot to be said about that wonderful time and the wonderful things that are going to come from it.

HM: Charles Manson was in the cell next to you in Folsom Prison. Did you and Manson ever discuss imprinting or his misuse of imprinting? [According to Leary, imprinting is "a form of permanent learning, assimilated in one shot" through drugs or other methods. In other words, reprogramming the brain.]

TL: Number one: Manson spent seventeen of his first thirty-three years or so in jail or reform school. He's a perfect product of the American justice system. He was a totally institutionalized con. He's basically happy in prison. He can deal with life behind bars. Number two: he was released from prison at the height of the sixties when everything was loose and open and vulnerable. He brought with him that prison philosophy of toughness and violence, and his script was the Bible. The classic example of someone who reads the Bible and goes out and kills because "the good book told me to do it." When I talked to him, he was quoting the Bible, the Book of Revelations, which he said was justification for what he did. Number three: like most convicts, like most human beings, Manson doesn't listen. So, I had many conversations with him from cell to cell but he was not really ready to listen. I was in no position to give him a lecture and

the poor guy—and I say poor guy very precisely. I say poor Nixon, poor Agnew, poor Manson, poor Teddy Kennedy—the poor guy is going to spend the rest of his life totally isolated. He's a small man.

HM: In stature?

TL: Yeah, and that's tough in prison. He doesn't have the privilege of going out on the main line, getting out in the sun and playing softball or checkers, because they'll beat up on him. I did ask him if a psychiatrist had ever come and asked him how he did it. He did perform an incredible feat of mass hypnosis which was enduring. Five years later, the people he brainwashed were still gung ho for him. He was like the Ayatollah Khomeini, getting those young Iranians to die for the cause. If we learn from these people, we can prevent that kind of brainwashing from happening. Basically my work is to teach people how to brainwash themselves. And if you do that, you're not vulnerable to some guy with a Bible or an Ayatollah Khomeini or Jim Jones or Manson or Reagan.

HM: Manson was a negative affirmation, but an affirmation nonetheless of imprinting and drugs.

TL: Exactly. The brain is a network of computers. If you know how to access the brain using drugs or horrible forms of hypnosis, you can program anything. The solution is not to ban drugs or brainwashing, because you can't. The solution in a democratic, intelligent society of free people, is to teach everyone to recognize brainwashing. How to be alert to it. How not to let them do it to you. How to wash your own brain. (laughs) How to take charge yourself. How to use your own head.

HM: When you sought political exile in Algeria, you stayed with the Black Panthers as their guest, then their prisoner. You mentioned that you've seen Eldridge several times afterwards. You were in the San Diego Federal Prison with him.

TL: Yeah. When he came back from Paris and the tables were turned, I was in a very tough maximum ward and the captain came up to me and said, 'Listen, if we put Cleaver in there, will you guarantee you'll protect him?' That's how prisons work, the prisoners run a prison, and the guards have to be careful not to put someone in a cell block where trouble is going to be caused. So, I had to put my reputation on the line and say, 'Yeah, I'll protect Eldridge.' There were some Mafia people there and they didn't like blacks.

HM: Especially smart blacks.

TL: And tough ones. So Eldridge and I ended up as a two-man basketball team, playing two Mafioso sharpies who were very good at shaving points. (laughs)

HM: What a team! Tim Leary and Eldridge Cleaver!

TL: Yeah. So we've had our good times. I've seen Eldridge many times since then, breezing around. He's now a born-again Christian and a Moonie, and he's very right-wing, gung ho, and militaristic. He's always been that way.

HM: Has he ever expressed any regrets about your time in Algeria?

TL: Yeah. When he first came into the prison and joined me, *Oui* came out with an interview he had given in Paris, about six months before, in which he was pulling that same old line, 'Leary's brain damaged, Leary's brain fried.' and I said, 'Eldridge, what are you doing? I was in Folsom Prison at the time. You were on the Right Bank of Paris having a love affair with the girl friend of the premier. Why did you have to knock me that way?' And he said, 'Well man, that was the party-line at the time, the party-line now is that you're a real intelligent guy and I believe in space migration and I'm behind your idea—that's the party-line.' It's the way Eldridge is.

HM: So the party line now is born-again Christian.

TL: Yeah. When he was learning how to be a Christian, he said, 'Man, this is a tough line. I got to get this language down. You know, I've accepted Jesus Christ as my personal—what is it—savior, right.' (laughs)

HM: It's *all* a party-line.

TL: It is with Liddy, and with Reagan, too. Eldridge is basically an authoritarian person. He's said publicly that he thinks women should be beaten regularly.

HM: Sounds like he needs imprinting.

TL: It's not my job to say who needs what. That's the way Eldridge is and I have deep affection for him. If he walked in the room right now, I would laugh, get up, slap hands, and say, 'What new line have you got Eldridge? Lay it down for us, brother. Whose flag are we saluting right now? Praise the Lord.' (laughs)

HM: Do you feel any bitterness towards those in the government who set out to persecute you? Two roaches—twenty years, arrests in Texas, California, and Upstate New York. How do you feel about it now?

TL: I feel wonderful. See, we won the game! Every one of those men—Nixon, Agnew, Liddy, J. Edgar Hoover—right down the line, ended up disgraced. Right this minute, I'm more influential than any of them are. So, the game is over and we won. Now, if the game is over and you're doing a locker room interview with the victorious quarterback, then you don't feel bitter that they tackled you out of bounds in the first quarter and that time they twisted your knee in the second quarter and that they piled on you in the third quarter. How can I feel bitter? We won the game. The young people and the spirit of the sixties are taking over now. So I feel no bitterness. It was a tough game but I volunteered for it. I believe in the American concept of sportsmanship. We play hard, but after all, we're all Americans and it's a privilege to be an American. There's no other country to live in, and we're competing for the future, and I'm a basically happy, friendly person. I don't carry grudges 'cause you can eat your heart out. That's a way to get ulcers if you brood over things. The future is so much more interesting than the negatives. I think you'll agree *Flashbacks* is a compassionate book. I don't try to run people down. Several people have tried to censor the book, and sometimes people complain mildly about it, because it is very sensitive to write a book about living people. There are at least sixty or seventy people in that book that I write about that are still here. And for many of them, it's their testimony. Their claim to fame in ten, fifteen, twenty years will be that they were mentioned in my book. So I feel very sensitive to the fact that they may be a little touchy. I may see them differently than they see themselves. One guy complained that I called him 'middle-sized.' (laughs) He said, 'Hey man, I'm tall!' I respect that and I tried to present everyone in a kind of heroic, mythic mode. Because we all were playing heroic roles. I tried to present people at their best. I leave some of the warts in, but if I wanted to have written a scandal-ridden, steamy expose, you know, like the *National Enquirer*, I could have presented facts about everyone, including myself, that were—well, we all had our moments of lack of dignity. (laughs)

HM: You've been publicly debating Gordon Liddy. How do you two get along on a social level?

TL: We get along well. He's intelligent. He's got a good sense of humor. It's a cop's sense of humor. He's very articulate. I totally, passionately oppose every one of his ideas. He's an authoritarian/militarist/police/lawyer type with no opens. He's gonna give you that party-line. As far as drugs are concerned, the party-line is you only take a drug that a doctor orders you to take.

HM: But he's an intelligent man. Doesn't he understand what you were trying to achieve with legitimate psychedelic experimentation?

TL: Not at all. He would say the republic was threatened in the 1960's. Riots, black uprisings in seventy-nine cities, 2,000 bombings in the year 1968, on and on. He goes right down the list to the very structure of American society being threatened. He believes we had to stop and we had to play hard ball. Therefore, we had to defeat McGovern and bug the Democratic Party and bust Leary. He will say *about* me, though not to me, 'Oh, Tim is charming, witty, and intelligent. But he influences people in the most diabolical direction and it is my duty as a good right-wing Republican to straighten people out and show that his ideas are terrible.'

HM: But you get along at dinner?

TL: Yeah. He's a good teammate, if you're on a desert island and you couldn't be with a member of the opposite sex. He'd be a good person because he's hardworking, loyal, tough-minded, and he'd back you up in an alley fight. Liddy and I also share one thing in common—of all the public figures in the sixties both of the youth party and the grand old party, of all those who went to prison—we were the only ones that did real hard time and long time. We were the only ones who don't repent. We'd do it all over again. So we share that special sensitivity that long-term convicts have when you're in prison: you can't worry about a person's politics or what their crime was outside. You have to judge them moment to moment. Is this guy gong to stab me in the back? You can trust Liddy under those circumstances. We have that in common.

HM: Why did they keep moving you from jail to jail toward the end of your imprisonment? Was that a form of harassment?

"I'm very much into video games and computers. It's like drugs in the sixties."

TL: Yeah. They were putting pressure on me as a form of harassment and also in their mind they felt I was a disruptive influence. For example, when I was in Folsom, I started these mass-action suits against the prison system, so, they broke up our team and moved us all out.

HM: Your plan for prison reform is fascinating.

TL: Well, there's the obvious, logical way of dealing with criminals: Make the criminal pay. So instead of putting a man or woman in prison for five years and let him sit in the sun and plan their capers when they get out—have jobs for them. And I mean constructive jobs, not just leaf-raking, not just license plates. We had contracts from many electronics firms that were ready to set up assembly plants in Folsom and pay the convict minimum union wages. And from those wages, the convict would repay the victim, society—for the cost of the trial, pay taxes, and support his family who are now on welfare. One would be guaranteed like 100 dollars a month so that when he left prison on the basis of his hard work and his disciplined endeavor, he would have paid his debts and he would have, depending on how long he was in prison, maybe a few thousand dollars. Plus, he would be trained in a skill. That proposal, which is so common sensical, is opposed by the labor unions, who are such reactionary forces in American society today, and by right-wing reformers who want criminals to remain criminals. Interestingly enough, the Chief Justice Burger, Nixon's appointee, who is not a liberal, came out with the same plan about a year ago and everyone agreed, 'Oh yeah, we should do that.' But there is so much entrenched bureaucracy, particularly in the law enforcement and corrections bureaus. They just fight change tooth and nail. They don't want criminals to be reformed, because if you do away with crime, the bureaucrats are out of a job.

HM: You mention that when they put you in a cell in Switzerland, you looked up and noticed bars above you and you said that one could easily string a sheet around them and hang oneself. Did you ever consider suicide?

TL: Well, at one point when I was on the run, when I was a fugitive in exile in Algeria and Switzerland and then I was finally kidnapped in Afghanistan, I thought they'd never get me back. I'll die rather than go back to prison. That was rhetoric. No, I never seriously considered suicide. I continually, to the day I was released, thought of escape. And, as I suggest in *Flashbacks*, I had an escape plot going all the time. At one point I was in solitary confinement for four months awaiting trial for my escape, and I had nothing to do sixteen hours a day except pace back and forth, and during that period I had detailed fantasies about how would I escape, would I kill a policeman if he chased me? and how could I raise money in the bus station in Kansas.

HM: Well, you were faced with that at one point and decided not to.

TL: Yeah, I had two guns in the back of a police car and I could have used them.

HM: One fell out of the holster of the—

TL: —FBI agent, but I decided not to use violence because I don't think violence is the solution. When the chips are down, I simply would not kill for my freedom at that moment.

HM: What I want to get into quickly are the two things you are into now—space migration and life extension.

TL: And intelligence increase which is computers and video games. I've just seen *War Games*. The first two days it was out, I saw it twice. That's my movie. It's about intelligent kids who are not getting along with the school system. A Huckleberry Finn and Becky Thatcher who are smart and they figure out how to tap into computers and prevent WWII from happening. Great anti-war message. That's everything I believe in. Young people working outside the system. Playing wonderful tricks on the system, and eventually pushing us towards peace. I'm very much into video games and computers. It's like drugs in the sixties. I hang around video arcades with my nine-year-old son and my ten and eleven-year-old grandchildren. Just as the young hippies taught me about drugs, they're teaching me about video games. I'm working with a group in Cali-

fornia called NLP that's neurolinguistic programming. We're working on video games which will be educational and will teach chemistry, so instead of asteroids coming at you, you'll have protons and electrons and negative particles. Teaching in the future will be on video games, not on static linear textbooks. It all comes under the intelligence increased part of my motto SMILE.

HM: What's SMILE?

TL: Space Migration Intelligence Increase Life Extension. The space stuff is happening. The shuttle is now becoming operative. The Russians have pertinent industrial platforms in space. They're doing agricultural research, breeding animals in space. *Life Extension* is one of the best selling books in the last few years.

HM: Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw.

TL: They're wonderful friends of mine.

HM: Do you experiment with vitamins and drugs like hydergine as discussed in *Life Extension*?

TL: No. I have at times, but I don't stick to it regularly. I'm waiting for the real breakthrough in life extension which they say will come in twenty-five years with an inoculation which will stop the aging process. There's another book by a man named Roy Walford, a UCLA professor, called *Maximum Life Span* which is even a better book in some ways than Pearson's. It gets into the scientific techniques for extending the given life span. Let me say that I think Pearson and Shaw are wonderful people that deserve great big stars on the front of their book. They touched a tender nerve. The American people want to live a long time and they want to overthrow the religious cults and the pessimistic philosophies that get you in the end. More power to them.

HM: Do you still experiment with psychedelics like LSD and psilocybin.

TL: Yeah. My wife and I still do in the privacy of our own home. We carefully reimplant our nervous system.

HM: You mentioned in *Flashbacks* four drugs that you've been experimenting with lately. What are they?

TL: They're called Adam, XTC, ketamine, and Intellex. Ketamine is described by John Lilly, the wonderful neurologist/philosopher, in his book *The Scientist*. It produces an out-of-the-body experience. It's a very far-out philosophic drug. Adam is a drug developed by Sasha Shulgin at Berkeley who experimented with a large variety of new drugs that are safer and stronger and more precise than the drugs used in the sixties. These are all drugs that activate circuits in your brain and give you an absolutely clear, loving, and prophetic fix on anything that's happening around you. They're really extraordinary, affectionate drugs. Many psychiatrists are using these drugs in treatments. Intellex is a drug which increases intelligence. It has consistently improved scores on intelligence tests. Now I'm using the brand names here because I don't want an LSD problem—people running around trying to get LSD and getting speed instead. But rest assured, there are hundreds of young scientists working on better drugs—stronger drugs that open up new circuits in the brain.

HM: What's XTC?

TL: That's a drug related to Adam. It should be called Empathy. It produces incredible empathy between people. Basically our brains are perfect reality and evolution is working perfectly. If you get clear lenses, you can see. Just be patient! We're getting smarter! Keep your focus clear! It's a great world and there's greatness in all of us. XTC is the kind of drug that puts your brain into this very sharp, clear, wonderful, loving perspective.

HM: What are your other plans for the future?

TL: I'm working in the field of communications. We're getting into the age of communications. I'm getting into computers. I'm learning how to program video games. I'm learning to expand my brain that way, like acid was in the sixties. And I'm going to be communicating more effectively to a larger audience. I think my book is going to be a bestseller. It's been very well reviewed. I'm going to work on television shows and movies to try and get the message of the sixties out, which is evolution of intelligence. We can do it. I try my best to be a cheerleader for change.

'High priest' of past preaches 'Futurism'

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He was sentenced to a federal prison term of 10 years for the Texas charge and was given a 1-to-10-year sentence on the California charge. Leary escaped in September 1970 from a minimum-security facility there.

After his escape, he lived in Algeria. But when he tried to move to Switzerland, he was apprehended, extradited to the U.S. in 1971, and returned to prison.

Leary says he's the "advertising agent" for the baby boom generation — those people born between 1946 and 1964. He said he is urging them to prepare for the world takeover they will lead in 1988.

"They will be 76 million strong. They'll have the country in their hands," he told a group of Vassar students a few hours before his lecture.

"They're not the scared nerds Time magazine makes them out to be," he said. Today's young people are "wired differently" — they're more realistic, better humored, more opposed to war and more tolerant of other ideas, Leary said.

That tolerance inevitably will lead to the legalization of drugs by the late 1980s, Leary predicts.

The members of the baby boom generation are the lawmakers, judges and voters of the future — and a good number of them will have used drugs, he said.

They will not pass anti-drug laws because they will be using drugs and so will their children, he said.

Leary, dressed in polyester pants, a striped dress shirt and white tennis sneakers, said he still uses drugs frequently.

"I use any drug I want to with my friends and family. I pay no attention to laws set up by political parties in this country."

Puffing on a slim cigar, Leary said his brain hasn't been fried by drug use. "I think I'm the most intelligent person of my age alive today."

"I'm against the boring use of drugs. There isn't a person who is not more opposed to drug abuse than I am," he said.

He said young people today are

taking drugs as "precise instruments" in an "intelligent way" to explore their minds.

During his sold-out lecture Tuesday night, Leary paced the stage of the Vassar College Chapel, telling anecdotes about his arrests and showing slides of amoebas, political leaders, drugs and space ships to the beat of New Wave music.

"It's my job to tell you — all of you — you're sleeping in your little cocoons, waiting for the signal (to evolve)," he said. The new evolution, Leary claims, will move from the West Coast to the East.

"I'm here to give you examples of how you will take over the world," he said.

The mostly college-aged audience responded with a chuckle.

Millbrook still argues over Leary's legacy

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In 1966, Leary announced the founding of a new religion, called the League for Spiritual Discovery, which relied on the chemical LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), as a tool of spiritual growth.

The sleepy village, touted as a psychedelic playland by the media and by various authors, such as Tom Wolfe in "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test," became an unwilling host to hordes of bearded outsiders.

"I think at first the village people kind of thought it was funny — all they saw was kids coming in with long hair and bandanas," Maggiacomo said.

"Then, after a while...they saw the impact on the (Millbrook) kids. They were growing their hair all of a sudden. The parents didn't understand exactly, but they knew there was drug use going on."

The Dutchess County Sheriff's Department, using undercover agents, targeted the estate, which Leary rented from a corporation operated by millionaire twin brothers William and Thomas Hitchcock.

Ninety people, living in the big house or in teepees there, were arrested in the vicinity on drug and related charges from 1966 to 1968, said former Dutchess County Sheriff Lawrence Quinlan.

"It was filthy in all respects," Quinlan said of Leary's home. "Flies, half-eaten food. They were sleeping on the floor without mattresses — there were dog droppings in the house. Oh my God, you couldn't even step without walking into it."

Nowadays, the sprawling, Gothic house, Leary's refuge, has an abandoned, forlorn air.

A half-mile down the road, the Hitchcock "cottage," with its darkly luxurious, Victorian rooms, seems stuck in a forgotten century.

Only the psychedelic mandala above the bear rug in the living room hints that Leary was once welcome.

In 1970, William Hitchcock of the Hitchcock Cattle Corporation admitted in court that the firm maintained a place that became a criminal nuisance where narcotics were used unlawfully.

The property was cleared, he said, after corporation officers discovered the activities there and won an eviction order.

The Hitchcock Cattle Corp. was fined the maximum of \$1,000 on guilty pleas to two misdemeanor charges dating from a 1968 indictment.

The Hitchcock family refused to comment to the press. But the family's housekeeper said Leary had always been "a gentleman."



The well-known house in Millbrook occupied by Dr. Timothy Leary during the 1960s.

Mary Pirie, 66, a blue-eyed, white-haired housekeeper with a Scottish brogue said, "They done no damage. They were maybe off a little bit, but they never stole anything, never did any damage. They kept to themselves."

The Hitchcock family has no contact with Leary now, she added. "It has nothing to do with us now. She doesn't want the Hitchcock name to enter into it," Mrs. Pirie said, speaking of Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock.

Misdemeanor drug charges, lodged against Leary in 1967, meanwhile, were dropped after he fled the country following his sentencing to two, 10-year prison terms in Texas and California.

Leary escaped a California prison and later sought refuge in Algeria with the fugitive black Panther Leader Eldridge Cleaver, who said Leary's mind "had been blown by acid."

"I don't think Timmy is in good shape now," said a 44-year-old friend of Leary's in Millbrook, who refused to be identified because he dreaded flak from the community. "He has been hounded. He has been really pushed."

Leary's state of mind did not interest several residents who said he should not be speaking at Vassar College, nor anywhere.

A 67-year-old woman, who had just left the Millbrook golf club, vigorously denounced him. "He was the worst thing," she said, refusing to give her name. "It offends me so that he is

being touted (as a spokesman). We see young people who were in the hospitals for years and they still haven't recovered from it."

"I feel as strongly against him as ever," echoed C. Allerton Morey, 88, who was a Town of Washington justice in the '60s. "I think he did an awful lot of harm to the young generation with LSD. He was a nice man, bright, but he went the wrong way. Instead of doing good, he did bad. We have one or two around here who had LSD at his place and are not normal at all."

Duffy White, principal at Millbrook Junior-Senior High School, confirmed that many students had drug problems during Leary's heyday but hesitated to place the blame on Leary. "In the late '60s, there were many people with a lot of problems that were drug-related," he said. The main problem in high school now, he said, is alcohol.

Jon Roy, 32, a manager at a Millbrook inn who lived as a teenager near Leary's camp, shrugged his shoulders. "You wanted to be kind of wild, but I think it was wild in a kind of harmless way. Now people are wild in a destructive way," he said.

The lost souls who took too many drugs, he said, are responsible for ruining their own lives. "Those individuals that fell by the wayside might possibly have fallen by something else," he said.

The backlash in Millbrook against Leary and LSD has less to do with children's lives, said Freer, than

with the affront he poses to traditional ideas of religious illumination.

"LSD opens up the possibility for anybody to achieve the high mystical states that all the saints of western culture have attained — the saints, the Buddhists or the Yogis," Freer said. "I'm saying that what we have considered mystical, religious experience is simply a neurological state."

A Vassar College student group paid Leary \$2,500 to speak because many young people are intensely curious about him, said Karen Masiello, 20, a Vassar College junior.

"He's very foreign from what I am and from most of the people here," she said. "He was not a major mover in my life, but he was in others. He influenced a lot of people...and in the '80s, people are still remembering about the '60s."

Turkey shoot scheduled

PAWLING — The Pawling Lions Club will sponsor its Third Annual Turkey Shoot on Sunday from 10 a.m. to dusk at Murrow Park.

The date of the turkey shoot was incorrectly listed in Tuesday's Journal.

Food and soda will be available and a 12-gauge Remington 1100 shotgun will be awarded to the winner.

For further information, contact the Pawling Lions Club.

11, Denver, Colo.

Liddy, Leary affable prior to debate

By BOB DIDDLEBOCK

News Staff

G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary greeted the press Saturday afternoon, and, unbecomingly their Halloween get-together in Boulder, neither played tricks on the other.

This oddest of couples said they have forgotten the past, heartily praised each other and ballyhooed their debate scheduled for 7:30 p.m. Sunday at the Boulder Festival Theater, 2032 14th St. Tickets may be purchased at the theater.

Leary said the debate concerns "the biggest ball game of them all: The grab for the consciousness of the American people, the choice between the state or the individual."

Only a hint of hoopla surrounded the weigh-in before the main event that pits Leary, the court jester of the Left, and Liddy, the convicted mastermind of the Watergate break-in.

Their 20-minute meeting Saturday marked the rededication of the theater, a 45-year-old art deco movie house that's now a concert hall.

Both men planted their palms in wet cement on the theater's front porch before the press conference. Liddy, upon meeting Boulder Mayor Ruth Correll, told her: "It's nice to meet someone in power."

Inside, Leary and Liddy, relaxed as they sat

in director's chairs, answered questions over a cacophony of buzz saws and hammers as workmen finished restoration of the theater.

Liddy said the two agreed to debate "to turn the audience on to ideas."

"Some people thought it would be good for the country. We are diametrically opposed in every way. We represent varying ideas. It would be to the benefit of everyone to air those ideas," he said.

The two squared off in Austin, Texas, on Friday night and will do battle in Reno, Nev., and New York City.

Liddy, a former district attorney in upstate New York who twice arrested Leary on marijuana charges in the 1960s, said he likes and admires his opponent.

"He's smart and he has a good sense of humor," Liddy said, smiling.

Leary, a former Harvard professor, convict, nightclub comic, globe-trotting fugitive and high priest of the 1960s LSD culture, countered:

"I'm trying to turn Liddy on. I feel I'm a half step ahead of him."

The silver-haired Leary described himself as a "lover of life, nature and humanity."

He renounced his connections with the Weather Underground organization, which au-

thorities allege organized an armed car robbery last week that left three guards dead in Nyack, N. Y. The Weathermen in 1970 aided Leary's escape from a California prison where he had been sent after a drug-possession conviction.

"I think the events in Nyack were an enormous tragedy," Leary said. "It left three people dead, and now those young people will probably spend their lives in jail. They won't solve any problems doing things like that."

He said he doesn't see the incident as part of an organized threat to society.

"Those people (the accused killers) are terminal crazies. I think this will be the end of the underground," he said.

He said he's optimistic about America's future, noting, however, "that there's too much blandness and hypocrisy in this country."

"That's why we're here. Liddy and I can say exactly what we want without getting fired. They've taken away our credibility. You could say we're incredible," he said.

Liddy agreed. Asked whether the debates will determine a winner, he said, "I don't know if it's possible to beat Leary. I can't say that one of us will get up at the end of the debate and say 'I'm converted.' But it should be fun."



Dr. Timothy Leary, left, waits while student promoter Dan McDermott places a call for the former "acid king".

Staff photo by Tom Herde

Timothy Leary, erstwhile guru, still cheerleader for disrespect

By **DOUG GREENE**
Staff Writer

The acid king, the messiah of the psychedelic church, Dr. Timothy Leary, played a packed and paying house at Rider College last night, even though these days there aren't too many fellow trippers.

Billed as "the guru of the '60s" by the event's student organizers — before the show, in his dressing room, Leary said "I deny that; call me the mastermind of the '80s" — the former first guide of the League for Spiritual Discovery, author of the phrase "tune in, turn on, and drop out," rambled through his talk the way he paced back and forth on the stage.

In a mauve sweater, tan pants, and large white shoes that came close to stumbling over his microphone cord, Leary, 61, talked of the baby boom, science, religion, evolution, space, politics, and sex and drugs — the better to, as he told his student-dominated audience, "encourage disrespect for authority."

He didn't mention rock 'n' roll, which must have disappointed many of the students who, before the talk, said that to them, as one man put it,

Leary meant "the '60s, the Beatles, you know."

MOST HAD heard of him, of his leaving the Harvard psychology department in 1963 to explore his mind through hallucinogens and encourage others to do the same, of his conviction on marijuana possession charges, of his escape from prison to Africa, of his return to jail and of what he meant to the students of 15 years ago.

Many had seen G. Gordon Liddy, who Leary calls "my favorite paleolith," at Rider last year. Liddy is the CIA and FBI operative of Watergate fame who first arrested Leary and cohorts for possession of marijuana in 1968. Liddy and Leary have been holding debates on freedom the last couple of years.

Those in line didn't know what to expect from him. One woman said "He looks like Harvey Korman." As for a specific topic, "Current events," said one student; another said "He's part of history, responsible for the whole drug culture, maybe I'll learn something."

"Two years ago, I had the same morals he has," said Vicki Feuerstein, a student there with her mother, who

said she'd never heard of Leary. "But you can't stay at that stage in life, or you won't make it; he hasn't come out of it."

An older adult, Tom Lombardo, said he had thought Leary was a "creation of the media" in the '60s, but since then he's discovered Leary has "an important message." He added, "I suppose these students are coming mostly because they think of him as the guru of acid."

Terri Migliore, a junior, said, "My education professor told us they put a note in her box asking her to encourage us to go. She said that not so long ago they'd have asked her not to send us."

Atomic vets series

to appear tomorrow

The final installment of the series on atomic vets will appear in tomorrow's Trenton Times.

Debate

(Continued from Page 1)

Leary, Rosemary (now Leary's wife) at his side, descending to meet us.

"Rosemary was wearing a diaphanous gown. Leary was wearing a Hathaway shirt. Period. Since the stairs were steep and we were craning our necks upward as Leary bounced downward, our first view of the good doctor was, to say the least, revealing."

Leary, remembers Liddy, was quite civil, and later asked the lawyer to sit down and talk.

In his book, Liddy recounts their dialogue:

" 'This raid,' said Leary, 'is the product of ignorance and fear.' "

" 'This raid,' I replied, 'is the product of a search warrant issued by the state of New York.' "

The brief session became somewhat of a sparring match, with Leary "trying to get me to see the error of my ways, I trying to pick up something I could use against him," wrote Liddy.

Now, 15 years later, Liddy doesn't have the element of surprise on his side. But the former FBI agent guarantees spontaneity tonight when he engages his philosophical adversary in a twice-performed debate entitled "Individual Freedom vs. the Responsibilities of the State."

Not surprisingly, Leary — the so-called "High Priest" of the drug-based counterculture of the '60s — will defend individual freedom while Liddy, who directed the June 1972 Watergate break-in, justifies the strength of the government.

Scheduled to begin at 8 p.m. in the Virginia and Truckee Room of the Centennial Coliseum, the debate is sponsored by the Associated Students of the University of Nevada-Reno.

Tickets for the event cost \$5 for the public and \$1 for UNR students.

Dressed in white tennis shoes, white pants and a gray and peach striped sweater, Leary, 61, explained Monday afternoon why he and Liddy — two news-making figures from another decade — have returned to the campus scene in the '80s?

"They want us," said Leary, adding he's drawing larger crowds now than he did in the '60s. He called Liddy the No. 1 "campus cult hero" in the United States today.

"College students are lethargic and inert because no one's stimulating them," he added, explaining that their audiences start by cheering him and end by applauding Liddy.

Leary became a political exile after a conviction for possession of marijuana. He then was kidnapped — not extradited — by American agents in Afghanistan. His California parole ended just last August.

The former Harvard lecturer, whose message of "tune in, turn on and drop out" became the slogan of a generation, said he and Liddy are merely arguing basic philosophical issues that have been relevant since the days of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson.

Hamilton supported the establishment of a strong federal government and believed that the U.S. Constitution should be interpreted loosely to give the government greater powers. Jefferson, on the other hand, held to the "strict construction" theory, believing that the government should assume only those powers expressly given it by the Constitution.

"He's Hamilton. I'm Jefferson," Leary said of his opponent. "We disagree 180 percent on every issue, yet we like and respect one another."

Old foes bring debate to Reno

By KATHY HAQ
Journal staff writer

It was March 1966 when G. (for George) Gordon Liddy first confronted drug cult leader Timothy Leary.

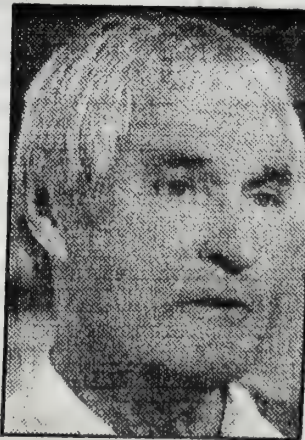
The "good doctor" got caught with his pants down — or more literally, off.

Liddy, then assistant district attorney of Dutchess County, N.Y., was taking part in a surprise raid by the county sheriff's office on Leary's mansion-headquarters on a 1,500-acre estate at Millbrook.

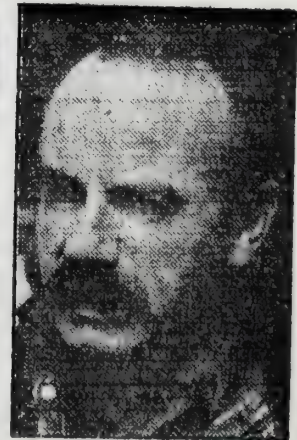
Shortly after 1 a.m., the sheriff's deputies unceremoniously walked through Leary's unlocked front door.

In his autobiography, "Will," Liddy recalls:

"Charlie (chief sheriff's deputy Charlie Borchers) didn't have to kick the door in. It was unlocked. It opened on a large foyer bare of furnishings. The equally bare floor was strewn liberally with excrement. A stairway loomed ahead. From atop the ban-



TIMOTHY LEARY



GORDON LIDDY

ister post glared the stuffed head of a tiger, a plastic flower clutched incongruously in its jaws.

"Borchers and I started up the stairs, the thundering herd of deputies right behind us. We hadn't cleared more than 10 steps before my worst fears were realized: in the light of a hall lamp we saw

(Please see DEBATE, P. 10)

Leary, Liddy Proud of Divergent Views

BY JANE CRACRAFT
Denver Post Boulder Bureau

BOULDER — Timothy Leary, the former Harvard University professor and guru of LSD in the 1960s, said Saturday that he's debating convicted Watergate conspirator G. Gordon Liddy "to turn him on."

Liddy, in turn, said he's debating Leary "because it's good to have persons who are widely known, who hold very different ideas, engaging in lively debate. There ought to be more of this sort of thing."

The two, who first met in 1966 when Liddy arrested Leary, will go head-to-head at 7:30 p.m. tonight at the renovated Boulder Theater at 14th and Spruce streets. Tickets are still available at the door or through Select-a-Seat outlets at \$12, \$15 and \$18.

At a brief news conference Saturday, Liddy and Leary pressed their handprints into a fresh square of concrete in front of the art deco theater, which closed as a movie theater two years ago and is reopening Sunday for lectures and live music.

Leary said debates are an important way to shape "the American conscience." Speaking of himself and Liddy, Leary added, "We can say

exactly what we want without being fired. We've been busted. We've lost our credibility — so we're incredible."

Liddy said he thought each man still has credibility "because each of us has done sub-

stantial amounts of time in prison for our views."

Liddy said he first met Leary when, as a district attorney, he arrested Liddy for possession of illegal drugs.

Liddy vs. Leary

(From Page 1)

Mafia organization, whether we like it or not," Leary said. "We can make alliances and fusions without the heavy duty ... secret police on our backs."

Citing Hindu philosophy, Leary said "every human being is born designed to evolve and to grow and to change. Your duty as an individual is not to obey the Maharaj Ji or the Brahmins, but to develop wisdom and beauty yourself."

Saying "there are too many lawyers and military-training people" in the government, Leary warned against military attitudes he saw pervading American life.

Liddy recounted with a sober-sided assessment of human nature, and the need for armies and intelligence networks.

"The world happens to be a very bad neighborhood," he said. "In spite of the best efforts of well-intentioned people, it has not changed. I am not holding my breath."

Some asides concerned Liddy's ideal draft ("Universal military training: Everybody goes but the lame, the halt and the blind — women, too") and Leary's perception of America ("the last resort of human fun and freedom").

There was some common ground.

Said Leary: "One thing about Gordon and I — of all the people who went to jail in the '60s and the '70s, there were only two who absolutely were not rehabilitated."

Liddy vs. Leary: Contrary Views Spar in Boulder

By MICHAEL ROSS
Camera Staff Writer

In an existential heavyweight championship contest, Watergate figure G. Gordon Liddy and cosmic spiritualist Timothy Leary squared off for "The Great Debate" Sunday night at the Boulder Theater, before a near-capacity ring-side audience.

Moderated by University of Colorado professor Howard Higman, the 90-minute debate centered on "personal freedom vs. government control," and was punctuated by observations, good-natured name calling, and both debaters' senses of humor.

Liddy, in a crisp business suit, contrasted with Leary, nattily collegiate in a sweater, white pants and sneakers. The contrasts extended to their deliveries — Liddy pacing a small section of the stage, Leary prancing like a standup comic — and to their beliefs.

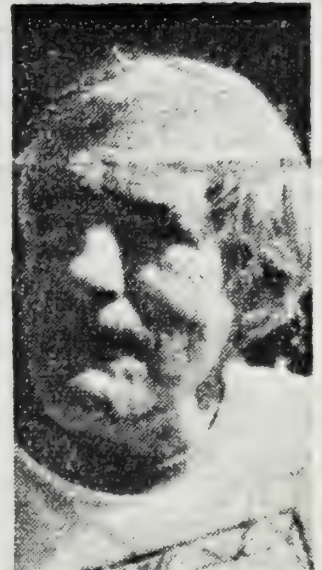
Liddy opened the debate with a discourse on individual rights and limits.

"Rights have limitations," he said. "They do not exist in the absolute. My right to worship God ... does not extend to the ability to coerce anyone else to worship God as I believe that individual ought to. That is an inherent, essential limitation."

"Man is not only an individual, he is a social



G. GORDON LIDDY



TIMOTHY LEARY

animal. He cannot achieve his individual existential ends by himself. It requires mutual ... cooperation with other human beings."

Understanding the human condition, Liddy said, "lies between" the collectivist view of people as social beings, and the individualist view of people as separate thinking entities.

"You have a government because you need a government. You cannot do without a government."

Leary, disagreeing with Liddy's "authoritarian philosophy," said Liddy's stance presupposed the need for arms, defense and social controls. "Every government in the world is a

(Continued on Page 8)

Odd Couple Leary, Liddy Draw Crowd in Debate

BY JANE CRACRAFT
Denver Post Staff Writer

BOULDER — In a formal debate Sunday night, LSD guru Timothy Leary said he and his opponent G. Gordon Liddy have something in common.

"Gordon and I, we're both for real. Of all the people who went to jail in the 1960s, there are only two who absolutely were not rehabilitated. He'd do it again — but he'd watch the tape around the door. I'd do it again — although I wouldn't let them plant the dope in my ash-tray."

Leary, who served time for possession of drugs, and Liddy, who spent 4½ years in prison for orchestrating the Watergate break-in, debated "freedom vs. authority" before a full house at the newly renovated Boulder Theater. The crowd of about 800 ranged from the necktie set to the T-shirt crowd.

Maxine Andresen, 61, of Boulder, said, "I came to see Gordon Liddy,

and my son came to see Leary — we thought it might be kind of fun."

Craig Andresen, 31, added, "They must hate each other a lot." He said he expected to see animosity between the two.

"I think they're here to make money," said Mrs. Andresen.

TICKETS WERE \$12, \$15, and \$18. Promoter Mark Green said the prices were set by the New York agents who represent the two men. Green said the idea of the debate was his, but it was picked up by other promoters, so Leary and Liddy will be debating in other states during the coming months.

Leary, dressed in crew-neck sweater, white pants and white tennis shoes, was clearly the crowd's favorite when the debate began. He drew cheers, whistles and applause.

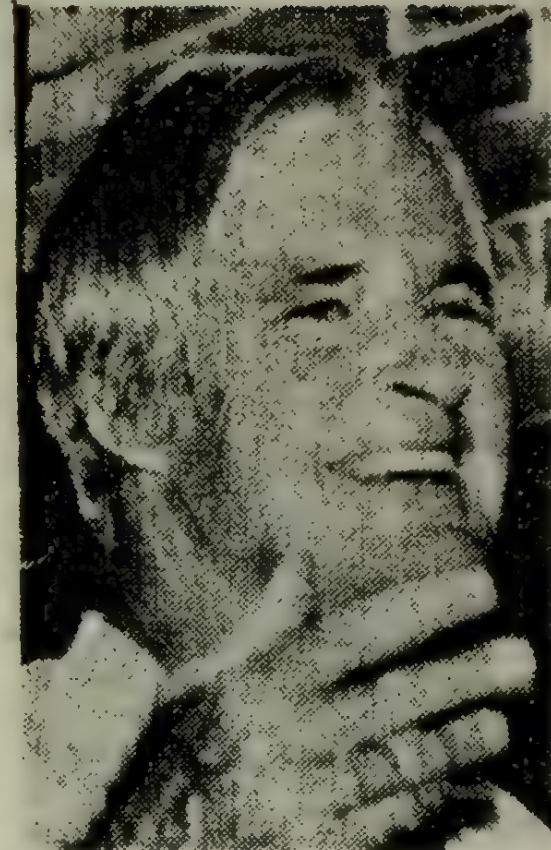
But Liddy, in a business suit and black cowboy boots, warmed up the audience with his story of his confrontations in the federal prison

system. When he said he served 4½ years, a woman in the audience shouted out, "Why aren't you still there?"

"It's a good question," he said. "I was thrown out of the United States prison system. In 4½ years I was in nine different prisons because I kept getting thrown out. I do not believe in being a victim. I didn't say, 'Some way, in here I shall survive.' I said, 'Some way in here I shall prevail.'"

AT DANBURY Federal Prison in Connecticut, "I created probably the finest intelligence organization I have ever put together." He said there was a hateful associate warden there, so Liddy's spies collected information against him by getting into the warden's office and "using his own Xerox to copy documents."

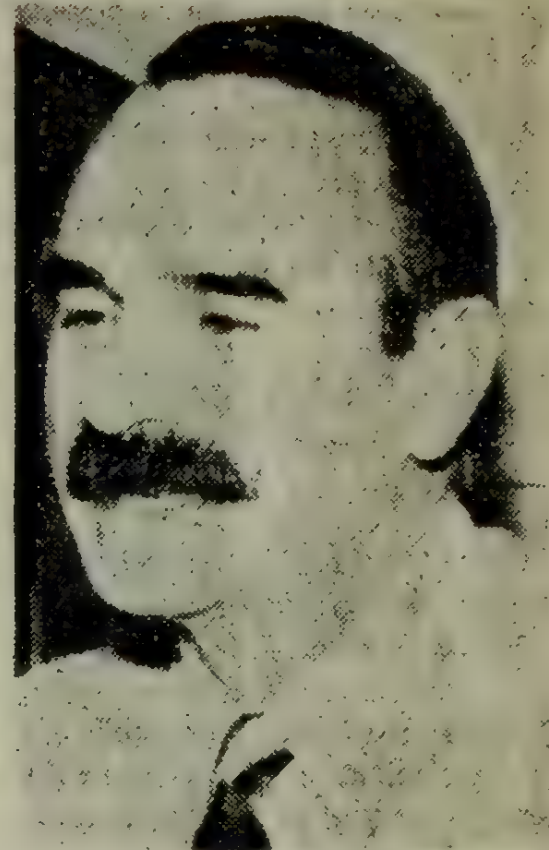
Liddy added, "I wiretapped the authorities in Danbury, and when he heard of it, the warden said I still wasn't rehabilitated." Through prisoners' rights lawsuits, Liddy



Timothy Leary
"A scientific pagan."

was able to challenge the authorities and get the associate warden transferred, he said. After similar battles in each prison, "My reward was to be thrown out. I don't blame them. I'd have thrown me out, too," said Liddy.

Speaking about his philosophy of life, Liddy said all societies need laws and some kind of military



Denver Post File Photos

G. Gordon Liddy
Opposes "drugs of belief."

force to defend themselves.

"There is virtue in order," he said. "You have a government, because you need a government. You cannot do without a government."

LEARY SAID, "Every government in the world is a Mafia organization. Sure, they're going to pro-

See DEBATE on Page 4-B



Finney: pursed lips eclipsed by the ravages of time and the self

Tango, made when he was 48, the body was gone but the face was still beautiful.

The memento mori and seeming vengeance in Finney's aging process are skillfully mined by director Peter Yates. In an early, softly lit scene, Sir is sprawled naked in a small tub while Norman scrubs off *Othello* makeup, and for a moment the camera evokes Finney's youthful vigor and sexiness—the Tom Jones of 20 years ago after a debauch. The shot is held just long enough to startle us into an evaluation of the profound changes in Finney, and throughout the movie Yates reminds us of time's ravages and those the self inflicts by returning over and over to the hills and gorges in Sir's magnifying mirror.

In other scenes, Finney's flesh suggests an escape route. Sir is having a breakdown partly because he is tired of putting on wigs and frocks, tired of pretending to be more emotional, or younger, or stronger than he is; his complaints are deepened by the sight of this actor who has, himself, fled the exclusive roles of hero and lover. During the last few years, he has seemed in high spirits playing the uglies: Hercule Poirot, the dissipated detective in *Wolfen*, and Daddy Warbucks. (If Finney's break with lover roles isn't a relief to him, as it appears to be, it is to me. I'm particularly unnerved by his quite similar parts in *Two for the Road* and *Shoot the Moon*, where infantile brutishness is meant to be a sexual turn-on.)

Finney's inventiveness in *The Dresser* is a delight. He's convincing as a ham pulling off a chilling Lear, showing that, for the first time, Sir is actually feeling the

king's bafflement. He is also extremely funny prepping an aged actor about to do the part of Fool (played with great wit by Michael Gough), or living the actor's nightmare, searching the air for the lost first lines of a play. His acting is worth the price of admission, as is Aileen Atkins's, who makes a whole person out of the clichéd, unrequitedly loving stage manager. The film is never boring, but it suffers considerably during Sir's overly long Lear performance—as lethal to the movie's timing as to Sir. We're supposed to care about Norman at the end, but it's difficult to get involved with a pair of pursed lips.

Talking Heads

By Renee Shafransky

RETURN ENGAGEMENT. Directed by Alan Rudolph. Produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer. A New Cinema release.

Soon after he went out of his mind and into his head, Timothy Leary cut a record titled, of all things, *LSD*. Thoroughly stoned and sounding a bit like HAL the Computer, he lectured on the merits and etiquette of taking acid: "We gave these drugs to 36 prisoners who looked at the cops and robbers game through the brutal microscope of expanded consciousness. They laughed and gave up crime."

Two ex-cons, Leary the Dropper and Liddy the Leak-Stopper, only one of them an acidhead, work each other over like vaudeville pros in Alan Rudolph's *Return Engagement*, a brassy documentary on

FILM

the Liddy/Leary roadshow that toured the U.S. last year. The film takes its title from the fact that G. Gordon Liddy, once an ambitious Poughkeepsie prosecutor, busted Leary 17 years ago on a drug charge. Using a clash of ideologies as their pretense, the fabulous duo have returned to chide each other in what may be a tour de force on the interdependence of the cop and the criminal. Liddy's opening line to Leary ("You make everything sound psychedelic, don't you?") is a sample of the level of their debate.

Billed as "opposite sides of the American dream," but acting more like Abbott and Costello, these two are really partners in crime, doing together what all good Americans dream of: making a mint. Riding a limousine to work in L.A., bedding down at the ritzy Chateau Marmont, dining on a terrace overlooking Hollywood, they, like André Gregory and Wally Shawn before them, represent the new line of male-buddy comedy routines sporting serious overtones and glamorous sets.

Rudolph, once the assistant director to Robert Altman on *Nashville*, has his mentor's knack for tuning into the flash and sleaze essence of America. Though *Return Engagement* isn't agitprop, it successfully captures the essence of contemporary American political dialogue. The left and the right meet center stage. Rudolph tracks the odd couple onstage and off, but whether we're watching Liddy rap with Hell's Angels on life in prison or Leary lecturing on orgasms to nudists at Esalen, we can't get past the rhetoric and performance. Fortunately, they are good at it. Liddy plays the fascinating fascist to Leary's aging anarchist. In an age where actors play politics, it's useful to see these former political forces act.

Two of the more interesting moments in the film come when debate moderator Carol Hemingway searches for the men behind the Feiffer cartoons in her private interviews with Liddy and Leary. She presses Liddy on his "morality"—the thing that kept him in prison for four and a half years after Watergate. She succeeds only in getting him to admit that there are circumstances under which he would kill his son. One would think Hemingway would go easy on Leary the pacifist, but she backs him into a corner, accusing him of being hooked on show biz rather than ideology. This is the only point in the film where the mask of performance breaks. It is our naughty pleasure to watch Leary, obviously flustered, cover his anger and spout some good old '60s nonsense about the flowers on the table being show biz, too.

Return Engagement is a must for former space-cadets and Republicans alike. But when a man like Leary changes his rap from "Turn On, Tune In, and Drop Out" to "Turn On, Tune In, and Take Over," you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

Village Voice 13 Dec 83

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"TIMOTHY LEARY is a wickedly
outrageous man with an elfin Irish wit
whose ideas are totally out of phase."

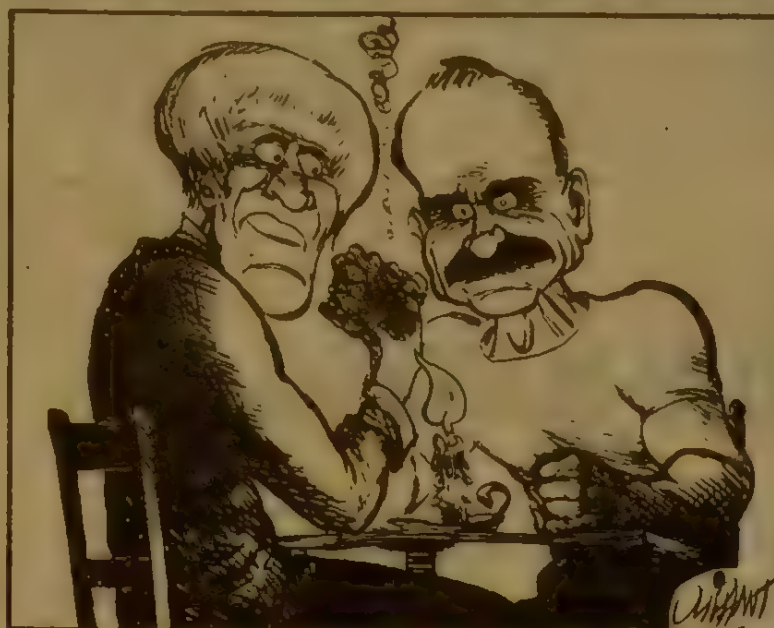
G. Gordon Liddy

"G. GORDON LIDDY is a Sam Spade
romantic, a Mickey Spillane cold war
mastermind whose values are those
of a 17th Century warrior."

Timothy Leary

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CALENDAR

MOVIES

Continued from 37th Page

performance of Jane Alexander as a
woman holding her family together after
The Bomb drops Lynne Littman has
directed with compassion, understatement
and a remarkable flair for working
with actors A stunning debut film (SB)

UNDER FIRE (R, Citywide). Aims for
political relevancy in its story of the love
triangle/moral dilemma of three journal-
ists Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman and
Joanna Cassidy in Nicaragua in the last
days of Somoza The texture of the film
and, particularly Nick Nolte's gung-ho
photographer, are its pluses The juxtapo-
sition of a flimsy, accommodating love story
against the background of the struggles of
a country in revolution and the speed with
which the film drops its potentially
interesting moral question become huge

minuses. (SB)

YENTL (PG, Cinerama Dome and Village)
A film with music based on an Isaac
Bashevis Singer story about a Yeshiva
student who is actually a woman in
turn-of-the-century Poland As its direc-
tor, co-writer co-producer and star
Barbra Streisand has been audaciously
successful with so much of "Yentl" that
she almost overwhelms its weak points
Co-starring Mandy Patinkin and Amy
Irving (SB)

ZELIG (PG, Selected theaters) Droll,
sweet, technically brilliant, Woody Allen's
documentary of Leonard Zelig, a man
who never was, is audacious and delight-
ful It is also on the cool side Come to be
charmed, not warmed, and you will have a
smashing good time as the life of the
chameleon man of the '20s and '30s
unfolds (SB)

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"ENGROSSING"

David Ansen, Newsweek



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seemingly distant a period piece, a mystery. This Daniel Vigne film also reveals much of human nature and the timeless elusiveness of truth. Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye, who star, are outstanding. (KT)

RETURN OF THE JEDI (PG, Citywide) This last hurrah for the good guys is thrillingly satisfying. George Lucas' imagination certainly has not flagged. 'Jedi's' critters are some of the wildest yet, from Jabba the Hutt to the instant new classic, the tree-dwelling, furry Ewoks. In all the production magnificence, the adult characters tend to lose ground slightly, but it's possible that not one of the film's youth audience will notice that fact. (SB)

REVENGE OF THE NINJA (R, Citywide) Stylish martial-arts movie done in by excessive violence. With karate champions Sho Kosugi, Keith Vitti. (KT)

RICHARD PRYOR HERE AND NOW (R, Citywide) Filmed at a New Orleans concert, the insightful, savage satirist seems to be marking time in a production far inferior to his tradition, though his brilliant odyssey of a heroin user is a bitter and masterful performance. (SB)

THE RIGHT STUFF (PG, Citywide). In a brash, beautiful, deeply American film, writer/director Philip Kaufman has made a

generous, inventive, high-spirited look at the bravery and lunacy that went hand in hand with the U.S. entry into the space age. Outstanding performances by the whole cast, but especially Sam Shepard, Scott Glenn, Ed Harris, Dennis Quaid, Fred Ward, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel and Pamela Reed. (SB)

RUMBLE FISH (R, Selected theaters) All the stylistic beauty and invention that Francis Ford Coppola brings to bear on this story of lost youths comes to very little because the material itself, S.E. Hinton's overwrought book and screenplay (with Coppola), is so frail and by now so exhausted. Mickey Rourke is superb as the Motorcycle Boy, the young actor to watch turns out to be Vincent Spano (unrecognizable with blond hair, as the bookish Steve), and the film has imagination and an inventive musical score, but the numbers, alas, don't add up to enough. (SB)

RUNNING BRAVE (PG, Citywide). Engaging, if conventionally made, biography of Billy Mills, the half-Sioux who won the Gold Medal in the 10,000-meter run at the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo, one of the most dramatic upsets in the history of the Games. Robby Benson is excellent as Mills, who must battle with racism at the University of Kansas, and so is Pat Hingle as his coach, who tries to goad him to

victory without ever understanding him. With Claudia Cron as Mills' supportive girl friend and later wife. (KT)

STAR 80 (R, Mann National) Eric Roberts gives an electric performance as sleazy, obnoxious estranged husband who shot his Playmate wife-actress Dorothy Stratten and then himself. But in Bob Fosse's version of Stratten's short life, Hugh Hefner and the whole Playboy empire get off scot-free and only Snider's psychopathology is guilty. Mariel Hemingway is Dorothy without that actress's glowing uniqueness, and in a brief but hypnotic performance, Roger Rees (last seen as Nicholas Nickleby) is the director who chooses her for his film and then falls in love with her. (SB)

STREAMERS (R, Cineplex). David Rabe's pressure cooker play about four young Army recruits and two old-hand sergeants in a Southern barracks just as Vietnam was heating up has been given a brilliant setting by director Robert Altman. The six principal actors in its cast won an unprecedented joint Best Actor Award at the Venice Film Festival, and their work is shattering. At this close range, so is the film, which is as much about simmering sexual and racial tensions as it is about the everyday indignities of Army life. (SB)

TENDRES COUSINES (R, Beverly Cen-

ter Cineplex) British-photographer-turned-French-director David Hamilton created this doggedly silly piece of tepid erotica about a 14-year-old (Thierry Tevini) who falls in love with his cousin (Anja Shute), who is one year older. The film, a 1980 production, seems designed especially to provide a Playboy layout, and some time ago it was featured in precisely that way. (KT)

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT (PG, Selected theaters) We've hardly had a more emotionally satisfying film this year than "Terms of Endearment," a family album of an outrageous and unique mother and daughter (Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger) spanning 30-odd years. Since it encompasses love, lust, hanky-panky, birth, death and a lot of the good stuff in between, you well might be prepared, but nothing will prepare you for the film's waggish, on-the-bias cut in James L. Brooks' free but authentic adaptation of the Larry McMurtry novel. This is comedy with a catch in it and the catch is life. With a superlative Jack Nicholson and John Lithgow and Jeff Daniels each at the top of his form. (SB)

TESTAMENT (PG, Selected theaters). A shattering, must-see film, for its theme and for the magnificent, award-deserving

Please Turn to Page 38

"...TRIUMPHANT FILM MAKING..."

- Shella Benson, LOS ANGELES TIMES

"As 'The Black Stallion,' his first feature, showed, Carroll Ballard is a filmmaker of ravishing talent. There are sequences in this movie that make your jaw drop open out of genuine amazement." - David Ansen, NEWSWEEK

"...a scary, exhilarating movie...I found it utterly fascinating..." - Rex Reed, NEW YORK POST

"A unique chiller-thriller - the most absorbing and satisfying survival movie - and appealing hero - in years." - Judith Crist, WOR-TV

"Ballard and his masterly crew of filmmakers have reimagined a corner of the natural world...they leave us awed." - Richard Schickel, TIME

"...beautiful and haunting..." - Gary Arnold, WASHINGTON POST

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NATE AND HAYES (PG) 2:40-6:20-10:00

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West-Gldn.-W. TESTAMENT (PG) 12:30
714/891-3935 2:15-4:00-6:10-8:00-9:45

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714/530-4401 THE DEAD ZONE (R)
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S.D. Frwy.-Bristol VERTIGO (PG)
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SOUTH COAST Robert Altman's
Bristol/Sunflower STREAMERS (R)
714/546-2711 12:15-2:30-4:45-7:00-9:30

SOUTH COAST Dolby Stereo
Bristol/Sunflower NEVER CRY WOLF (PG) 12:00
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Harbor-Wilson 3:35-8:00
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(714) 979-4141 RUNNING BRAVE (PG)
3:30-7:15-11:00

CINEMA CTR. Mats: ANNE (PG) 1:00
Harbor-Adams THE DEAD ZONE (R)
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RICHARD PRYOR (R) 3:20-7:10-10:50

CINEMA CTR. A NIGHT IN HEAVEN (R)
Harbor-Adams 1:20-5:05-8:40
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3:05-6:45-10:20

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1:35-5:10-8:45

BRISTOL The Future Abandoned
Bristol-MacArthur TESTAMENT (PG) 12:00

12/23/83

Dear Timothy —

Not a bad review, the Voice still has
some fairly intelligent writers.

Thanks for Rebel. I've always
been a JFK conspiracy nut.

The MS. of the Bibliography is
in the publisher's hands. We're
hopeful.

Merriest Xmas, happiest
New Year to you, Barbara,
Zach, all the children &
grand children from us former
(+ future) Space cadets, Northern
California Academy.

Michael

HOROWITZ —

MOVIE REVIEW

'RETURN ENGAGEMENT' FOR LIDDY, LEARY

By KEVIN THOMAS,
Times Staff Writer

In 1966 an ambitious young Poughkeepsie, N.Y., prosecutor named G. Gordon Liddy arrested Timothy Leary on a drug charge at a Victorian mansion in nearby Millbrook, where Leary was conducting a seminar on consciousness-raising drugs.

Sixteen notoriety-filled years later, the two men teamed up to become perhaps the highest-paid attraction on the speakers' circuit. Writer-director Alan Rudolph filmed their act at the Wilshire Ebell last summer as the basis for his aptly titled "Return Engagement," which documents an eight-day period in their lives both onstage and off (although they seem "on" all the time: cinematographer Jan Kiesser's cameras are grinding).

The result is an amusing, provocative, disturbing and admirably responsible study of this pair of incorrigible showoffs and publicity-seekers who seem to have captured the imaginations of so many. The well-made "Return Engagement" reveals the same incisive concern for contemporary issues, values and life styles that have characterized such Rudolph films as "Welcome to L.A.," "Remember My Name" and "Endangered Species."

Introduced by their moderator, columnist-commentator Carole Hemingway, as Watergate's "mastermind of the bungled burglary" and the man who "seems to have influenced a generation in taking drugs," Leary and Liddy seem more alike than different, despite their contention that they disagree on just about everything. Both are poised, fit, attractive, learned, highly articulate middle-aged men with considerable humor and charm. Above all, they are very adroit performers.

Leary sees himself as a man of the future, urging the baby-boom generation, those 76 million young people born between 1946 and 1964 to "tune in, turn on and take over," while Liddy seems mainly preoccupied with

defending himself, justifying everything he's ever done on the basis of national security. Actually, Liddy's offstage remarks are more revealing—e.g., "If I were John Dean, I'd hope I'd have the courage to put a pistol in my mouth and do the job."

Both men score points, especially Leary, but those points are blunted simply because of who Liddy and Leary are. Leary, in fact, makes lots of sense, but his continuing espousal of LSD is profoundly disturbing, considering all the casualties that the drug has left in its wake. (This is not to say that it's not possible to agree with Leary that the drug is worth further research.)

The film's most absorbing moment occurs when Leary is confronted by a man in the audience who claims he was blinded by shots fired by people high on LSD. Stunned, Leary claims that he has never advocated in his writings that people should take LSD. But what of his responsibility in his catch-phrase of the '60s, "tune in, turn on and drop out"?

Liddy likewise offers some pertinent observations on the realities of national security, but they're undercut because they're being expressed by a man with an all-too-fanatic gleam in his eye. Too much of the time both men seem to be outrageous for the sake of being outrageous. (The evening opens with Liddy singing "America the Beautiful" to Leary's piano accompaniment against a huge American flag as their "Patton"-like backdrop.) Since it's hard to take them seriously, they too often come across as crackpots, with some of their remarks sounding downright dangerous.

What makes "Return Engagement" (Times-rated Mature because it will be over the heads of the very young) both worthwhile and entertaining is that Rudolph has created contexts in which to challenge Leary and Liddy at every turn.

Moderator Hemingway expresses what most in the audience surely must be thinking when she says to Leary, "Your act is pretty show biz." (He agrees gleefully.) And when Rudolph shows us Liddy cashing

in on his notoriety, as have so many of the other Watergate convicts, we are made to remember that the one Watergate story that goes untold may be the most important of all—that of the alert Watergate guard who uncovered the bungled burglary and whose life has taken a tragic turn ever since.

PRIVACY: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NEED

Society forces itself on people. Unless they have a means of escape from the world, the result is a deep-seated sickness. This article looks at the psychology of it; on page 758 Professor Harry Street sees what the law can do to help.

Only the exterior of a man's being is visible to others. His experience—his "being-for-himself"—remains perpetually private. None save the experiencing person can ever know his thoughts, feelings, wishes and imaginings in direct perspective. Others can know *about* a man's experience only if that man wishes to make it known, through full self-disclosure. Without such free disclosure, a man's experience can only remain the subject of inference and conjecture. In this sense, we are condemned to privacy, just as we are condemned to freedom.

Our behaviour is visible. It affects other people. It enriches the experience of others, and it can impinge upon their freedom. The responsible leaders of any society have a vested interest in controlling the behaviour of the society's members, for without this control the society would be chaotic. The entire process of socialisation—from infancy, through the school and college years, up into adulthood—aims at training people to confine their actions to prescribed roles. If family, age, sex and occupational roles are properly enacted, people can anticipate how others will behave toward them; and the roles will define how a man feels he must behave toward others.

Society enforces conformity with the assortment of roles in various ways. Overt agents of "social control" are empowered to meet violations with sanctions, graded in severity. The lawbreaker may be fined or imprisoned. Parents chastise or withdraw tokens of affection from children who are "not nice." Friends and associates ostracise the bore, or the ill-mannered person. People come to fear these sanctions, the more so because they "internalise" them in the form of conscience. And the fear of retribution is thus reinforced by the possibility of guilt for violating what has become one's personal code.

A more insidious move directed against people whose action appears unacceptable or unintelligible is the "mental-illness" sanction. If someone cannot or will not behave in prescribed ways, he may be regarded not as evil or sinful, but mentally ill. As soon as that happens, he behaviour is viewed as the excrescence of a disease process. He no longer exists as a responsible, free citizen. He is seen as the container of "psycho-dynamics" that produce bizarre or unacceptable conduct. He becomes a "mental patient" if he comes to the attention of psychiatrists.

"Mental illness"

Once a man has been so stigmatised, his career changes radically. He may be sent to hospital, there to be "treated" with tranquillising pills, electroshock, leucotomy or psychotherapy. Or, if he lives in an enlightened community, he may become an outpatient, and report weekly for conversations with a therapist, alone, or in groups. If he changes in certain ways deemed "normal" by the appropriate authority, he may be rated as "cured."

Medical professionals and laymen are both coming to realise that the psychiatric and psychotherapeutic treatment of people designated "mentally ill" is another form of social control. Psychiatrists like Thomas Szasz and R. D. Laing, and sociologists like Thomas Scheff, document how off-beat experience and action, and inescapable crises of existence, are denigrated and invalidated by calling them mental illness. Psychiatry once seemed to be a discipline that might be able to rescue mankind from needless suffering. But it appears to have fallen into the role of a further agency to make people conform to the social status quo. At its worst, it can destroy private life.

If a man violates other people's notions of appropriate and sane action he risks sanctions that can be extreme. But if he conforms slavishly to the conventional definitions of roles, he increases the odds that he will sicken, in the physical sense. And he will very likely find his existence becoming cramped, boring and even a kind of trap, with no exit save physical breakdown, suicide, "acting out" his difficulties in extra-legal ways by committing "crimes," or "going mad" (whatever he construes madness to be). The illness rates of any civilised society represent a kind of index as to the unfitness of that society for men to live, breathe and grow in.

That recurrent or chronic illness of all kinds is the regular outcome of excessive conformity is a truth increasingly recognised by growing numbers of sentient physicians. They are coming better to understand the process by which illness comes about. People *behave* themselves into a stress illness like heart disease, arthritis or peptic ulcers. These diseases are the outcomes of a way of being-with other people in one's life: a mendacious, role-playing public charade that conceals the true impact that one's regimen is having upon one's total being. Even infectious diseases are known to be contacted when one's "resistance" has been diminished, not just by inadequate rest and diet, but by demoralising, hopeless status quos.

Political medicine

Indeed, if people get sick because of the way they behave, then treatment that solely tranquillises, relieves pain, cuts out bad tissue, or disinfects the gut or wound, represents a kind of political act. These treatments restore a mystified person to the very way of life that generated his breakdown. Much of contemporary medicine can be likened to combat surgery. On the battlefield, the surgeon's task is to keep as many soldiers in action as he can. In modern society, the front line is suburban boredom or dehumanised working conditions. The doctor may, if he is too busy or not very enlightened, function as a kind of medical commissar, keeping people "at it," the while serving as middleman for the pharmaceutical houses.

In a sense, role-conformity entails a kind of "private life." The sufferer from excessive conformity must conceal from others, and ultimately from himself, those modes of experience and action that would transgress definitions of what is sane, proper and respectable. If the sufferer has repressed his own experience, it can be said that he is keeping his true life private, even from himself.

If a man finds his roles in life stifling or meaningless and discloses his discontent or confusion in speech and action, he meets severe sanctions. If he conceals his distress and impersonates a contented, conforming citizen, he may break down physically or run the risk of being invalidated as a psychotic. Is there no third option?

Inviolable places to be private—ie, free and self-disclosing—represent a way out of the dilemma above. The experience of psychotherapists and students of personality growth attests that those people maintain themselves in physical health and in psychological and spiritual fitness who preserve some arena where they can be offstage. Their "private place" may be the forest, a cottage, a pad or a monastic cell. Or it may be an ambience like a pub, a club or a mistress's bedroom. There, the person can do or be as he likes or feels, and if he is with others,

Sidney Jourard

Professor of Psychology
University of Florida

space person and that a stone brownie is no inducement for an intergalactic journey.

THE FUTURE

I believe I have sufficiently proved that the Earth has been host to space travelers; but what of the future? Of course, we can only speculate, but I am confident that my theories are sound. Have I been wrong in the past?

There exists a theory (developed by the Boys' Club of Albany, New York) that beyond our solar system time changes radically—one day, for example, equaling 50,000 Earth years. If this theory is true, then only a single day has passed since the first space folk arrived. We can certainly expect them again.

1. It is possible that the space people will return with more tools and knowledge. This could be to our advantage or to our disadvantage. It would be terrible were they to return with the same knowledge and tools as the first time around. Consider what a deadly bore it would be to have to listen to odd little men re-explain the principles of proper home insulation.

2. It is possible that the aliens might return looking human. We might be unable to detect their presence, unless, of course, we were to ask them who played first base for the '48 Dodgers.

3. Perhaps the aliens will return and give today's apes the tools and knowledge to help them in their evolutionary struggle. If this were to happen, we could find ourselves, in a few years, engaged in a mighty battle with the simians. How long would an ape sit in a zoo or a jungle if he had the knowledge to produce nuclear weapons? Looking to an even darker side, suppose the aliens gave the knowledge to insects or plants? Imagine the chaos it would create with the welfare system!

FINAL NOTE

Since it is inevitable that we will be visited by aliens again, you should prepare yourself for a possible meeting with one. There are a few simple rules you should observe for a memorable meeting.

1. Don't panic. Our popular fiction has taught us that visitors from outer space can be tricked into stepping on an electrified trap. Violence will only give us a bad name around the universe.

2. Treat them as you would any other radioactive guest. See that they are comfortable and don't invite them to speak at your club or school.

3. If the aliens are giants, as they may well be, use caution. Do not get them angry and don't attempt to dance with them. If they look as though they are going to sit down in a residential area, play the national anthem until they leave.



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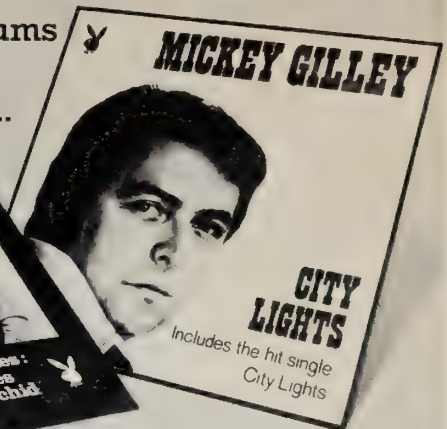
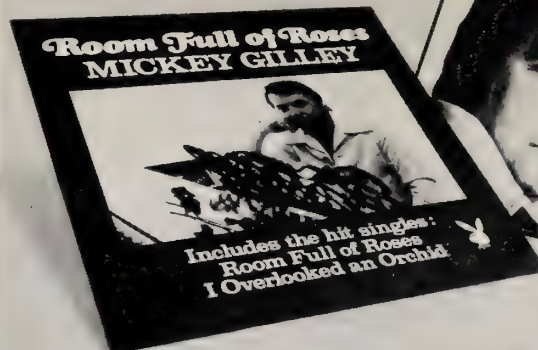
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ELMER GANTRY

(continued from page 118)

thanked the chief bouncer "and the men you recruited."

That sort of violent demonstration of allegiance to the national religion is still, as yet, a sometime thing in the United States; but in other countries where some of the same organizations are at work—supported by the same U. S. dollars—suppression in the name of patriotic godliness has become a real burden. Few leaders of The Fellowship acknowledge this publicly. One who does is Wesley Michaelson, legislative assistant to Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon. Both Hatfield and Michaelson have been among Washington's most vigorous Christian-political evangelists and were for years before the present movement took off. They are, however, mavericks. They believe that there is a dangerous and essentially un-Christian strain in some of the present revival. As Michaelson puts it: "The latent assumption is that the solution to political problems is to get people converted and committed to one another.

[But] overseas some of The Fellowship people are the same generals who carry out martial law."

• • •

Campus Crusade for Christ International has sponsored a number of evangelical events in Korea in recent years, with the help of such church luminaries as Billy Graham. South Korea is run by one of the most brutal dictatorships in the Orient. Preachers who oppose the government are clapped in jail. William R. Bright, the California businessman who is president of Campus Crusade, publicly announced his support of these jailings on the grounds that if dissent were allowed, the government would be in danger. The only thing that matters, said Bright, is that "in no country in the world, including the U. S., is there more freedom to talk about Jesus Christ than in South Korea." Imprisonment to suppress religious freedom is wrong, he conceded, but imprisonment to suppress political freedom is OK.

Campus Crusade has close ties with the organizations that now dominate the religious scene in Washington and has at times pushed its influence into the White House. Julie Nixon Eisenhower and a number of Congressional wives meet periodically for Bible study at the home of Mrs. George Page, who is affiliated with the national Campus Crusade for Christ. (Some of Washington's best snoops, including columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, have spread the rumor that it was the prayerful Julie, always a favorite of Ford's, who got to him at a moment when he was feeling Christlike and persuaded him to speed up the pardon.)

C.C.C.I. president Bright's wife, Vonnegott Bright, cofounder of C.C.C.I., received the Churchwoman of the Year award from Religious Heritage of America in 1973. Religious Heritage's president is Chicago insurance man W. Clement Stone, whose \$4,000,000 contribution to Nixon also made him the biggest supporter of God's chosen one. Nixon got R.H.A.'s Churchman of the Year award in 1970, George Romney in 1969.

Although neither Campus Crusade nor Religious Heritage has advocated violent suppression of sin and dissent, they have worked closely with our Government in propaganda campaigns. When dissent was really busting out all over in 1970, Religious Heritage of America's Progress Report (signed by Stone and by Wallace E. Johnson, president of Holiday Inns of America as well as chairman of R.H.A.'s executive committee) noted: "President Nixon has asked Religious Heritage of America to undertake a program which would ease tensions in our nation and unify Americans. R.H.A. is embarked on a ten-point program to achieve that." The crusade would include a press campaign, bumper stickers (I LOVE AMERICA), an advertising blitz through the Advertising Council of America ("Selling America to Americans") and a TV series entitled *The Miracle of America*, starring Pat Boone.

These aren't mom-and-pop store owners who are financing such affairs. The R.H.A. newsletter chirped, "Our thanks to Eddy Scurlock (chairman of Scurlock Oil Company, Houston) for obtaining the loan of a Learjet to fly Pat Boone from Las Vegas to Washington so Pat could sing the national anthem at the religious service. And a big thanks to Harry Smith, Big 3 Industries, Houston, for loaning [sic] the plane. Harold McNaughton, Palmdale, California, was the first to come through with a \$1000 gift to help pay the hotel bill. . . . Bless you, Harold."

Don't shrug off R.H.A. as a business-suited equivalent of the D.A.R., either. Since R.H.A. was launched 24 years ago—"to deepen our faith in a power behind creation, to which we all feel a sense of awareness and responsibility, as an



"Really? It's mandatory?"

CHARIOTS OF THE CLOUDS?

system. I rest easy knowing that my questions have answers.

We no longer live with the mysteries in our past. The evidence I present will forever put an end to the question of whether or not we are alone. The ancient junketers from space left many imprints that are still with us today and will be with us tomorrow (and the day after tomorrow, and so on). It is my contention that these visitors wanted to leave something behind to be remembered by—just as we have done on our moon trips. They left physical objects (temples, roads, amusement parks) and something grander, something that will be with man until his demise: tools.

When the ancient galaxy-trotters arrived on Earth back in August of 30,000 B.C., they found two types of apes: ordinary apes and apes with a future. The apes with a future were our ancestors. They were different from ordinary apes in that they were rather flashy dressers, and the galaxy-trotters chose the more fashionable creatures as recipients of their tools and technology. And so it was that man took the lead in the evolutionary race. Looking back, I suppose that every ape wishes he'd had sense enough to dress for company.

The ancient wayfarers sought to turn these apes into productive individuals, but, as always, an ape would rather clean a friend than listen to an engineering lecture. As a result, the visitors left

(continued from page 117)

Earth. As some sort of cosmic joke, they left behind their tools and great volumes of literature explaining construction, medicine, mathematics and ballroom dancing. It took some time before the apes learned to use the tools and then developed into man as we know him today. Our debt to these ancient space folk is incalculable. Let us all pray, before we lay our heads down to rest, that these ancient space men will not return and ask us to make good on the debt.

CAR WASH AT THEBES

Amid the ruins at Thebes there stands a perfectly operational car wash, complete with a hot carnauba-wax machine, capable of handling 30 cars an hour. Symbols inscribed above the cash register (designed to hold goats, the common monetary unit of the time) have been translated to read NO CHECKS ACCEPTED. BANKS DON'T WASH CARS. WE DON'T CASH CHECKS. Rather unusual for a society primarily concerned with not urinating on its sneakers.

FORKLIFT OF LIBYA

In the middle of Libya's scorching desert, there sits a lone forklift. The late Robert Frei discovered it on an expedition to find the tomb of the late King Ufat McKay. Instead of unearthing a tomb filled with treasure, Frei unearthed a rotting wooden forklift and a bag of stale coconut chewies. Such a clamor was

raised over how to display a forklift among the beautiful treasures of the Berlin Museum for Antiquity and Profit that the historical significance of the forklift was overlooked. A pity so obvious an example of alien presence on our planet was discarded.

THE GREAT SHOE

Outside Calcutta in the midst of Roy Rogers Shanty Town there stands the Great Shoe, an enormous wing tip, size 40,000 DDDD. A few miles from the Great Shoe, scientists have found the remains of the Great Socks and the Great Undershorts. The famed anthropologist Clara Leoprdet was baffled by the size of the Great Shoe, Socks and Undershorts and was quoted as saying, "I wonder if this giant throws his clothes about like this at home!"

THE TEMPLE OF THE TWEED PANTS

For thousands of years, the people of Tacki Tacki in the South Pacific have worshiped a pair of tweed pants (with three zippers, suggesting an anatomy different from that of non-Latins). Island legend had it that the God of Clothing descended from the heavens on a silver-sewing-machine bird and took a woman from among the villagers "to mess with for a couple of hours." The divinely duped husband burst in on the god and his lover and the surprised god dashed out of the hut and returned to heaven. To this day, the pants left behind by the god are worshiped in the hope that he will someday return for the pants and the villagers can get his autograph. Legend or fact?

THE FRESCO OF THE CHURCH OF THE CARPETED CONFESSION BOOTH

A fresco on the ceiling of this small Romanian church has Jesus and the Holy Ghost riding in a flaming rocket, strafing a legion of Roman soldiers. A bubble above Jesus' head contains the words "Geez, what a way to travel!" A more perfect artifact of the hoary tourists could not be found.

THE LEGEND OF THE FAT MAN

On the island of Discovered 1934 there lives a tribe of extremely thin people whose calorie intake rarely exceeds 120 per day. Yet the main figure in the religious mythology is Big Ed, the Fat Man. Big Ed was supposed to have arrived on the island by plane and within an hour had consumed all the food the natives had saved for the rainish season. He complained of gas and left suddenly for the heavens in search of a bicarbonate. The islanders still pile heaps of cold cuts and extra-fancy cling peaches onto the Altar of the Fat Man (a stone slab made to look like a brownie). It is terribly obvious that the Fat Man was an ancient



"I'm a friend of neither!"

JOSE SILVA *betting on alpha*

ONE DAY back in 1944, a 30-year-old electronics engineer named Jose Silva set forth through the streets of Laredo—for his induction center. Now getting drafted is certainly an unlikely beginning for our story. But he was so intrigued by the psychiatric quiz he got that day that he went to the library and started reading up on psychology. Then on hypnosis. Then on brain waves. He was delighted to find that mental activity was measurable—and he started to visualize the brain as a kind of resonance circuit: “When impedance equals zero, that’s the ideal situation for making use of energy.” Later, while operating his own electronics firm, he began working with his kids to see if he could help them tap the deeper impulses of their minds. Their schoolwork soon showed improvement—but when they began to answer questions that he hadn’t asked, he knew he was on to something: “The development of the intuitive factor—the so-called sixth sense.” He continued his research—at a cost of about half a million bucks—until 1966, when he taught his first paid “mind control” course in Amarillo. Today, Silva Mind Control has centers in every American state—it’s also taught in schools and prisons—plus 16 foreign countries (and the list is growing). It’s a 48-hour, no-machines course that teaches you to quiet the “beta” activity of your brain—that’s so-called normal consciousness, which keeps tying itself up in knots—and let the deeper “alpha” impulses be your guide. As Silva pointed out—he was speaking by phone from Costa Rica, where he’d just dedicated a new center (next week, Mexico City; the week after, Atlanta, Georgia)—mind control is a *practical* thing: “It can be used for business . . . health . . . education . . . for better family understandings. . . .” But that’s not all. For Silva has a vision of a new, improved species of man, thanks to his program: “We are off base right now, and we need to become more humane.” Agreed. Mind Control may not have all the answers, but we need whatever help we can get.

JOHN OLSON



J. BARRY O'ROURKE



Continental Peace Walk Arrives

By Chuck Fager

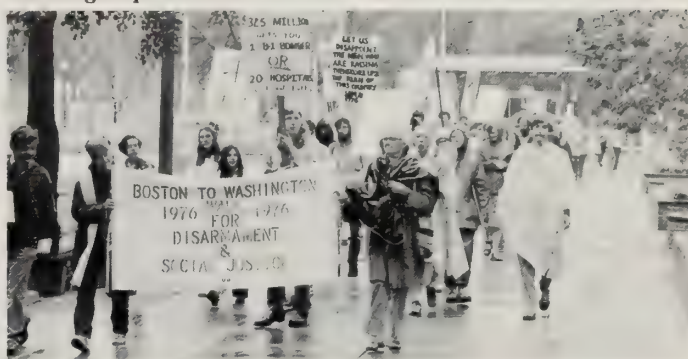
The Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice, which began last January in Ukiah, California, was completed in Washington, D.C., the weekend of October 16. The main route of the trek covered more than 5,000 miles and traveled through thirty-five states. Walkers braved all kinds of weather, and, on the Southern leg, which started out in New Orleans, a series of harassing arrests by unsympathetic local law enforcement officials. Sore of foot but undaunted, the two contingents came into Washington on a clear, cool autumn morning, to link up with a third regional group which had walked down from Boston. The band, once united, numbered over a thousand people. The walk officially concluded with a rally at the Sylvan Theater, near the Washington Monument. It was the biggest antiwar gathering of the year.

The biggest peace rally of 1976, though, was not very big at all compared to the crowds that had gathered in the same meadow in years past. Daniel Ellsberg, who spoke at the rally, recalled one of the first such gatherings, the earliest specifically anti-Vietnam march, called by SDS in April 1965. Ellsberg commented, "I took time off from the Pentagon, where I was working at the time, to join it. I felt a little funny out there, but I was glad it was happening." He also reminded the rally of the giant gathering for the first Moratorium, in October 1969. Records released during the Watergate hearings show that at the time, President Nixon was making plans to obliterate North Vietnam within a few weeks; the huge Moratorium crowd, and the likelihood of similar and perhaps bigger gatherings to follow, made him put off the plan. Ellsberg said that the Nixon administration decided to subvert the antiwar opposition instead, and this scheme led it into the crimes that caught up with it at Watergate. Even Nixon's gesture of ignoring the Moratorium was a fake, Ellsberg insisted; he was very much aware of what was going on outside. "The Watergate records show that none of the protest was irrelevant, not even the letter writing. Everything helped."

With history hanging in the air, how could a crowd of twelve hundred or so compare? What did the size and atmosphere indicate about the state of the American



Boston group leaves the Commons

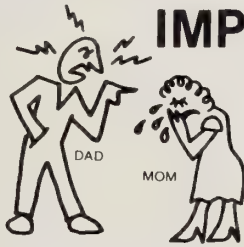


Eric Roth

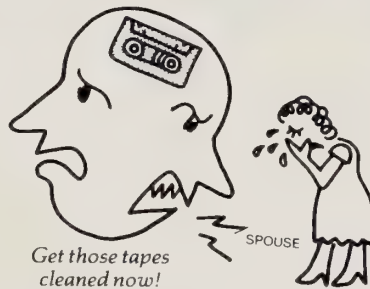
peace movement? There was no single clear answer. Ellsberg saw it this way: "This is not the last rally of the Vietnam war," he told the crowd. "That happened last year. This is the first rally of the rest of your lives." Another speaker, antinuke activist Sam Lovejoy, liked the small size. "The movement isn't into big demonstrations anymore," he said. "It's gone back home, where it belongs. I don't want to make a revolution in Washington. I want to make a revolution in Montague, Massachusetts!" Another marcher from the New England leg viewed the action somewhat differently. Asked what the point of the Walk was, he responded: "The purpose is to put the peace movement back together. It's kind of fallen into disarray since we won in Vietnam."

There was probably truth in all these comments and perspectives. The Walk was a mixed bag of issues, approaches, and old and new peace movement elements. This mishmash was intentional, though. The Walk's sponsors, spearheaded by the War Resisters League, insisted from the beginning that the action should not focus solely on ending the arms race as a threat to human survival. Militarism and war spending (approximately \$80 billion per annum in the U.S. alone) are inevitably linked to many other issues of concern to various activist constituencies: for example, unemployment, health care, racism, sexism, nuclear development. The walkers tried

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Visualize the mechanism which sends you verbal thought messages not as one speaker, but as a vast senate of many different speakers.

Each experience you have had creates a separate viewpoint from which comments may be made.

Therefore, the first step to take in analyzing any thought sent to you, is to try to determine who is speaking: which set of experiences that you have had is expressing its viewpoint to you?

Do not identify with your thoughts. You are not the thinker of the thoughts; you are the hearer of the thoughts.

The thinker of your thoughts is a subsidiary mechanism within you, which attempts to put some of your feelings into words; you must then assess the way you feel about these words.

Not looking at the matter this way, most individuals tend to identify themselves as the author of the words in their head, and consequently are biased in favor of believing and defending these thoughts.

In fact, each thought you have is merely a trial balloon, a draft from your speechwriter sent to you so you can decide whether you agree or disagree.

In many cases, you will realize that the speaker of the last thought sent to you is representing the viewpoint of some other individual(s) you have known,

often in the exact words and tone of voice used by these other individuals.

Obviously, accepting such viewpoints as your own would be submitting to mental slavery.

Yet this is precisely what most individuals do, by identifying with their thoughts.

After you have identified the last speaker, engage him/her in a dialog in which you ask him to defend his position by asking him specific questions which illuminate possible flaws in his position.

In this way, you will always be questioning your own last thought in a search for objective truth, separated from the conditioning effects of your experience and from the influence of communications you have received."

— **MIND MAGIC**
PAGES 223-226



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NEW DIRECTIONS IN SPACE

Nuclear Launch At Less Than \$30/lb

By Donald Kingsbury

Five nuclear propulsion devices have been proposed for use in space vehicles: Orion, Nerve, liquid core, gas core, and Daedalus. Daedalus is the only design that can be considered for the Earth-to-orbit mission.

Orion depends on a series of nuclear bomb explosions. The thrust of the vehicle is obtained from the shock of the explosions. Orion is not suitable for Earth-to-orbit applications because of radioactive contamination of the atmosphere and the enormous size of the vehicle required.

Nerve is a design depending for thrust on the turbulent heating of the propellant as it passes through holes in the solid reactor core parallel to the axis of thrust. A typical propellant is a honey, coal oil of inches long, 3/8 inch across the short diameter, formed of pyrolytic graphite and particles of zirconium carbide/uranium carbide solution,

... please turn to page 2

The Migma Fusion Program

By Bogdan C. Maglich

This pioneering article on Migma fusion is excerpted from a statement made by Dr Bogdan C. Maglich, President of Fusion Energy Corporation, before the National Research Council Hearings on Nuclear and Alternative Energy Systems (11 February 1976). Migma fusion is the newest and most promising fusion technique. The goal of Fusion Energy Corporation is to produce break-even generation of power in two years, and to have an operational prototype fusion power plant in six. The statement is reprinted with permission of Fusion Energy Corporation, Princeton, New Jersey.

* * *

Fusion Energy Corporation of Princeton, New Jersey, is a single-purpose company; FEC has undertaken research and development of a novel nuclear power source named "migma cell." "Migma" (from the Greek word for mixture) refers to a mixture of orbits of high energy ion beams, unlike "plasma" which refers to an unordered fluid of ions and electrons.

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Plug Nozzles: Bringing the Cost of Space Down to Earth

By Paul L. Siegler

If you're going to make space an economically accessible domain, you have to use some common sense. At a cost of \$10 million to \$100 million per launch vehicle, common sense says that you don't throw away your vehicle every time you fly. Better just isn't too cheap.

If you're satisfied that somehow the launch vehicle should be able to return to earth for a large number of flights, then your next question very likely is - How? After all, if it were a straightforward task, we would have seen them coming back from the very first days of spaceflight.

Well, it's not straightforward ... but then it's not all that difficult either. There are two basic approaches to follow, if you're ready to try the technological state of art. Specifically, you can bring the vehicle back so it lands horizontally, like an aircraft (VHOL); or you can bring it back so it lands vertically, like a spacecraft (VVOV). Either way is possible, and each has advantages and disadvantages.

The shape of the horizontal landing craft can take many forms, ranging from the "wooden shoe" form of lifting bodies, to the more familiar winged form of aircraft. While each of the forms has its own re-entry, and aerodynamic handling characteristics, there is a common purpose: to re-enter from orbit with a large surface area providing deceleration and maneuverability; and to land horizontally on a runway.

Vehicles which have been or are being developed along these lines include the T-10-Sear (Boeing); Astrorocket (Martin); Mustard (British Aircraft Corporation); and the Space Shuttle (NASA/North American Rockwell).

Typically, each of these craft uses the standard bell nozzle engine, which has been the source of thrust for essentially all the World's Space launches to date. The bell nozzle is a complex piece of equipment which converts the heat and pressure of combustion in a combustion chamber to uni-directional exhaust gas flow, to provide velocity energy.

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SPECIAL TRICENTENNIAL ISSUE

Looking ahead...

NUCLEAR LAUNCH

...continued from page 1

pierced by 19 holes, 1/10 inch in diameter, parallel to the rod's axis. The holes are coated on the inside with niobium or zirconium carbide to prevent hot hydrogen erosion. A Nerva core might consist of 1500 such hexagonal rods, and 300 hexagonal structural rods. The inherent limitation of this design is its power density, which gives Nerva a thrust of only approximately the same order of magnitude as the weight of the motor - a restriction which makes it unuseable for Earth-to-orbit application. Even this unimpressive power density can only be achieved with a large temperature drop between core and gas.

The liquid core motor is supposed to be driven by propellant bubbling through a liquid carbide. No way is known, however, to contain the liquid or to prevent substantial amounts of uranium carbide vapor from being carried away by the propellant, or to contain the radioactive by-products.

The gas core motor potentially has a high performance, but no one has ever solved the problem of containing the gasified uranium.

Dumbo is a relatively unknown design, conceived in the mid-fifties and nurtured under the wing of the chemists and metallurgists of Los Alamos. When responsibility for Dumbo was transferred to Los Alamos' N Division (the developers of Nerva), it disappeared into the classified literature. But if a high mission velocity is required, coupled with a high thrust-to-weight ratio, Dumbo's only competition at the present writing is the oxygen/hydrogen chemical motor. Dumbo achieves its thrust simply by heating large volumes of gas to a high temperature while retaining the radioactive by-products of fission within the solid structure of the motor.

Designing a Nuclear Exchanger

When we set out to design a nuclear exchanger which transfers heat from solid to gas at the same thrust-to-weight ratio as a chemical rocket motor - say at least 50 to 1 - we must make several critical observations.

The thermal conductivities of solids are generally two orders of magnitude larger than the thermal conductivities of gases. Thus the largest portion of the temperature drop which drives the heat exchange must be in the gas. If this were not so, by far the largest portion of our exchanger would be heavy solid, and it would be impossible to deliver large volumes of gas per unit of exchanger mass.

For any exchanger with a high thrust-to-weight ratio, therefore, the temperature drop through the solid can be ignored. This simplification allows us to express our power density p as

$$p = P/V = \lambda (A/V) dT/dx \quad (1)$$

where P is the power transferred across the area A between gas and solid, V is the volume of the exchanger, λ is the thermal conductivity of the gas, and dT/dx is the temperature gradient in the gas at the surface of contact. For simplicity we can define

$$dT/dx = \delta T/b \quad (2)$$

where δT is the temperature drop in the gas, and b is the effective distance through which our heat must travel across the gas flow; b will always be less than the channel radius of the exchanger.

Then formula (1), our power density, becomes

$$p = \lambda (A/Vb) \delta T. \quad (3)$$

How can we create a high power density? We cannot vary the thermal conductivity λ because it is fixed by the nature of the propellant gas we use. And δT must be made reasonably small - a few hundred degrees C at most - since we wish our gas temperature to be as high as possible: the specific impulse of our motor is proportional to the square root of the gas temperature. Thus the geometric factor A/Vb is the only part of our power density equation that we have under our direct control.

To make the power density p large, we must have a large area per unit volume, A/V , and the heat transfer must have a short path in the gas, b . Some kind of fine structure is indicated - hydraulic diameters less than twice the natural thickness of the boundary layer of the flowing gas, and a large void fraction.

Many geometric shapes satisfy our needs. If we are using a metal exchanger, one of the simplest to fabricate is a sinusoidal corrugation alternating with a flat plate. To compete with chemical rocket power densities, we need plate thicknesses on the order of .0025 cm (one mil) and hydraulic diameters of approximately .01 to .015 cm. A typical sinusoidal wave length would be .075 cm. For those who wish to calculate the geometric factor for different sinusoidal geometries, the formula is

$$G = \frac{7.69 f (1 - 3.45 (d/\lambda)^2)}{\alpha^2 (1 - 9.73 (d/\lambda)^2)} \quad (4)$$

where f is the void fraction of the exchanger; α is the diameter of the channel in centimeters; and λ is the wavelength of the channel in centimeters. G is in units of cm^{-2} .

A geometric factor of from 20,000 cm^{-2} to 100,000 cm^{-2} puts us in the thrust-to-weight class of the chemical rocket motors. Nerva has a geometric factor of 450 cm^{-2} .

What kind of power densities will we get? We can estimate the thermal conductivity of hot hydrogen as $\lambda = .008$ watts/ cm°C . If we assume a geometric factor of $A/Vb = 75,000 \text{ cm}^{-2}$, and a solid to gas temperature drop $\delta T = 300^\circ\text{C}$, equation (3) then gives us

$$p = .008 \times 75,000 \times 300 = 180 \text{ kilowatts/cm}^3. \quad (5)$$

Given the volume of the exchanger used, we can then estimate the power of our rocket motor.

Once we conclude that such fine structures are absolutely necessary if we are to compete with chemical motors, our problems are defined for us.

Some Practical Matters

Flow through fine long channels is subject to large viscous drag, and so we are restricted to using an exchanger with short channels. If we choose a channel length of 1 cm, a geometric factor of 75,000 cm^{-2} , a solid temperature of 3300°K, and a gas temperature of 3000°K, we get a pressure drop across our exchanger of about half an atmosphere. Such low pressure drops are important when we are dealing with temperatures where the mechanical strength of our exchanger is becoming "soft".

Obviously with such a short channel length we cannot build a rocket whose gas flow path through the exchanger is parallel to the thrust. . . a centimeter thick reactor is not feasible. We have to "fold" our exchanger in some way. A straightforward solution to this problem is to fabricate our exchanger into tubes with centimeter-thick walls, our channels being perpendicular to the axis of the tube. A typical geometry might be a tube with an outer radius of 5 cm, inner radius of 4 cm, and a length of 55 to 70 cm. Many such tubes together would form the working core of our exchanger. The smallest Los Alamos designs of 1957 contained 19 such tubes.

One easily curable problem manifests itself when we examine the dynamics of flow through such a fuel element. For power levels and pressure drops in our range of interest there are two solutions for the propellant flow rate. This would lead to "chugging" as the motor oscillated between the two solutions. Such an instability is eliminated by placing a ballast impedance at the inlet end of the exchanger. A pressure drop across the ballast impedance equal to the pressure drop across the exchanger is more than sufficient to stop the chugging. At Los Alamos it was proposed that a thin nickel sheet with fine regular perforations should precede the exchanger. These can be constructed by photo-etching or by electron beam machining.

In choosing a material for our exchanger, we are limited by several constraints: 1)melting point; 2)neutronics; 3) resistance to hot hydrogen corrosion; 4)evaporation at high temperatures; and 5)compatibility with either uranium dioxide or uranium carbide. Only two sets of materials pass through this screen: a tungsten-molybdenum alloy loaded with about 25 volume per cent uranium dioxide, or a zirconium-niobium-tantalum-uranium carbide solution.

The carbides are thermal shock sensitive, but the fine Dumbo exchanger geometry is enormously thermal shock resistant, so this is probably not a drawback. However, no one has yet proposed a way to fabricate the necessary fine carbide structures.

Uranium dioxide melts at 3150°K, does not react with hot hydrogen, tungsten, or molybdenum, but does have a tendency to dissociate at high temperatures. At Los Alamos in 1957, preliminary work by the metallurgists produced tungsten foil that would hold 25 volume percent uranium dioxide up to 2750°K. Later experiments in 1958 did better than that, but not reliably. The project was terminated before these experiments were complete. Presumably modern methods for alloying oxides with metals would give us increased performance. (See JS Benjamin, *Scientific American*, May 1976.)

Can such a configuration of tubes, 10 cm in diameter, with 1 cm wall thickness, be assembled into a nuclear reactor? Yes. Our major problem here is to produce an even distribution of neutrons so that all parts of the exchanger will be operating under the same temperature conditions. Such flat flux can be achieved by adjusting the thickness of the neutron reflector surrounding the outside of the reactor. The reflector gets thinner as we go to larger motors, and as we go to higher uranium loadings, and as we make our exchanger out of more neutronically benign materials. A natural tungsten exchanger will have a thicker reflector than a molybdenum or tungsten-184 exchanger. Our reflector will be made out of beryllium or perhaps carbon.

Typical reflector thicknesses are 13 cm Be for a small molybdenum motor (21 kgs UO_2 , 60 kgs Mo); 9 cm Be for a large molybdenum motor (188 kgs UO_2 , 528 kgs Mo); 23 cm Be for a small tungsten motor (21 kgs UO_2 , 112 kgs W); and 14 cm Be for a large tungsten motor (188 kgs UO_2 , 999 kgs W).

The Neutron Moderator

What will we use for a neutron moderator and where will we put it? Hydrogen is our moderator of choice but this presents one difficulty. Hydrogen compounds are not noted for their temperature tolerance and so how are we to disperse them throughout the reactor, which must maintain temperatures near the melting points of our best refractories?

Fortunately one feature of our design saves us. When we examine the powered temperature profile across our one cm thick exchanger while gas flows through it, we notice that the forward convection of heat overwhelms the back conduction of heat, and thus the inlet face of our exchanger can be substantially cooler than the outlet face. Only for very low propellant flow rates does back conduction become a problem. Therefore we can safely place our moderator on the inlet side of our exchanger and expect it to stay cool.

Zirconium hydride (ZrH_2) is the moderator of choice because it has a high hydrogen density, is neutronically benign, and has a temperature tolerance up to 1060°K - as well as good thermal conductivity. The structure of our moderator will have to be fine. It must be cooled by the flowing propellant, since it will be heated by gamma radiation and neutron collision.

The natural tungsten exchanger will require more moderator than the more neutronically benign molybdenum exchanger. A typical fuel element might be designed as a hexagon of fine-grained zirconium hydride with a central exchanger tube of uranium dioxide loaded metal. The hydrogen would first cool the beryllium reflector and then would flow up through the zirconium hydride moderator, and finally through the walls of the exchanger tube where it would be heated. Finally, the hot propellant would flow down the tube into the rocket chamber.

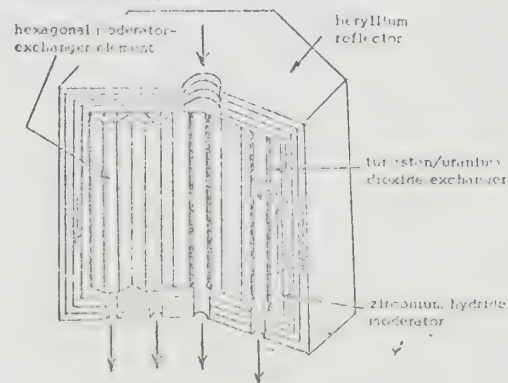
If we wish to estimate the weight of the motor, we can get some rough and ready answers by interpolating between the large and small Los Alamos tungsten designs of 1957.

Tungsten loaded with 25 volume percent uranium dioxide contains 84.19% W, 13.94% U, and 1.87% O. Let E be the weight in kgs of the loaded tungsten, T the desired thrust of the motor in kgs, J the flow density of hydrogen through the 1 cm thick exchanger walls in gm/sec-cm^2 , and I_{sp} the specific impulse in seconds at the given chamber temperature and expansion ratio. ΔT is the temperature drop between solid and gas.

Then

$$E = 4.51 / J \times I_{sp}, \text{ where } 130 < E < 1200. \quad (6)$$

T is determined by the thrust of the motor we wish to construct. J and I_{sp} are obtained from the following table. We assume an expansion ratio of 60:1.



CROSS SECTION OF A NUCLEAR MOTOR

GEOMETRIC FACTOR

50,000 cm⁻²

solid temperature

3300°K

3000°K

ΔT	J	I_{sp}	J	I_{sp}
100°	1.4	854	1.5	809
200°	2.5	839	2.7	793
300°	3.8	825	4.1	777

75,000 cm⁻²

solid temperature

3300°K

3000°K

ΔT	J	I_{sp}	J	I_{sp}
100°	1.9	854	1.9	809
200°	3.7	839	4.0	793
300°	5.7	825	6.0	777

Table (7)

The amount M of zirconium hydride moderator we need in kgs can be estimated by

$$M = 1.124 E + 341.1 \quad (8)$$

and the amount R of beryllium reflector in kgs by

$$R = .4(E + M) + 1506. \quad (9)$$

The total mass of the core is then

$$W = R + M + E. \quad (10)$$

We can estimate the volume in liters of the exchanger by

$$V_e = .222E \quad (11)$$

and the total volume of the motor inside the reflector in liters as

$$V_t = 1.185 E + 114.5. \quad (12)$$

For instance, if we want to rough out a hydrogen propellant motor in the 625,000 lb thrust class (284,000 kgs) with a geometric factor of 75,000 cm⁻², a solid outlet temperature of 3300°K, and a solid-to-gas temperature drop of 300° so that our hydrogen gas temperature is 3000°K, we examine Table (7) and find that $J = 5.7$ and $I_{sp} = 825$; hence from equation (6) we get

$$E = 4.5 \times 284,000 / 5.7 \times 825 = 271.8 \text{ kgs W-}UO_2 \quad (13)$$

and from equation (8)

$$M = 646.6 \text{ kgs ZrH}_2 \quad (14)$$

and from equation (9)

$$R = 1273 \text{ kgs Be} \quad (15)$$

for a total mass of 2741 kgs (6040 lbs).

From equation (11) we have 60.3 liters of exchanger which, with result (5), gives us an estimate of the power of the motor

$$P = (180,000 \text{ watts/cm}^3)(60,300 \text{ cm}^3) = 10 \text{ billion watts.} \quad (16)$$

Since about 0.4% of this power will escape through the reflector as gamma radiation, we can expect this engine to emit 43 megawatts of hard radiation. This defines our shielding problem.

From equation (12) we get

$$V_t = 436.6 \text{ liters} \quad (17)$$

as the interior volume of our motor.

Advantages of a Dual Propellant Mix

We have been assuming hydrogen as our propellant because of its high specific impulse. But liquid hydrogen has a drawback both because of its low specific gravity (0.0708), which implies large tanks, and its high cost. Can other propellants be used?

Ammonia and hydrazine are both possibilities. They decompose into nitrogen and hydrogen upon passing through a Dumbo-type exchanger - hydrazine with the added advantage that its disintegration is exothermic and so would take some of the strain off our nuclear processes. Hydrazine also has an advantage in its specific gravity of 1.0 as opposed to ammonia's 0.7. However decomposed ammonia with an average molecular weight of 8.5 has a higher specific impulse than does decomposed hydrazine with an average molecular weight of 10.67. This gives ammonia a 12% greater exhaust velocity than hydrazine for the same chamber temperature.

If we convert our motor to run on ammonia instead of hydrogen, its specific impulse will decrease by about 2.06. In our example with a chamber temperature of 3000°K and an expansion ratio of 60:1, hydrogen has a specific impulse of 825 seconds. Under the same conditions, ammonia would have a specific impulse of 400 seconds.

Simultaneously, as we convert from hydrogen to ammonia, but maintain the temperature drop between solid and gas, we increase the thrust of the motor by a factor of 1.6. It would be more, but the thermal conductivity of decomposed ammonia is only about 78% that of hydrogen.

Thus in our example, if we shift from hydrogen propellant to ammonia propellant, we increase our thrust from 625,000 lbs to 1,000,000 lbs and decrease our power from 10 billion watts to 7.8 billion watts. Even though our pump must now deliver 3.3 times as much ammonia by weight as it was delivering hydrogen, we need only a third of the pump capacity because of the extra density of ammonia ... the pressure times volume work is less. Of course, the specific impulse drops from 825 seconds to 400 seconds.

The vehicle design tradeoffs we must make are between the higher density, lower cost of ammonia, and the higher specific impulse of hydrogen. An all-ammonia single stage rocket with a specific impulse of 400 seconds would need a mass ratio of 11.1 to reach low orbit. (We assume a mission velocity of 31,600 ft/sec, i.e. 9375 m/sec.). Such a mass ratio is difficult to achieve in a single stage rocket if we intend to allocate a reasonable percentage of our takeoff weight to payload.

An all-hydrogen single stage rocket with specific impulse of 825 seconds would require a mass ratio of only 3.2 for the same mission, but would bulk larger than the ammonia vehicle. 2.2 mass units of hydrogen take up 2.25 times the volume of 10.1 mass units of ammonia.

An optimum all-nuclear vehicle would probably be a dual propellant design, sequentially putting the ammonia and hydrogen through the same pump and the same exchanger. For the Earth-to-low-orbit mission, its mass ratio would lie between 3.2 and 11.1, and it would bulk between the all-ammonia vehicle and the all-hydrogen vehicle. The ammonia would be delivered initially when greater thrust is desired, and the hydrogen at the end of the flight when greater specific impulse is important.

After Shutdown.....

A major difference between a chemical rocket and a nuclear rocket comes at cut-off. The nuclear rocket cannot be shut down immediately because 5% of the total energy of the flight is released as residual radioactivity. About half of this decays within a minute, but as longer half-life products accumulate, this decay rate slows.

A consequence of such decay is that there will never be any worry about a radioactive spaceship wreckage falling to Earth: if the pumps fail at any time prior to insertion of the ship into orbit, the motor would vaporize within seconds - releasing into the atmosphere only a small amount of radioactivity ... less if the failure occurred early in flight.

The first phase of the decay after shutdown can be used to drive the ship at low thrust. Soon the power level is so low that back conduction in the exchanger overwhelms forward convection, and we must drastically lower the temperature of the motor. Still, with hydrogen as our propellant and zirconium hydride as our moderator, we can maintain a specific impulse of 450 seconds until the motor is able to cool itself by radiating into Space.

An alternative cool-down procedure is available to a nuclear ship which docks at a space station that has been equipped to cap the nuclear ship's motor, and to recycle the propellant through a radiator which is maintained in orbit near the station.

We can approximate the fraction of decay energy x remaining t hours after shutdown by using

$$x = .216/t^{.2} \quad \text{or} \quad t = (.216/x)^5 \quad (18)$$

where t is much greater than the motor firing time.

Only 21.6% of our residual energy remains after one hour, and about 10% of it is left after two days. Thereafter the release is very much slowed - 6.7% of it remains after two weeks, and 3.5% remains after one year.

This is not as bad as it sounds. Though the motor is accumulating long half-life elements, these take their time in releasing energy, so the power output of the motor declines rapidly. Residual wattage per gram of fission is $5 \times 10^4/t^{1.2}$ where t is in hours and is greater than a minute. Since the motor we have used in our example would consume about 80 grams of U-235 to deliver a 150,000 pound payload into low orbit, we would expect its residual power to be

$$Pr = 4 \times 10^6/t^{1.2} \quad (19)$$

where t is in hours and is much greater than the firing time of our motor. Pr is in watts. Three days after shutdown, the motor is generating only 24 kilowatts; 14 days after shutdown it is generating 5.7 kilowatts.

The ship would return to Earth under chemical power to keep its nuclear motors "cool" for servicing.

It's difficult to estimate how many trips each fuel element will last. After six flights, about 1% of the uranium will have been consumed and the fission products may be degrading the high temperature characteristics of the exchanger. It may be advisable to replace the fuel elements after each flight, or after every second flight.

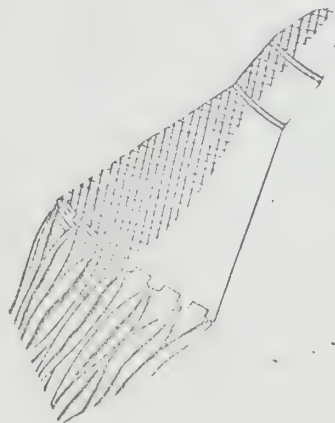
The tungsten and uranium in the spent fuel element are salvageable and can be refabricated into a new fuel element. It is only the 80 grams or so of fission products which must be removed. Perhaps this unwanted radioactive waste could be shipped out into Space on the next trip and dumped into the Sun ... powered by its own decay.

A New Concept

There is one other nuclear configuration which may be desirable, but which is difficult to discuss because no engineer has ever examined the idea in detail. It may be possible to feed nuclearly heated hydrogen into a combustion chamber, and there burn it with oxygen. Depending on how hot we were heating our hydrogen, we could attain an initial specific impulse of 525 to 550 seconds. Later in the flight, as our thrust demands decreased, we could throttle back on the oxygen. This would reduce our thrust and the chamber temperature, but it would increase the specific impulse because of the increased percentage of hydrogen. If we choked off the oxygen completely, our specific impulse would rise into the 750 to 825-second area; then if we began to throttle back on the hydrogen to increase our chamber temperature again, we might move into the 900 second range. We would be combining the density of oxygen and the performance of hydrogen/oxygen, with the high specific impulse of nuclearly heated hydrogen in a uniquely controllable way.

Two advantages of this approach are immediately apparent. Since two-thirds of the energy delivered by our motor would come from combustion, we would reduce the radioactive hazard. Further, high performance from our nuclear exchanger would no longer be a critical factor. A light molybdenum design which only supplied hydrogen at a temperature of 2500°K could be used successfully. Such a design was "state of art" in the late 1950s.

Nuclear exchangers of high geometric factor warrant careful study in the Earth-to-orbit application, in spite of increased complications due to the radioactivity. They may very well provide us with the critical step between cost-cumbersome two-stage systems, and the economy of single stage operation



For information on nuclear launch vehicles:

Knight, B W; McInteer, B B; Potter, R M; Robinson, E S; "A Metal Dumbo Rocket Reactor", Report LA-2091, Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, May 1957, 385 pages. Declassified March 1975. Obtainable from: Technical Information Service, PO Box 62, Oak Ridge, Tennessee 37830 \$10.

Fowler, R D; "The CMF-4 Reactor", Talk given at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, October 9, 1957. Declassified January 1976.

Kingsbury, Donald; "Atomic Rockets", Analog Science Fact-Fiction, December 1975

Kingsbury, Donald; "Technical Notes on Nuclear Rockets", May 1976, 86 pages. Obtainable from: Donald Kingsbury, Math Dept, McGill University, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3C 3G1. \$5.

Knight, B W, "Reactors of Uniform Power, Fuel Loading, and Flux", Nuclear Science and Engineering, Vol 19, August 1964, pp 393-399.

A Mission for Dumbo

Day 1 (00:00) to Day 4 (24:00)

Checkout and early refurbishing of Dumbo at the Dumbo Preparation Site (DPS). During this time, if the vehicle has just returned from a mission, the warm nuclear power module is replaced (through automatic handling processes) with a cool nuclear module. This is the first event, since the warm power module is too radioactive to allow close human contact. Once the cool module is in place, priority checkout and refurbishing begins.

Day 5 (00:00 - 03:00)

Removal of returned payload. A typical return payload contains five tons of processed material, and 25 tons of parts and equipment fabricated in Space, or returned to Earth for repair.

Day 5 (03:00) to Day 8 (03:00)

All scheduled maintenance and refurbishing takes place. Pumps are checked for wear and tanks for leakage. Attitude control tanks are refilled with storable propellants, and the guidance system and electronics are checked for accuracy. The re-entry heat shield is replaced. Any apparent flaws are corrected with a replacement of the flawed components. Flawed components are either sent to a special maintenance center for repair and subsequent re-use; or are discarded.

Day 8 (03:00) to Day 9 (03:00)

Installation of payload. A typical payload is 60 tons of aluminum sections for expansion of the space habitat, and 15 tons of raw material for processing in Space.

Day 9 (03:00 - 15:00)

Tow Dumbo to the launch pad. The launch pad is five to seven miles from the DPS.

Day 9 (15:00) to Day 10 (15:00)

Dumbo checkout and fueling at the launch pad. Much of the checkout focuses on the condition of the nuclear power module, and there are several flow tests through the module to assure its proper operational status.

Day 10 (15:00 - 18:00)

Final launch preparation. All components are checked for operational readiness. The system is ready to launch.

Typical Dumbo Payloads

Dumbo is designed for unmanned missions. The vehicle is intended for use as a large freighter, for shipment of bulk material to low orbit Earth-space. Many of Dumbo's missions will involve rendezvous with space stations and other manned habitats. While there is no danger to the habitat or its inhabitants, the payload would likely be moored a short distance away, and subsequently ferried to the habitat by a small tug.

What are some typical payloads? The list is long, but includes such diverse cargo as

Steel beams and sections for large space station construction

Empty modules for attachment to existing space stations for expansion

Large tanks with propellant for in-Space refueling

Raw materials for space processing

Consumables for unmanned satellites and manned stations: power supplies; water; air; and other gases.

Motors, tools, and heavy machinery

Day 10 (18:00)

Launch

Day 10 (18:00 - 24:00)

Rendezvous near the space habitat at 400 miles altitude. Unlike chemical vehicles, the nuclear vehicle thrust tapers off gradually: hydrogen must be allowed to pass through the system in trickle amounts to cool the motor. This trickling has a residual thrusting effect on the vehicle, and is used for accurate placement in orbit, and final positioning. Because of the residual thrusting, rendezvous takes several orbits around the Earth (at 1 1/2 hours per orbit) longer than a comparable chemical vehicle.

Day 11 (00:00) to Day 14 (00:00)

Through its natural process of heating, the power module is heavily radioactive. The entire vehicle is therefore automatically positioned several hundred miles from the nearest manned habitat, after cargo unloading. It orbits the Earth for three days, recycling hydrogen internally to let excess energy radiate into Space.

Day 14 (00:00 - 03:00)

Preparation for de-orbit and re-entry. De-orbit systems are prepared for ignition, and the vehicle is positioned for thrusting and subsequent re-entry.

Day 14 (03:00 - 04:00)

De-orbit and landing. Dumbo lands vertically on a 3 mile by 5 mile concrete pad. The landing pad is five miles from the vehicle checkout buildings.

Day 14 (04:00 - 16:00)

Landing cool-down and safing. The vehicle is too hot to allow close human approach. All safing and cool-down processes are automatic. Some functions are internal; others are routine functions performed by automated mobile equipment.

Day 14 (16:00 - 24:00)

The Dumbo vehicle, weighing but a small fraction of its lift-off weight, is hoisted onto a special platform and towed to the DPS, where the launch cycle begins again.

Less Than \$30/lb

The main reason for building a nuclear launch vehicle is to bring down the cost of orbiting payload. From now on, the accessibility of Space will be greatly dependent on the economies of getting there: if the price is right, people will use Space. If the price is too high, most users will stay home, on Earth.

What, then, will it cost the user of Dumbo? Ultimate cost will depend on a number of factors, including

- design and development cost
- test and evaluation cost
- production cost of the vehicle
- production cost of the nuclear motor
- cost of production facilities
- direct labor cost
- launch facilities cost

- vehicle maintenance cost
- vehicle refurbishment cost
- direct launch operating cost (including cost of propellant)
- marketing and administration cost
- interest cost on debt
- profit
- and many more.

As a first run in determining the cost of launching packages with Dumbo, several assumptions were made. These assumptions are listed in Exhibit I. Then a standard mission was defined (orbit and rendezvous with a space habitat at 400 mile altitude, and return); a payload size was determined; and a vehicle sized around these factors. Once the vehicle was sized, several costing assumptions based on such factors as vehicle weight and propellant weight allowed an approximation of the cost to orbit payload.

The following sample calculation shows the process by which final cost results were achieved.

(Production)		
Motor + ACS/EPS/electronics	20,000 lbs @ \$10,000/lb	\$200M per vehicle
Other	45,250 lbs @ \$ 4,000/lb	181M
Total dryweight 65,250 lbs		\$381M per vehicle
\$381M/250 flights		\$1,524,000 per flight
(Overhaul)		
Major overhaul @ 10% of production cost per 100 flights:		
\$38.1M/100 flights, with 250 flights		\$ 304,800 per flight
(Labor)		
1000 men @ \$25,000 per man-year	\$25M/year	
(25M/yr) (4 vehicles) (25 flts/vehicle-year)		\$ 250,000 per flight
(Refurbishing and operating costs)		
Propellants		
H ₂	380,000 lbs @ \$1.25/lb	\$ 475,000 per flight
NH ₃	250,000 lbs @ \$.18/lb	\$ 45,000
Refurbish and replace heat shield, other expendables		\$ 150,000
		\$ 670,000 per flight
Overhead, uncertainties @ 50%		\$ 335,000
Total refurbish and operating costs		\$1,005,000 per flight
(Facilities)		
Facilities amortization fee		\$ 20,000 per flight
Total cost per flight.....		
\$1,524,000	production	
304,000	overhaul	
250,000	labor	
1,005,000	refurbish and operating	
20,000	facilities	
\$3,103,800		
620,760	20% marketing and administration	
\$3,724,560		
413,840	10% net profit	
Cost per flight	\$4,138,400	

At a vehicle payload capacity of 150,000 pounds, this gives a total cost per payload-pound of

\$4,138,400/150,000 pounds
or
\$27.59 per pound

EXHIBIT I: Primary Costing Assumptions

General:

1. Four operational vehicles are built.
2. Each vehicle flies 250 times during its lifetime - at an average frequency of one flight per fortnight. Each vehicle is designed for single-stage-to-orbit, vertical takeoff and vertical landing.
3. A major overhaul, costing 10% of total production cost, is needed every 100 flights.
4. Counting design, development, testing and evaluation - the motor, electronics (including guidance and power), and attitude control cost \$10,000 per pound to produce.
5. Counting design, development, testing and evaluation - all other parts of the vehicle (including tanks, skin, and thrust structure) cost \$4000 per pound to produce.
6. Launch facilities are a long-term expense, and are amortized at \$20,000 per launch. With approximately 100 total nuclear launches per year, this brings the facility \$2,000,000 per year in nuclear launch fees.
7. Hydrogen costs \$1.25 per pound; ammonia costs \$.18 per pound.

Particular

Mission	400 mile circular orbit; equatorial equatorial launch and landing
Payload	150,000 pounds
Gross lift-off weight (GLOW)	845,000 pounds
Dry weight (less payload)	65,250 pounds
Motor weight	17,000 pounds
Vehicle height	180 feet
Vehicle average diameter	33 feet
NH ₃ (ammonia) by weight of propellant	40%
NH ₃ thrust	1,000,000 pounds
NH ₃ specific impulse	400 seconds
H ₂ (hydrogen) by weight of propellant	60%
H ₂ thrust	625,000 pounds
H ₂ specific impulse	825 seconds

EXHIBIT II: Cost Determined by Propellant Mix

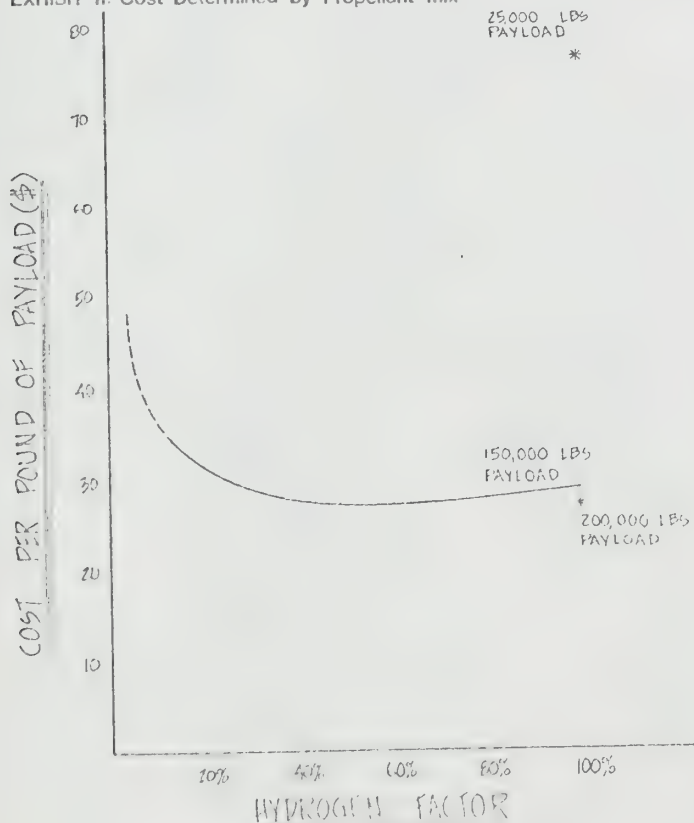
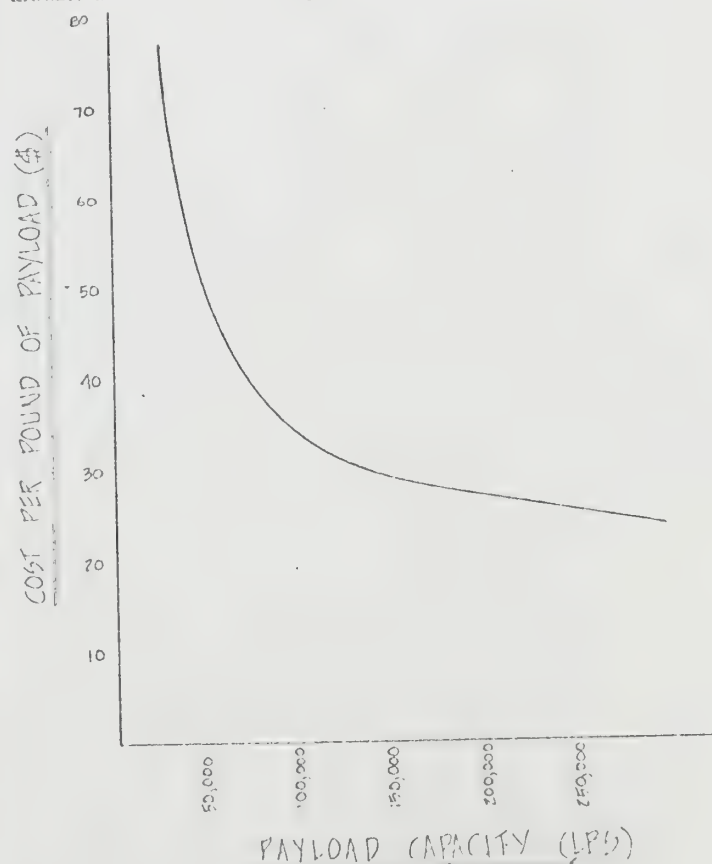


EXHIBIT III: Cost Determined by Vehicle Size



Cost per pound of payload was calculated in a similar manner for other vehicle configurations, including:

100% Hydrogen	(150,000 pound payload)
37.5% H ₂ /62.5% NH ₃	(150,000 pound payload)
100% Hydrogen	(25,000 pound payload)
100% Hydrogen	(200,000 pound payload)

Exhibit II shows the results of the various calculations of cost as determined by H₂/NH₃ propellant ratios.

Exhibit III indicates the effect of sizing on cost per payload pound.

The results show

- For a 150,000 pound payload vehicle,
 - cost per pound is minimized at around a 60% H₂/40% NH₃ mix of propellants;
 - cost per payload pound is not extremely sensitive to propellant mix, the slope of the curve being relatively flat from 37.5% H₂ to 100% H₂;
 - NH₃ amounts greater than about 65% of the total mix require significantly larger vehicles and motors, and are in some cases not possible to size in single-stage configuration.
- For a 100% Hydrogen configuration,
 - cost is quite sensitive to payload carries, in the smaller (100,000 pounds or less) configurations;
 - cost becomes less sensitive to size as vehicles become larger (greater capacity than 100,000 pounds payload).

Juridical Models for Space Settlements

By J Henry Glazer

Last year White's Inn, a space law research institution, was established in San Francisco by J Henry Glazer, a member of the California Bar and frequent contributor to legal periodicals. Mr Glazer is currently a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Juridical Science at UC Berkeley; aspects of his JSD dissertation, which is now in process, focus on the law of space settlement.

The March 1976 edition of The Earth/Space Newsletter amplified some cost concepts and industrial applications of large space settlements in low orbit. Other concepts have proposed to the US Congress to construct in Free Space, at the stable Lagrangian points, habitats housing upwards of 10,000 people. Raw materials for building these habitats would be mined from the Moon and literally catapulted into Space by means of a nuclear or solar-powered mass driver, permanently emplaced on the lunar surface. A chief export industry of the space settlers would involve the construction in space factories of power satellites (PowerSats) capable of converting solar power into microwave energy for use on Earth. The PowerSats would be positioned in geosynchronous orbit.

While an abundance of scientific and technical literature is beginning to emerge with respect to the settlement of Space, there is a dearth of legal literature on the subject. The following text is excerpted from sections of the research manuscript prepared by Mr Glazer for his JSD dissertation, which is entitled *The Planet of the Netherlands in Trans-National Space*. This abridged version is published with the author's permission and without prejudice to future publication in any law review or periodical selected by Mr Glazer. Footnote material is omitted.

The nuclear launch vehicle (Dumbo) can be an effective tool in reducing the cost of getting to Space. Nuclear payload costs of less than \$30 per pound are significantly lower than present (Shuttle) launch-to-orbit costs of greater than \$250 per pound. While certain designs will optimize the cost per pound, and will finely minimize the ultimate cost per flight, there seems to be a good deal of leeway for the engineering of propellant mixes. That is, the engineer will not be constrained to a very narrow band, just to satisfy cost criteria.

If a Hydrogen/Ammonia mix turns out to be an excessively complicated plumbing task, then there are only minor cost penalties associated with making the vehicle 100% Hydrogen. Similarly, if a 100% Hydrogen vehicle is too unwieldy, the engineer may consider addition of Ammonia for propellant with little or no change in cost per payload pound.

Perhaps the most important criterion in bringing down the cost of orbiting payload is the payload capacity. The weight of vehicle components can only be reduced so much as the vehicle gets smaller. Thus the weight of a motor in a 25,000 pound payload configuration is 10,000 pounds, versus 17,000 pounds in a 150,000 pound configuration. These diminishing returns in size reduction begin to add up rapidly in overall cost to the user.

A final design for a nuclear vehicle, then, will want to consider the trade-off between lower payload costs on the one hand, and greater complexity/decreased reliability on the other, as vehicle sizes are increased. This will be an engineering decision as much as a costing and marketing decision.■

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An installation or base on the Moon manned, under State auspices, by limited numbers of scientists who use lunar materials for local needs would not constitute national appropriation of a part of the Moon's surface. However, an installation staffed by upwards of 150 people who are there to operate and service a mass driver permanently affixed to ten miles of the lunar surface would clearly assail treaty strictures against national appropriation. But even apart from the immense size of the extractive facility and the large area of lunar surface area which it would occupy, any activity on the surface or subsurface of the Moon which calls for the extraction of thousands of tons per day of raw lunar material and the lofting of that material into Free Space for use by others would seem to constitute, in and of itself, the de facto appropriation of a part of the Moon if performed by States either jointly or severally.

Similarly, and putting aside for the moment future geostationary orbital requirements for PowerSats, certain States, even now, have taken the position that the use of any type of geostationary satellite

"can be regarded as an 'appropriation' of the equatorial orbit, which is a privileged portion of Space. In return for such de facto occupation, the State responsible for the satellite should agree to submit to certain rules."

If the injection into orbit of any geostationary satellite can be regarded as the de facto appropriation of a "privileged portion of Space", then arguably the construction of habitats at the stable Lagrangian points might also be equated with a de facto appropriation of another "privileged portion of Space."

While the ban on national appropriation emerges as the one space treaty provision flouted in fact, while treaty signatories continue to proclaim their adherence to it or interpret it out of existence, ownership and control of the hardware artifacts of space settlement present no problem under conventional international law. A veritable array of dissimilar entities on the Planet of the Fatherlands in Trans-National Space¹ may own and control such artifacts without fear of any cloud on their title. It is precisely because of differing combinations of ownership and control that it becomes entirely feasible to construct, within the present framework of international law, familiar and effective juridical models for rational management of the entire system of artifacts involved in space settlement.

In surveying types of juridical entities which either have existed in the past, which now exist, or which could exist without frontal assault on the State-centric system now in place, certain options emerge. While not intended to be an exhaustive enumeration, the following types of entities, or combinations of them, may own or control one or more artifacts essential for space settlement:

Option 1: Fully sovereign and independent States or a group of them.

Option 2: Private entities - including nationally-based corporations, and corporations chartered specifically for profit-making ventures in Space - provided that such entity is under continuing supervision by at least one State.

Option 3: A combine of States and private entities, with the latter supervised by the former.

Option 4: The United Nations Organization, or any other international inter-governmental organization which conducts space activities, provided such organization declares its acceptance of rights and obligations set forth in applicable conventions, and provided further that a majority of States, which are members of the organization, are also parties to specified conventions.

Option 5: Less-than-fully sovereign communities invested by multilateral treaty with international personality and legal capacity sufficient for assuming rights and obligations under the various space treaties in the same manner, and to the same extent, as international inter-governmental organizations, rather than fully sovereign and independent States.

As familiar types of control entities contemplated by the space treaties, Options 1 through 4 merit no further discussion. The essential elements of Option 5 have been present in terrestrial treaty contexts. The Free City of Danzig, established after World War I under the Treaty of Versailles, and the Free Territory of Trieste, established after World War II under the terms of the 1947 Allied Peace Treaty with Italy, furnish two examples of less-than-fully-sovereign communities considered sub generis in international law. Trieste, as a Free Territory, failed to assume international personality prior to partition and annexation in 1954 by Italy and Yugoslavia. The Free City of Danzig did. Articles 106-108 in establishing the Free City as a juridical entity also placed it under the protection of the League of Nations. Foreign affairs were lodged in the hands of Poland. In Article 103 of the treaty, provision was made for the drawing up of a Constitution by duly appointed representatives of the Free City, in agreement with the League of Nations Commission for who functioned as the nexus between the League and the Free City. Under the Free City's Constitution, human rights and fundamental freedoms were safeguarded, until finally extinguished in 1939 when Nazi Germany annexed Danzig.

Castigated as anachronistic, archaic, and constituting a paradoxical return in the 20th century to the medieval city-state, the Free City and Free Territory political experiments brought about by the World Wars might usefully be re-examined in a context of Space. First of all, the prognosis seems good that the community of nations may actually adhere to the de jure provisions in space treaties which specifically outlaw for all time in Space the aggressive expressions of national lunacy which led both to the creation and then to the forced demise of Danzig and Trieste as free areas. Second, in an approach that seems to be tailor-made for space settlement, the rights and obligations of the inhabitants of the Free City of Danzig were governed by a melding of treaty law and municipal law, which granted to them a marked degree of internal autonomy. Add to this the contemporary refinements of public international law which would fix and establish quite clearly that the people of a space community are themselves the subjects of international law. These refinements would also permit space communities to accept directly the entire panoply of rights and obligations operative in Space, without the involvement or intervention of a High Commissioner or other interlocutor appointed by the United Nations or by any State acting on behalf of the community.

Unlike most multilateral conventions, the space treaties provide for acceptance of rights and obligations by certain international organizations as well as States. There would seem to be no reason why a Free City in Space could not be constituted by treaty as an international inter-governmental organization with distinct juridical personality. By this means, the Lagrangian representative for external (terrestrial) affairs could be appointed by the space settlers themselves to represent their space community in all dealings with States on Earth, with the UN, and with other public international organizations. Such is the concept of Option 5.

Since the entities described in Options 4 and 5 are neither States nor their corporate creations, the thorny matter of de facto national appropriation of a part of the Moon's or "privileged portions of Space" at the geostationary orbit or stable Lagrangian points does not arise. While it does arise in connection with all entities described in Options 1 through 3, even here the selection of these control options, when interlocked with the others, would effectively blunt - if not eliminate - such concerns. Suppose, for example, that a multi-national corporation (Option 2) planned to own and control a PowerSat system in a sector of the geostationary orbit, and to this end the corporation engaged by exclusive contract a Free City in Space (Option 5) to build, operate, maintain, and repair all of the PowerSat units. When viewed from the rampart of the economic benefits which would flow to the Free City under such a support service contract arrangement, somehow the hue and cry of de facto national appropriation of a part of the geostationary orbit by means of a State-chartered multi-national corporation would seem to have a hollow ring.

For those who remain unpersuaded, could anyone seriously advocate that in addition to building, operating, maintaining, and repairing PowerSats, the Free City in Space (Option 5) should own and control them as well? While for assorted purists this arrangement would surely eliminate the bugaboo of national appropriation, few would argue that it would lodge to an unacceptable degree in the Free City power and control over future PowerSat systems deemed vital, if not indispensable, to terrestrial energy needs. The illustration points again to the vice of viewing space objects and hardware facilities in an isolated context. Clearly there is the need for a "systems approach" to all aspects of space settlement.

Made possible by the existence of a State-centric community of nations rather than a World government complete with Orwellian overtones, decentralized control of Lagrangian-area artifacts (habitats), Moon-area artifacts (mass driver and collector), Earth-area artifacts (PowerSats), and Spacecraft artifacts (Shuttles and Space Tugs), should portend that a rather healthy system of political checks and balances will be injected into the regime of space settlement at early stages. Rather than one type or category of entity in control of the entire system of artifacts, an array of dissimilar entities operating in Space for differing reasons and motives, including profit-making, would - to a far greater extent than legalisms in treaty provisions - ensure that political power in Space will not be monolithically centralized.

While any number of juridical models for space settlement can be constructed from the control options presented and the merits of their variegated combinations debated, that prodigious task is beyond the scope of this study. One hopes, however, that it is not beyond the scope or the attention of all future multilateral space conferences - particularly those pertaining to the Moon as well as those falling under the aegis of the International Telecommunication Union. In the paradigm favored by the writer, ultimate control of Lagrangian-area artifacts would fall sway to Option 5 (The Free City of Lagrangia); Moon-area artifacts to Option 4 (The International Lunar Authority); Earth-area artifacts to Option 3 (The Public/Private PowerSat Combine); and Spacecraft artifacts to across-the-board Options including, in particular, Option 2 (Trans-National Spaceways, Incorporated).

* * *

From his investigations, Mr Glazer has concluded that:

1. World Government is not the sine qua non of space settlement. In fact, the opposite is true. The present State-centric system of international law, if it endures for the next hundred years, should ensure that a healthy variety of entities - from private enterprise to Free Cities in Space - will have a hand in the venture. Their involvement portends that political power during early or beginning stages of space settlement will not be monolithically centralized.
2. The imminent negotiation of a Moon Treaty, and increasing international regulation of the geostationary orbit, are near-term legal events which affect the future of space settlement. However, international conferences and draft treaty texts concerning the Moon and the geostationary orbit are oriented to resource allocation for States on Earth, and do not take into account in any degree space settlement and the future priority of needs of space settlers for such natural resources. These near-term legal events must be addressed immediately by the proponents of space settlement, or contemporary treaty-making could hobble, if not pre-empt, the future of space settlement itself. One approach might be for private proponents to seek collectively so-called "Non-governmental Organization" status under the United Nations Charter, in order to ensure that a proper flow of expert information takes place on international as well as domestic levels.
3. Space law in its present posture deals with "space objects" and lunar-emplaced facilities in an isolated or limited context. It is not responsive in identifying a useable legal regime applicable to a far-flung, yet totally interdependent, "system of artifacts" essential for space settlement - ranging from habitats at the Lagrangian points, to a Moon-based mass driver, to PowerSats in geostationary orbit, and to the various spacecraft derived from Shuttle geometries which are to service all these. Future space treaties which elaborate the status of objects in Free Space and permanent facilities constructed on celestial bodies, should be oriented toward a "systemic approach" in the regulation of all such artifacts, and not deal with each category in an isolated context.■

1. Throughout his study, Glazer refers to the "Earth" as the "Planet of the Fatherlands In Trans-National Space", for purposes of assigning emphasis to the existing State-centric system of international law - a system which shows no sign of withering away in the foreseeable future. The time frame for his study is reckoned as the 100 year interval between the US Bicentennial and the US Tricentennial.

MIGMA (...continued from page 1)

Migma uniquely

- ... Ignites fusion by direct collision rather than by heating nuclear fuel.
- ... Uses natural, non-radioactive materials as nuclear fuel rather than the artificial, radioactive isotope tritium.
- ... Releases nuclear fusion energy to electrically charged atomic nuclei, rather than releasing the energy to neutrons, dangerous themselves, and which require thermal conversion of their energy to electricity.
- ... Uses a small elemental power cell (about 1 meter in diameter), one-thousandth the size of projected plasma devices; yet studies indicate that migma cells can be stacked to produce the desired power plant. Furthermore, mass-production makes the stacked migma cell system economically favorable for large scale power production.

Fusion Energy Corporation began its operation in 1973, after the AEC turned down my funding proposal, made as a professor of physics at Rutgers University. Six members of the staff and myself left the University and with private funds formed FEC. Our present staff is 48; the average age of the staff is 26.7 years. In addition, we draw on the services of about 30 research and business consultants. To avoid speculation, FEC is privately held - the stock is not publicly traded; it is sold only to high-technology corporations.

The migma process is the newest method of controlled fusion. Fusion is achieved by firing accelerated beams of atomic nuclei nearly head-on against each other. Migma is not a thermal process; it is fundamentally different from plasma heating approaches (magnetic, laser, relativistic beams, etc). Instead of relying on the random motion of plasma particles in thermal motion, migma uses the physics and technology of ordered particle motion in colliding beams. Colliding beams of nuclei have been operational only since the 1970s, and have been successfully used in high energy elementary particle physics laboratories worldwide.

Controlled fusion is not necessarily thermo-nuclear fusion. Fusion ignited by heating is common to all plasma, laser, and relativistic beam machines; it must use tritium as fuel because tritium is the only light-weight element which can be ignited at thermo-nuclear temperatures. There are many problems associated with tritium-burning fusion; two of them are: 1) it is environmentally undesirable, and 2) it hasn't worked. Obviously the second mitigates the first. Assuming tritium fusion eventually works (and we must: it's the only program the US government has), there are eight effects that make tritium fuel of questionable environmental acceptability:

1. As Fuel: Tritium is a radioactive gas of decay half-life 12 years. It easily replaces ordinary hydrogen in H₂O gas and certain organic molecules. In the human body the half-life is 10 days, long enough to do extensive damage.
2. Neutron induced radioactivity: 8 curies/watt of radioactivity is induced in electric power generation from neutron. Ninety percent of the radioactivity is in the lithium blanket, used to absorb energy from the neutrons; ten percent of it is in the containers of vessels which are constructed of high-z materials. As a consequence, the biological hazard potential (BHP) of a tritium fuelled reactor, if all the tritium were released, is BHP = 18,000 fatal cancers/year (0.5 rem/year/person).

3. Lithium blanket breeds tritium: Eighty percent of the energy of deuterium-tritium fusion products is carried by neutrons. These neutrons breed tritium from lithium. Of course fission also releases tritium. Projected tritium hazard from fission in 2000 AD is 0.15 mrem per person, on the average, including fatal cancer in 5 Americans/year. If fusion reactors are used instead of fission reactors, there will be 100,000 times more tritium released. Can anyone really believe that this increase can be handled without releasing more tritium to the environment?

4. "After Heat": For one month to one year, the tritium fusion reactor vessels will be radioactive.

5. Structural Problems: Materials will become brittle, as well as radioactive, because neutron fluxes needed for 1000MW (megawatt) power production are large. At an anticipated rate of 10^{27} to 10^{28} neutrons per day, the material will last only 1 day, perhaps only one hour. An optimistic projection is two to five years. Long before total destruction, the vessels will become brittle.

6. Heat Pollution: Energy recovery from the lithium "heat blanket" of a tritium-burning reactor can be no more efficient than the best known heat machines. Sixty to eighty percent of the heat produced will be released to the reactor surroundings. In New Jersey, for example, the atmosphere could not safely absorb the heat from more than one new 1000MW reactor. That is, in one state already today, thermal pollution prevents the construction of new power plants.

7. Fire Hazard: Lithium is a very chemically active material.

8. Personnel Hazard: No fusion lab today uses tritium. The dangers of breathing or ingesting it are well-known.

Fusion ignited by direct collision of atomic nuclei need not use tritium; colliding beam fusion can use "advanced fuels." Fusion in which only natural and nonradioactive isotopes are used as fuel, and whose major reaction products are charged particles, is referred to as "advanced fuel fusion." Advanced fuels are either readily available on Earth in large quantities, or can be "bred" by migma technology from abundant natural isotopes. Examples of advanced fuels are the nuclei of deuterium (directly extractable from ordinary water), boron (available as borax), and helium-3 (obtainable in several ways). Extrapolations, assuming mass production, show that all of these fuels can be easily handled and transported, and are non-contaminating to the vessels. Advanced fuel fusion is potentially the only process known today that can offer environmentally clean, non-polluting nuclear power.

We are told that fusion in colliding beams had been pondered since the interest in controlled fusion began, but because of certain difficulties associated with the then unexplored colliding beam concept, it was dropped in the mid-1950s. The successful operation of colliding beam machines in the late 1960s and the work at Fusion Energy Corporation, have overcome problems considered to be major obstacles in the 1950s. Further comparative studies, done at Fusion Energy Corporation, of all fusion systems show that most difficulties associated with the 25-year effort to control fusion are not intrinsic in fusion itself, but in the heating methods hitherto attempted.

Generalized criteria for controlled fusion, derived by us, show that controlled fusion is more favorable at the higher colliding energies of self-colliding beams than at thermo-nuclear temperatures.

The only real measure of proximity to controlled fusion for any device is energy gain: the ratio of energy output to energy input. This ratio was highest in the 1930s: 10^{-5} for Rutherford's beam-on-target experiment; now, for the "mainstream" plasma fusion devices, the ratio is 10^{-7} and becoming poorer. Difficulties in tritium heating methods are so complex that no plasma or laser scheme is expected to break even before the years 2000 to 2050. The highest plasma heating temperatures recently announced are about 130 million degrees. Without heating, the new self-colliding beam method (migma), now under experimental development at Fusion Energy Corporation, operates at collisional energies corresponding to 24 billion degrees.

On the basis of these developments, FEC has a seven year R&D program, now in its second year, whose aim is an operational prototype fusion power plant using He^3 as fuel, generating 10 - 100kW of continuous electric power, a percentage of which will be converted directly to electricity by deceleration in the prototype. This plan uses only commercially available technology, no wild extrapolations. For example, accelerators operating at 80% efficiency are commercially available today. Calculations point to the feasibility of a 1 to 6 megawatt power cell, 1.5 meters in diameter, utilizing deuterium, boron, or helium 3 as fuel.

This program is funded entirely by the financial community; 2/3 of the investment is American. The corporation is assured by a large Wall Street firm of continuous support, and at this time does not intend to apply for any public funds. Cost of the projected migma program is very small relative to that of other government funded fusion programs. FEC's present 5 year plan to develop a 100 KW power source carries a \$50 million price tag, including allowance for inflation. In comparison, the new fiscal 1977 ERDA budget requests \$80 million for one year for one plasma physics lab alone.

The R&D program of the corporation is periodically reviewed by an outside, independent board of consultants, selected from among the nation's top scientists and engineers. By written agreement, the names of the consultants cannot be disclosed publicly in order to avoid undue influence and dissemination of proprietary information. The program is also reviewed monthly by one scientist who reports directly to a Wall Street investment house. At the last review, the panel of 13 independent consultants presented their report to the Board of Directors of FEC. In their summary, they stated that the migma program is different in concept and philosophy from other approaches now being made toward fusion; that they see no fatal flaw in the project; and that no known or calculable effects are apparent at present to prevent the scheme from working. Only unknown, new phenomena may possibly cause problems.

To Summarize: All thermonuclear tritium fusion schemes involve radioactive materials, a heat cycle, and enormity of size. Unlike these schemes, the migma cell involves direct conversion into electric energy of the kinetic energy of charged fusion products, absence of radioactive materials, and small size of a basic unit, which is suitable for mass production. ■

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Follow-Up

OTRAC, a private German launch service (see The Earth/Space Newsletter, #2), has announced it has contracted with Zaire for use of 40,000 square meters in testing and orbiting its expendable launch vehicles. The company has plans to test a module of its unique low cost launch vehicle in sub-orbital test flight sometime this autumn. First orbital flight is expected no later than 1978.

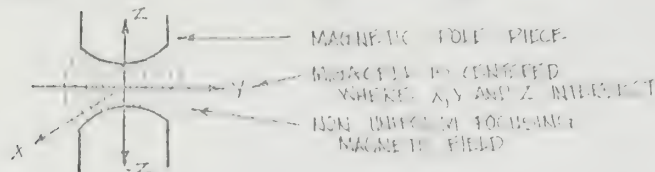
What Makes It Tick? A Beginner's Guide to Migma Fusion

By Conrad Schneiker

First generate a beam of 1 Mev deuterium ions. Accelerators are 50% to 80% efficient in doing this. Compare to other forms of fusion where heating efficiency is 3% or less.

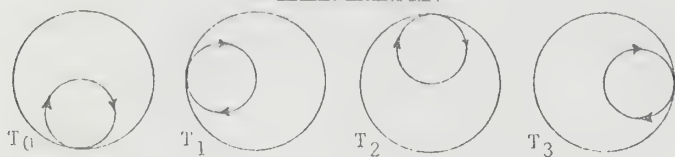


Then deflect the beam by a very non-uniform magnetic field. Notice that it is much stronger in the center.



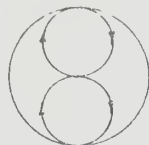
Ions from the beam enter this field via a magnetic channel. Once they are trapped by the field they start to orbit. These orbits (drawn as circles for simplicity) precess in the field. This is how the orbit for one ion moves when it is injected into the Migmacell:

TOP VIEWS



The ion will orbit 100 million times per second. Now look what happens when another ion is injected after the first ion orbit has moved from T_0 to T_2 :

TOP VIEW



Here the orbits intersect head on. If the ions in these orbits do not fuse but collide elastically, they move to new orbits which still intersect in the center of the Migmacell. If we bring a continuous beam of ions into this device, the result will be an infinite number of self-colliding orbits, like so:

TOP VIEW

SIDE VIEW



This is equivalent to an infinite number of colliding beams colliding at all crossing angles:

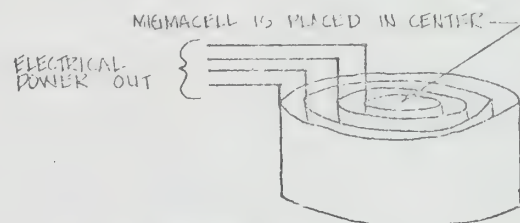
TOP VIEW



The weighted average crossing angle for collisions turns out to be 160 degrees - that is, almost all of the collisions are head on. Very unlike other forms of fusion, in Migma fusion the motions of the ions are highly ordered. This and the use of an accelerator gives high collision energies (about 1000 times higher than in plasmas). In this configuration, 95% of the fusions take place in 2.5% of the device radius. Multiple scattering losses are suppressed by the focussing magnetic field. This field causes the automatic return of Migma ions to the collision region.

So far we have just considered the positive ions in the Migmacell. To avoid the limit on the number of fusions per second caused by the resulting space charge, a process called time average neutralization by forced periodic motions of electrons is used. Electron and ion motion are for the most part orthogonal to one another. This allows the reaction rate to be increased by 100 million times. Combined with clearing fields, ion replenishment, and the fact that Migma is a fast fusion process (33% of fuel ions fused per second versus projected 1% for plasmas), the system will never turn into a Maxwellian plasma.

Direct conversion of fusion energy into electrical power is simple and straightforward. Almost all of the energy from Migma fusion is carried by charged fusion products. Their mean free path is very long, so they easily leave the Migmacell. The great majority of products leave the Migmacell in paths that are close to the plane of the colliding beams, which means they don't strike the superconducting magnets, heating them and wasting their energy. The energy from these particles is directly converted into electricity by deceleration via charged concentric cylinders outside the Migmacell.



CHARGED CONCENTRIC CYLINDERS
THAT DE-ACCELERATE CHARGED FUSION PRODUCTS

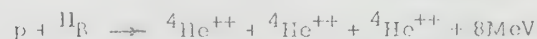
Projected power generation capacity for a production version Migmacell for commercial use is six Megawatts. To generate greater amounts of power, arrange Migmacells in stacks or arrays. By operating the Migmacell continuously or in pulsed mode, you can generate either AC or DC power.

For more information on Migma fusion, I highly recommend "The Migma Principle of Controlled Fusion" by Bogdan Maglich, published in Nuclear Instruments and Methods III (1973). ■

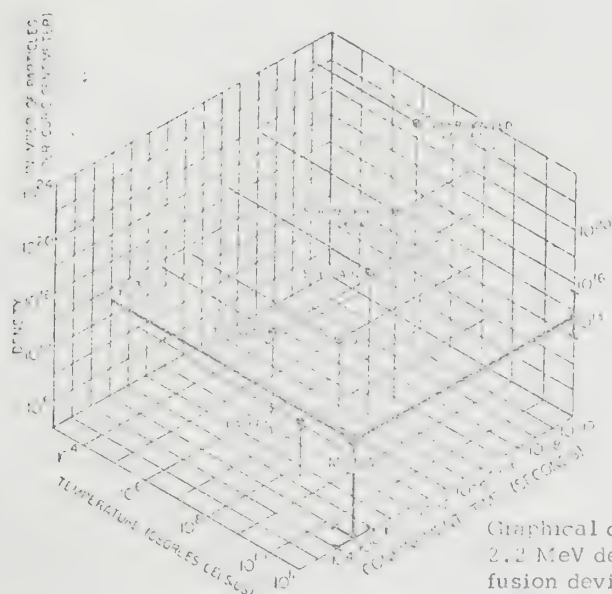
The Proceedings of the First Symposium on Advanced Fuel Fusion - Clean Fusion are available for \$15 from

B C Maglich
Guest Editor for the Proceedings
Box 2005
Princeton, NJ 08540

ADVANCED FUEL REACTIONS — ONE EXAMPLE

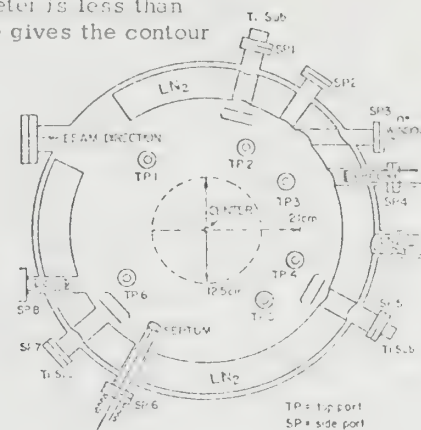


The "B11 - p" reaction is clearly desirable since it uses abundant, easily obtained fuel: protons, which are simply hydrogen nuclei, and non-radioactive boron. No pollutants result. All products are charged particles so all energy released can be converted directly into electricity.



Graphical comparison of the Migmacell using 2.2 MeV deuterons with existing and planned fusion devices. Note the high confinement time and temperature for Migma.

Top cross-sectional view of the Migmacell model. Note that its diameter is less than 1 meter. The dashed circle gives the contour of the magnet pole pieces.



Migma Fusion: Its Role in Space

By Conrad Schneider

In his book *The Third Industrial Revolution*, Harry Stine states

"A far reaching and final revolution is going to take place in our lifetimes. This revolution has already started. It is the THIRD INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, the final industrial revolution, the exploitation of the solar system."

Let's examine how the development of Migma fusion, a revolution in the field of energy generation, will affect the development of the Third Industrial Revolution.

First consider the application of Migma fusion here on Earth: the result will be an end to the projected rise in electrical power costs (in constant dollars), and quite probably a significant drop in the long term. The energy crisis with respect to electrical power generation will end. At one stroke the economic and environmental justifiers for solar power satellites are negated. Thus the widely held view that construction of such satellites will (or should) be the focal point of early industrial activities in Space appears to be false. This is indeed fortunate, since it frees up resources for more interesting (and profitable) ventures and keeps the weary taxpayer from being loaded with yet another burden.

Cheap and abundant electricity will bring about lower prices for the cryogenic fuels liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen, when they are produced by electrolysis on a large scale. These cryogenic fuels will supply daily (or more frequent) flights of SCORPs (Single-Stage-to-Orbit-And-Return) and HLLVs (Heavy Lift Launch Vehicles). These vehicles will be the workhorses that will provide transportation for materials and personnel to industrial and commercial space habitats, at sufficiently low cost to allow unsubsidized and highly profitable activities in Space on a large scale.

A systems approach would see Migma fusion powering large mobile platforms at sea. Equipment on the platforms would produce propellants such as hydrogen from sea water. Other parts of the platform would serve as launch pads for small rocket vehicles, which would ship minerals mined from the sea floor directly into space for processing.

In Space, every habitat or industrial module needs a source of energy. Until now, solar power has been the favored power source in Space, but solar power has some serious problems.

Near-term, the great majority of industrial activities will be concentrated in low Earth equatorial orbit, for various economic and technical considerations: the need for low transportation costs (via the above-mentioned vehicles); the need for rendezvous on short notice; etc. (See *The Earth Connection*, *Earth/Space Newsletter #3* for further details.) Since any object in low equatorial orbit passes through the Earth's shadow, solar energy would be available somewhat less than half the time. Possible remedies such as temporary storage equipment or beaming power from other sites only increase the overall cost of the energy generation system, while making it more complex, subject to failure, and more difficult to maintain. Another factor is the high assembly cost of the large solar supporting structures (and of course the cost of the structures themselves). These structures present a large cross sectional area to the Earth's tenuous traces of atmosphere - even in orbits of a thousand kilometers. Because of the large surface-to-mass ratio (along one axis), the orbit of the solar-powered satellite will, over a period of years, become perturbed. This would require special thrusting equipment just to keep the satellite or habitat from falling to Earth before all its costs were amortized. These factors suggest the desirability of an alternate source of power.

Nuclear power of some sort looks like the best alternative - primarily because of the very small amounts of fuel needed to produce a large amount of power. Fission is immediately ruled out because of cost; government regulation and licensing procedures for fission reactors; the rising cost of fissionable fuel and its possible scarcity in the near future; the high cost of safety systems and trained operating personnel; environmental opposition to shipping fissionable fuel through the atmosphere; military objections to such fuel and reactors being in orbit; etc. This leaves Migma fusion.

For reasons discussed in *The Migma Fusion Program* (page 12), other forms of fusion are unacceptable. Migma overcomes each of the problems of other fusion methods, and has some clear

advantages: direct generation of direct or alternating current; requires little assembly in Space due to its small size; it has good potential for high reliability and low maintenance; and it uses existing (i.e. less expensive) technology.

Migma is an ideal power source for Space in other ways. In Space there can be a symbiotic effect. The Migmacell is a very high vacuum chamber. Putting the Migmacell in Space makes this high vacuum cheap and easy to maintain. Elimination of the vacuum pumps and associated equipment makes Migma fusion equipment even smaller, lighter, and cheaper to operate than on Earth. Further, the main magnetic field through the Migmacell is generated by a cryogenic superconducting pair of magnets. The vacuum of Space makes cryogenic temperatures easy to attain and maintain - thus

reducing the need for refrigeration equipment which would otherwise be necessary to cool the magnets. In effect, Space is an ideal dewar flask of unlimited size. Migma fusion, ideal for power generation on Earth, is even better suited for operation in Space.

Cheap power in Space is an absolute necessity for the Third Industrial Revolution. Every industrial process needs it. It's vital to life support systems. It's needed for communications, space-borne computers, and the hundreds of other electrically powered systems which make large, sophisticated industrial colonies economically viable. With its impressive list of advantages over all other forms of energy generation, Migma fusion is certain to play a key role in making the Third Industrial Revolution a reality.

PLUG NOZZLES

...continued from page 1

The exhaust flow is constrained by and shaped by the interior wall of the nozzle during the exhaust process. Since propulsion characteristics are affected by external (atmospheric) pressure, the typical bell nozzle (by being designed for a specific pressure) is optimized in design for an average altitude. This of course implies sub-optimal performance at points other than the optimized altitude.

There seem to be two main advantages to the winged/bell nozzle approach:

1. The high L/D of the winged vehicle allows large lateral cross-range capability - up to 2000 miles in some designs. This is a technical consideration.
2. The existence of wings gives the appearance of familiarity to the observer. This is a psychological consideration.

The first advantage is particularly useful when the launch/landing site is significantly removed from the equator, and when a number of contingency landing patterns are anticipated. However, a vehicle which launches and lands (from equatorial orbit) on the equator needs little if any cross-range capability. Orbital dynamics has the vehicle passing over the landing site every orbit. In addition, this cross-range capability takes effect only after the vehicle has re-entered the atmosphere; but at the cost of some propellant, cross-range can be effected by proper positioning of the craft during de-orbit burn, before re-entry ... without wings.

The second advantage is an advantage only to those who resist change. And there are many, many resisters of change. However, while the appearance may be familiar, there is a crucial difference between using wings to fly through the air (aircraft), and using wings to re-enter from orbit (spacecraft). No vehicle has re-entered from Space with wings.

While there are several advantages to wings, there are also a number of disadvantages:

1. A chemically powered winged vehicle is difficult to size in single-stage configuration for small payloads.
2. Much of the vehicle's dry weight is taken up by the inert weight of the wings - which means less pay-load.
3. Adding wings to a vehicular shape adds inherent development and production cost.
4. Re-entry with wings requires considerable development.
5. Re-entry forces on crew members are from back to front - which is hard on the crew.
6. Landing requires a precise approach to a long runway.
7. Landing horizontally requires some form of break in the re-entry surface area, for wheels to be raised and lowered.

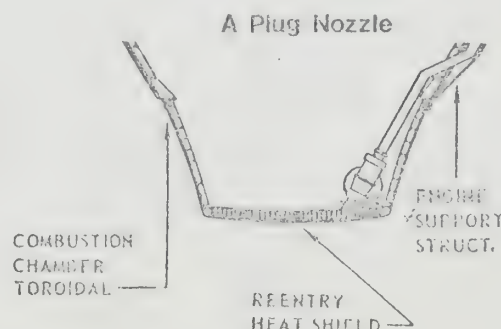
There may be some value, then, in exploring the alternative: vertical landing vehicles which use plug nozzles.

Vertical Take-Off and Vertical Landing (VTOVL) vehicles are shaped somewhat differently from the slender cylindrical body of your typical expendable booster. For stability reasons (and others), the VTOVL tends to be short and squat - an almost conical configuration. And all the VTOVL systems designed to date have the characteristic of re-entering in a lifting-ballistic mode ($L/D \approx 0.5$). While some designs would have the vehicle re-enter nose first, most re-enter plug first, or aft end down. This plug approach will be considered in comparison to the winged approach.

Typically, the VTOVL uses a truncated aerospike or plug nozzle engine. The plug nozzle has been under development and test for many years. Where the bell nozzle uses the inside of a wall for exhaust shaping, the plug nozzle uses its outside surface for shaping. Thus with the flow of exhaust being determined by the surface of the plug and ambient atmosphere, the exhaust expands intrinsically as a function of atmospheric pressure. This means optimized performance at all altitudes of the flight regime.

Further, it takes a significantly larger bell nozzle to produce the thrust of an equivalent rated plug nozzle. This means use of a plug nozzle, by engine characteristics alone, can lead to shorter, more compact, and lighter vehicles. (Translate: less expensive.)

The use of a plug nozzle is crucial to the success of the VTOVL. The beauty of the plug is not only that it appears to offer superior launch performance characteristics, but also that its blunt end can be used for re-entry. The base of the plug acts as its heat shield. Just like the Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo capsules.



By allowing re-entry without wings, there are inherent advantages to the plug nozzle configuration:

1. Re-entry techniques have been proved in many Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo flights.
2. Design simplicity leads to operational simplicity.
3. A plug nozzle configured vehicle can reach orbit (using H_2/O_2) with a single stage.
4. The whole system costs significantly less than a winged configuration designed for similar payload.
5. Re-entry forces are from front to back on crew members (the desired direction), at a reasonably low (3G) level.
6. A plug vehicle can land on water or land.

There seem to be two main disadvantages to the plug nozzle VTOL.

1. Lateral cross-range capability is restricted by inherent L/D ratios to 100 to 200 miles. But the problem of landing frequency can be overcome by launching and landing at equatorial sites. In addition, the plug vehicle is totally capable of launching and landing at higher latitudes.
2. The design needs some development in actual flight, and in landing under 1G (Earth) conditions.

Unless you need large changes in your flight path after re-entry, the choice in launch vehicle design seems to hinge on whether the prime determinant should be psychological (wings) or economical (plug).■

For further information:

The Enigma of Booster Recovery - Ballistic or Winged, by Philip Bono (Presented to the Second Space Technology Conference in Palo Alto, California; 9 - 12 May 1967)

Frontiers of Space, by Philip Bono and Kenneth Gatland (1969)

BETA, A Single-Stage Reusable Ballistic Space Shuttle Concept, by Dietrich Koelle (Presented to the XXist International Astronautical Congress in Konstanz, Germany; 4 - 10 Oct, 1970)

This Issue

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To Our New Readers

With this issue of Earth/Space News, our circulation reaches 1000. In this unique periodical, you will find concepts and realities of the future of Space which will be found in no other publication.

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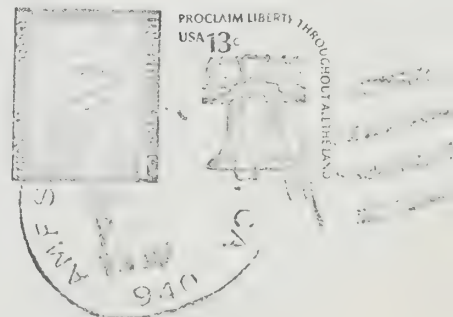
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Paul L. Siegler

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Apparently not. Carefully controlled studies in which results of ingesting MSG were evaluated in large numbers of volunteers did not support the hypothesis that MSG was the causative factor in discomfort resulting from eating Chinese food."

Which studies? If the IGTC had read the September 1969 issue of *Chemistry* magazine, they would have found there reports of studies made at both New York University and the Albert Einstein School of Medicine establishing a definite link between MSG and "Chinese Restaurant Syndrome." In the NYU tests, "Two teaspoonfuls of MSG in six ounces of tomato juice or broth produced the symptoms in 10 to 20 minutes. However, for men, four teaspoonfuls were required." At Albert Einstein, the tests were somewhat more thorough: Won Ton soup prepared without MSG

The threat of new federal regulations has sent the food industry scurrying to return the public and the government to their original complacency.

(to see if Chinese food by itself might be to blame) "caused no symptoms, and when eaten separately, neither did any of the other ingredients." But "MSG in 3-gram doses produced symptoms within 15-25 minutes." Moreover, "when administered intravenously, symptoms ap-

peared in 17 seconds." The studies continued: "Further trials eliminated the possibility that impurities in commercial MSG could be at fault; pure MSG prepared in the laboratory produced the same symptoms."

The more critical question of MSG safety involves infants, who, lacking certain biochemical defense systems, can apparently suffer neurological damage if exposed to MSG in the first days of life, and possibly through the first few months as well.

It is here that the packet commits its most serious distortion. According to the file, "The practice of adding monosodium glutamate to those few toddler foods in which it has been used was voluntarily discontinued by the baby food producers some years ago. They pointed out, however, that their action did not result from any negative findings of their products containing added glutamate, but from unwarranted publicity some of which possibly confused some of the public."

Dr. John W. Olney of the Washington University School of Medicine drew a somewhat grimmer picture when asked to report to a Senate subcommittee (his findings are reprinted in the book, *Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health*). Dr. Olney points out that "MSG-induced brain damage has been demonstrated in infant mice, rats, chicks, monkeys. The effect occurs following oral as well as subcutaneous administration and at doses of MSG that do not differ in magnitude from those used in foods. . . . A recent report from Japan, which has been confirmed in my laboratory, documents lesions induced in fetal brains by administration of MSG to pregnant mice. . . ."

In fact, the MSG was finally removed from baby food because of the attention drawn by Dr. Olney's work and widely publicized criticism by the well-known nutritionist Dr. Jean Mayer.

If the controversy left the public "confused," this confusion was very fortunate for the country's newborns.

The "information file" has other misinformation to peddle, such as the notion that "monosodium glutamate and other food components and additives generally recognized as safe are periodically reviewed by the regulatory authorities." Contrary to the impression that this statement might convey, the Food and Drug Administration of the federal government is the only authority that oversees the Generally Recognized As Safe (GRAS) additives. And the FDA is only

There's more to the egg than its perfect shape.



I WANT TO THANK EVERYONE WHO MADE POSSIBLE THIS AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN PACKAGE DESIGN...

The case for eggs has never rested upon the universally acclaimed perfection of the egg's shape. Its beautiful, bodegradable container is the ultimate of excellence in package design. But the existence of the egg is only the beginning of the good things the egg has in store for you. The convenience the egg offers, and the chemical additives the egg does NOT contain. It is a fact that eggs are the best source of protein in human nutrition. Further, eggs have fewer calories per gram of protein than any other natural food. Pound for pound, compared with all other foods, eggs contain the most concentrated nourishment and are one of the best value buys in your supermarket. Eggs are an important source of vitamins A, B, D, and E and are a preferred source of iron.

In any of their many and varied uses, eggs do NOT require freezer storage, defrosting, shaking or measuring. Eggs do not have extra calories and certainly do not contain chemical additives. There are NO emulsifiers (vegetable lecithin, mono- and diglycerides, and propylene glycol monostearate), cellulose, xanthan gum, fructose and triethyl citrate, aluminum sulfate, or iron phosphate. And eggs do not need artificial

flavorings or artificial colors.

Perhaps, you've heard that eggs are bad for you. There is absolutely no scientific evidence that eating eggs, even in quantity, will increase the risk of a heart attack. In fact, preliminary evidence indicates that eggs, which have a low cholesterol content, may actually help to lower cholesterol in the blood. Anyone who is dieting and is also concerned about their heart should eat eggs. In fact, eggs are a very healthy food. In fact, eggs are a very healthy food. In fact, eggs are a very healthy food. In fact, eggs are a very healthy food.

We're egg people. And we're committed to the cause of the good, wholesome, natural egg. We want to share the facts with you. We've put together a booklet which you can request by filling out the coupon on the left and sending it to us. You'll also get a free review of your physical condition. So, fill out the coupon on the left and send it to us in good shape with eggs.

FOR YOU

Eggs
200 Tucky Avenue
P.O. Box 1000
C. Please send me your book at

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

FOR SOMEbody ELSE

Eggs
200 Tucky Avenue
P.O. Box 1000
C. Please send me your book at

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

now working its way through its first review of the GRAS list. Additives that made it onto the GRAS list when it was established in the late 1950s got there not so much by virtue of their own hazardlessness as through the federal government's lack of testing facilities.

The current re-evaluation may itself be limited in scope; it certainly in no way represents a "periodic review." The government is no more prepared to vouch for the absolute safety of MSG than anyone else is, the International Glutamate Technical Committee included. Nevertheless, the government tends to take a pragmatic approach; the risk involved in MSG is not yet sufficiently obvious to override the considerable economic and legal ramifications of removing so widely marketed an additive as MSG from the food supply.

What, one might wonder, is the virtue of MSG?

The International Glutamate Technical Committee knows the answer: "MSG helps elevate the pleasure principle in eating foods, a most important contribution, since if food is not pleasurable, it is often left on the plate and the nutrition is lost to the diner."

Does the public buy it?

Barbara Hunter of the Dudley, Anderson, Yutzey Company, which handles the MSG account, says, "We've had a great response in terms of people asking to be put on our mailing list." Given the distortion in the packet, it's chilling to consider how much of the materials included is being passed on by food editors too busy or too lazy to check the facts. Ms. Hunter wasn't concerned about content. "I believe the companies have a right to tell their story, don't you?" she asked me ingenuously. "Even the National Commission on Egg Nutrition has a right to run what they please. It's a question of presenting both sides of the question."

If only it were.

How can nonspecialists spot untruths in food publicity?

I faced this problem recently when a spokesperson for the American Baker's Association arranged for me to interview one of their representatives over WEEI radio in Boston during a country-wide publicity tour.

The advance material promised that the woman, Beverly Barbour, would be bringing the "largest loaf of bread in the world" to the studios. Somehow, her publicity agent discovered in time that WEEI is a radio station and visuals such as a nine-foot plaster loaf of bread don't

The "public service" letter sent out by the Beech-Nut Corporation to 760,000 new mothers just happened to include coupons worth \$5.

count for much over the radio waves. So Beverly Barbour came empty-handed but full of the praises of white bread.

Because of the ambiguity of the advance material, I was unaware that Barbour was, in fact, specifically crusading to counter criticism of white bread, rather than simply offering recipes or noncontroversial diet advice as many talk-show-circuit types do.

As a result, I was unprepared to hear her claim, first, that white bread is so rich in iron, it ought to be part of every anemic's diet; second, that white bread, through its unique digestive qualities, is an indispensable aid in weight reduction; third, that the bleaching process used for white bread flour is entirely harmless and natural, and none of the food additives used in white bread are at all dangerous.

Fortunately, the interview was taped for later use rather than broadcast immediately. I had the option of throwing the tape away, which I did, rather than waste time researching and controverting her claims.

It was a temptation, of course, to use some of the more credible material: I have to crank out a certain number of

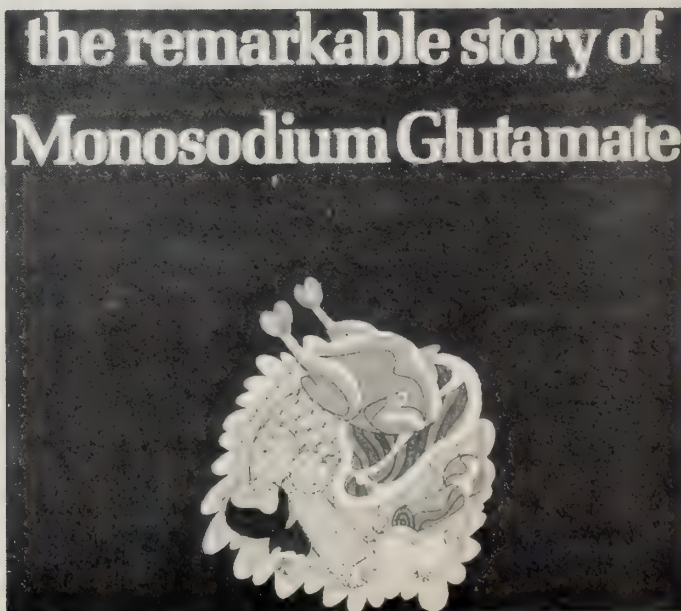
shows a week and have a limited amount of time in which to prepare them. Barbour had used an hour of that time already. Once broadcasters have used up time with a guest, the easiest thing to do is let the material run with a minimum of effort. A lot of sheer nonsense filters through the electronic media this way, particularly on small, local broadcast outlets that have no back-up research staff.

But there is one sure signal when a statement about food is inaccurate: over-generalization. Knowledge of food comes from laboratory tests and empirical observation; some researchers will interpret their findings one way; others, another. Any statement about food safety or nutrition that's not appended with an "if" or a "but" is not telling the whole story.

The real question is one of risk and benefit. Most foods have both. Some make you fat, but they taste good. Others have a lot of protein, but too much fat. Food preservatives, though they may prevent the immediate danger of food poisoning, present the risk of future diseases. Any honest discussion of food will present the evidence on both the risks and the benefits, and only then offer an interpretation as to whether the food is worth it.

Unless we are given both sides, we can be fairly certain that the food propaganda industry is on the job, attempting to force-feed us half-truths.

Phil Blampied is the editor and publisher of CHOMP, Boston's food and dining publication as well as a regular contributor to CBS radio in Boston.



Mark Fisher



convenient slant: data on the economic losses that food safety measures might incur, for example, or a slight rearrangement and reinterpretation of selected test findings.

In a word: Propaganda.

And, as the food industry has discovered, propaganda can work both ways. The Beech-Nut company recently turned its guns on the new trend toward home processing of baby foods, which was cutting into its market. As a "public service" (which just happened to include coupons worth \$5), the Beech-Nut company sent out a mailing to 760,000 new mothers throughout the country, warning that, in addition to the danger of food poisoning, use of homemade baby food could lead to nutritional deficiencies and even blood disease: specifically, the letter stated that "some cases of methemoglobinemia (lowered oxygen carrying capacity of the blood) have been reported in medical literature from the feeding of home-prepared spinach puree, carrot soup, and carrot juice."

Experts who have examined the company's claims have stated that the letter is highly exaggerated at best and certainly calculated to exploit consumer ignorance of the technical side of baby food making. It turns out that the National Academy of Sciences has recorded only one case of methemoglobinemia *in the entire medical history of the United States*. The clinical data Beech-Nut cited as evidence of nutritional loss in homemade baby food was extrapolated from a twenty-seven-year-old study of purees used with adult hospital patients. Moreover, the American Academy of Pediatricians disputes that food poisoning is a problem in homemade baby food: in response to the letter, they have stated, "Food poisoning is a very remote possibility if reasonable care is used in preparation and storage of homemade baby foods."

Shortly after the mailing went out, the city of Syracuse, New York, filed suit against Beech-Nut on the basis of the distortions in the letter, which went to some residents in that city. The suit was dismissed last winter on the grounds that Syracuse has no authority in the matter, because Beech-Nut corporate headquarters are in Canajoharie, New York.

But a second suit cropped up this summer on the other side of the country. The Public Advocates in the city of San Francisco have filed a class action suit against Beech-Nut, seeking to force the company to mount a national advertising

"There is no evidence," the ads claimed, that eating eggs, even in quantity, increases the risk of heart attacks or heart disease."

campaign to correct the distortions in the letter.

Another mendacious commercial food promotion was stopped dead in its tracks this past summer by the Federal Trade Commission: the eggs-are-good-for-you campaign of the National Commission on Egg Nutrition.

In 1973, egg farmers and distributors in the U.S. noticed a definite drop in sales following publicity concerning the high cholesterol content of eggs. Cholesterol levels in the blood have been linked to heart disease, and though the link between dietary and blood cholesterol has not been clearly established, the general assumption, upheld by many food technologists and nutritionists, is that eating eggs aggravates blood cholesterol levels and increases the risk of heart attack. The slightest margin of doubt, however, was all it took for the pro-egg side to lay the groundwork for a national Commission on Egg Nutrition, a gerry-built trade association created specifically to fight the cholesterol-linked decline in sales.

The NCEN hired a New York City advertising agency, Richard Weiner, Inc., to improve the image of the beleaguered egg. In a short time, Weiner and the Egg Commission were running large ads in the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times* extolling the benefits of egg consumption and completely denying any connection between heart attack risk and egg cholesterol.

"There is no evidence," the ads claimed, "that eating eggs, even in quantity, increases the risk of heart attacks or heart disease."

The statement is simply untrue, of course. The Federal Trade Commission, charged with minimizing false claims in advertising, quickly generated a federal injunction against the ads until hearings could be held on the validity of the claims. The hearings, which lasted many months, established that the ads were

fallacious, and on August 6, 1976, the FTC issued a final ruling forbidding the ads to include the implication that egg eating has no effect on the heart.

Careful not to overstep its bounds, however, the FTC noted that its judgment was not to be construed as a ruling in the cholesterol controversy. It objected solely to the statement that there exists no scientific evidence linking egg intake and predisposition to heart attack. The FTC has ordered that if the advertisements are to run again, they must make clear that many medical experts believe that existing evidence indicates a connection between egg consumption and coronary disease. And the ads will have to explain that the National Commission on Egg Nutrition is a commercial organization. Not surprisingly, the egg producers have so far not bothered to run the ads as amended.

Not all propaganda efforts have created as much stir as the baby food and egg campaigns. For instance, an "information file" on monosodium glutamate, or MSG, the flavor enhancer, has been mailed out regularly to major newspapers over the past two years with no appreciable impact. The file, an excellent example of selective, dishonest presentation of technical material, was prepared by a New York public relations firm (Dudley, Anderson and Yutzey, specialists in food PR) and financed by a group calling itself the International Glutamate Technical Committee. IGTC represents American firms such as Stouffer's and the Underwood Corporation (which manufactures Accent) as well as a number of Korean, Japanese, and Italian concerns; much of the MSG industry is concentrated overseas.

The file, which comprises to date a dozen or so pamphlets, plus assorted illustrations, presents MSG as a useful flavor-enhancing ingredient for cooking that is both effective *and* safe. Anyone who has experienced "Chinese Restaurant Syndrome," however, may find the committee's assurances a bit hard to swallow. The syndrome, as defined informally by thousands of restaurant goers, consists of burning, itching, or cramping sensations, attributed to a heavy hand with the MSG.

The "information file" gives the impression, however, that only hysterical, impressionable people can harbor any doubts about MSG safety. One leaflet announces: "Consumers question whether MSG is responsible for causing the so-called Chinese Restaurant Syndrome.

...and the girl next door.

"You might call the Pink Garter one of your basic strip joints. A bar, some tables—and five or six dancers with pasties and G-strings."

The girl seated at the bar looked like any other girl I might have gone to Southwest High with—only years younger than my class.

"This is one of my dancers," owner John Tuccilo said, pointing to the pretty girl. "She's been with me for 10 years."

It turned out she did go to Southwest. And before that Raytown High, and after Southwest, it was Paseo for a year.

In high school she was Bonnie Johnson. Now, when she goes on stage at the Pink Garter, they call her "Foxey Lady." An unusual name for an unusual girl, to say the least.

At age 33, she appears to be 21 or 22. She has a 16-year-old daughter who she says looks 20. Often, the two will play "Guess who's the mother?" And more often than not, the guesser will pick the wrong one. Yet Bonnie has been through a lot, packed a lot of things into those years since she was at Southwest, several marriages, lots of things.

For instance, she started as a bartender at a place called "The Hootnanny"—a folk singing sort of bar on Troost, also operated by John Tuccilo. Then, someone named Toni Todd offered to break her into the stag show circuit. There, Bonnie saw a chance to make good money and to do what she really wanted to do—dance in front of men—without any clothes on her.

"We stripped naked—no G-string, no nothing," she said. "That's the way I prefer to dance. The body's a beautiful thing. Covering it up makes it nasty."

She told her story as we



By Tom Leathers

Photograph by Marilyn Spencer

sat at a small table at the Pink Garter, located at 31st and Main, next door to the Jewel Box. Both have the same owner. On the stage behind her, the featured stripper, Legs Diamond, was doing her specialty. And that specialty is taking a bath in a red plastic tub—in full view of the audience. Four times a night Legs gets out the soap and brush and slowly scrubs and scrubs and scrubs. ("She's the cleanest girl in town!" John Tuccilo says with a chuckle.)

As soon as Legs would get all the dirt off and finish her act, Bonnie would take over. You could tell she was anticipating the performance.

"It turns on something inside me to dance and strip," she said. "Especially if I can make eye contact with some of the guys in the audience. If I can't, I don't enjoy it as much."

When she first started, Bonnie was frightened, she said, and tried to shyly look away. Then, she realized the advantage of looking the customers in the eye—and from then on, the search for eye contact was on.

She looked around at the audience watching Legs—about 15 men. No women that night. She says she doesn't try to figure out why a man comes to see her—because it could be one of several reasons.

"Maybe he just wants to build a fantasy," she said. "Or maybe some sort of stimulation. Or maybe he's just lonely. Whatever the reason, I work to fill that need."

She doesn't feel there's any

(continued on next page)

girl next door

(continued from preceding page)

conflict between her life and her beliefs.

"I'm trying to help people, just like a lot of people are," Bonnie explained. "Really I'm a very spiritual person. A Christian, but without an organized church."

Once she said she was sexually promiscuous. Now she's in love, so there's only one man in her life.

"I've done one-night stands—with lots and lots of men," she said. "Sometimes I enjoyed it, sometimes I didn't."

And what makes the difference?

"I can really feel close to a man if he has a good attitude towards me, believes that I'm a nice girl and treats me that way."

In one stretch of time she accumulated a lot of money from her one nighters. At prices that sometimes went as high as \$250 a time.

Her biggest weekend brought her \$1,200—contributed by "12 to 24 men who paid from \$50 to \$100." That was in her promiscuous days, she said.

But what if a man offered her \$100 tonight, she was asked. Would Bonnie accept? She pondered that a moment, then wagged her head negatively.

"No, not tonight, I wouldn't," she said.

But tomorrow night?

"Probably not," she said.

"The only way I'd take it is if I needed money. Right now I don't, so I'd say no."

But regardless, she said, she wouldn't take money from a man she meets at the Pink Garter. Not on the job.

She said she tries not to keep up with the activities of the other strippers.

"I don't know what they do," she explained. "Except that most strippers I know are bi-sexual."

She herself has had several experiences with women, but

each time it was when they were with a man.

"I felt very competitive with the other woman," she said. "So I tried all the harder to win the man—and the other girl."

She looks at strip teasing as a form of fantasy. And it's fantasies that men want to talk about later as she sits at the bar. They sit down beside her and quickly want to know her secrets.

"They always want to know about my own physical life—my favorite experi-

the sadists and take off my belt and swing it around," Bonnie added. "They like that."

Right now, Bonnie has a boy friend—or a lover, as she describes it.

"He has mixed feelings about my dancing. Sometimes he likes it, other times it depresses him."

But his parents don't appreciate her occupation, she said. His dad is a professional man, his mother is an outspoken foe of pornography.

Lots of eye contact, to be sure...



ences, etc." she said. "So not wanting to disappoint them, I make up a good one that really makes their eyes bug out."

"I tell them I'm a dominant woman and like to hold young boys on my lap. Then, I add whatever details my wandering mind can envision. They like that."

Her act is also designed to please the moods of all her audience, she says.

"Sometimes I'll cater to

"They're embarrassed by what I do, but I'm not ashamed at all," she said.

Recently her boy friend was out of town on business for three months. And Bonnie said she practiced celibacy—"for the first time in my life."

"I'd been studying a form of meditation for six years, and I figured if I was ever going to be a celibate, now was the time."

Each morning she'd return

home, keyed up from a night at the Pink Garter. And each night she'd meditate and practice her faith. And it worked, she said—though at times it was difficult.

"All in all, it was a nice experience," she said. "Through it all, I felt I could hear an inner voice."

Up on stage, Leggs was now in the rinse cycle—nearing the end of her act. So Foxy Lady excused herself and went back stage.

She made her entrance through a curtain, accompanied by music on a scratchy tape. Halfway through the act, John Tuccillo left his spot behind the bar to try to stop the blurred sound. But he was unsuccessful and the scratchy music persisted.

Foxy Lady was undaunted. She danced on, took off some things, put on others—like a negligee. Throughout the 15 minutes, there was real vigor in her act. Surely, there was plenty of eye contact. She rolled on the floor, even sucked her thumb and enthusiastically moved from one phase to another. Among other things, her props included a shag rug and a chair. And once she slapped herself, and later turned a somersault.

As I left, Foxy Lady was still dancing. John walked with me to the door.

"You have to come back when Tangerine is here," he said. "She's off tonite. She's our star."

He explained that Tangerine is a comic who has appeared with Redd Foxx—on the Sanford and Son TV show.

"She's a little dirty, but great," he said.

I took one last look at Bonnie. At that moment, she was in a pose that was somewhere between the best of the Flying Wallendas and Rudolph Nureyev. An inspired performance, to say the least. Tangerine would have to go a long way to top her . . .

TO DISRUPT THE CELEBRATION

Bicentennial Party: Terrorists Say They're Coming, Too

Copley News Service

WASHINGTON — The United States government has taken seriously threats of terrorist groups to disrupt the nation's Bicentennial celebration next year and has laid careful plans to try to prevent trouble.

The working group of the President's Cabinet Committee to Combat Terrorism is known to have perfected a communications network linking all agencies that will be involved in attempting to prevent violence.

This will permit the speeding and sharing of any intelligence developed on plans of the radical organizations, hopefully before they take any overt action.

However, Justice Department officials, the FBI and police in major cities readily acknowledge they have not been successful in penetrating terrorist cells in the past and chances of advance tips this time are not good.

The result is, as one highly informed Justice official put it:

"We're expecting some action . . . but we're ready."

Precisely what they will have to guard against is far from clear. The chief evidence that trouble is coming is provided by the words of the groups themselves and their already demonstrated capacity for violence.

The most clearcut of these threats was relayed by

Francisco Martinez, who identified himself as a labor relations consultant and researcher for Puerto Rican industries, in testimony before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee last July 30.

He quoted Juan Mari Bras, secretary general of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party, as stating:

"We are going to turn upside down the Bicentennial celebrations (in the United States), if by that time the United States has not ended its colonial regime in Puerto Rico. Thousands of Puerto Ricans, blacks, Mexican-Americans, Indians and other racial minorities will invade the City of Philadelphia on July 4, 1976."

Evelle Younger, attorney general of California and a recognized authority on his state's radical groupings, also told the same subcommittee on Sept. 23, 1974:

"Bits and pieces of information, however slight, are appearing in underground publications indicating that plans are already being formulated to insure that the 200th anniversary year of the United States is marred with domestic violence."

In the same vein, Dennis Banks, one of the leaders of the militant American Indian Movement, told reporters in Philadelphia last December:

"In Midwestern states where there is a sizable Indian population we plan to disrupt the Bicentennial activities

in 1976, but in large eastern cities like Philadelphia we will not be able to do so.

"Therefore we hope that blacks and others who are aware of the monstrous injustices done to Indian people will take similar actions. There is nothing to celebrate on Indian reservations because for the last 200 years the government's attitude has been to ignore all of our treaty, human and legal rights."

Much more violent in its threats is a little known group that calls itself the "Emiliano Zapata Unit." Supposedly a California-based Chicano group, it has stated that commando units will engage in political assassinations and kidnappings during the Bicentennial.

Beyond that, reports of threats from other groups are vague and the degree of danger difficult to assess. But there has been speculation that a wide spectrum of radical organizations will attempt to coordinate their efforts to attack Bicentennial events, a development that could escalate the danger considerably.

Government investigators, however, have noted a strange similarity in the pronouncements made by a number of these groupings, including the New World Liberation Front, an umbrella organization headquartered in the San Francisco Bay area; the Black Liberation Army; the Red Guerilla Family; Symbionese

Liberation Army; Weather Underground, and Black Guerilla Family.

One result of this analysis is a strong suspicion that these are basically all directed by one central core group of radicals, and in fact may be essentially one organization. The multiplicity of names has been invented to make police think the radicals are growing in strength and numbers.

To the contrary, the best available intelligence indicates there are only approximately 40 left in the Weather Underground, and about nine left in the Symbionese Liberation Army, the group that kidnaped Patty Hearst. Many of the others may have only a handful of members.

Perhaps the most serious threat comes from the Puerto Ricans. Martinez, in his testimony before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, saw a direct linkage between radical elements of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party and the Puerto Rican terrorist group operating in the United States known as the FALN or the "Fuerzas Armadas de Liberacion Nacional Puerto Riquena." It has no more than 30 members.

In little more than a year, however, FALN has claimed credit for 26 bombings, including the noontime

(Continued on Page C-6, Col. 1)

LOW SEASONAL RATES

The Republic Season is that wonderful part of the year when Republic Van Lines' low seasonal rates are in effect. Between October 1st and May 31st you can save up to 10% when you move with Republic Van Lines. Be careful—most moving companies do not offer these low rates. Check with Republic!

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be as careful as we are.

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Republic Van Lines is giving you
244 days to save money
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The Republic Season is about to begin.



The Sweet Sleuth Gone

CURTAIN

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

238 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$7.95.

This is the book that Agatha Christie wrote 30-odd years ago in which her legendary detective, Hercule Poirot, dies. She had wanted it published after her death but recently changed her mind. The reason, according to her publishers, was the box office success of the film *Murder on the Orient Express*, which created a huge demand for Poirot that the author was too frail to meet with a new book.

Nonsense. What is far more likely

SNOWDON—CAMERA PRESS



DAME AGATHA CHRISTIE

One last triumph.

is that at 85, Dame Agatha decided to enjoy one more triumph. If *Curtain* is not quite the revolutionary mystery that *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* was in 1926, it is a major tour de force. Once again Christie has twisted the classic form in which she writes, and has come up with something new. *Curtain* is a shocker. It will cause intense, benign controversy and become an enormous bestseller. It is to be hoped that Queen Elizabeth has more ribbons in her closet to decorate this enduring and lonely symbol of British vitality.

As even doornails must know by now, the murderer in *Ackroyd* is the narrator, a genial village doctor. No one had ever pulled that trick, and there are purists who still argue that the author cheated. But if the device came as a rev-

elation, the source should not have. Six years earlier, Christie had broken ground modestly in her first book, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*; the villain was the first and most obvious suspect, from whom attention had long since been diverted.

Christie quickly became mistress of complex, cerebral plotting. Though she once wrote a book based on the Lindbergh kidnaping (*Murder on the Orient Express*), she would probably have been powerless even in her prime to turn the Bronfman case into fiction. It was too



A PORTRAIT OF POIROT

One last challenge.

badly bungled. Among the 65 thrillers she has written in a 55-year career are several classics: *The ABC Murders* is a fiendish triple trap, *Murder in the Clouds*, a sleek variant of the locked-room play set in the cabin of a small airplane, *What Mrs. McGillicuddy Saw*, a neat bit of one-upmanship on Josephine Tey's *The Franchise Affair*.

In the past decade or so, Christie's plots have become slacker and there has been a tendency toward capriciousness, which always lay just behind her virtuosity. *Curtain* turns back time to her great days. For a setting it goes all the way back to Styles St. Mary, where she

and Poirot, her most famous creation, started out. The manor, which was once occupied by gentry, has become during World War II a rather meanly run "guesthouse," but in other respects, it is positively miraculous how little has changed since 1916. Then, as later, the action begins with the arrival of Captain Hastings, easily the most block-headed tribute ever paid to Dr. Watson. His virtues are decency and loyalty to England and Poirot, but as the latter notes, he has a flair for the obvious and "a speaking countenance."

Poirot was arthritic even then, and Hastings, himself the picture of ruddy health, notes each time how his idol has "failed." Christie has never bothered changing her detective. He is always a badly bespoke would-be dandy. (He wilts in *Poirot Loses a Client* when someone observes that he is foreign. "And yet my clothes are made by an English tailor," he protests.) He fractures the language of Shakespeare—"Figure to yourself then"—until the time comes to explain his feats of detection. Then he speaks perfectly well. His considerable vanity is centered in his great waxed mustache—"the finest in London." In *Cards on the Table*, there is a man whose mustache compares with Poirot's; the fellow dies within 20 pages.

Unlike the busy Holmes, Poirot is an armchair detective. His "little grey cells" and his dispassion are more powerful than any magnifying lens. "There is nobody and nothing I do not suspect," he says. "I believe nothing I am told."

Confined to a wheelchair and suffering from serious heart trouble, Poirot is facing his greatest challenge in *Curtain*: a pathological murderer whose greed for death increases with each new victim. This person is at Styles. Poirot, though rich, resigns himself to the watered soup and the brussels sprouts and invites Hastings to be his legman.

Grey Cells. For most of its length, the book is typical first-rate Christie: fast, complicated, wryly funny about the British. At the end there are two jolts. In retrospect, the story seems less "typical." Hastings is as fuzzy as ever but there is a new hardness in Poirot. He almost never lapses into silly English, and he is even snappish with his friend: "If you cannot use your grey cells as you do not possess them, use your eyes, your ears and your nose if need be in so far as the dictates of honor allow."

Honor is the theme here—Poirot's and Christie's, because once again she breaks another rule of her exacting genre. By way of preparation, there is talk about Iago as the perfect plotter and the notion that every man may be a murderer. As announced, Poirot dies at the end, but the reader can safely be assured of at least one thing: Hastings comes through all right. Christie



FREER GALLERY OF ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Page from a Koran, ink and gold on parchment, 8th-9th century.



Silver inlaid Syrian canteen, mid-13th century.



Enameled and gilded glass bottle,
Syrian, mid-14th century.

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FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

gangsters knew of her affair with Kennedy, but she insisted that neither of them tried to encourage or make use of it.

By her account, she visited Kennedy at the White House more than 20 times, usually for intimate lunches. The Senate committee learned that on one occasion, while she was staying with Roselli and Giancana at Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hotel, she made a side trip to Palm Beach to spend time there with Kennedy. Judy claimed that she received countless telephone calls from him, and she seemed to dial his number quite often as well. White House logs show that during a 54-week period in 1961 and early 1962, she telephoned Kennedy 70 times from her home in Los Angeles, Oak Park and other spots.

Last Call. She declined to talk about her own background—how she was raised in Los Angeles as one of five children (two brothers, two sisters) of an architect; how she was married at 18 to a movie actor named William Campbell; or how, after her divorce about four years later, she managed to support a plush life-style that included a Los Angeles-area apartment and a Malibu beach house ("I was always financially able to take care of myself"). Eight months ago, she married a San Diego golf pro and now lives in a mobile home.

The end of her friendship with Kennedy apparently came when FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, whose sleuths learned of the affair during their investigation of Giancana and Roselli, had lunch with Kennedy at the White House on March 22, 1962. No one knows what the two discussed during the time that they were alone. But Hoover had made a point of being briefed beforehand about Judith Campbell's disconcerting friendships with both gangsters and a President. And according to White House logs, the last known telephone call between J.F.K. and Judy came only a few hours after the luncheon.

"... so then the big guy says, 'Hey, Toots! Ask not what your country can do for you—get this here message to Giancana!'"



PRESIDENT KENNEDY GREETING WOMEN AT THE SPRINGFIELD, ILL. AIRPORT IN 1962

Jack Kennedy's Other Women

When Judith Campbell Exner said last week that she had "a close personal" relationship with Jack Kennedy, she was only confirming what had long been a matter of open and widespread speculation: that even after he entered the White House, the handsome and fun-loving Kennedy never stopped pursuing attractive women—nor they him. His privacy guarded by discreet Secret Service agents, his wife often away on vacations, his duties affording frequent travel, and the aura of his office proving nearly irresistible, Kennedy as President found the catching all the easier.

Inevitably, a legend of prodigious sexual activity would enwrap as romantic a figure as the wealthy, glamorous young President. Kennedy, moreover, seemed to enjoy the image. He never hid his fondness for attractive women, seeking them out for special attention

as he moved into crowds to shake hands or spotting a comely campaign worker among his wide-eyed supporters. Once he startled two proper Britons, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and Foreign Minister R.A.B. Butler, during a 1962 conference in Nassau by casually confiding that if he went too long without a woman, he suffered severe headaches.

Plenty of Fire. The eagerness of many women to cure his headaches may have stretched the legend beyond reality. Insists one woman who moved in Kennedy's show-business social circle: "If all women who claimed privately that they had slept with Jack had really done so, he wouldn't have had the strength left to lift a teacup." Yet under all that smoke, there was apparently plenty of fire.

At least two well-known beauties told close friends about their affairs with Kennedy. Before her accidental death in 1967, Actress Jayne Mansfield claimed to have carried on a three-year intimate and intermittent romance with Kennedy. There is little doubt that Marilyn Monroe also had a sexual relationship with the President. Show-biz Chronicler Earl Wilson claims without qualification in his book *Show Business Laid Bare*: "Marilyn Monroe's sexual pyrotechnics excited the President of the United States." According to Wilson, their intimate relationship began about a year before her death and was pursued in New York's Carlyle Hotel, the Beverly Hills Hotel, Peter Lawford's Santa Monica home, the White House, and even in Kennedy's private plane, *Caroline*. Once, Wilson relates, Monroe returned from a meeting with the President and confided to a friend: "I think I made his back feel better."

Other celebrities linked with Kennedy in gossip columns have either de-



KIM NOVAK (1958)

nied any intimacies with him, refused to talk at all, or in some cases said they had never even met him. They include Actresses Angie Dickinson, Kim Novak, Janet Leigh and Rhonda Fleming.

Sources familiar with the Kennedy White House contend that Kennedy's liaisons were mostly with relatively unknown young women. Most often cited are two women who displayed few secretarial skills but worked on his staff. Bright and charming, they were attractive—but were neither sensational beauties nor sultry playgirls. British Director Jonathan Miller, who once saw them around the White House, claimed that they looked “like unused tennis balls—they had the fuzz still on them.”

No Discernible Duties. The two often turned up in the presidential entourage when Kennedy was traveling. Although assigned no discernible duties, they were with Kennedy in Nassau when he met Macmillan to discuss cancellation of the Skybolt missile program, at Yosemite Park when he plugged conservation measures, at Palm Beach when he was vacationing. They usually were assigned quarters near the President and were code-named “Fiddle” and “Faddle” by the Secret Service.

Somewhat sadly, one young woman who had known Kennedy intimately when he was a Senator had fallen in love with him. Assigned a job on the National Security Council staff when he became President, she was always available. Kennedy's nonchalant attitude toward such encounters—as well as his agility in keeping his outside pursuits from interfering with his official duties—was shown one summer afternoon when the two were interrupted by a knock on the Lincoln Bedroom door. Angered, Kennedy threw the door wide open. There stood two top foreign affairs advisers with a batch of secret cables—and a clear view of the woman in bed. Never bothering to close the door, Kennedy cooled



MARILYN MONROE AT J.F.K. PARTY (1962)

down, read the dispatches, and made his decisions before he returned to his friend.

It was apparently not uncommon for some of Kennedy's closest male friends to send willing young women to the White House. One newspaper columnist was once overheard telling a smashing brunette how to get into the mansion with a note that he wanted delivered to Kennedy. Kennedy later called the columnist back to confirm: “I got your message—both of them.” Secret Service agents would pass such casual women under presidential instructions, although they worried about it. More frequent visitors, including a number of airline stewardesses, underwent full Secret Service investigations.

Recent reporting has put one celebrated Kennedy anecdote into a different perspective. Newsmen watching



JAYNE MANSFIELD (1962)

Kennedy's movements on the night before he was nominated as the 1960 Democratic presidential candidate caught him climbing over a backyard fence near his suburban Los Angeles hideaway. Kennedy shouted that he was going off “to meet my father.” Reporters have since learned that the stealthy visit was more likely to the nearby home of a former diplomat's wife he had known for some time.

The only book by a former White House employee to delve into Kennedy's sexual activities as President is Traphes Bryant's *Dog Days at the White House*. A temperamental, unreliable source, Bryant was an electrician and kennel keeper at the White House from Truman's days through Nixon's. The gossip book is selling briskly with tales of backstairs intrigue that are impossible to verify.

Telltale Hairpins. According to Bryant, the housekeeping staff engaged in “a conspiracy of silence” to keep Jack's trysts a secret. Jack would sometimes lounge naked around the White House swimming pool when Jackie was away, and women would arrive, undress, and join him. He also tells of once taking the elevator past the family quarters in the course of his duties after the First Lady had left the mansion. “Just as the elevator door opened, a naked blonde office girl ran through the hall between the second-floor kitchen and the door leading to the West Hall. There was nothing to do but to get out [of the vicinity] fast and push the basement buttons.”

The staff always scurried around after a woman had visited Kennedy, according to Bryant, to retrieve telltale hairpins. He also relates a conversation when Jackie allegedly found a woman's undergarment tucked into a pillow slip. She is supposed to have said calmly to Jack: “Would you please shop around and see who these belong to? They're not my size.”

JANET LEIGH & ANGIE DICKINSON (BOTH 1961)



training to Angolan guerrillas at least as far back as 1960. Early in 1975 the U.S. sent a small sum—roughly \$300,000—to one of the anti-Soviet groups. By last summer the Soviets had sharply increased their aid to the M.P.L.A. as the Portuguese prepared to pull out. U.S. experts estimate that Moscow's aid this year has totaled more than \$100 million. According to both British and American experts, the Soviets have sent the M.P.L.A. an air-defense system of SA-7 missiles, substantial numbers of T-54 and T-55 tanks, armored personnel carriers, antitank guns, heavy artillery and 107-mm. and 122-mm. rockets.

The more than 6,000 combat troops that Cuba has provided at the Russians' bidding are led by no fewer than seven officers with the rank of brigade commander (roughly equivalent to brigadier general). They are believed to include Senen Casas Reguiero, who was first deputy minister of the Cuban armed forces and chief of the general staff, and his brother Julio, a top logistics expert.*

Secret Program. According to Ford Administration officials, the U.S. began sending significant supplies in August to the anti-Soviet factions at the urging of Angola's neighbors—Zaire, Zambia and South Africa. As required by law, the Administration informed eight congressional committees and subcommittees about the operation, but the program remained a secret to most members of Congress until this month. So far, the U.S. aid has brought the anti-Soviet forces mostly small arms, mor-

*Israel's U.N. Ambassador Chaim Herzog reported last week that approximately a brigade of Cuban troops—usually about 3,000 men—has been with the Syrian army facing Israel on the Golan Heights for two years. This even though Fidel Castro's government last July formally disavowed the export of revolution.

JOHN TUNNEY & HENRY KISSINGER



BRACK—BLACK STAR

tars, machine guns and light artillery.

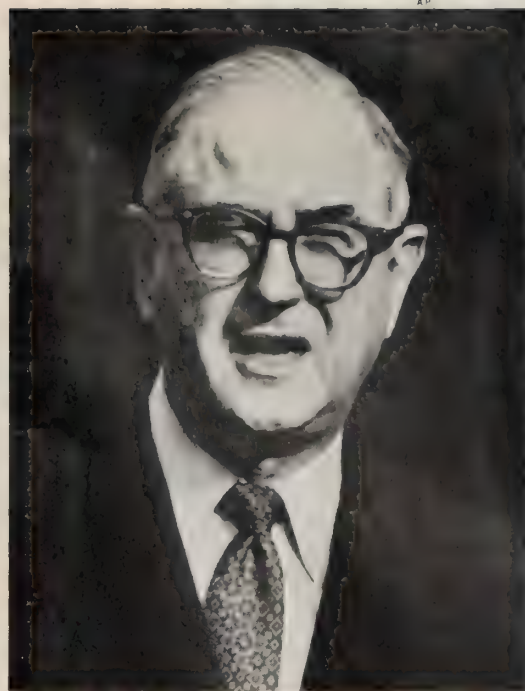
The aid has given neither side a decisive edge. Reported TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs, who regularly covers the fighting: "The importance of the aid is chiefly that it enables the war to continue at an escalated pace. No victory is yet possible for either side in this huge, underpopulated country, where the people really just want to be left alone. The outlook is for a long and bloody stalemate, though withdrawal of outside support on all sides might eventually force the three groups to stop fighting and start talking."

DIPLOMACY

Rough Riding in Ottawa

During his 21 months as Washington's Ambassador to Ottawa, William Porter, 61, earned the respect of many Canadians as a concerned professional envoy. He traveled frequently through the country, mixed easily with its citizens, gave thoughtful and discreet talks about issues that jointly affect Canada and the U.S. But last week, as Porter left Ottawa to take up a new post as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau angrily told a cheering House of Commons that Porter had gone beyond "the acceptable bounds within which an ambassador should stay." In a singular diplomatic snub, ministers of Trudeau's Liberal government refused to attend a farewell party given by Porter at his residence.

The government's displeasure reflected, in part, a growing mood of anti-American nationalism in Canada. Porter became the target of this feeling because, with the prior approval of the State Department, he had spoken a few truths about tensions in Canadian-U.S. relations. At about the same time the White House was announcing the nomination of Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders to succeed him, Porter threw a small cocktail party for a dozen Canadian and American reporters. At the party, he observed that Congressmen in U.S. Border states were unhappy about the price of imported Canadian oil. At \$14.99 a bbl., Canadian crude is running nearly \$1.50 above average world market prices. Porter also pointed out that American investors had become leary of putting more money into Canada because of worries about rising nationalism. As an example, he cited the decision of the Saskatchewan provincial government to take over the potash industry, much of which is owned by subsidiaries of American firms. In response to reporters' questions, he also noted that relations had not been helped by a new tax bill that, once enacted, would force both TIME and the Reader's Digest to stop publishing separate Canadian editions. The bill would require that both magazines have an 80% difference in editorial content from their



AMBASSADOR WILLIAM PORTER
A singular snub.

parent U.S. editions (TIME, Dec. 15).

As a result of these and other frictions, Porter saw an American backlash developing—"the rise of adrenaline in the press and in Congress particularly. It worries me, because it is in the interest of both our countries to ease differences and difficulties." The ambassador suggested that Prime Minister Trudeau and President Gerald Ford, who enjoy cordial personal relations, might meet to help "clear the air."

Not a Colony. Such is the prickly mood in Ottawa that the government spied insult where none, clearly, was intended. Responding to questions in Parliament, Trudeau said that he was "surprised that an experienced diplomat like Mr. Porter would not find other channels for expressing [his] views." After Trudeau brought down the House by declaring "we are not a colony of the U.S.," New Democratic Party Leader Ed Broadbent proposed that the Prime Minister advise Washington that Porter's "kind of behavior is totally unacceptable to Canada."

Trudeau ignored the fact that Ottawa's ambassadors to Washington have periodically talked about the difficulties between the two neighbors in much the way that Porter did. By and large, Canadian editorial opinion endorsed Porter's candor. Describing Trudeau's remarks as "stunning brutality," the Toronto *Globe & Mail* editorialized: "Mr. Porter has made no attempt to tell Canada what to do. He merely told reporters of American concerns, most of which he had taken up with the Canadian government. Which is precisely what he was sent to Ottawa to do." Added the *Ottawa Journal*: "For his warning, Mr. Porter deserves thanks, not Mr. Trudeau's petty pique."

FROM LEFT: JUDITH CAMPBELL IN 1960; SINATRA & KENNEDY AT THE INAUGURAL BALL; GIANCANA UNDER ARREST IN CHICAGO IN 1957



SENNET—CAMERA 5

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

SCANDALS

J.F.K. and the Mobsters' Moll

As a West Coast party girl in the early 1960s, blue-eyed raven-haired Judith Immoor Campbell was known to swing in high places. Mobster John Roselli squired her to Miami, Palm Springs and other expensive watering holes. She was frequently with Roselli's friend and boss, Chicago Mafia Don Sam ("Momo") Giancana. By her own description, she had a "close personal" relationship with an even more powerful figure: John F. Kennedy, the 35th President of the U.S. "To me he was Jack Kennedy," she said last week. "He wasn't the President."

Roselli, on the other hand, was very well aware that Kennedy was the President, and may even have been proud of his indirect connection with the White House. TIME has learned that a federal listening device once recorded him telling Mob associates openly about his moll and her trysts with the President.

CIA Contract. Kennedy broke off with her in 1962, and his close associates soon forgot about her; after all, she was only one of many pretty women who drifted into the President's orbit (*see following story*). Recently, however, details of the affair became known publicly, and last week Judith Campbell, now Mrs. Daniel Exner, 41, and something of a look-alike for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, ended her discreet silence. At a press conference in San Diego, she admitted that the President had once shared her affections with two mobsters. But she declined comment when bluntly asked whether she and Kennedy had ever had sexual relations.

What flushed Mrs. Exner into public view was the Senate Intelligence Committee. As part of its CIA probe, the committee investigated Roselli's and Giancana's other federal connection: their contract with the CIA to assassinate Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro. The

Senators wanted to know whether Kennedy could have learned about the plot from Judy.

Before Giancana could be questioned, he was murdered in his Oak Park, Ill., home on orders from the Mafia high command; for one thing, the bosses thought that he had been telling a grand jury about gangland activities (TIME, June 30). But committee members interrogated Roselli, who now spends most of his time fighting the Government's efforts to deport him, and committee lawyers questioned Mrs. Exner. They turned up no evidence to contradict her claim that she had never known about the plot to kill Castro. Nor were they able to challenge her statement that she had never told Kennedy about her mobster friends.

Persuaded that the affair was irrelevant to their investigation, the committee voted unanimously to describe her in their report only as a "close friend" of Kennedy's, not even disclosing her sex. Some committee staffers considered this a whitewash, however, and leaked the story to several newspapers. But it did not become a national scandal until last week, when New York Times Columnist William Safire accused the committee of a "cover-up." Committee Chairman Frank Church called the charge "preposterous." Said he: "We had no evidence to suggest that she was a conduit of any kind. We had no evidence that she was used to get a hold on the President. Had we such evidence, we certainly would have included it." John Tower of Texas, the committee's vice chairman and its senior Republican, backed Church fully.

Church argued that the committee was only trying to avoid needlessly blackening Kennedy's reputation. For similar reasons, ex-Kennedy staffers either claimed to have no recollection of



JUDITH WITH HUSBAND DANIEL EXNER

Judith Campbell or insisted that she had never been involved with the President. His former secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, recalled Judy as a campaign volunteer who later "became quite a pest." Said Mrs. Lincoln: "She'd call and call and call, [but] as far as I know he never did talk to her when he was President."

Intimate Lunches. Provoked, Mrs. Exner called a press conference to set the record straight. Said she: "Statements to the effect that I was a 'campaign worker for Kennedy' are entirely contrived. My relationship with Jack Kennedy was of a close personal nature and did not involve conspiratorial shenanigans of any kind." She said she met Kennedy in Las Vegas in 1960 at a party given by "a friend." The friend was Singer Frank Sinatra; one former Kennedy aide understood that Sinatra and J.F.K.'s brother-in-law, Peter Lawford, owned a piece of a nightclub where once worked as a hostess. A month later she met the President, who brought her together with Giancana, who later introduced her to Roselli.

fate of Rubery Owen with the fate of Britain. Both, in their distinctly separate ways, share a sense of loss about the nation as well as the company.

ON THE STATE OF BRITAIN:

Owen: Britain is like a ship without a rudder. In the past ten years we have had no leadership at all. Trudeau, Giscard, Schmidt all put our leaders into a cocked hat. The majority of people are living in Cloud Cuckoo Land. There is the feeling that they will be looked after, come what may.

Peach: When you were a child, you had it drilled into you that Great Britain was great. But what are we today? When a twopenny-ha'penny sergeant like Amin takes the urine out of Britain, it's a pretty mean level we have sunk to. And now that we are in the Common Market, we are just like all those other countries who have foreigners making decisions for us.

ON POLITICAL PARTIES:

Owen: I cannot accept socialism, but I'm not very happy with the Conservative Party. It doesn't have any clearly discernible policy other than wanting to put the clock back 20 years. It just doesn't seem very realistic.

Peach: I am loyal to my class. It is the only reason I vote Labor, because the party is now run by bloody academics. It isn't the working class representing the working class any more.

ON BRITISH INDUSTRY:

Owen: Time is not on our side. Industry has become increasingly uncompetitive with other countries, and with our seeming inability to grow, it's going to be increasingly hard for people like me to stay in business.

Peach: We keep getting all this cheap stuff from abroad to put our own workers out of work. Somebody's unloading goods on Britain from countries where people are happy with a bowl of rice a day.

For 2½ years there have been no major work stoppages at Rubery Owen. But there still has not been the kind of cooperation between management and labor that is necessary if the company is to weather Britain's current economic crisis. The recession within Britain's strike-prone automobile industry has hit the Darlaston plant hard. Orders have dropped by 30% to 35% in the past 18 months. Three hundred jobs have been lost this year; hundreds more will be at stake over the next twelve months.

John Owen is fatalistic: "The problem facing us is one of survival. I have asked the unions what they want. I even asked whether the fact that this is a family business was a stumbling block. They said it wasn't. I've talked about giving them more of an interest in running the company. The response was disappointing. They mistrust ownership shares because of what happened to companies like Rolls-Royce when they went bust. Workers lost not only their jobs, but part of their savings as well.

"I can't see for the life of me why there is no common interest. Maximum efficiency is good for both management and the unions because it produces greater profit. By all means let's argue how much of that profit is distributed to the work force, but for goodness' sake let's produce. The trade unions must accept, with all the power they have, some responsibility. I feel absolutely emotional about it because . . . it is so bloody stupid. It's like trying to walk across swampland. You know where you want to get, but there are all these things to prevent your legs from moving."

Measured against some of Britain's more leftist labor leaders, Peach is not at all radical. "They tried to get in here," Peach recalls of some extremists. "I crushed the bastards." Nonetheless,

Peach sees little ground for "common interest" in a factory that always seems to be divided into "them" and "us." "Management should understand that it is like the Yanks and Russia," he says. "You have enough strength to cancel each other out. If the unions were not as powerful, the clock would go back because I don't think that breed ever alters. We just don't work as partners. When they want something, they talk about common interest. But whenever we've needed anything, we have either had to knock it out of them or almost rape them for it.

"There is no satisfaction in ruining the company. Nobody would have jobs. If the Lord spares me, I hope to finish my working life here at Rubery Owen. But it's no good blaming the unions for the state of the company. Management are there to manage. If I were a part of management, I'd try to find the answers. Since I'm not, I'm not going to do their thinking."

While pugnacious Doug Peach speaks of labor and management as "the Yanks and Russia," John Owen speaks nostalgically of an elusive "family spirit of generations of people on the shop floor whose fathers and grandfathers came here to work." Peach's is the dominant reality. But once a year the clock seems to move back to a time that John Owen yearns for.



At head table in upstairs canteen, John Owen & relatives join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne at the close of the "24th Annual Long Service Employees Dinner."

It is Friday night, and the Owen family is assembled at the head table in the upstairs canteen for the "24th Annual Long Service Employees Dinner." Five men who had worked at Darlaston for 50 years receive gold watches, and John Owen gives a report to satisfy the employees' presumed curiosity about farflung members of the Owen family. Elizabeth's stepmother, he confides, has married a horse surgeon and is living in the U.S. Sister Grace and her husband David are down with the mumps. Wife Elizabeth has been let down by the babysitter and is very sorry to be missing the dinner for the first time in years. "Sir Alfred has asked me to pass on his love and best wishes to you all," he concludes.

Board Chairman David Owen then gives a sober report on the state of the company. "Some of our equipment did get very old, and we did manage to find \$10 million somewhere and put it in. But the well runs dry and we can't do this again." Still, he says, "we can all work together to solve our problems." Later an organist plays *The Good Old, Bad Old Days*. A vote of thanks to the Owens is proposed by A. Manning of the supply department, and the entire group joins hands to sing *Auld Lang Syne*.

The Many Patterns of Allah

The word Islam means submission—to the will, it is implied, of Allah. No religion was more appropriately named. At the height of its conquests in the 8th century A.D., the empire of Islam stretched from the Atlantic beaches of Portugal to the western fringe of China. It encompassed half the known world. This Moslem superstate was the largest religious and political bloc mankind had seen since the Augustan empire, and it had all been consolidated in a little more than 100 years after the death of the prophet Mohammed, in 632.

Fear of the crescent and the scimitar was one of the fundamental experiences of Christian culture in Mediterranean Europe for nearly 1,000 years, until Don John of Austria broke the Turkish navy at the Battle of Lepanto. In Western eyes, it endowed Persians, Turks and Arabs with an extraordinary strangeness, an "otherness," of which echoes are heard to this day. One of the areas in which they persist, however faintly, is that of art. Given the collections of it in the U.S., not to mention the undying appetite for Oriental carpets, one could hardly say that Islamic art is unfamiliar to Americans. Yet the ceramics and glasswork, the architecture and mural decoration, the metalwork and (except for Mughal miniatures) the paintings that form the relics of this vast imperial culture are much less known to museumgoers than their equivalents from Japan or China.

Swift Irregularity. So the current exhibition, *Art of the Arab World*, at Washington's Freer Gallery is not to be missed. Organized by Art Historian Esin Atil, from the encyclopedic stores of the gallery's own collection, the show contains 80 objects, many of superb aesthetic interest, ranging across a period of 800 years. It does not include Turkish or Persian work. As the name implies, the focus is on Arab art as such—mainly from Syria, Egypt and Iraq.

The show is particularly rich in pottery: lusterware, invented in Baghdad during the Abbassid dynasty (750-1258) in order to mimic the richer gold or silver dishes used by the court; elaborate dishes and bowls; and several examples of that ethereal and, for some reason, uncopyable turquoise-glazed black-figure ware which was produced in Syria around the 12th century. One plate (see cut) bears the design of a heron, stalking with incomparable grace through this background color as if through azure water. The body of a vase is adorned with leaf-shaped flecks of black, each done with one movement of the brush, but the design—in all its swift irregularity—is full of vitality. The Arabic mastery of pattern was absolute.

One thing everyone "knows" about Islam is that it prohibited artists from painting the human figure. In fact, this was not wholly true. The Koran had nothing to say on the matter. Prophetic tradition banished figures from the walls of mosques, for fear of idolatry; but there was no rule against secular figure painting. Therefore, the decoration of all the great mosques of Islam was nonfigurative, but there was nothing heretical about the secular miniatures—of astrological images, courtly scenes or scientific inventions—represented in this show. Arab culture was pragmatic. Almost everything the Italian Renaissance knew of medicine and chemistry, for instance, was transmitted to it through Ar-

frustrating not to be able to read the page. (In a less exalted context, this becomes an advantage: neon signs never look more beautiful than in Arabic.)

But there is a deeper level of unfamiliarity. Since the early 15th century, European art has been so much concerned with finite space, with place and solidity rendered through perspective and tone, that we find it hard to grasp the forms of Islamic art—its "arabesques," those complicated embellishments that twine like morning-glories across every surface, an undulant line branching into unimaginably complicated mazes, knots, overlays, repeats and meander patterns. One is faced, not by another decorative style, but by a wholly different notion of space and substance.

The decorative pattern breaks up the surface. It volatilizes what once



abic versions of Greek texts, which often required drawings of the human body. The Freer show contains several scientific manuscripts. One is a splendidly decorated version of a herbal by the Greek naturalist Dioscorides. Another is a fascinating 14th century manuscript on water clocks, paddle wheels and the like, al-Jazari's *Book of Knowledge of Ingenious Mechanical Devices*.

Nevertheless, the look of Islamic art is overwhelmingly abstract and, to a Western eye, puzzlingly so. This is partly due to the circumstance that, illiterate in Arabic, a Westerner cannot decipher the inscriptions or savor the interplay between conceptual and visual meaning in Islamic calligraphy. One can visually enjoy the writing on an 8th century Koran page: the angular Kufic script done in a swordsman's strokes, decisive and muscular; the rich gold foliations round the white chapter heading; the placement of red dots, fit to make Mondriaan despair. Nevertheless, it is

was solid, rendering substance—bronze, stucco, tile or parchment—almost immaterial. This was no less true of relatively small objects like a 13th century Syrian canteen in silver inlaid brass (see color page), with its elaborate conflation of Islamic and Christian imagery arranged in dense concentric bands, than of vast architectural projects like the tilework of the Alhambra in Granada. It is hard—perhaps impossible—to hold the entire pattern in one's mind, even when looking at it.

This leisurely elaboration is unique to Arab art. It proclaims that there is always "world enough and time." Pattern, repeating and transforming itself, becomes a metaphor of infinity. No wonder the style seems so appropriate to a culture of mathematicians. At a time when the visual talents of the Arab world appear to have sunk to brass ashtrays, souvenir hookahs and oil-rich Castro Convertible kitsch, it is a joy to see what went before. **Robert Hughes**

Items like smiling and emotional maturity are in fact very big with the well-adjusted, middle-class professionals, Negro and white, who man the mimeographs and computers of the poverty war here. Sadly, they seem to be smiling themselves out of any meaningful communication with their poor. Besides a 19th-century faith that tried and true approaches—sound counseling, good intentions, perhaps even compassion—will set Watts straight, they are also burdened with the personal attitudes they bring to work with them. Their reflexes—especially about conformity, about failure, about violence—are predictable.

"We had a hell of a time with this one girl," a Youth Training and Employment Project counselor recalls. "You should have seen those hairdos of hers—piled all the way up to here. And the screwy outfits she'd come in with, you just wouldn't believe. We had to take her aside and explain to her that employers just don't go for that sort of thing. That she'd be up against a lot of very smooth-looking chicks, heels and stockings, conservative hair and clothes. We finally got her to come around."

The same goes for boys who like to wear Malcolm hats, or Afro haircuts. The idea the counselors push evidently is to look as much as possible like a white applicant. Which is to say, like a Negro job counselor or social worker. This has not been received with much enthusiasm among the kids it is designed to help out, and is one reason business is so slow around the various projects.

THERE is a similar difficulty among the warriors about failure. They are in a socio-economic bag, along with the vast majority of white Angelenos, who seem more terrified of failure than of death. It is difficult to see where any of them have experienced significant defeat, or loss. If they have, it seems to have been long rationalized away as something else.

You are likely to hear from them wisdom on the order of: "Life has a way of surprising us, simply as a function of time. Even if all you do is stand on the street corner and wait." Watts is full of street corners where people stand, as they have been, some of them, for 20 or 30 years, without surprise. One ever having come along. Yet the poverty warriors must believe in this form of semimiracle, because their world and their scene cannot accept the possibility that there may be, after all, no surprise. But it is something Watts has always known.

As for violence, in a pocket of reality such as Watts, violence is never far from you: because you are a man, because you have been put down, because for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

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Somehow, sometime. Yet to these innocent, optimistic child-bureaucrats, violence is an evil and an illness, possibly because it threatens property and status they cannot help cherishing.

They remember last August's riot as an outburst, a seizure. Yet what, from the realistic viewpoint of Watts, was so abnormal? "Man's got his foot on your neck," said one guy who was there, "sooner or later you going to stop asking him to take it off." The violence it took to get that foot to ease up even the little it did was no surprise. Many had predicted it. Once it got going, its basic objective—to beat the Black and White police—seemed a reason-



REFUGE—Watts offers many domino parlors; also whist, dice, pool halls, bars.

able one, and was gained the minute The Man had to send troops in. Everybody seems to have known it. There is hardly a person in Watts now who finds it painful to talk about, or who regrets that it happened—unless he lost somebody.

But in the white culture outside, in that creepy world full of precardiac Mustang drivers who scream insults at one another only when the windows are up; of large corporations where Niceguymanship is the standing order regardless of whose executive back one may be endeavoring to stab; of an enormous priest caste of shrinks who counsel moderation and compromise as the answer to all forms of hassle; among so much well-behaved unreality, it is next to impossible to understand how Watts may truly feel about violence. In terms of strict reality, violence may be a means to getting money, for example, no more dishonest than collecting exorbitant carrying charges from a customer on relief, as white merchants here still do. Far from a sickness, violence may be an attempt to communicate, or to be who you really are.

"Sure I did two stretches," a kid

says, "both times for fighting, but I didn't deserve either one. First time, the cat was bigger than I was; next time, it was two against one, and I was the one." But he was busted all the same, perhaps because Whitey, who knows how to get everything he wants, no longer has fisticuffs available as a technique, and sees no reason why everybody shouldn't go the Niceguy route. If you are thinking maybe there is a virility hangup in here, too, that putting a Negro into a correctional institution for fighting is also some kind of neutering operation, well, you might have something there, who knows?

It is, after all, in white L.A.'s interest to cool Watts any way it can—to put the area under a siege of persuasion; to coax the Negro poor into taking on certain white values. Give them a little property, and they will be less tolerant of arson; get them to go in hock for a car or color TV, and they'll be more likely to hold down a steady job. Some see it for what it is—this come-on, this false welcome, this attempt to transmogrify the reality of Watts into the unreality of Los Angeles. Some don't.

WATTS is tough; has been able to resist the unreal. If there is any drift away from reality, it is by way of mythmaking. As this summer warms up, last August's riot is being remembered less as chaos and more as art. Some talk now of a balletic quality to it, a coordinated and graceful drawing of cops away from the center of the action, a scattering of The Man's power, either with real incidents or false alarms.

Others remember it in terms of music; through much of the rioting seemed to run, they say, a remarkable empathy, or whatever it is that jazz musicians feel on certain nights; everybody knowing what to do and when to do it without needing a word or a signal: "You could go up to anybody, the cats could be in the middle of burning down a store or something, but they'd tell you, explain very calm, just what they were doing, what they were going to do next. And that's what they'd do; man, nobody had to give orders."

Restructuring of the riot goes on in other ways. All Easter week this year, in the spirit of the season, there was a "Renaissance of the Arts," a kind of festival in memory of Simon Rodia, held at Markham Junior High, in the heart of Watts.

Along with theatrical and symphonic events, the festival also featured a roomful of sculptures fashioned entirely from found objects—found, symbolically enough, and in the Simon Rodia tradition, among the wreckage the rioting had left. Exploiting textures of charred wood, twisted metal, fused glass, many of the works were fine, honest rebirths.

In one corner was this old, busted, hollow TV set with a rabbit-ears antenna on top; inside, where its picture tube should have been, gazing out with scorched wiring threaded like electronic ivy among its crevices and sockets, was a human skull. The name of the piece was "The Late, Late Show."

The natural thing to want to do is hit "the little man"

A Journey Into the Mind of Watts

(Continued from Page 35)

basic realities like disease, like failure, violence and death, which the whites have mostly chosen—and can afford—to ignore. The two cultures do not understand each other, though white values are displayed without let-up on black people's TV screens, and though the panoramic sense of black impoverishment is hard to miss from atop the Harbor Freeway, which so many whites must drive at least twice every working day. Somehow it occurs to very few of them to leave at the Imperial Highway exit for a change, go east instead of west only a few blocks, and take a look at Watts. A quick look. The simplest kind of beginning. But Watts is country which lies, psychologically, uncounted miles further than most whites seem at present willing to travel.

On the surface anyway, the Deadwyler affair hasn't made it look any different, though underneath the mood in Watts is about what you might expect. Feelings range from a reflexive, angry, driving need to hit back somehow, to an anxious worry that the slaying is just one more bad grievance, one more bill that will fall due some warm evening this summer. Yet in the daytime's brilliance and heat, it is hard to believe there is any mystery to Watts. Everything seems so out in the open, all of it real, no plastic faces, no transistors, no hidden Muzak, or Disneyfied landscaping, or smiling little chicks to show you around. Not in Raceriotland. Only a

dream of how things should have been: a fantasy of fountains, boats, tall openwork spires, encrusted with a dazzling mosaic of Watts debris. Next to the Towers, along the old Pacific Electric tracks, kids are busy every day busting more bottles on the steel rails. But Simon Rodia is dead, and now the junk just accumulates.

A few blocks away, other kids are out playing on the hot blacktop of the school playground. Brothers and sisters too young yet for school have it better—wherever they are they have yards, trees, hoses, hiding places. Not the crowded, shadeless tenement living of any Harlem; just the same one- or two-story urban sprawl as all over the rest of L.A., giving you some piece of grass at least to expand into when you don't especially feel like being inside.

In the business part of town there is a different idea of refuge. Pool halls and bars, warm and dark inside, are crowded; many domino, dice and whist games in progress. Outside, men stand around a beer cooler listening to a ball game on the radio; others lean or hunker against the sides of buildings—low, faded stucco boxes that remind you, oddly, of certain streets in Mexico. Women go by, to and from what shopping there is. It is easy to see how crowds, after all, can form quickly in these streets, around the least seed of a disturbance or accident. For the moment, it all only waits in the sun.

Overhead, big jets now and then come vacuum-cleaning in to land; the wind is westerly, and Watts lies under the approaches to L.A. International. The jets hang what seems only a couple of hundred feet up in the air; through the smog they show up more white than silver, highlighted by the sun, hardly solid; only the ghosts, or possibilities, of airplanes.

FROM here, much of the white culture that surrounds Watts—and, in a curious way, besieges it—looks like those jets: a little unreal, a little less than substantial. For Los Angeles, more than any other city, belongs to the mass media. What is known around the nation as the L.A. Scene exists chiefly as images on a screen or TV tube, as four-color magazine photos, as old radio jokes, as new songs that survive only a matter of weeks. It is basically a white Scene, and illusion is everywhere in it, from the giant aerospace firms that flourish or retrench at the whims of Robert McNamara, to the "action" everybody mills along the Strip on weekends looking for, unaware that they, and their search which will end, usually, unfulfilled, are the only action in town.

Watts lies impacted in the heart of this white fantasy. It is, by contrast, a packet of bitter reality. The only illusion Watts ever allowed itself was to believe for a long time in the white version of what a Negro was supposed to be. But with the Muslim and civil-rights movements that went, too,

Since the August rioting, there has
(Continued on Page 80)

“There was this old, busted TV set; inside, where its picture tube should have been, was a human skull. The name of the piece was ‘The Late, Late, Late Show.’”

few historic landmarks, like the police substation, one command post for the white forces last August, pigeons now thick and cooing up on its red-tiled roof. Or, on down the street, vacant lots, still looking charred around the edges, winking with emptied Tokay, port and sherry pints, some of the bottles peeking out of paper bags, others busted.

A kid could come along in his bare feet and step on this glass—not that you'd ever know. These kids are so tough you can pull slivers of it out of them and never get a whimper. It's part of their landscape, both the real and the emotional one: busted glass, busted crockery, nails, tin cans, all kinds of scrap and waste. Traditionally Watts, An Italian immigrant named Simon Rodia spent 30 years gathering some of it up and converting a little piece of the neighborhood along 107th Street into the famous Watts Towers, perhaps his own

JUNE 12, 1966

A Journey Into Mind of Watts

By THOMAS PYNCHON

LOS ANGELES.

THE night of May 7, after a chase that began in Watts and ended some 50 blocks farther north, two Los Angeles policemen, Caucasians, succeeded in halting a car driven by Leonard Deadwyler, a Negro. With him were his pregnant wife and a friend. The younger cop (who'd once had a complaint brought against him for rousting some Negro kids around in a more than usually abusive way) went over and stuck his head and gun in the car window to talk to Deadwyler. A moment later there was a shot; the young Negro fell

sideways in the seat, and died. The last thing he said, according to the other cop, was, "She's going to have a baby."

The coroner's inquest went on for the better part of two weeks, the cop claiming the car had lurched suddenly, causing his service revolver to go off by accident; Deadwyler's widow claiming it was cold-blooded murder and that the car had never moved. The verdict, to no one's surprise, cleared the cop of all criminal responsibility. It had been an accident. The D.A. announced immediately that he thought so, too, and that as far as he was concerned the case was closed.

But as far as Watts is concerned, it's still very much open. Preachers in the

THOMAS PYNCHON is the author of the highly praised novel "V" and of the recently published "The Crying of Lot 49."



RACERIOTLAND—Watts, not yet recovered from last summer's violence, is again the scene of racial tension. "It is country which lies, psychologically,

community are urging calm—or, as others are putting it: "Make any big trouble, baby, The Man just going to come back in and shoot you, like last time." Snipers are sniping but so far not hitting much of anything. Occasional fire bombs are being lobbed at cars with white faces inside, or into empty sports models that look as if they might be white property. There have been a few fires of mysterious origin. A Negro Teen Post—part of the L. A. poverty war's keep-them-out-of-the-streets effort — has had all its windows busted, the young lady in charge expressing the wish next morning that she could talk with the malefactors, involve them, see if they couldn't work out the problem together. In the back of everybody's

head, of course, is the same question: Will there be a repeat of last August's riot?

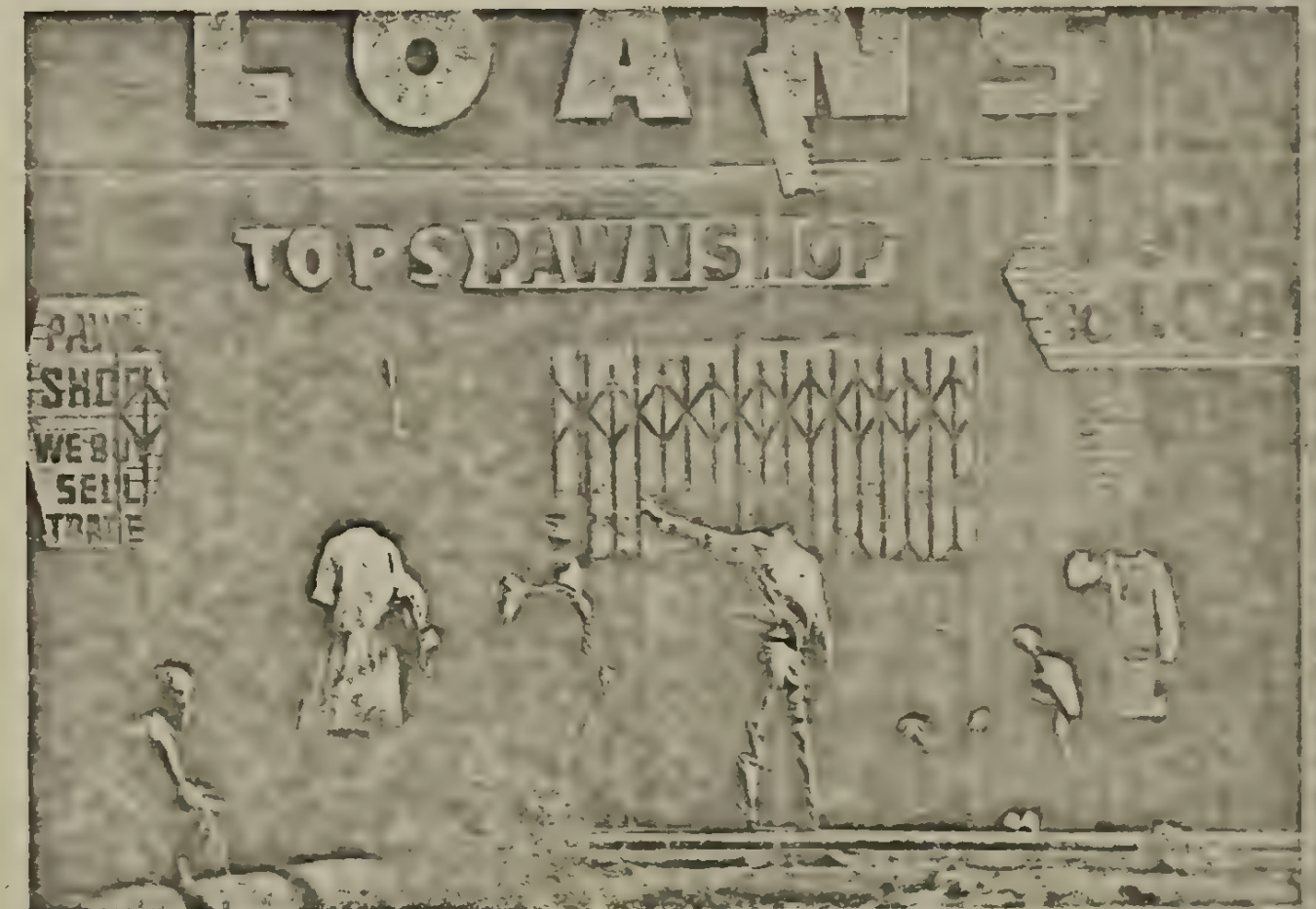
AN even more interesting question is: Why is everybody worrying about another riot—haven't things in Watts improved any since the last one? A lot of white folks are wondering. Unhappily, the answer is no. The neighborhood may be seething with social workers, data collectors, VISTA volunteers and other assorted members of the humanitarian establishment, all of whose intentions are the purest in the world. But somehow nothing much has changed. There are still the poor, the defeated, the criminal, the desperate, all hanging in there with what must seem a terrible vitality.

The killing of Leonard Deadwyler has once again brought it all into sharp focus; brought back long-standing pain, reminded everybody of how very often the cop does approach you with his revolver ready, so that nothing he does with it can then really be accidental; of how, especially at night, everything can suddenly reduce to a matter of reflexes: your life trembling in the crook of a cop's finger because it is dark, and Watts, and the history of this place and these times makes it impossible for the cop to come on any different, or for you to hate him any less. Both of you are caught in something neither of you wants, and yet night after night, with casualties or without, these traditional scenes continue

to be played out all over the south-central part of this city.

Whatever else may be wrong in a political way—like the inadequacy of Great Depression techniques applied to a scene that has long outgrown them; like an old-fashioned grafter's glee among the city fathers over the vast amounts of poverty-war bread that Uncle is now making available to them—lying much closer to the heart of L.A.'s racial sickness is the co-existence of two very different cultures: one white and one black.

While the white culture is concerned with various forms of systematized folly—the economy of the area in fact depending on it—the black culture is stuck pretty much with (Continued on Page 78)



Outside a pawnshop looted in last year's riots and still unrepaired. "It is easy to see how crowds can form quickly in these streets."

HE'LL TURN 16 THIS MONTH

Young Prince Andrew Growing Up Fast

BY ROBERT MUSEL

LONDON (UPI)—A lady of the court looked at Prince Andrew one day and gave it as her opinion that he was the best looking young man in the royal family this century.

She also offered the opinion that

he would break a few hearts on his way to the eventual domesticity which is the lot of royalty. On the theory that she might be right, this is an early warning to pretty teenagers everywhere.

Prince Andrew, approaching 6 feet, with a shock of light brown hair,

blue eyes and the large, even white teeth that are to the House of Windsor what a pendulous lip was to the Hapsburgs, will be 16 Thursday. He looks and acts older.

He is an all-around athlete of reasonable accomplishment with a

Please Turn to Page 11, Col. 1

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NEW SOCIALIST RITES

Continued from 8th Page

Among efforts already made "ethnography (folk) museums have worked out certain elements of the modern Russian wedding in several versions—North Russian, Central Russian, etc.," meaning that some local customs have been incorporated into Socialist wedding ceremonies in different areas.

One article complained, however, that the ethnographers "have yet to come up with anything satisfactory" to replace the huge, costly and vod-

ka-soaked wedding feasts for any part of Russia.

After new rites are introduced or old ones reintroduced, authorities are told to be vigilant against their corruption by improvising local people.

A Ukrainian village held a traditional summer festival, which is now acceptable, for example, but it chose a reigning "prince and princess"—he a member of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet (parliament), she the area's best tractor driver—who were dressed in bright robes, marched in a

ceremonial procession and even were crowned.

"Painfully obvious," another article complained, was the intolerable mixing of "archaic ritual and contemporary Soviet life."

Similarly, out in Middle Asia, two sheep-shearers on a collective farm were allowed to marry their brides two days early because they fulfilled their production quota ahead of time. The ceremony was held in a shearing pen, a special ballet and opera were performed on the farm, a lavish banquet laid on, and the bridegrooms declared to be "heroes of the hour."

"Artificial and full of pomposity,"

lamented Pravda, which objected to the cost and lost worktime of the event and, implicitly, also to the denigration of production quotas and hero labels.

"Why is such extravagance any better than the 'bride money' (dowry paid) which we are combatting? What effect will this wedding—an ostentatious one, to put it mildly—have on (children's) upbringing?" it asked.

Some new Soviet traditions can be moving if carried out properly, such as the laying of wedding flowers by newlyweds at the local monument to unknown soldiers who died in the

war. It is fitting, said a letter in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last month, that young people "thank those who paid with blood for their present happiness . . . (and remember) those young men who never celebrated their wedding days."

But too often, the Kiev reader complained, the wedding parties are gauche, loudly and even merrily impatient to get to the waiting feast. "Maybe it would be better for them not to go at all," he wrote sadly.

Articles on the subject are rather objective, claiming some headway with new Socialist rituals but admitting that others, like the birth regis-

Los Angeles Times

Sun., Feb. 15, 1976—Part IV

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try ceremony, need more work. But their authors profess to be not discouraged by traditionalists who argue that "say or write what you will, the old ways will remain."

Highlight of the Roman Lupercalia Festival—which the church tried to overshadow by celebrating St. Valentine's Day the day before—came when boys picked their sweethearts from a box containing girls' names. Two millenia later, it's an exchange of Valentines with kisses—although on a saint's day.

11/6/75

Science Seeks to End The Miseries of Aging

By WALTER SULLIVAN

Enough progress has been made toward an understanding of aging to foster a belief that the miseries of old age will some day be eliminated and that perhaps even life may be extended indefinitely, according to the lead article in the October issue of Bioscience.

The article, by Dr. Gairdner B. Moment of Goucher College, near Baltimore, introduces a series of reports on research into aging by leading specialists in the field. Bioscience is an organ of the American Institute of Biological Sciences.

Dr. Moment treats as "highly improbable," but nevertheless possible, discovery of a way to achieve lifespans measured in centuries. This would be done by stopping a hypothetical "clock" or "pacemaker" responsible for aging.

While it may seem improbable that aging can be controlled sufficiently to extend the lifespan "to 200, 500 or even 10,000" years, Dr. Moment said, science in the past has been full of surprises. The crucial discovery might come unexpectedly from research on such a mundane problem as how to relieve jet travelers from the discomforts of sudden time-zone changes.

But more probable in the view of researchers is that from a knowledge of what causes aging, some of its manifestations will be eliminated.

Pacemakers and Clocks

While some of the reports present evidence for a central pacemaker—for example in the hypothalamus, at the base of the brain—other evidence points to "clocks" within each cell of the body. Current efforts to understand the aging process were also described by other researchers in telephone interviews.

In support of a central pacemaker, it was noted that when ovaries from rats past the age of cyclic fertility were transplanted to young rats the ovaries again began cycling. Young ovaries transferred to old rats stopped cycling. Likewise, ovaries from old mice produced fertile eggs when placed in young mice.

On the other hand Dr. Leonard Hayflick and his colleagues at Stanford University are conducting experiments that seem to show that an aging-clock lies hidden within the nucleus of each human cell. The work is a follow-up to

Bar Harbor, Me. Dr. David E. Harrison, reached by telephone there, said the surviving cells were already 73 months "old." The maximum life span of a mouse is only 36 months.

The mice being used are of a strain that is congenitally anemic in that the bone marrow is deficient in cells capable of producing red blood corpuscles. Since the transplants "cure" this condition it is assumed that the same cell line is continuing to survive a succession of such transfers.

Aid to Survival

Dr. Harrison pointed out, however, that by the third transplant the percentage of mice whose anemia was neutralized in this manner began to fall off, and now, after the sixth transplant, the percentage is low. In contrast to Dr. Hayflick's hypothesis he believes this is a result of a loss of proliferation ability unrelated to any internal "clock."

Dr. Aldo C. Leopold of Purdue University, a specialist in plant aging, believes that precisely programmed senescence and death evolved in plants as a powerful aid to the survival of species. In a highly competitive world, species that crowd many generations into a given period of time have an advantage, he argues, over those that survive too long and inhibit such a rapid turnover.

Senescence is Deferred

Those plants with a built-in limit to their life-span, such as the annuals, can evolve much faster—and thus cope better with competitors—than the others. The "programmed senescence" of such plants seems closely linked to changes wrought by their reproduction. Thus, if plants such as soybeans are plucked of their flowers and fruits, senescence is deferred or totally prevented.

Dr. Leopold believes the abrupt senescence of such plants as annuals is distinct from aging that is progressive through much of the life span. Such senescence is lacking in sequoias, bristlecone pines and other long-lived species.

While an inborn pacemaker stops growth in most animals at a certain age, Dr. Leopold said, this is not true, for example, of fishes that continue to grow throughout life.

The view that the root of aging lies with chemical changes

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The view that the root of aging lies with chemical changes in the nervous system and in those chemical messengers known as hormones was advanced by Dr. Caleb E. Finch of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. Such changes begin early in human life, he said.

For example, between the ages of 20 and 30 in men and women the blood plasma level of one of the hormones produced by the adrenal cortex, or covering of the adrenal gland, drops off "strikingly."

Other Hormonal Changes

A wide range of other hormonal changes occurs with aging. Thyroid iodine turnover slows. In older men, production of such adrenal hormones as aldosterone and cortisol drops off. Because of a suspected hormone change, there is a steady increase in the amount of ingested glucose required to trigger insulin release, leading sometimes to diabetic symptoms.

The changes that occur in the female reproductive system seem controlled by hormones external to that system.

Despite these diverse clues, the root cause of the changes remains unknown. The alteration of only one hormone "could generate a cascade of events," Dr. Finch said. The key change could occur in a "limited, critical population" of hormone-generating cells in the brain—for example in the hypothalamus—but evidence for this is lacking.

Drs. Richard C. Adelman and Gary W. Britton of the Temple University School of Medicine, in Philadelphia, reported in Bioscience on their efforts to identify what causes the liver to weaken with age in its ability to produce enzymes capable of dealing with ingested glucose.

They have found that when 70 percent of an old rat's liver is removed and allowed to regenerate, the new tissue, formed of "young" cells, still responds weakly to the glucose as if the cells were old. Typical of the frustrations of such research, they report, is uncertainty as to the cause.

As rats grow older, their blood levels of an adrenal secretion (corticosterone) decrease in a matter that, experimentally, can account for this weakened response. Yet it

views. In support of a central pacemaker, it was noted that when ovaries from rats past the age of cyclic fertility were transplanted to young rats the ovaries again began cycling. Young ovaries transferred to old rats stopped cycling. Likewise, ovaries from old mice produced fertile eggs when placed in young mice.

On the other hand Dr. Leonard Hayflick and his colleagues at Stanford University are conducting experiments that seem to show that an aging-clock lies hidden within the nucleus of each human cell. The work is a follow-up to that which has shown that body cells removed for laboratory culture are as "old" as the individual from whom they were taken.

Dr. Hayflick and others who have pursued this have found that human cells from embryonic connective tissue (known as fibroblasts) when cultured in the laboratory subdivided between 40 and 60 times, then died out. "Older" cells taken from the skin, lungs and liver of human beings at various ages show a steady decline in the number of subdivisions with increasing age of the donor.

'Wear-and-Tear' Theory

This longevity limitation at the cellular level seems unrelated to such environmental effects as radiation damage by cosmic rays—which some who favor a "wear-and-tear" theory of aging have suspected were a factor.

In 1962, Dr. Hayflick's laboratory froze 130 ampules of human cells, and roughly once a month one ampule is thawed and the cells cultured. Those that are now 13 years "older" divide roughly 50 times, as did those cultured in 1962.

The "clock" that sets such a limit on subdivision is apparently in the nucleus, rather than in the cytoplasm forming the remainder of the cell, according to Dr. Hayflick.

Those who look elsewhere for the causes of aging cite the apparent immortality of some cell lines. The most famous work was that of Alexis Carrel, who early in this century, cultured cells from the heart of a chick until after 34 years the experiment was terminated.

Dr. Hayflick believes that the chick embryo extract used to feed the cells was fully charged with living cells, which rejuvenated the culture. He pointed out, however, that one current experiment has some elements in common with that of Carrel. This is the culturing of chicken embryo muscle cells at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

Cells Still Growing

Drs. Maria Svtelits and F. Bang of the research group here said this week that after 5 months, including some 50 transfers of the culture from one glass vessel to another,

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Cells Still Growing

Drs. Maria Sivolis and F. B. Bang of the research group there said this week that after 75 months, including some 50 transfers of the culture from one glass vessel to another, the cells were still growing. They pointed out, however, that the cells ceased subdividing.

Dr. Hayflick argues that it is the number of cell divisions that is limited, rather than the passage of time. If all human cells divided some 50 times (as they are capable of doing in the laboratory), a person, he pointed out, would reach a weight of 20 million metric tons.

Limits on cell division are a part of the growth process—a control that fails in cancer. Furthermore, some parts of the body, such as the limbs, acquire mature shape through cell destruction and absorption.

Another long-lived cell line is that from mouse bone marrow being passed through successive generations of mice at the Jackson Laboratory in

gland, drops off "strikingly."

Other Hormonal Changes

A wide range of other hormonal changes occurs with aging. Thyroid iodine turnover slows. In older men, production of such adrenal hormones as aldosterone and cortisol drops off. Because of a suspected hormone change, there is a steady increase in the amount of ingested glucose required to trigger insulin release, leading sometimes to diabetic symptoms.

The changes that occur in the female reproductive system seem controlled by hormones external to that system.

Despite these diverse clues, the root cause of the changes remains unknown. The alteration of only one hormone "could generate a cascade of events," Dr. Finch said. The key change could occur in a "limited, critical population" of hormone-generating cells in the brain—for example in the hypothalamus—but evidence for this is lacking.

Drs. Richard C. Adelman and Gary W. Britton of the Temple University School of Medicine, in Philadelphia, reported in Bioscience on their efforts to identify what causes the liver to weaken with age in its ability to produce enzymes capable of dealing with ingested glucose.

They have found that when 70 percent of an old rat's liver is removed and allowed to regenerate, the new tissue, formed of "young" cells, still responds weakly to the glucose as if the cells were old. Typical of the frustrations of such research, they report, is uncertainty as to the cause.

As rats grow older, their blood levels of an adrenal secretion (corticosterone) decrease in a matter that, experimentally, can account for this weakened response. Yet, it could also be a result of an old-age factor transmitted genetically as the old liver cells during regeneration subdivide into new ones.

Immunity and Aging

One aging theory focuses on the complex systems that provide the body with immunity against invasion by foreign organisms and materials. Some see the systems as weakening or as turning against the body itself.

It has also been suggested that the high incidence of cancer in the elderly is caused by a weakening of the immunity apparatus.

However, as noted by Dr. William H. Adler of the newly founded National Institute on Aging in Baltimore, the onset of decline in immune function begins long after other symptoms of aging have appeared.

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Scientist Believes He Has Identified Central Agent in Growth

By SANDRA BLAKESLEE

Special to The New York Times

BERKELEY, Calif., Nov. 5—A scientist at the University of California believes that he has identified a central controlling agent responsible for the growth and metabolism of all animal cells.

The controlling agent is the element magnesium, according to the scientist, Dr. Harry Rubin, professor of molecular biology at the University of California at Berkeley.

A report of his theory on the importance of magnesium in cell regulation appears in the September issue of the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, which, because of publishing delays, has just been distributed.

"The underlying importance of magnesium in cell function has been overlooked, because there is so very much of it in and around a long time, people have said, oh yes, magnesium is very important, you need it for a lot of things, ho hum, so what.

"People believed there was excess magnesium in cells, and therefore it could not serve in a regulatory role."

To the contrary, Dr. Rubin said, most of the magnesium around cells is now known to be tied up most of the time by chemical bonds on the cell membrane.

When this is taken into ac-

count, he said, a new picture emerges of how cells use and rely on the magnesium to perform virtually all their vital functions. It is apparent, he said, that this single element is the central coordinator for a cell metabolism in animals.

Dr. Rubin said his model runs counter to the more popular mode of cell regulation and metabolism. These other models suggest that hormones and other stimuli work directly on the genes within cells to tell them to speed up or slow down the specialized work they do. Thus, hormones are more important in explaining the underlying mechanisms of cell

metabolism than is magnesium.

These other models, Dr. Rubin said, regard cells as carrying on a lot of unrelated reactions at the same time, with control coming from separate, outside chemical mechanisms.

"My model looks at the cell as an integrated unit," Dr. Rubin said. "I am really asking the cell to tell me what it does when it gets stimulated. And the answer seems to lie in fully appreciating the role played by magnesium ions and other ions bound up on the surface of the cell."

Dr. Rubin's model says that, during embryological development, specific genes are activated in every cell to produce

differentiated cells. That is, the specialized functions that each cell does are determined during the developmental stage of an organism. The differentiation is established at this point, Dr. Rubin said, and does not depend in later life on the continued influence of hormones on the genes.

Dr. Rubin's model also says that the availability of ions, the most important of which is magnesium, controls cell growth and specialized function of cells. Magnesium ions, he said, are involved in key points in all of the key regulatory reactions in the various metabolic pathways of the cell. They coordinate the life processes of the cell.

To prove the importance of magnesium in cell metabolism, Dr. Rubin developed a way to tie up the magnesium in a cell's membrane. In his experiments, he found that when magnesium was removed from chick embryo cells, the cell-connecting substances of the cell died down dramatically. When magnesium was added back, the cells increased their activities.

These experiments show that when such factors as hormones, cell membrane, and other factors may change the function of the men-

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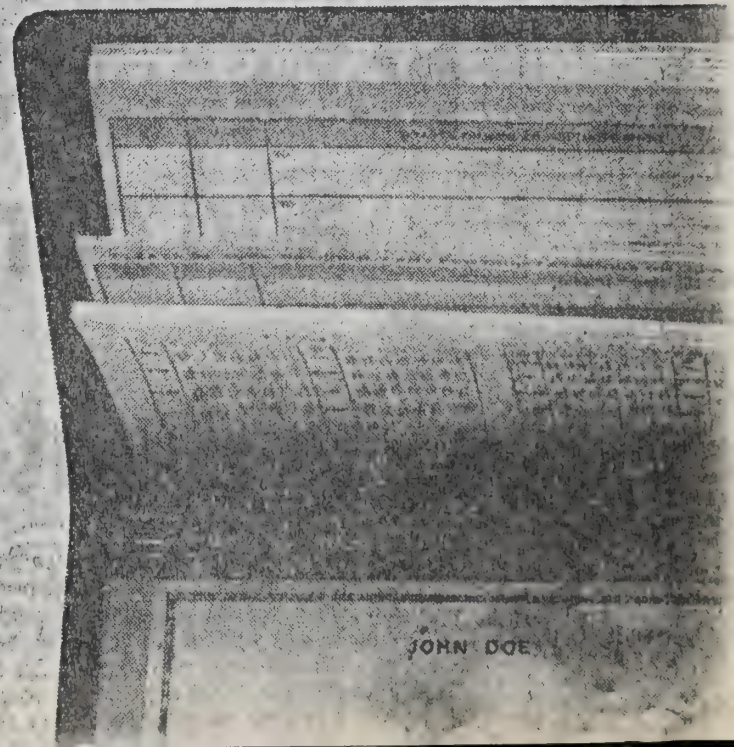
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Central Agent in Growth of Animal Cells

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To prove the importance of magnesium in cell metabolism, Dr. Rubin developed a method to tie up the magnesium around a cell's membrane. In all of his experiments, he used cells from chick embryos that make cell-connecting substances.

The result was that the magnesium-deprived cells slowed down dramatically. When the magnesium was released, the cells increased their metabolic activities.

These experiments indicate that, when such external factors as hormones reach the cell membrane, Dr. Rubin said, they may change the configuration of the membrane, thus

letting magnesium ions escape into the cell to cause reactions or to tighten up the magnesium bonds on the membrane to slow the process even more.

The hormone insulin, in fact, frees magnesium ions on cell surfaces, Dr. Rubin said, while the hormone Cortisol binds them.

Human Rights Week Set

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5 (AP) —President Ford today proclaimed Human Rights Week beginning Dec. 10 and urged all Americans to observe anniversaries of the adoption of the Bill of Rights and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in the international community.

Altman's Christmas Magazine

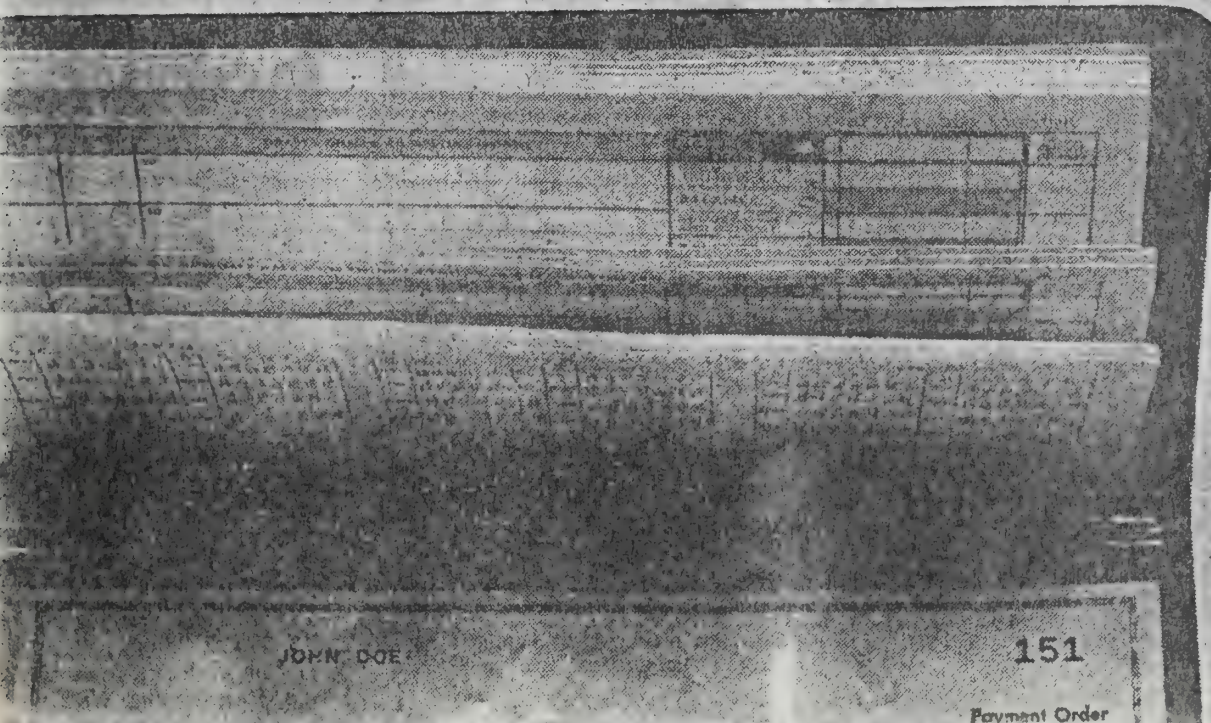


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The colonization of space

Careful engineering and cost analysis shows we can build pleasant, self-sufficient dwelling places in space within the next two decades, solving many of Earth's problems.

Gerard K. O'Neill

New ideas are controversial when they challenge orthodoxy, but orthodoxy changes with time, often surprisingly fast. It is orthodox, for example, to believe that Earth is the only practical habitat for Man, and that the human race is close to its ultimate size limits. But I believe we have now reached the point where we can, if we so choose, build new habitats far more comfortable, productive and attractive than is most of Earth.

Although thoughts about migration into space are as old as science fiction, the technical basis for serious calculation did not exist until the late 1960's. In addition, a mental "hangup"—the fixed idea of planets as colony sites—appears to have trapped nearly everyone who has considered the problem, including, curiously enough, almost all science-fiction writers. In recent months I learned that the space pioneer Konstantin Tsiolkowsky, in his dreams of the future, was one of the first to escape that hangup.

By chance, and initially almost as a joke, I began some calculations on the problem in 1969, at first as an exercise for the most ambitious students in an introductory physics course. As sometimes happens in the hard sciences, what began as a joke had to be taken more seriously when the numbers began to come out right. There followed several years of frustrating attempts to get these studies published.

Friends advised that I take my ideas "to the people" in the form of physics

lectures at universities. The positive response (especially from students) encouraged me to dig harder for the answers to questions about meteoroid damage, agricultural productivity, materials sources, economics and other topics. The results of that study indicate that

▶ we can colonize space, and do so without robbing or harming anyone and without polluting anything.

▶ if work is begun soon, nearly all our industrial activity could be moved away from Earth's fragile biosphere within less than a century from now.

▶ the technical imperatives of this kind of migration of people and industry into space are likely to encourage self-sufficiency, small-scale governmental units, cultural diversity and a high degree of independence.

▶ the ultimate size limit for the human race on the newly available frontier is at least 20 000 times its present value.

How can colonization take place? It is possible even with existing technology, if done in the most efficient ways. New methods are needed, but none goes beyond the range of present-day knowledge. The challenge is to bring the goal of space colonization into economic feasibility now, and the key is to treat the region beyond Earth not as a void but as a culture medium, rich in matter and energy. To live normally, people need energy, air, water, land and gravity. In space, solar energy is dependable and convenient to use; the Moon and asteroid belt can supply the needed materials, and rotational acceleration can substitute for Earth's gravity.

Space exploration so far, like Antarc-

tic exploration before it, has consisted of short-term scientific expeditions, wholly dependent for survival on supplies brought from home. If, in contrast, we use the matter and energy available in space to colonize and build, we can achieve great productivity of food and material goods. Then, in a time short enough to be useful, the exponential growth of colonies can reach the point at which the colonies can be of great benefit to the entire human race.

To show that we are technically able to begin such a development now, this discussion will be limited to the technology of the 1970's, assuming only those structural materials that already exist. Within a development that may span 100 years, this assumption is unrealistically conservative. We shall look at the individual space communities—their structure and appearance and the activities possible for their inhabitants, their relation to the space around them, sources of food, travel between communities as well as to Earth, the economics of the colonies and plans for their growth. As is usual in physics, it is valuable to consider limiting cases: for this study, the limits are an eventual full-size space community on a scale established by the strength of materials, and a first model, for which cost estimates can reasonably be made. The goals of the proposal will be clearer if we first discuss the large community.

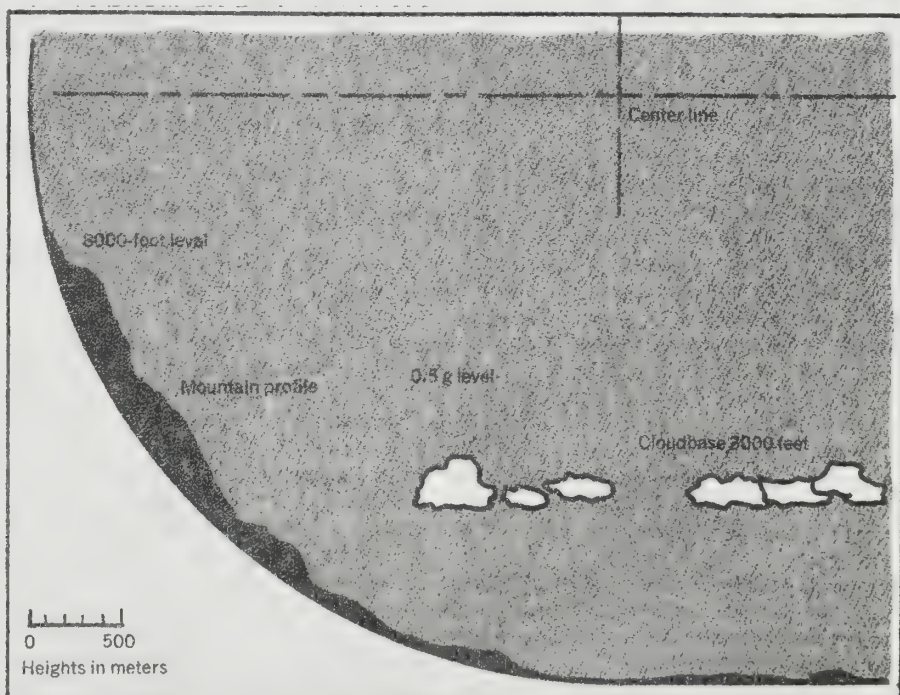
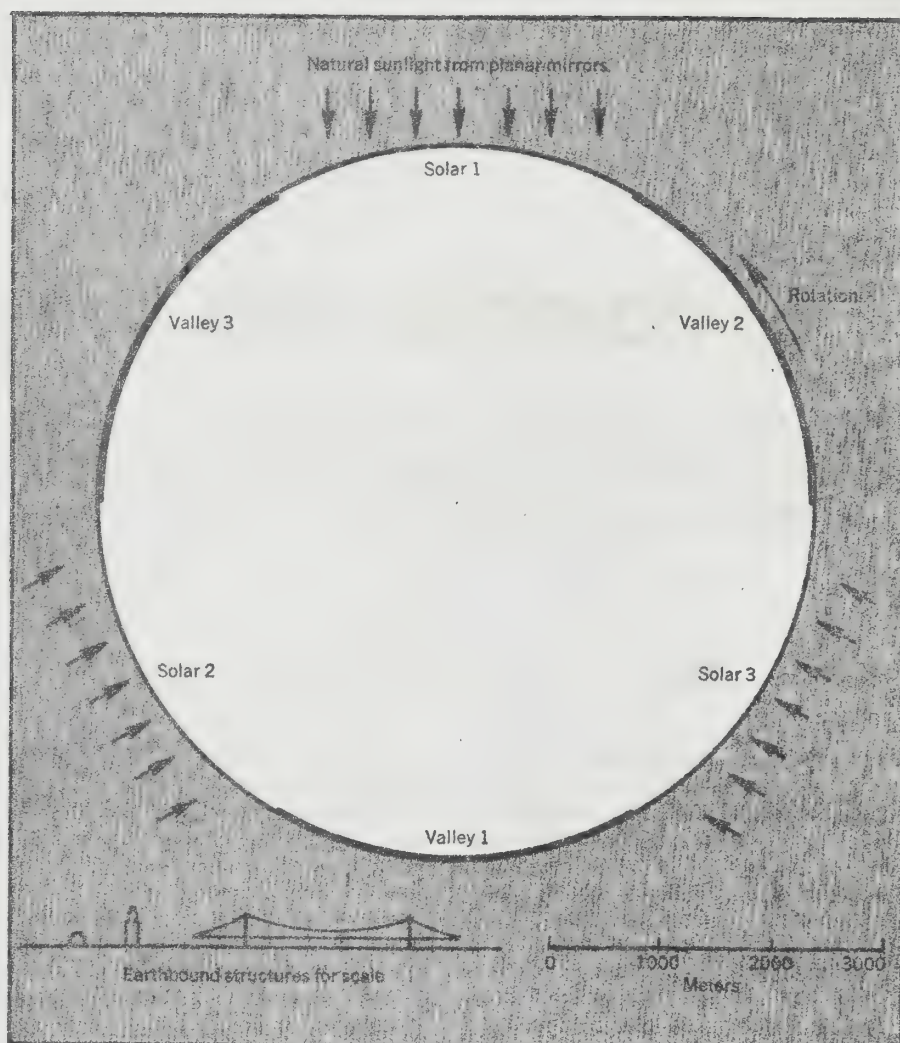
A cylindrical habitat

The geometry of each space community is fairly closely defined if all of the following conditions are required: normal gravity, normal day and night cycle,

Gerard K. O'Neill is professor of physics at Princeton University.

natural sunlight, an earthlike appearance, efficient use of solar power and of materials. The most effective geometry satisfying all of these conditions appears to be a pair of cylinders. The economics of efficient use of materials tends to limit their size to about four miles in diameter, and perhaps about 16 miles in length. (See figure 1.) In these cylinder pairs, the entire land area is devoted to living space, parkland and forest, with lakes, rivers, grass, trees, animals and birds, an environment like most attractive parts of Earth; agriculture is carried on elsewhere. The circumference is divided into alternating strips of land area ("valleys") and window area ("solars"). The rotation period is two minutes, and the cylinder axes are always pointed toward the Sun.

Because the Moon is a rich source both of titanium and of aluminum, it is likely that these metals will be used extensively in the colonies. For conservatism, though, the calculation of the cylinder structure has been based on the use of steel cables, to form "longerons" (longitudinal members carrying the atmospheric forces on the end caps) and circumferential bands (carrying the atmospheric force and the spin-induced weights of the ground, of the longerons and of themselves. For details of this calculation and the assumptions it includes, see the box on page 34.) The steel cables are bunched to form a coarse mesh in the window areas. The bands there subtend a visual angle of 2.3×10^{-4} radians, about equal to the diffraction limit for the sunlight-adapted human eye, and so are nearly invis-



Section of a space-community main cylinder (top). The circumference is divided into alternating strips of land area (valleys) and window area (solars). Although the space-community valleys offer new landscaping opportunities and architectural possibilities, it is reassuring to note that certain Earth features can be recreated: the side view of a cylinder end cap (bottom) includes a mountain profile taken from an aerial photograph of a section of the Grand Teton range in Wyoming.

Figure 1

Table 1. Possible Stages in the Development of Space Communities

Model	Length (km)	Radius (m)	Period (sec)	Population*	Earliest estimated date
1	1	100	21	10 000	1988
2	3.2	320	36	100-200 × 10 ³	1996
3	10	1000	63	0.2-2 × 10 ⁶	2002
4	32	3200	114	0.2-20 × 10 ⁶	2008

* Population figures are for double unit; higher figures are the approximate ecological limits, for conventional agriculture.

Table 2. Masses of Materials Required for Model 1 (Metric tons)

	Total mass required	Mass required from Earth
Aluminum (container, structures)	20 000	—
Glass (solar)	10 000	—
Water	50 000 ¹	—
Generator plant	1000 ²	1000
Initial structures	1000	1000
Special fabricated hardware	1000	1000
Machines and tools	800	800
Soil, rock and construction materials	420 000 ¹	—
Liquid hydrogen	5400	5400
2000 people and equipment	200	200
Dehydrated food	600	600
Totals	>500 000	10 000

¹ Includes replenishable reserves to be used to initiate construction of Model 2, and so are higher than the minima required for Model 1.

² For 100 MW plant.

Steel structure

For the structure, steel cables are assumed to be formed into longerons (average thickness Δr_L) and circular bands (average thickness Δr_B). The value of Δr_L required is

$$\Delta r_L = R p_0 / 2T$$

where R is the cylinder radius, p_0 the atmospheric pressure and T the tension. For land density ρ_L and depth x_L , and bands of density ρ_F , the total equivalent internal pressure p_T is

$$p_T = p_0 + \rho_L x_L g + \rho_F r_B g + \rho_F r_L g$$

To solve for p_T we note that

$$\Delta r_B = p_T R / T$$

so that

$$p_T =$$

$$(p_0 + g \rho_L x_L + g \rho_F R / T) / (1 - g \rho_F R / T)$$

For an average soil depth of 150 cm, with an average density of 1.5 gm per cc,

$$p_0 = g \rho_L x_L = 1.23 \times 10^5 \text{ newtons/m}^2$$

To arrive at a conservative value for T , we note that half a century ago, the working stress for suspension-bridge cables was 70 000 to 80 000 pounds per square inch.¹ At that time, D. B. Steinman argued¹ for the use of stresses over 100 000 psi. If we use 1920's steels, hardened to bring the yield point to 90% of the ultimate strength, and work at 75% of the yield point, the working stress can be 152 000 psi. If we take T as 150 000 psi and R as 3200 meters, the averaged surface mass density is 7.5 tons per square meter.

In the window (solar) areas, the longerons can be 0.8-meter cables in stacks of four at 14-meter intervals. The bands can be in the same arrangement, but with a 1.5-meter diameter, and the mesh transparency will then be 84%. Considerably larger values of R would result from the extensive use of titanium in the structure, together with a thinner layer of earth.

ble. The windows themselves are of glass or plastic, subdivided into small panels.

There is no sharp upper limit on the size of a space-community cylinder; with increasing size, though, a larger fraction of the total mass is in the form of supporting cables. The figure 3200 meters for radius R is somewhat arbitrary. Economoy would favor a smaller size; use of high-strength materials, or a strong desire for an even more earthlike environment, would favor a larger. Independent of size, the apparent gravity is earth-normal, and the air composition as well as the atmospheric pressure are those of sea level on Earth. For R equal to 3200 meters, the atmospheric depth is that of an Earth location at 3300 meters above sea level, an altitude where the sky is blue and the climate habitable: At any radius r within the cylinder we have

$$p = p_0 e^{-a(R^2 - r^2)}$$

where

$$a = g \rho_0 / 2R p_0 =$$

$$(1/2R)(1.2 \times 10^{-4} / \text{meter})$$

The length of a day in each community is controlled by opening and closing the main mirrors that rotate with the cylinders. The length of day then sets the average temperature and seasonal variation within the cylinder. Each cylinder can be thought of as a heat sink equivalent to 3×10^8 tons of water; for complete heat exchange, the warm-up rate in full daylight would be about 0.7 deg C per hour. As on Earth, the true warmup rate is higher because the ground more than a few centimeters below the surface does not follow the diurnal variation.

Bird and animal species that are endangered on Earth by agricultural and industrial chemical residues may find havens for growth in the space colonies, where insecticides are unnecessary, agricultural areas are physically separate from living areas, and industry has unlimited energy for recycling.

As we can see in figure 1, it is possible to recreate certain Earth features: the mountain profile is taken from an aerial photograph of a section of the Grand Teton range in Wyoming. The calculated cloud base heights as seen in the figure are typical of summer weather on Earth: For a dry adiabatic lapse rate of 3.1 deg per 300 meters and a dew-point lapse rate of 0.56 deg per 300 meters, 50% relative humidity and a temperature range between zero and 32°C, the cloud base heights range between 1100 and 1400 meters.

Environmental control

The agricultural areas are separate from the living areas, and each one has the best climate for the particular crop it is to grow. Gravity, atmosphere and

insolation are earthlike in most agricultural cylinders, but there is no attempt there to simulate an earthlike appearance. Selected seeds in a sterile, isolated environment initiate growth, so that no insecticides or pesticides are needed. (The evolution time for infectious organisms is long, and resterilization of a contaminated agricultural cylinder by heating would not be difficult.) All food can be fresh, because it is grown only 20 miles from the point of use. The agricultural cylinders can be evenly distributed in seasonal phase, so that at any given time several of them are at the right month for harvesting any desired crop.

Figure 2 shows side and end views of a space community as a complete ecosystem. The main mirrors are made of aluminum foil and are planar. Moving these mirrors varies the angle at which sunlight hits the valleys (controlling the diurnal cycle), and the Sun appears motionless in the sky, as it does on Earth. The solar power stations, which consist of paraboloidal mirrors, boiler tubes and conventional steam-turbine electric generators, can provide the community with sufficient power, easily up to ten times the power per person now used (10 kw) in highly industrialized regions.² For such energy-rich conditions (120 kw per person) the power needed for a cylinder housing 100 000 people is 12 000 megawatts: The solar power incident on a cylinder end cap is 36 000 megawatts, adequate if the thermal efficiency is 33%. Extra power plants near the agricultural ring would be needed for higher population density. Waste heat is sent into space by infrared radiators of low directionality.

The communities are protected from cosmic rays by the depth of the atmosphere and by the land and steel supporting structure, the bands and longerons being distributed where visual transparency is unnecessary. Meteor-

oid damage should not be a serious danger. Most meteoroids are of cometary rather than asteroidal origin and are dust conglomerates, possibly bound by frozen gases;³ a typical meteoroid is more like a snowball than like a rock. Spacecraft sensors have collected abundant and consistent data on meteoroids in the range 10^{-6} to 1 gram, and the Apollo lunar seismic network is believed to have 100% detection efficiency for meteoroids⁴ above 10 kg: Data from these sources are consistent with a single distribution law.

The Prairie Network sky-camera data,⁵ after substantial correction for assumed luminous efficiency, agree with data from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for 10-gm meteoroids. The spacecraft and seismic data indicate a mean interval of about one-million years for a strike by a heavy (one ton) meteoroid on a space community of cross section 1000 square kilometers. Even such a strike should produce only local damage if the structure is well designed. For 100-gram meteoroids, the mean interval for a strike is about three years. From the combined viewpoints of frequency and of momentum carried, the size range from one to ten grams may need the most care in window design and repair methods. For total breakage of one window panel, Daniel Villani at Princeton has calculated a leakdown time of about 300 years. Meteoroid-damage control is, then, a matter of sensing and of regular minor repair rather than of sudden emergencies.

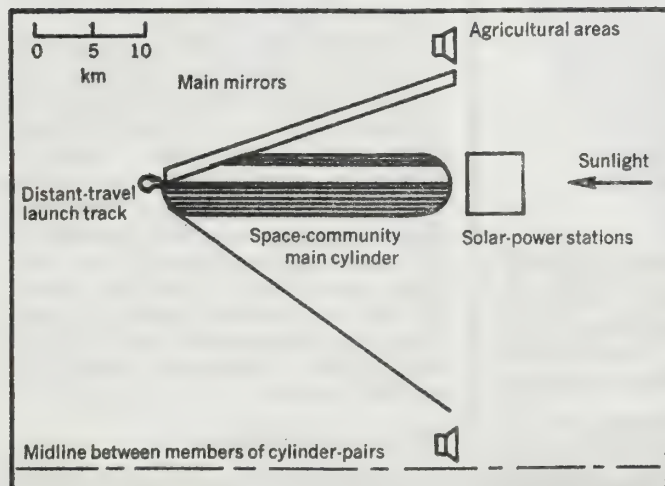
Axial rotation and transport

A key element in the design of the space colony is the coupling of two cylinders by a tension cable and a compression tower to form a system that has zero axial angular momentum and is therefore able to maintain its axis pointed toward the Sun without the use

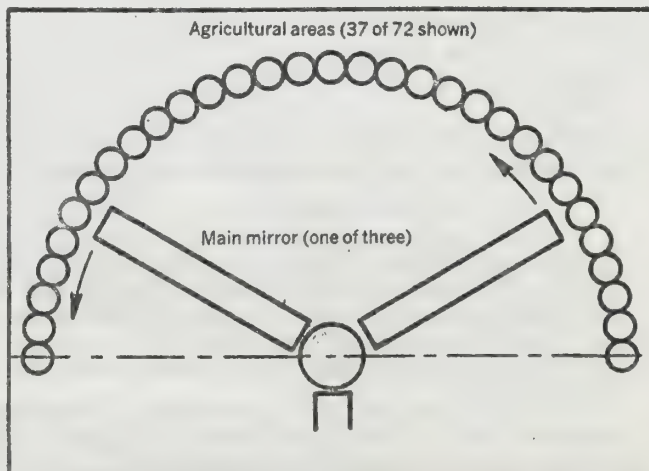
of thrusters. The force and torque diagram for this arrangement is seen in figure 3. To accelerate the cylinders up to the required rotational speed, static torque is transmitted through the compression framework that joins the two cylinders of a pair. For a spin-up time of three years, a constant 560 000 horsepower is needed; this is 3% of the generator capacity of a cylinder. After spin-up, the same motors can provide maintenance power for frictional losses and for attitude control about the spin axis. Each cylinder's angular momentum is 1.5×10^{18} kg² rad per sec; the torque needed to precess this angular momentum once each year is 3×10^{11} newton meters, corresponding to a constant force of 1200 tons on a 26-km lever arm.

The phase difference of seasons between the two cylinders permits "seasonal counterpoint," midsummer in one cylinder during midwinter in the other. Travel between the two requires no power and only nine minutes of time. They are only 90 km apart, and engineless vehicles can unlock from the outer surface of one cylinder at a preset time, move in free flight with the tangential velocity (180 meters per sec or 400 miles per hour) and lock on to the other cylinder at zero relative velocity.

Travel between communities can also be carried out with simple engineless vehicles, accelerated in a computed direction by a stationary cable-pulling electric motor and decelerated by an arresting cable at the destination. The "cable-car" vehicles for such free flight need no fuel, no complex maintenance nor a highly trained crew, and should be inexpensive. Vehicle speeds permit travel among a total population larger than that of Earth within flight times of seven hours. (I have here assumed communities spaced at 200-km intervals, so that the maximum dimension of a planar cluster housing 4 billion people is 29 000 km. For a vehicle with accel-



Space community as a whole is seen in side (left) and end (right) views. For the end view, 37 of the 72 agricultural cylinders in a ring



are shown; the ring does not rotate as a whole. Note the lines of symmetry in both sections of the figure. Figure 2

ation 1g and the required travel time of seven hours, the acceleration length is 66 km.) With no need for aerodynamic design, the vehicles can be far more roomy and comfortable than the typical earthbound commercial jet.

Life in the colonies

The key statements so far have been based on known facts, on calculations that can be checked and on technology whose costs can be estimated realistically. The discussion, however, would be sterile without some speculations—speculations that must, of course, be consistent with the known facts.

With an abundance of food and clean electrical energy, controlled climates and temperate weather, living conditions in the colonies should be much more pleasant than in most places on Earth. For the 20-mile distances of the cylinder interiors, bicycles and low-speed electric vehicles are adequate. Fuel-burning cars, powered aircraft and combustion heating are not needed; therefore, no smog. For external travel, the simplicity of engineless, pilotless vehicles probably means that individuals and families will be easily able to afford private space vehicles for low-cost travel to far distant communities with diverse cultures and languages. The "recreational vehicles" of the colonial age are therefore likely to be simple spacecraft, consisting of well furnished pressure shells with little complexity beyond an oxygen supply and with much the same arrangement of kitchen facilities and living space as are found today in our travelling homes.

All Earth sports, as well as new ones, are possible in the communities. Skiing, sailing, mountain climbing (with the gravity decreasing linearly as the altitude increases) and soaring are examples. As an enthusiastic glider pilot, I have checked the question of thermal scales: The soaring pilots of the colonial age should find sufficient atmospheric instability to provide them with lift. At high altitudes, man-powered flight—a nearly impossible dream on Earth—becomes easy. A special, slowly rotating agricultural cylinder with water and fish can have gravity 10^{-2} or 10^{-3} times that on Earth for skin diving free of pressure-equalization problems. Noisy or polluting sports, such as auto racing, can easily be carried out in one of the cylinders of the external ring.

The self-sufficiency of space communities probably has a strong effect on government. A community of 200 000 people, eager to preserve its own culture and language, can even choose to remain largely isolated. Free, diverse social experimentation could thrive in such a protected, self-sufficient environment.

If we drop our limitation to present technology, the size of a community

could be larger. One foreseeable development is the use of near-frictionless (for example, magnetic) bearings between a rotating cylinder and its supporting structure, which need not be spun. For eight tons per square meter of surface density and a tensile strength of 300 000 psi, R would be 16 km, the total area would 50 000 km², and the population would be between five million (low density) and 700 million (the ecological limit, the maximum population that can be supported).

In Table 1 we see my estimate of the earliest possible schedule for space colonization, beginning with a model community in the late 1980's. From about the year 2014, I assume a doubling time of six years for the colonies; that is, the workforce of a "parent" colony could build a "daughter" colony within that time. In making these estimates I have calculated that the first model community would require a construction effort of 42 tons per man-year, comparable to the effort for large-scale bridge building on Earth. Full-size communities at high population density require 50 tons per man-year, and up to 5000 tons per man-year for low population density. For comparison, automated mining and shipping in Australia now reaches 200 tons per man-year averaged over a town.⁶

In the long run, space-colony construction is ideally suited to automation. A colony's structure consists mainly of cables, fittings and window panels of standard modular form in a pattern repeated thousands of times. The assembly takes place in a zero-gravity environment free of the vagaries of weather. By the time that the colonies are evolving to low population density, therefore, I suspect that very few people will be involved in their construction. Most of the workforce will probably be occupied in architecture, landscaping, forestry, zoological planning, botany and other activities that

are nonrepetitive and require a sense of art and beauty.

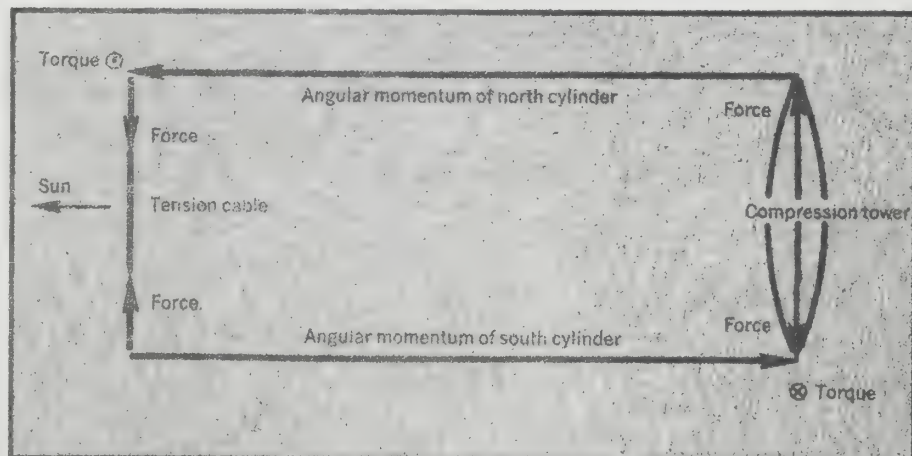
Our new options

It is important to realize the enormous power of the space-colonization technique. If we begin to use it soon enough, and if we employ it wisely, at least five of the most serious problems now facing the world can be solved without recourse to repression: bringing every human being up to a living standard now enjoyed only by the most fortunate; protecting the biosphere from damage caused by transportation and industrial pollution; finding high-quality living space for a world population that is doubling every 35 years; finding clean, practical energy sources; preventing overload of Earth's heat balance.

I hesitate somewhat to claim for space-colonization the ability to solve one other problem, one of the most agonizing of all: the pain and destruction caused by territorial wars. Cynics are sure that humanity will always choose savagery even when territorial pressures are much reduced. Certainly the manic wars of conquest have not been basically territorial. Yet I am more hopeful; I believe we have begun to learn a little bit in the past few decades. The history of the past 30 years suggests that warfare in the nuclear age is strongly, although not wholly, motivated by territorial conflicts; battles over limited, nonextendable pieces of land.

From the viewpoint of international arms control, two reasons for hope come to mind. We already have an international treaty banning nuclear weapons from space, and the colonies can obtain all the energy they could ever need from clean solar power, so the temptations presented by nuclear-reactor byproducts need not exist in the space communities.

To illustrate the power of space-colonization in a specific, calculable situa-



Force and torque diagram for a cylinder. Nondissipative static forces are used to precess the spin angular momenta, so that cylinder axes always point toward the Sun.

Figure 3

tion, we trace the evolution of a worst-case example: Suppose the present population-increase rate were to continue on Earth and in the space colonies. In that case the total human population would increase 20 000-fold in a little over 500 years. Space-colonization would absorb even so huge a growth, as we shall see from our calculations.

The total volume of material needed in a full-size community is 1.4×10^9 cubic meters, and the material available in the asteroid belt (from which the later communities will be built) is estimated to be 4×10^{17} cubic meters, about one twenty-five hundredth the volume of Earth. For a present world population of 3.9×10^9 people and a growth rate⁷ of 1.98% per year (the 1965-71 average), the asteroidal material would last 500 years, corresponding to a 20 000-fold population increase at low population density.

In figure 4, we see the development of this worst-case problem. To hasten the solution of that problem, the initial space community population density is taken as the ecological limit; the maximum number of people that can be supported with food grown within the communities, with conventional agriculture. Richard Bradfield has grown enough to feed 72 people per hectare by the techniques of double planting and multiple cropping, and with the use of cuttings for livestock feed. These results,⁸ as published and also as described to me by Bradfield, were obtained in the Philippines, which has only a nine-month growing season and less than ideal weather conditions. Calculations based on his figures, but assuming an ideal twelve-month season, indicate that the colonies should be able to support 143 people per hectare with a diet of 3000 calories, 52 grams of usable protein and 4.3 pounds of total food per person per day.⁹ Much of the protein would come from poultry and pork. The two main

cylinders of Model 1 should then be able to support up to 10 800 people, and the corresponding ecological limit for a full-size community would be 20 million people. At this limit, all the colonists would have a high standard of living, but in apartment-house living conditions, looking out over farmland. For a community limit of 13-million people, the main cylinders could be kept free of agriculture.

By about 2050, then, figure 4 indicates that emigration to the colonies could reverse the rise in Earth's population, and that the acceleration of the solution could be dramatically fast: Within less than 30 years, Earth's population could be reduced from a peak of 16.5 billion people to whatever stable value is desired. I have suggested 1.2 billion as a possible optimum; it corresponds to the year 1910 in Earth history. The reduction in population density in the space communities could be equally rapid, and within another 40 years new construction could thin out

the communities to a stable density of 1.43 people per hectare, about one hundredth of the ecological limit. The total land area in the colonies would then be more than three times that of Earth.

We can hope that, in contrast to this worst-case example, some progress toward zero population growth¹⁰ will be made in the next 75 years. Any such progress will hasten the solution, reduce Earth's population peak, and hasten the day when the population densities on Earth as well as in the colonies can be reduced to an optimum value.

Building the first colony

A responsible proposal to begin the construction of the first colony must be based on a demonstration, in some detail, of one workable plan with realistic cost estimates. I emphasize two points about any such plan: The details presented should be thought of simply as an existence proof of feasibility; and many variations are possible. The op-

Table 3. Guideline Parameters for Transport Linear Accelerator

Acceleration	288 meters/sec ^a
Average accelerating force	900 lbs
Maximum field	10 000 gauss
Bucket dry mass	5 kg
Payload	9 kg
Repetition rate	1/sec
Transport rate	750 tons/day
Buckets on accelerator	8
Sector length (accelerator)	50 meters
Inductance per meter	0.6 microHy
Peak stored energy per meter	10.4 KJ
Maximum frequency (LSM)*	2500 Hz
Instantaneous length driven	2 meters
Direct current in bucket coil	75×10^4 amp-turns
Peak current in LSM*	136×10^3 amps
Acceleration power	40 MW
Ohmic losses (feeders)	15 MW

* LSM: linear synchronous motor

Table 4. Estimated Cost of Building Space Colonies (in 1972 dollars)

Item	Model 1		Model 2	
	Unit cost	Total (in \$10 ⁶)	Unit cost	Total (in \$10 ⁶)
Launch vehicles	0.3×10^6	0.9	0.5×10^6	1.5
Transport E → L ₅	425/lb	8.5	250/lb	11.0
People E → L ₅	1000/lb	2.2	500/lb	8.8
Transport E → M	1000/lb	6.6	500/lb	2.2
Equipment for Moon	400/lb	2.4	400/lb	1.8
Equipment for L ₅	180/lb	1.2	180/lb	2.0
Machines and tools (L ₅)	625/lb	1.1	625/lb	2.8
Salaries (L ₅)	50 000/man-year	0.6	(25% on Earth)	2.0
Salaries (Earth)	30 000/man-year	7.2	(30 000/man-year)	2.0
Totals		30.7		34.1*
		(\$5.1 × 10 ⁹ /yr)		(4.3 × 10 ⁹ /yr*)

* The cost saving due to the presence of Model 1 can be divided as follows: production, 25 000lbs/man-year; workforce, 4000 people; transport costs, \$250/lb. The saving over the eight years needed to complete the colony is thus a total of 200×10^6 .

timum design and course of action can only be decided on after study and consultation among experts in a number of fields.

The nominal values for the first model colony are taken as: construction force, 2000 people; population, 10 000; total mass, 500 000 tons. When the design and cost analysis are done in detail for the entire enterprise, the need to fit a budget may force some reduction in size. The initial estimates have been aimed at holding the cost equal to that of one project we have already carried through: Apollo. The choice of 10 000 as a target population ensures that, even with some reduction, Model 1 will be large enough to obtain economies of scale and to serve as an effective industrial base for the construction of Model 2. A much reduced colonization project would be little more than a renamed space station, perhaps able to maintain itself but incapable of building the larger models that are necessary if the program is ultimately to support itself. It is an essential feature of the colonization project that Earth should no longer have to support it after the first two or three stages.

Ultimately, colonization could take place in the entire sphere, 3×10^{17} km² in area, that surrounds the Sun at the distance we have evolved to prefer (the so-called "Dyson sphere"). For the

first colony it is probably best to choose a particular point on that sphere, within easy range of both Earth and Moon, not so close as to be eclipsed often, and preferably stable against displacements in all three coordinates. The L₄ and L₅ Lagrange libration points satisfy all these conditions. They have the further advantage of forming only a very shallow effective-potential well.¹¹

Earth, Moon, Sun and the colony form a restricted four-body gravitational problem, for which the full solution has only been worked out within the past several years.¹² The stable motion is a quasielliptical orbit, of large dimensions, about L₅. The maximum excursions in arc and radius are several tenths of the Earth-Moon distance. On the stable orbit there is room for several thousand colonies; a long time will pass before colonization can fill so big an orbit.

Cost minimization

There are several key problems involved here, each of which appears to yield to an efficient solution in principle: reducing freight-shipment cost from the Earth to L₅, the colony site; minimizing the mass needed from Earth; designing a device for low-cost transfer of materials from the Moon to L₅.

The first problem was considered by Robert Wilson (NASA), Eric Hannah and George Hazelrigg (Princeton) at a meeting held 9 and 10 May at Princeton (A *Proceedings* of this meeting will be published). Their conclusion was that the best method during the 1980's will probably be conventional chemical rockets—specifically, the high-quality engines already being developed for the space shuttle. Among several variations possible, the common feature was reusability, and the cost estimates for shipment varied from \$190 to \$400 per pound, in 1972 dollars. The cost summary table (Table 4) therefore assumes \$425 per pound.

To reduce the mass needed from Earth, most of the repetitive structural members (aluminum) and window panels (glass) must be produced at L₅ from lunar material. A further, important saving is made by getting 89% of the mass of needed water from oxygen in the plentiful lunar-surface oxides, bringing only 11% of the water mass as liquid hydrogen from Earth. Of the 500 000-ton total mass (see Table 2) for the Model 1 colony, 98% can be obtained from the Moon. The elements most needed are aluminum, titanium, silicon and oxygen. Lunar surface soil is usable for agriculture, with the addition of nitrates and small amounts of trace elements. The remaining 10 000 tons must come from the Earth.

To bring the total cost within practical limits, we must develop a low-cost

method for transporting raw materials from the Moon to the construction site. The discussion of transport methods should be taken as an existence proof rather than as a detailed design. There may very well be better methods than those I have considered; however, it is enough to show two solutions that appear to be workable. Both use the two great advantages of the lunar environment: an excellent vacuum and a very low escape velocity, about 1.5 miles per sec, less than one quarter of the escape velocity from Earth. To bring a kilogram to L₅ from the Moon takes less than 5% of the energy needed to take a kilogram from Earth.

Both methods assume electric power from a conventional steam-electric power plant that uses solar energy, and both assume that the system runs only during the lunar day, the night being used for scheduled maintenance, crew rest and possibly materials processing. I have also assumed another factor of two lost to system breakdowns. Overall then, each system is assumed to be running only one week in four.

The first method, called "RPL" for rotary pellet launcher, is a symmetric, two-arm propeller-like device, running at constant speed. (See box on page 38 for description). To transfer 5×10^6 tons in six years, about 26 such RPL's would be needed, for a total power of 32 MW. Precise steering is carried out by a linear electromagnetic deflection-plate system after the launching, to hold down the pellet dispersion and permit easy collection.

The alternative method, called "TLA" for transport linear accelerator, uses the technology of dynamic magnetic levitation and the linear synchronous motor. The TLA is a recirculating system of small, passive vehicles (buckets), each having no moving parts but containing superconducting coils. The bucket accelerates a 9-kg payload to escape speed along a magnetic-levitation, linear-synchronous track. Deceleration then releases the payload, the bucket slows to a moderate speed, and is recirculated to receive another payload. Table 3 shows some guideline parameters. The mass estimate is 1500 tons, of which about 80% is in power-generation and power-handling equipment. In six years, running 25% of the time, the TLA can transport over 300 times its own weight. (For a short bibliography of early work on the possibilities of electromagnetic launching, before the development of dynamic magnetic levitation, see reference 13.)

Both RPL and TLA may have eventual applications as high-throughput, energetically efficient reaction motors, running on solar power and able to use any kind of asteroidal debris as reaction mass. They could propel very large payloads, in the million-ton range or

Rotary pellet launcher

The rotary launcher is assumed to be a symmetric two-arm propeller-like device, running at constant speed, with launching arms of ten-meter radius.

Mass	10 tons
Rotation rate	2300 rpm
Tip speed (escape velocity)	2400 m/sec
Power	1600 horsepower

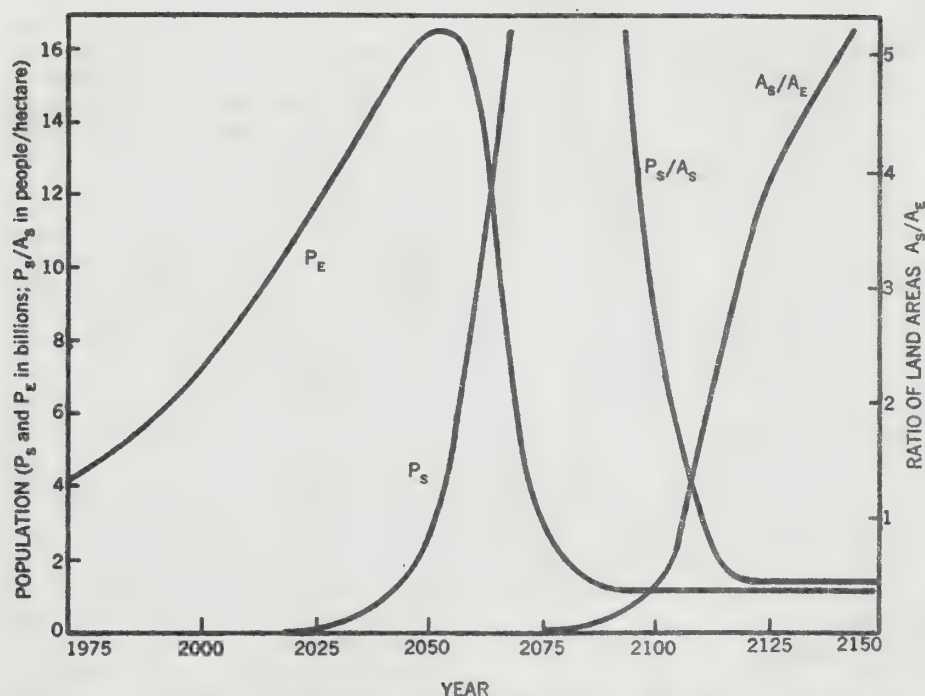
The transfer rate per launcher is 3250 tons per year for the transfer of 5-gm pellets, assuming a 25% duty cycle. The strength-to-mass ratio for the launcher is within the range attainable by boron-filament technology: An aluminum matrix containing boron grown on tungsten cores is calculated to have a yield stress of 322 000 psi and average density 4.1, so that

$$\rho/T = 185 \times 10^{-6}$$

Here ρ is the density and T the tension in MKS units. For uniform stress, the ratio of arm radii at the base and the tip (r_1 and r_2) is

$$\log r_1/r_2 = (\rho/4T)v^2$$

where v is the escape velocity. For r_1/r_2 less than 50, ρ/T must be less than 2.08×10^{-6} .



Effectiveness of space colonization in solving a hypothetical "worst case" population-growth problem. The case considered assumes no reduction of population growth rate either on Earth or in the space colonies. Here P_E is the population of Earth, P_S that of space, and A_S/A_E the ratio of land area in space (all usable) to total land area of Earth. Both P_E and P_S/A_E reach stable, relatively low values. Changes within wide limits in the assumed input numbers do not affect the reaching of a stable solution, nor do they affect the final stable values of P_E and P_S/A_E . This figure is an example of the power of space-colonization, not a prediction. Figure 4

higher, between the asteroid belt and the L_5 site.

The Model 1 colony will be too small to carry out a wide variety of manufacturing processes, but it can perform those tasks that are energy intensive, not labor intensive, and that will produce a large return in total tonnage. One example is the production of aluminum by the Hall process. An installed capacity of 40 MW is enough to produce 20 000 tons of aluminum in two years, for the exostructure of Model 1. Another example is the separation of oxygen from the lunar oxides to combine with hydrogen brought from Earth. (With 50 000 tons of water, Model 1 can have lush vegetation as well as substantial streams and small lakes). In contrast, small, low-mass parts are best brought from Earth.

The later colonies, perhaps beginning with Model 3, will use asteroidal material, which is rich in hydrocarbons as well as in metals. We can speculate that, relatively early in the development of the colonies, the economics of freight transport will probably dictate that the "up" shipments from Earth will consist only of people and labor-intensive, miniaturized products such as computers and calculators. The "down" shipping costs may be lower because of the possibility of atmospheric braking. Between colonies, all shipping and travel costs should be very low. For Model 1, the project cost is summarized in Table

4. For comparison, the Apollo project cost about 33 billion (1972) dollars.

We can also see in Table 4 that the economic payoff from the construction of the first community will come quickly, during construction of the second. That payoff will be in the form of transport costs saved because tools and fabricated structures will be made from lunar material at Community 1 rather than on Earth. The first colony can apparently pay for itself in one or two years, and, by its presence, can keep the annual cost of building Community 2—with its 100 000 to 200 000 people—at about the same level as for Community 1. After that, construction costs for models 3, 4 and so on, should taper off as space-based industry becomes stronger, and as the wide range of chemical elements in the asteroids are used.

We can speculate that the second or third colony may begin to pay back its construction cost in additional ways, for example by the manufacture of high-strength single crystals¹⁴ in the zero-gravity, high-vacuum environment that surrounds it, and by the manufacture of titanium products.

To follow the economics as far as Model 3 would be too speculative; its costs to Earth will mainly be those of transporting its one to two million inhabitants to L_5 . Its earliest possible completion date is estimated at just after the turn of the century (28 years

forward in time; going back the same number of years brings us to the era of the V2 rocket, more than ten years before the first artificial satellite). Around the year 2000, a fully reusable chemical rocket system could transport payloads to L_5 at a cost of about \$100 per pound (again, in 1972 dollars). A prospective colonist could therefore save enough money (one or two years' salary) to emigrate with his family of three. The near certainty of continued advances in propulsion systems suggests that the actual costs will be lower.

By the middle years of the next century, and possibly earlier, production costs at L_5 should be lower than on Earth. My reasons for this belief are that:

- ▶ the asteroid belt is a rich source of raw materials, already exposed and differentiated.

- ▶ transport from the belt to L_5 can be done in a way analogous to ocean freight on Earth; that is, in very large units, with low fuel costs and very small crews. In space, it may be most practical to eliminate the freighter hulls entirely. A TLA-type reaction motor can run on free solar power and transport an entire asteroid to L_5 , perhaps with no crew at all.

- ▶ food-raising costs, production costs and shipping costs among the communities should all be lower than on Earth because of ideal growing conditions, proximity of farms to consumers, availability of unlimited solar power and the convenience of zero-gravity and high-vacuum environments for production and transportation.

If we are so prodigal as to run through the entire material of the asteroid belt in the next 500 years, we can even gain another 500 years by using up the moons of the outer planets. Long before then, I hope we will have slowed the growth of the human population. And I feel sure that long before then a modified version of a space community will have travelled to a nearby star.

I am left with the desire to communicate two aspects of this work more completely. On the one hand, I would like to display for review more of the details of calculations and references than is possible here. And on the other hand, I am acutely aware of the need for discussion outside our own group of physics-oriented people. This work should be discussed and debated as widely as possible, by people with a range of technical and artistic talents, and by people who claim no special talent beyond the ability to work hard for a worthwhile goal. I hope I have conveyed at least a little of the sense of excitement that I have enjoyed over the past few years as each serious problem has appeared to yield to a solution, as well as how much more remains to be done and how much

need there is for good ideas and hard work.

* * *

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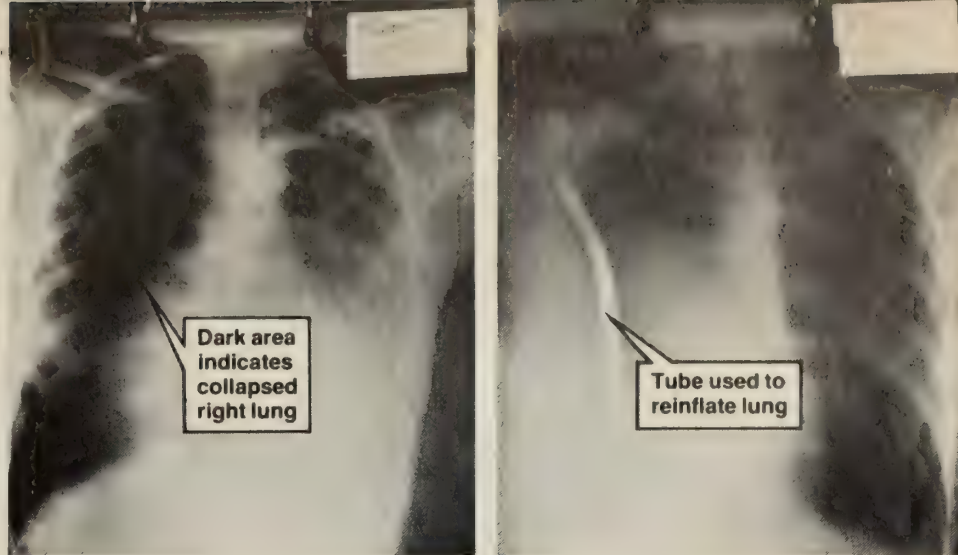
alike customer who was in the bank). In addition, **NEWSWEEK** learned, Patty began talking to Sacramento Federal prosecutor Dwayne Keyes three weeks ago—and last week the lawyer for Soliah, who has been charged with the bank robbery, filed a motion to find out what she said. Patty named housepainter James Kilgore (also underground) and a convicted bomber named Michael Bortin as the two other robbers. Bortin denied it, saying he was painting a house that day and can prove it.

THE JACK SCOTT CONNECTION: During the summer of 1974, after the deadly shoot-out between the SLA and the Los Angeles Police Department, sports activist Jack Scott, his parents and his wife Micki reportedly helped Patty travel incognito cross-country to a secluded farmhouse rented by the Scotts near Scranton, Pa. A Federal grand jury has been investigating charges against Scott and his wife for harboring Patty as a fugitive—with no notable success. Now that may change. "We're going to pursue it," said a top U.S. attorney responsible for the case last week. "We expect Patty Hearst to cooperate with us."

THE MARIN COUNTY BOMBINGS: In August 1975, about a month before FBI agents caught Patty, four terrorists blew up two sheriffs' cars in Marin County, across the Bay from San Francisco. Patty has now admitted to the FBI that she went along for the ride that day, but she has denied throwing any bombs herself and specifically ruled out a role by Kilgore, a prime suspect. Marin district attorney Bruce Bales is interested in interrogating Patty—but not much interested in prosecuting her, which seems to leave room for a bargain.

THE BERKELEY KIDNAPPING: In the near future, predicted Alameda County district attorney Lowell Jensen last week, "Miss Hearst would, from the witness stand, point to William and Emily Harris as her kidnappers." To prepare for that day in court, deputy D.A. Alexander Selvin filed a nineteen-count complaint against the couple, charging them with kidnapping, robbery, assault and false imprisonment of Patty, Steven Weed and a number of hapless bystanders on the night of the kidnapping. "Miss Hearst's attorney," Jensen reported, "has assured her complete cooperation in testifying against the Harrises."

Selvin also cited a nineteen-page independent report by a Berkeley police officer to corroborate the story Patty had offered during her trial. He said that he had a size-6½ lady's leather glove with the label L.S. Ayres (an Indianapolis department store that had once employed Emily Harris) that had turned up in a getaway car used on the night Patty was kidnapped. And he said that he would also use the draft history of the SLA found in the Harrises' last hideout—the same document U.S. attorney James L. Browning used to portray Patty as a willing convert to the SLA—to substantiate Patty's story of her kidnapping.



X-rays show Patty's lung before surgery (left) and tube inserted to reinflate it

PATTY'S COLLAPSED LUNG

"Spontaneous tension pneumothorax," which struck Patty Hearst one night last week, is the collapse of a lung due to air seeping through a rupture and into the cavity between the lung and rib cage. A lung collapse such as Patty's occurs mainly among young people of slight build, and usually it is easily repaired. The danger comes from the pressure of the escaped air against the heart and major vessels, which can impair the circulation of blood. "If it is untreated," says Dr. Donald Rowles, the surgeon who admitted Patty to the hospital, "this condition has a serious risk of causing death."

Patty was treated promptly. While her lawyer Al Johnson held her hand, Dr. Jeffrey Weisberg—explaining each step of the way—administered a local anesthetic to the right side of her chest. After making a small incision

between her ribs, he spread the muscle exposed by the cut and pushed a slender tube through the pleura (the delicate membrane lining) and into the cavity. The puncturing of the pleura was painful, but at once much of the trapped air rushed out—sounding, Weisberg said, "like the fluttering of the air out of an already deflated balloon." The collapsed lung began to inflate almost immediately.

The tube, connected to a machine that draws the air out of the cavity, was inserted upwards along the lung for 4 inches and stitched into place. It remained there for three days, causing Patty only slight pain, and was removed after the rupture had healed. Patty's only long-range problem now is a silver-dollar-size blister on the lung in which the rupture occurred. This may correct itself naturally, but if not, further surgery may be needed.

THE SHOOT-OUT AT MEL'S: In mid-May 1974, Patty and the Harrises allegedly shot up Mel's Sporting Goods Store in Los Angeles, beat a clerk and kidnapped a young man with a van that they used as a hideaway. They now face an eleven-count indictment for robbery, kidnapping and armed assault. Both Patty and the Harrises seem eager to implicate each other, but the Los Angeles district attorney's office has been reluctant to discuss any deals for the understandable reason that the state's case looks strong enough already without Patty's help. It was possible that district attorney John Van De Kamp might ultimately agree to a "case settlement," in which Patty could plead guilty to first-degree robbery—which could carry a life sentence—and armed assault instead of risking trial on additional charges, including kidnapping.

Patty will have plenty of time to ponder that decision after she leaves the

hospital, probably later this week, to undergo her new round of psychiatric tests at the Federal Metropolitan Correctional Center in San Diego. She also faces continuing medical problems. In addition to the collapsed lung, doctors found that Patty, who has lost twelve pounds during her six months in jail, showed symptoms of malnutrition and a possible liver disorder. They ordered a complete medical checkup and put her on a high-protein diet to gain weight.

The rough passage through plea bargaining won't make life any easier for Patty. She is now a convicted bank robber, and one jury has already sized her up as a liar—hardly an inducement for any prosecutor to put her on the stand again. Most of the advantages now seem to lie with the government, and there is not much Patty can do to improve her lot but keep on talking.

—TOM MATHEWS with WILLIAM J. COOK in San Francisco and DIANE CAMPER in Washington

Announcing ConRail.

A better way to run a railroad.

On April 1, six struggling railroads became a single, more efficient railroad, stretching from Boston to St. Louis. Purpose: to give customers first-class service and become a profitable company.

It's going to take time. But we've got the people, the money, and the will to make it work.

And we've got to make it work. A big chunk of America is counting on us.

Our 17,000 miles of track cover an area with 100 million people and 55 percent of America's manufacturing plants. Including major automobile plants.

ConRail serves so much of the automobile industry that if we stopped hauling freight even for one day, 26,000 auto workers would be thrown out of work.

In business to make a profit

Don't confuse us with Amtrak, which is a Government-subsidized company responsible for intercity

passenger service. ConRail is a for-profit company—primarily a freight railroad. (Under contract to various

agencies, ConRail also provides tracks and operating personnel for passenger trains.)

The \$2.1 billion we're getting from the Government (see right) comes as an *investment* that we are legally obligated to pay back.

We're in business to improve service and make a profit. But why should we succeed when the six railroads we took over went bankrupt?

Old problems attacked head on

The Penn Central and other bankrupts had to watch roadbeds and equipment deteriorate for lack of money. This slowed service and increased damage costs.

They had to absorb losses from commuter lines. And from unprofitable freight lines.

And, in some areas, they didn't have enough

flexibility in assigning employees.

As you'll see below, the legislation that created ConRail specifically attacks each of these major problems.

Billions to improve roadbeds and equipment

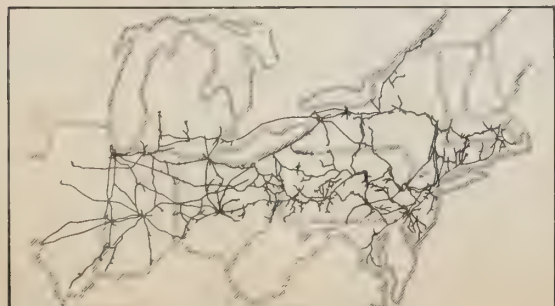
In creating ConRail, Congress authorized the purchase of \$2.1 billion in ConRail securities. ConRail doesn't have to pay in-

terest or dividends in cash in the early years—which frees all the money for building a better railroad.

We'll use the \$2.1 billion (as well as more billions from ConRail revenues) to replace over 4,000,000



ConRail is often the lowest cost way to move truck trailers between the East Coast and the Midwest.



ConRail blankets sixteen states with 17,000 miles of track.

Now we're one dynamic



Penn Central



Lehigh Valley

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AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim...

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you..."

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her — out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands..."

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head. I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could

"tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting — stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire—called a Photo-Form—then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning... a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets... a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

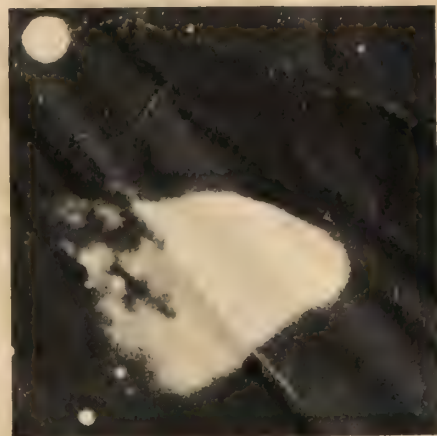
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love... draw favors, gifts, new friends... or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others... men and women in all walks of life... worked every time... and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money... fives, tens, twenties... and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few...

• **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!

• **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with \$500,000!

• **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only \$7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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SAUCER CENTRAL

By Charles Bowen

There has been quite a UFO flap in Britain during recent months and, believe it or not, a tremendous furor over the late UFO contactee George Adamski.

Whether or not one has much faith in the claims of Adamski, there is little doubt that he made his mark on "ufology," an influence which started the moment his claims—to have met an "interplanetary visitor," allegedly from Venus, and to have taken photographs of his craft—were included in a 1953 book *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, the bulk of which was written by Desmond Leslie.

Not unexpectedly, the opposition to Adamski was instantaneous and vitriolic. Yet the book, a best-seller, gave millions of people their first insight into the subject of UFOs, and although many may not have believed Adamski's claims, their interest in ufology's other aspects continued.

Would-be debunkers of UFOs had a perfect opportunity to ridicule the subject by attacking the late George Adamski's statements. All this thanks to the antics of an overly enthusiastic buff named Kenneth Rogers. During this past August and September Rogers garnered a lot of publicity in British newspapers over his "plan" to submit to Bristol University his "dossier of Warminster sightings" for scientific study (20,000 words, we were told, for 500 cases!). His picture appeared in one newspaper, arm aloft, finger pointing skywards, while he looked for UFOs and "green beings."

Then, on Sept. 19, 1975, his photograph appeared in the 2-million circulation *London Evening News*. The banner headline read: "Flying Saucer Phony, And How He Did It." Rogers was seen holding a device, the upper section of which looked remarkably like the alleged UFO in Adamski's photographs. The "phony" was, of course, Adamski, and the implications was that he had photographed the lid, or shade, of an object like that held by Rogers, and claimed it was the photo of a flying saucer. The device, it seems, was a bottle cooler discovered by chance in a London restaurant, and said to have been manufactured by a Wigan, Lancashire, firm. As Adamski was known to have been a soft-drink salesman,

nearly everyone put 2 and 2 together and made, as it turned out—5!

Adamski was immediately denounced with great glee by scores of national newspapers, on television and on radio. But there was a snag: no one had bothered to check their facts. After all, the Wigan firm had gone out of business, and Adamski was deceased, so why bother.

So it came as no surprise to me when a refrigeration engineer named Nicholson came forward on radio on September 20th to state that it was he who had designed the cooler in 1959 (six years after the photographs were first published). Nicholson said he had seen the Adamski book and was so fascinated by the UFO shape that he borrowed the design for the shade of the bottle cooler. When challenged, Nicholson produced his patents.

Thus George Adamski continues, albeit indirectly, to bug the cause of serious UFO research, for only one or two of the newspapers that had rushed to the assault had the grace to publish a retraction. In one that did, a Bristol evening paper, Rogers was quoted as saying he had been made to look a "bit of a fool." In this respect, and this respect alone, we can endorse his judgment, for millions of people now equate serious UFO researchers with Adamski, who, so they have been told, was a phony, hence all UFO researchers are phonies.

Thames Valley: Winnersh

The Thames Valley region around Reading, which is about 30 miles west of London, had a late summer UFO wave which received much publicity in the local press.

On August 27th, a Wokingham housewife, Mrs. Jill Bodman, and her press photographer husband saw a strange glowing bell-shaped UFO just before they drove through the village of Winnersh. The object, hovering at rooftop height, had a rounded lower section, and its surface was covered with small indentations. Metallic gray in color it had green and white flashing lights on top. No windows or portholes were seen, and there were no signs of life.

Winnersh is on the road between Reading and Wokingham, which lies to the southeast, and the Bodmans were driving home at about 10:30 p.m. Their immediate reaction was that they were watching a helicopter or low-flying aircraft. They could hear no noise, but they attributed this to their being in a car. In sight for about 5 minutes, the UFO finally descended behind some trees beyond the road and houses to the north.

When it suddenly dawned on them that they might be looking at a UFO, Mr. Bodman tried to maneuver the car into a position where he could get a clear view of the descending object, and use his camera, but he was too late.

The witnesses reported their sighting to the police. No other reports had come in, but there had been one at neighboring Tilehurst, and the descriptions of the object tallied. I frequently drive along that road when visiting the *Flying Saucer Review* printers at Caversham, Reading, so I'll have to keep more alert.

Reading and Caversham

While the police remained singularly uninformed, corroboration of the Bodmans' sighting poured into the *Reading Chronicle*. It seems the UFO was seen moving northward past Earley, over Reading City Center, then over and beyond Caversham, where it picked up speed and vanished beyond Emner Green. The Bodman's sighting turned out to be one of the best-attested of all the Thames Valley reports: the others were mostly single witness reports.

Caterham, Surrey

Caterham, a quiet town lying to the south of Croydon and London, the scene of a recent restaurant terrorist bombing attack, was treated to a UFO near-landing on September 16th.

Advertising executive Jack Hennequin was walking home with his girl friend at about 2 a.m. when they saw a rotating object with red, green, and white lights. The young lady described it as a circular object with a fixed red light and many white lights revolving

(Continued on page 57)

The Eyes Of Texas

Within hours after the polls in Pennsylvania close next Tuesday, the campaign will shift to Texas, which, in its contrary way, has scheduled its primary for a Saturday, May 1. The Democratic winner is expected to be a favorite son, Sen. Lloyd Bentsen, the onetime Presidential candidate who hopes to propel himself into a broker's seat at the New York City convention in July. But for the Republicans, Texas is still a critical battle in the war for the GOP nomination—and both Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford have been running hard to win the 96 delegates up for grabs. From Houston, NEWSWEEK's White House correspondent, Thomas M. DeFrank, himself a native Texan, filed this report:

The eyes of Fort Worth were upon Ronald Reagan last week—so the former host of "Death Valley Days" naturally put on a Stetson. At the end of a trail of defeats by Gerald Ford—and a California poll last week that showed the President ahead 47-42 in Reagan's home state—Reagan is making a do-or-die effort in Texas. He will spend eight days campaigning and almost all of his dwindling war chest in the state and, in true Texas fashion, his people are already bullish on their man's prospects. Texas campaign manager Ray Barnhart predicts that Reagan will get 66 delegates and, "with a few breaks," all 96.

"If Barnhart believes that, he's a fool to say it," counters one high-ranking Texas



Reagan in Fort Worth: Would the Texas Alamo be his first step or his last stand?

Republican, "and if he *really* believes that, he's an even bigger fool." Though Ford began the race well behind, he has gained ground during the last month; he is vastly outpacing Reagan—and a blitz of TV ads and a scheduled round of last-minute campaigning by Ford, wife Betty and son Jack could conceivably boost him to a narrow victory.

If ever there was a primary that Reagan ought to win, it is Texas. The small GOP party is still fiercely conservative—its 100,000 voters are what one moderate calls the "kamikaze Republicans" who backed Barry Goldwater in 1964. The state also has many conservative Democrats—and primary rules permit voters to cross over. Furthermore, Reagan is the beneficiary of a new law giving the more sparsely populated Congressional districts—in which he is thought to lead—

as many delegates as those in the cities.

Reagan's anti-Washington, anti-big-government rhetoric has found a natural welcome in Texas—as have his attacks on Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Reagan drew his lustiest cheers in Texas last week when he denounced "the giveaway of the Canal Zone," the disputed territory that some Ford aides have indicated will eventually be yielded to Panama. "We ought to tell [Panama's Gen. Omar] Torrijos it's ours, we paid for it and built it up," Reagan said, "and we darn well intend to keep it."

Oil: Lately, Ford has begun to make headway. Although he signed a bill rolling back domestic oil prices, he has partially appeased the oil industry by strongly opposing the breakup of the big companies and by supporting the deregulation of natural gas. As for Reagan's

WHY CONNALLY IS STAYING OUT

Although a word from him might swing the Texas primary, former Gov. John Connally has steadfastly refused to endorse either Ronald Reagan or Gerald Ford. Last week, he discussed his reasons, in an interview with NEWSWEEK's Hal Bruno:

BRUNO: Are you planning to endorse anybody in the primary?

CONNALLY: No. Back in the spring I made some commitments to appear on several college campuses and I assured them that there would be nothing political about it. Also I am going to direct my effort to help state parties to raise money, particularly in support of Congressional candidates . . . I can't at the same time get embroiled in Presidential politics and be effective . . . I frankly question the wisdom of endorsements; people want to rely on their own judgment.

Q. Did both Ford and Reagan ask for your help in Texas?

A. The President has not. Governor Reagan has not really made it clear, but I think he would welcome my support. I think the President—without saying it—indicated that, but primarily through other people.

Q. Would you accept the Vice Presidential nomination?

A. I don't think about it because, frankly, I like the independence I presently enjoy. Until the Presidential nominee is chosen, I think it's highly speculative and even presumptuous to think about who's going to be Vice President.

Q. What's your appraisal of the Ford-Reagan contest at this point?

A. As of today I would say that Governor Reagan still has the edge in Texas . . .

I don't know if that will be true on May 1, but I would not be surprised if it was so even then. Nationally, President Ford definitely has the edge.

Q. What issues concern you most?

A. I think foreign affairs may well play a larger role in this election. We're going to have to fashion a whole new foreign policy, it seems to me, not the least of which would be asking the Germans to probably arm and man an additional four or five divisions on their Eastern front. After consultation with our friends and allies, particularly the People's Republic of China, we ought to ask the Japanese to engage in a substantial rearmament of their people. They can be a very great stabilizing force in Southeast Asia. So I think we're looking at a whole restructuring, really, of alliances around the world and the utilization of economic strengths perhaps in such a way that they become even more important to us than military might.

attacks on Kissinger, Ford suggests that Reagan's own proposals might risk nuclear confrontation with the Soviets.

Still, the President's crowds are generally smaller and less enthusiastic than his challenger's; in Amarillo two weeks ago, a Ford pep talk to campaign volunteers drew only 40 listeners. Some Republicans complain that his campaign has been unwisely put in the hands of Texas Sen. John Tower, some of whose operatives have antagonized the local GOP. And despite the reported offer of the post of Secretary of State, former Gov. John Connally has withheld his endorsement of Ford (box, page 23). (Connally denies the report.)

As the primary nears, Ford has stepped up his Texas efforts: Jack Ford toured the state last week, and both the President and Mrs. Ford will campaign there in the next two weeks. Ford has activated 26 phone banks around the state and will spend half of the \$450,000 he has budgeted for Texas on TV and radio spots. With only \$150,000 and no phone banks, Reagan plans to lay on a five-minute, prime-time TV commercial that, his people believe, will be as successful as his half-hour speech last month. "John Tower seems to think Texas is going to be our Alamo," says Ray Barnhart. "He seems to have forgotten that the Alamo was Texas's first important battle for freedom." After five defeats in six primaries, Reagan has to avert another Alamo—or Texas may well be his last stand.

A Songbird Named Patty

The full weight of the law fell upon Patty Hearst last week and the pressure crushed whatever spirit of resistance or rebellion she had left. In San Francisco, Federal Judge Oliver J. Carter sentenced her to an "interim" term of 35 years in jail for armed robbery. He promised to reduce the penalty later—but only after Patty submitted to 90 days of new psychiatric tests in a correctional facility. In a desperate bid to soften or shorten what looked like a certain stretch in jail, Patty began to finger old friends and enemies alike for crimes that ran from bombings to murder. "She's singing," reported an exultant prosecutor after she was interviewed. Patty's song was interrupted only when her body failed her. Her right lung collapsed (box, page 29) and she wound up in the trauma room of a hospital near the San Mateo county jail, crying out in pain and disbelief: "What more can happen to me?"

The frightened young woman survived her latest peril—she was able to wolf down a salami-and-cheese sandwich only nine hours later—and the more intriguing question was what would happen to Patty's friends when she recovered enough to resume implicating them in crimes stretching from San Francisco to Pennsylvania. Even before she fell ill last week, she started

naming names in a series of productive meetings with Federal investigators. Her favorite targets appeared to be her old SLA comrades-in-arms, Bill and Emily Harris. But she also reportedly tattled upon her last roommate, Wendy Yoshimura, and her last lover, Steven Soliah; and, conceivably, Patty could finger her alleged travel guides, Jack and Micki Scott. "She's helping us put the picture puzzle together," said one pleased top hand at the Justice Department. Some of the new pieces:

THE CARMICHAEL BANK MURDER: On April 21, 1975, four SLA raiders wearing ski masks burst into the Crocker National Bank in Carmichael, Calif., gunned down Mrs. Myrna Opsahl, 42, a housewife, and fled with \$15,000. Patty told the FBI that the SLA soldier who "accidentally" pulled the trigger was Emily Harris. "She will say whatever is necessary . . . no matter how untrue," Harris's attorney has said about Patty. Patty also said that she and Wendy Yoshimura (who denied it) drove the "switch cars" the robbers used to complete their getaway after they abandoned their original cars.

Patty said that Steven Soliah's sister Kathleen (now underground) had been in the bank during the robbery but that Steven had been outside (two eyewitnesses testified Soliah was inside, but they may have mistaken him for a look-



Patty just before lung collapse



AP



Gary Freedman



Tom Zimberoff—Pledge—New Times

Wendy Yoshimura, Kathy Soliah, Emily Harris and a bombed-out Marin County sheriff's car: Talking about her former comrades-in-arms

Jim Kean—San Rafael



**Ken Kesey
isn't cuckoo**

**Phoebe Snow
is hot stuff**

**Goldwater
sounds off**

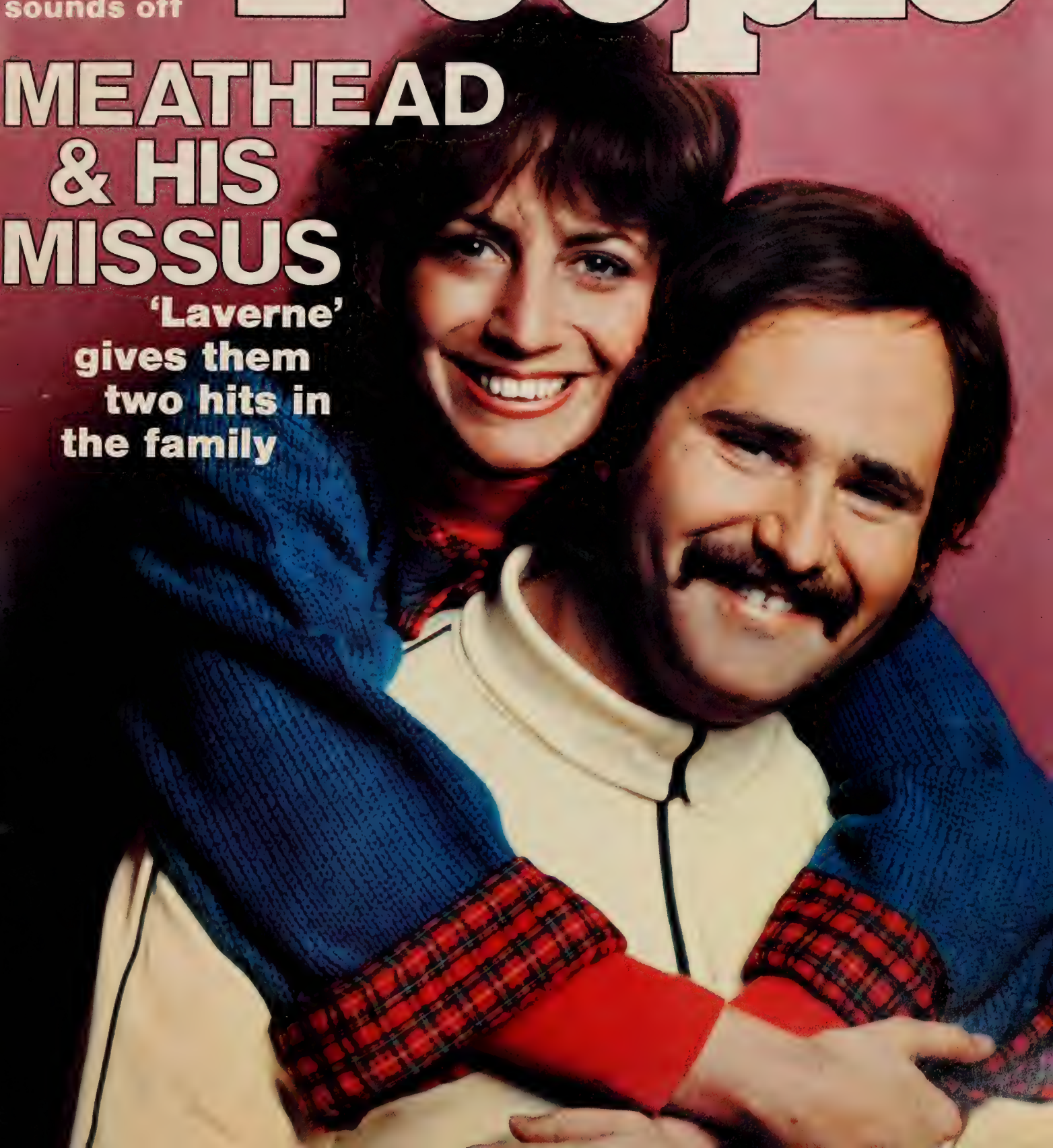
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two hits in
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BIO



TEACHER

PAUL FREUND OF HARVARD LAW: HIS STUDENTS ARE A WHO'S WHO IN THE CABINET AND THE CONGRESS



In 1960, the late President John F. Kennedy turned to Harvard law professor and constitutional scholar Paul Freund to fill the job of solicitor general. Freund politely refused, explaining he was busy writing a history of the Supreme Court. "I would rather make history than write it," the President challenged Freund.

Many assume that by declining the post, Freund cost himself appointment to the Supreme Court's traditional "Jewish seat" when it was vacated by Felix Frankfurter in 1962.

Freund indeed has written history—and is now editing an eight-volume study of the Supreme Court. He also has helped mold the men who have made so much contemporary history. His students have included Elliot Richardson, Sen. Robert Taft (who calls Freund "a truly inspiring teacher"), Transportation Secretary William Coleman, budget chief James Lynn and Sen. Thomas Eagleton. Professor Freund observes, "It is difficult not to spend an hour recalling the names."

Freund, 68, a graduate of Washington University in his native St. Louis, says, "I can't put a date on when I became interested in the law. I simply thought in college that it would provide an opportunity for such talents as I had." After earning his doctorate, he clerked for Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis—"the most important year in my life. Brandeis set super-human standards and lived as if each day were his last on earth and every minute counted. He was a moralist. He saw moral issues where others saw expediency."

Freund's approach to teaching has been enriched by his broad humanism and acute sensitivity to the law as literature. When a Russian professor once complained to him that incoming students could not write, Freund thought to himself, "It is one world after all." In 1958, Harvard named Freund to the position of Loeb University Professor, a job which encourages him to

range beyond strictly legal disciplines and into "almost anything in law-related fields that could be made relevant. It's a polite way of saying a professor can be spared by his own department," Freund jokes.

His *Introduction to the Legal Process* became an enjoyable "must" for undergraduates, especially those contemplating careers in law. "If a person stays with the law," observes Freund, "he presumably has a capacity for rigorous thought and a concern for humane interests. One may be a genius in either rigor or humane concerns but the art is in the combination."

Though Freund has not undertaken litigation since 1946 when he returned from Washington to Cambridge, he maintains that his is not "an ivory tower job." He has been active in academic groups across the country and works with members of Congress—for example, Sen. Birch Bayh's committee on constitutional amendments.

Freund leads a quiet bachelor's life in his 11th-floor flat on the Charles River. "It's a large view with a little apartment attached," he says. From his home he can see Harvard Stadium, scene of his main diversion. "I'm a spectator sportsman," he says. "I go to football games. It's the autumn air and the general unpredictability that make them interesting."

Compared with the revolutionary '60s, Freund finds students today "more serious and attentive to their studies. At the same time," he adds, "the spark of divine discontent has not been extinguished. It simply doesn't produce arson."

Looking at 1976, he exclaims, "Oh Lord! The Bicentennial year is rough on constitutional law professors. I've foolishly committed myself to a number of lectures at universities across the country," says Freund, who will range even farther afield to speak in Australia early next month.

"I sleep well every night," he insists. "I dream only of a day that has more than 24 hours."

GAIL JENNES

ARTHUR GRACE/SYGMA

NOVELIST KEN KESEY HAS FLOWN THE 'CUCKOO'S NEST' AND GIVEN UP TRIPPING FOR FARMING

The movie version of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* starring Jack Nicholson has been nominated for nine Academy Awards, including Best Picture. But Ken Kesey, who wrote the novel about life in an Oregon mental institution 13 years ago, isn't grateful to Hollywood, even if the publicity has boosted paperback sales to well over 4 million. So far, in fact, Kesey has refused even to see the movie.

"When you're insulted, you must squawk," Kesey proclaims. His squawk has taken the form of a lawsuit demanding \$869,000 in damages from the film's producers, owners and distributors. The alleged insult is a complicated one. Kesey sold the movie rights to *Cuckoo's Nest* for \$18,000 in 1962 to actor Kirk Douglas, who eventually turned the property over to his son, Michael. He and his co-producer, Saul Zaentz, offered Kesey \$10,000 to do the screenplay. Kesey wrote it—as he had the book—from the viewpoint of the schizophrenic Indian chief Bromden. The moviemakers wanted to tell the story, however, through another inmate, Randle McMurphy. Kesey returned to the typewriter but says he was not paid for subsequent rewrites, and furthermore claims that he never consented to the use of his name in connection with the film which finally emerged.

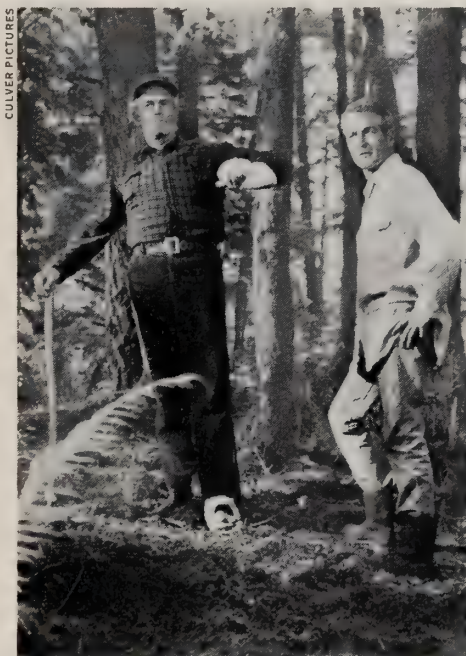
Cuckoo's Nest opened in Eugene, Oreg., near Kesey's home, in January. Kesey's mother, a resident of Eugene, went to the opening, thinking, "This is gonna be a biggie." Her son, of course, boycotted the opening, but earlier in the day he called Dean Brooks, head of the Oregon state mental hospital where the movie had been filmed. Kesey asked him to make an announcement at the screening: Would those in attendance send just a dime out to Kesey at Pleasant Hill farm "to help us sue those sumbitches?" Brooks, who played the role of hospital director in the movie, declined. That afternoon a Eugene TV crew came out and photographed Kesey sawing wood. The evening itself was marred

Waste not, want not: Ken Kesey has set his sights on besting the world's record for a string collection.

Photographs by Paul Fusco/Magnum



Jack Nicholson stars in the film version of 'Cuckoo's Nest,' but Ken Kesey won't see the movie made from his novel.



Henry Fonda and Paul Newman played loggers in the Hollywood version of Kesey's epic, 'Sometimes a Great Notion.'

twice by breaks in the film and by a bomb threat from a man who complained that *Cuckoo's Nest* was a disgrace to the mentally ill. The threat temporarily emptied the theater.

In 1959, at a VA hospital in California, Kesey volunteered as a subject for early unpublicized experiments on the effects of LSD. That experience, plus a subsequent job there as night attendant in a psychiatric ward, enabled

him to write convincingly about the fictional Randle McMurphy and the other cuckoos nesting in the pages of his first novel.

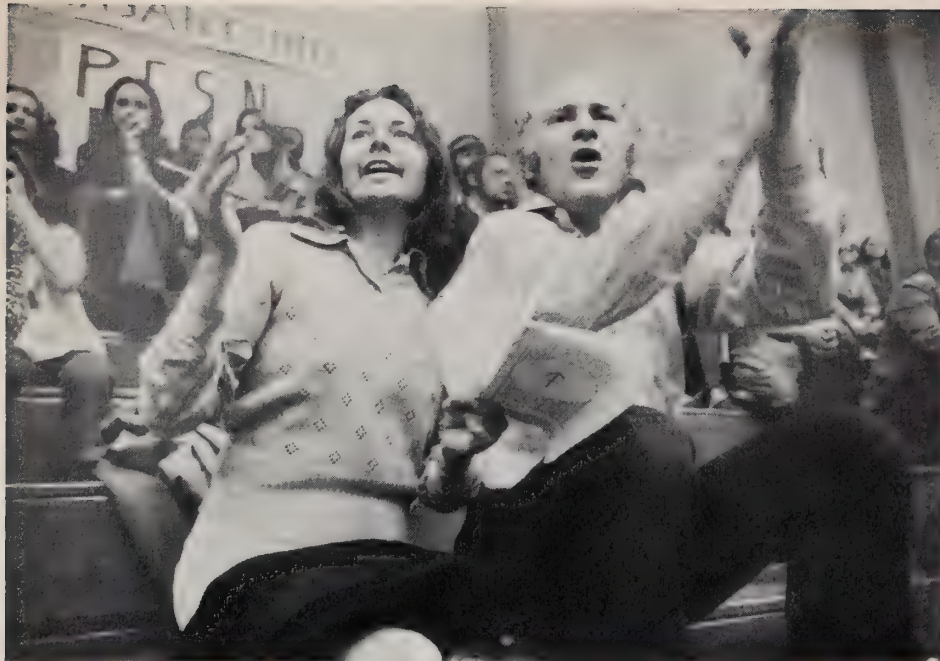
A more celebrated brush with bedlam was Kesey's life with the Merry Pranksters—the name given a group of young drug-takers he teamed up with in the mid-'60s. In the Pranksters' short-circuited philosophy of life, a person was "either on the bus or off the bus"—a dooper or a drag. No one was more emphatically "on the bus" than Kesey himself, who owned the actual 1939 International Harvester vehicle in which the Pranksters tripped across the U.S.A. (Tom Wolfe described the bizarre journey of these psychedelic sharpshooters in his 1968 book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*.)

But things change. These days Kesey, now 40, has turned from raising Cain to raising cattle and is a member of the PTA in Pleasant Hill, a small farming community five miles from Eugene.

A recent visitor finds Kesey, in greasy coveralls, heaving bales of hay to his 30 head of beef. One, a crazy Angus steer named Sonofabitch, has broken through a casually constructed fence to reach the lush grass near some blueberry bushes. Soon the animal returns, bawling, and farmer Kesey watches the bucolic scene with apparent contentment. He signals his 9-year-old daughter, Sunshine, to drive the Ford tractor back toward the converted red barn that is their home. He chases down a calf named Frivol. Then, cradling the long-legged creature in his powerful arms, Kesey runs laughing after the tractor.

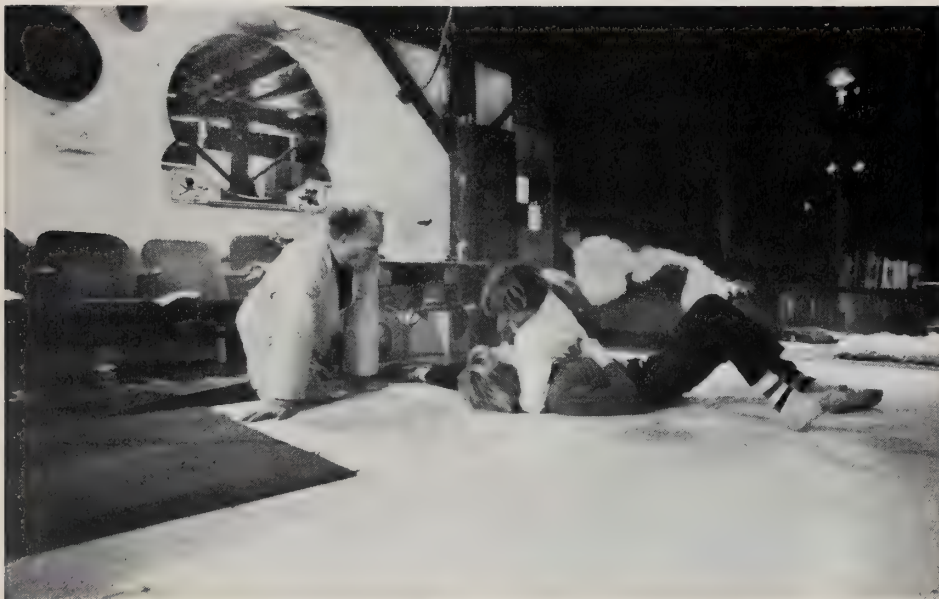
The three other Kesey children, Shannon, 15, Zane, 14, and Jed, 12, are inside the house with Faye, Kesey's wife of almost 20 years. From deep in his pockets he fishes out a handful of the hemp twine used to tie up the hay, and the children set about adding it to a huge ball on the doorstep. "The Guinness Book of Records says the biggest ball of string in the world is 11 feet in diameter," reports Kesey with unconcealed designs on first place.

Later, Zane and Jed practice wrestling with their father on the huge mat that covers the floor of the living room. For supper the boys pass up spaghetti



Mom and Dad Kesey cheer their son Zane's battle in a high school wrestling tournament in Eugene.

Once a top college wrestler himself, Kesey coaches sons Zane and Jed in the living room of their Oregon farmhouse.



ti, nibbling only lettuce in anticipation of tomorrow's wrestling weigh-in at school. Kesey helps Sunshine with her homework, rolls himself a joint and settles back for a little TV and some conversation.

"The land is the hardest university I've ever attended," he says. "Take the trouble I've been having with my cattle. With the same bull breeding, the calves become weaker and weaker. Things are the stiffest when you enroll in the land."

Faye Kesey, who is regarded as a near saint by friends and neighbors, confirms her husband's evaluation of farm life. She is exhausted, her wrists and shoulders throbbing, and she retires to the bedroom. At midnight almost everyone is asleep and, besides the family, that includes the bull and cows, the horses and sheep, three cats, three dogs, an ostentation of peacocks and a blue-and-yellow macaw named Roomiago.

But Ken Kesey is awake. He ambles out to a small shed where the farmer moonlights as a writer. He warms himself beside a wood-burning stove and reads from a collection of James Joyce's letters. Then, finding encouragement in a toss of his I Ching coins, he moves over to the IBM Selectric and begins to tap out another installment of a seven-part novel being published under the byline of its heroine, "Grandma Whittier," in a magazine that Kesey publishes. He calls the magazine *Spit in the Ocean*. Its rotating editorship currently has befallen LSD prophet Timothy Leary in his San Diego prison cell.

With the exception of an anthology of his and his friends' literary "leftovers" called *Kesey's Garage Sale* (Viking, 1973), the author has given nearly all his recent output to out-of-the-mainstream publications. Last November at a poetry conference in Santa Cruz, Calif., he read a section of an unpublished long novel called *The Demon Box* to great applause. It is about cattle raising. Stewart Brand, creator of the celebrated *Whole Earth* catalogs, was promised an excerpt for his *CoEvolution Quarterly* for \$150. But the perpetually cashless Kesey be-

Sunshine, the youngest Kesey, gets some help from a published novelist on a story she has written for school.

came miffed at Brand's refusal to lend an occasional \$5 for a tank of gasoline. Furthermore, Kesey says he heard that Brand was passing the word that the author was just playing broke, that he could turn \$50,000 in New York at any moment. Kesey decided to publish in the big time again, and for \$2,500 he allowed *Esquire* to run the excerpt in its March issue.

It is morning before Kesey walks back to the house and his bed. The kids are huddled at the window watching for the school bus.

Kesey is descended from cowboy stock that came to Oregon to raise dairy cattle. He distinguished himself as a wrestler at the University of Oregon, took a stab at acting in Los Angeles and wound up in the graduate writing program at Stanford University. Malcolm Cowley, the critic and literary historian, was in residence during Kesey's time there, and he discovered *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Published in 1962, it was an instant sensation. Kesey followed two years later with *Sometimes a Great Notion*, a saga of a logging family in

the Pacific Northwest. This book was made into a film starring Paul Newman and Henry Fonda which Kesey didn't much like either.

As his fame spread and the money began to pour in, Kesey and the Merry Pranksters began their outrageous journey in July 1964. The cross-continental pilgrimage came to a shuddering halt when Kesey split to Mexico in 1967. He returned and was convicted of possession of marijuana in California and sentenced to five months in a work camp.

Incarceration seems not to have lessened the author's enthusiasm for pot, but it did get him writing again—a wild jail narrative, hand-illustrated but never honed into publishable form.

In 1969 Kesey went to England to work with the Beatles-owned Apple Records, a project involving albums of authors reading their own work. When it ultimately fell through, Kesey and a friend took a farewell drive through Holland in Kesey's white Cadillac. "In downtown Amsterdam," Kesey recalls, "we drove right past Buck Owens and the Buckaroos, and all we did was tip our hats." Then Kesey went back to the

farm his brother had been tending all through the '60s.

There was one final temptation to leave: the Woodstock rock festival in the summer of '69. But as his bus filled up, Kesey decided not to go along. When those who went without him returned from the East, they were confronted by a sign Kesey had set up in the driveway. It said, simply: "No!" The party was over.

Kesey subsequently threw the Pranksters off his property to fend for themselves, though some, notably buddies Ken Babbs, Mike Hagen and David Butkovich, settled nearby. Others moved to California, a couple of them defecting to the Jesus freaks. For the most part, the Pranksters have kept in touch. Only "Stark Naked," a girl whose loss to madness is described in Tom Wolfe's book, is unaccounted for. "She left her ovaries in Port Arthur, and then in Houston we lost contact with her," says Kesey.

"Furthur," as the Pranksters christened the bus, still sits in Kesey's front

The bus in which Kesey and the Merry Pranksters made their infamous mid-'60s trip across the U.S. is now out to pasture.



pasture. The psychedelic paint job has faded over the years. The seats have been ripped out, and baseball gear is stored inside. Cattle graze beside this cultural relic of the 1960s.

Kesey and the nearby Pranksters, calling themselves "The Intrepid Trips Information Services," drew some public notice in 1974 for organizing "The Bend in the River Council." The purpose was to persuade Oregonians to consider major issues facing them in the quarter century ahead—land use, environ-

mental design, education, religion.

Otherwise the Pranksters get together "like an old scout troop" for a bi-weekly session called "The Women's Auxiliary Businessmen's Lunch." Parents of both sexes are required to take turns as baby-sitters so the others can enjoy a kid-free reunion.

A fortnight or so back, the meeting was highlighted by a demonstration of hydraulic tree-removal. Films of childbirth are promised for the future.

"It's not exactly a church group," says Kesey, "but it's close." JOHN RILEY



Having installed the plumbing themselves, Ken and Faye Kesey are quite capable of unclogging a drainpipe.

umentary about Lafayette, filmed in France and the U.S. Again, her international connections paid off. Thirty French nobles, many of them former guests of the Herrings in Texas, dressed in elaborate 18th-century costumes during a heat wave for filming at Versailles. "Mrs. Herring," gushed Paris' *Le Figaro*, "is the Texan who acts like a duchess."

Brought up the pampered only child of a wealthy engineer, Joanne has never been a stranger to regal surroundings. Her parents' home has facades evoking both Mount Vernon and Monticello. Shortly before dropping out of the University of Texas, she went to Hollywood to test opposite Clark Gable for *Across the Wide Missouri*.

Offered a small part, she instead married millionaire developer Bob King (no relation to the Ranch).

Back in Houston, she tried her hand at television—and wound up hosting the CBS-affiliate midday talk show for 10 years. After she was divorced from King, she married widower Herring in 1973. Two years ago she gave up her show to devote herself to domestic life. Sundays are strictly for family: He has three children and she has two by their previous marriages. A diabetic, Joanne neither smokes nor drinks and admits that her magnolia exterior conceals a volatile temper. When *New York Times* editor Clifton Daniel criticized John Connally at a dinner party, Herring sprang to the defense of

her longtime friend. "I gave Clifton a piece of my mind," she claims, "and he hasn't spoken to me since."

The serious side of her entertaining became clear during a recent party for Prince Saud of Saudi Arabia. "Parties are like planting a seed," she explains. "Everyone is relaxed and on the same level—not stilted like in an office. That's why there is so much business done at parties." Robert Herring, who has been trying for four years to get approval to build a methanol complex in Saudi Arabia, was deep in conversation with Prince Saud under the sheikh's tent. If a deal is ever struck, Joanne Herring can share in the credit.

KENT DEMARET and TOM SCOTT



EX-PANTHER ELDRIDGE CLEAVER: ‘I JUST WISH I COULD BE BORN AGAIN EVERY DAY’

PAUL FUSCO/MAGNUM



Eldridge Cleaver and wife Kathleen walk to the courthouse in Oakland. "The most important thing to me," he says, "is making sure I have a fair trial."



Cleaver was wounded during a 1968 gun battle with police. Released on \$50,000 bail, he fled to Cuba.

*Eldridge Cleaver was once considered the most impassioned black militant of all. He was "Minister of Information" of the Black Panther party during its rampaging heyday. His 1968 book, *Soul on Ice*, was probably the definitive expression of black rage—a searing account of rapes he committed, prisons he endured and ghettos that taught him violence. But that Eldridge Cleaver is no more. Eleven months ago he returned from seven years of fugitive exile in Cuba, Algeria, China, Russia, North Korea, North Vietnam and France. He faces six counts of assault with intent to kill, arising from a shootout in 1968 with Oakland, Calif. police. Now 41 and living in the Bay Area with his wife, Kathleen, and their two children, Cleaver has made a remarkable political and personal turnabout. He says he had a powerful religious experience in the South of France last year that led to his return. One night he saw faces in the moon—his own, then Castro's, then Chairman Mao's and, finally, the face of Christ. He began to weep uncontrollably and recited the Lord's Prayer and the 23rd Psalm. Cleaver talked recently about his transformation with Donn Downing for PEOPLE:*

Would you describe yourself now as a born-again Christian?

The label doesn't bother me. I just wish I could be born again every day. The Lord showed me the way back home. I had a stereophonic experience, and I was not the same. From being confused I knew clearly what to do. From being depressed I was elated. I saw my way out of a blind alley.

Are you referring to your life with your family in exile?

Yes, my whole life was at a dead end. As far as children and family were concerned, the stresses and strains of our life abroad were intolerable.

In what way?

At first I was trying to force Kathleen to leave me. I knew it would be better for her and the children in the U.S. I could only deal with that if I got mad at her. And it was the same with her. She couldn't do it unless I drove her to

it. So I was doing that, but it was not something I wanted. That is where the depression came in. I really felt trapped.

It's been reported you were disillusioned with life in Communist nations.

I found the bureaucratic arrogance in those countries tyrannical. Members of the Communist party were the most disgusting, hypocritical, phony, see-through kind of people—bureaucrats playing the same little games of power, juice and connections that you find everywhere. But they are worse in those countries because they aren't accountable to anybody except their own little clique.

Some of your old friends denounce you as a right-winger. How much have your politics changed?

I have the same criticisms of this country. I think my criticisms are even more to the point, more surgical. But I am interested in resolving any differences that can be resolved with people on the right. One of the things I agree with them about is the need for a guaranteed defense. The Russians are dangerous. They've got rockets that can reach Mars too. We cannot fall into a slumber that assumes there can be no more Pearl Harbors.

Where do you think your old political allies have gone wrong?

A lot of people were born into a situation of criticism, of strife and anti-Americanism. They went through grammar school, high school and college when their parents and peers were talking about the United States as the worst place in the world. Well, I think that's going overboard. There are still people running around this country with the red book [*Quotations from Chairman Mao*]. You don't even see much of that in China anymore. People here are talking about Fidel Castro as some revolutionary god. The Cuban people call him a big fat pig. The left have to disabuse themselves of some of their political icons.

How do you feel about your alienation from the political left?

I'm glad to be able to give people on



GMT PRODUCTIONS

Back from seven years in exile, Cleaver romps with son Maceo, 7, and daughter Joju, 6, at his mother's L.A. home.

the left nightmares. Last time it was people on the right.

You recently met with Charles Colson, the White House aide who helped wage the Nixon administration's war on the left and who has since had his own spiritual conversion. How did that go?

Before the meeting, I was sure that I would not like him. But then I read his book [*Born Again*] and I was impressed. The guy is really okay. He comes through as a human being. I've seen him a couple of times, and I consider

him a friend and a brother in Christ. Billy Graham was another one of those people I never particularly wanted to meet. But I was happy and honored that he took the time to talk to me.

How do you account for all this melting toward Establishment figures?

I used to have the attitude that people were out to do me in on a physical level. That is why I used to relate to guns a lot. But I tell you, ever since that strange experience, I haven't met a person I didn't like. I haven't. It

might be some kind of failure. Maybe some tubes and fuses were blown.

And what about your future? Are you going to undertake some sort of Christian activist crusade?

I have no plans like that. I picture myself as a writer and speaker and that is what I will do. If that constitutes a crusade, then it's just another of what must be a million crusades in this country. I just participate in the whole marketplace of ideas. □



**FOR GARY OWENS AND HIS
FIVE RUBBER-FACED FRIENDS,
GIRNING IS NO LAUGHING MATTER**

Girners of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chins. Noses, too, maybe.

So went the call, more or less, five years ago from Gary Owens (straight-faced, above) to all Silly Putty pussers. It was Owens' belief that nose-scrunching, eye-crossing and higher forms of self-defiling muggery offered a lively respite from a deadpan world. He invited listeners to his deejay show on L.A.'s radio station KMPC to send in their favorite snapshot, and Frances Sayers, 73 (on Owens' left), of Santa Ana, Calif., won the

The message from Viking I

By **BOB CORBETT**
 TRIBUNE Science Writer

The Viking I lander has stretched out its mechanical arm, scooped up a sample of the Martian soil and dropped it into its sophisticated biochemical hopper for analysis.

In a few days, the world should know whether life exists at this particular place on Mars — or did, or might.

Important as this question might be, a better question could be whether or not the magnificent flight of Viking I has found a spark of life here on Earth.

The safe landing of Viking I on Mars and the photographs and information it has already sent back has been an historic event, a happening that has thrilled scientists, government officials, jaded newsmen and the public alike.

A jubilant President Ford begins to sound like science fiction writer Ray Bradbury ("The Martian Chronicles") as he talks about extra-terrestrial life; a matter-of-fact scientist admits to tears; another talks of a government-science-industry collaboration without a mention of bribes or kickbacks.

Still another Viking official points with pride, not embarrassment, about the accomplishments of his team, the American system and the American people.

The landing was covered by more than 300 reporters from all over the world — Japan, West Germany, Sweden, England, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. A suspicious lot, they were all on their feet cheering when the Viking was down and functional.

It was a moment to remember.

But, the event ought to be more than that, a mere memento to tuck away in a scrapbook, something to stir the blood when you're old and gray.

The Viking I landing was an epochal event in the history of mankind.



BOB CORBETT

Whether or not this particular lander finds life or not, the event itself should serve as a psychological "go" signal for the human race.

Social critics have been complaining for the last several decades that mankind has been suffering from a severe case of ennui, that the human get up and go has got up and went.

The frontiers have vanished, they say. People and nations have turned inward, have locked themselves into an earth-bound safety deposit vault. The past is forgotten, the future ignored and only the present prevails.

The soul is satisfied with detente. The Viking success is an accom-

plishment of such magnitude that it should puncture this balloon of complacency.

Its very presence on the Martian surface declares that great things can be achieved, that the human spirit is not dead or dying.

Dr. Carl Sagan, the noted Cornell University astronomer, has argued along with many other scientists that the discovery of life on Mars will have a major if subtle effect on the psyche of mankind. It will provide new perspectives and new horizons, they insist.

Humanity, they say, will no longer be yoked to the fate of the earth, which most scientists believe will be engulfed by an exploding sun in some five billion years. With such an explosion would go all human pretensions to immortality, morality, science, art, right or wrong. All that mankind would have accomplished would come to nothing.

Sagan conjectured that some supercivilization watching us from afar and noting our trips to the Moon, to Mercury, to Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and Mars would be forced to the conclusion that after 4.5 billion years that "the Earth has finally gone to seed."

Although this can be taken two ways, Sagan meant it in the good sense — that the earth at long last had finally begun sowing the seeds of its future.

In the shorter term, Viking stands out as a symbol that humans can solve unbelievably complex problems.

Such achievements need not be restricted to the far reaches of outer space. There are closer targets: cancer, heart disease, social unrest, justice, peace among nations.

The squat Viking I lander, with its three legs planted firmly on Mars, is sending back an important message to Earth.

The message says, "Can do."

Czech Artists Thirst in a Cultural Desert

Film Makers, Writers, Even Rock Musicians Feel Hot Breath of Officialdom

BY KAREL KOVANDA

In recent years, Czechoslovakia has not been too kind to its artists. One might even say that since the 1968 Soviet invasion, and particularly since Gustav Husak came to power a year later, the entire culture of the country has suffered. Czechoslovakia's rich, vigorous and multifaceted cultural life also used to find a considerable audience abroad, which testified to the universal character of its concerns.

In the United States—above all, in Southern California—Czechoslovak films made their special mark, winning two Academy Awards and one nomination within only a few years. Those years are gone, and those films are gone as well, as are many of the film makers. While Czechoslovakia's loss of director Milos Forman is demonstrably America's gain (witness "One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest"), one wonders how well a small country can afford such a drain.

One might expect that the film makers who have remained in Czechoslovakia would have been given all the more opportunities to work—but nothing could be further from the truth. Take Vera Chytilova. She was an important member of the "new wave" of Czechoslovak cinema whose biting films explored the position of women in her country back in the early '60s, long before the voice of women's liberation was universally audible.

Now things have changed. Chytilova recently sought to make a movie about a 19th-century woman writer whom every Czech child learns about in primary school. She couldn't. Her plans for a movie about parenthood and abortion had to be scuttled, too. In fact, she hasn't worked since 1970. The government says, of course, that she "lacks a positive attitude toward socialism."

Writers are less restrained than film makers. While a film maker cannot work outside a state-controlled studio, possession of personal typewriters is still permitted. (Occasionally, though, one wonders when typewriters, too, might all be numbered and registered, with key-prints taken for easy identification, and when typing paper might be issued only on signing a sworn declaration that it will not be used for anything "alien to the spirit of socialism"—infractions punishable by up to five years in prison and withdrawal of typing privileges.)

With the continuing freedom to type, writers have not been cut off from their work—only from their incomes, for publish they cannot. To do so, they have to be members of the

official Writers' Union, and only two or three authors of any worth have taken the necessary abject step of recanting their former statements in order to avail themselves of the privilege. Officially, then, most Czech writers known abroad are nonexistent at home. Their new books are not in the stores, and their old ones have been removed from libraries.

And yet their work gets around. Manuscripts circulate among the interested public, available at cost of reproduction (which means retyping—duplicating machines are guarded with utmost vigilance). This system, while time-consuming, is proving to be efficient enough. At last count, more than 50 works by 30 authors were available from the Padlock Publishing House, as this self-help service is called, and many have been translated and published in Western languages.

The authorities occasionally crack down on this flow of ideas. A year ago, apartments of several prominent opposition writers were thoroughly searched by the secret police and their writings confiscated. Ludvik Vaculik.

Karel Kovanda teaches political science at Cal State-Long Beach. Born in Czechoslovakia of Czech-English parents, he was the leader of the student union at Charles University in Prague during the Dubcek era.

who was recently awarded the George Orwell Prize for his indefatigable struggle for elementary human decency, addressed a widely circulated bittersweet letter about such acts to U.N. Secretary General Kurt Waldheim. Karel Kosik, a philosopher, wrote to Jean-Paul Sartre in France to voice his fear that these searches might represent an attempt by authorities to "impose a new habit on society: the regular confiscation of manuscripts." He continued: "Might not this habit rapidly become so natural, so necessary a consequence of indoctrination that the writers themselves will voluntarily call the police to take away completed works?"

Kosik, Vaculik and their like are well known, and they have friends abroad to whom they can turn for help. They can be bugged and hassled, inconvenienced and threatened, but, so far at least, they have not spent more than a few days at a time in prison. In fact, even their manuscripts have eventually been returned.

Last week, however, Czechoslovak authorities opened up a whole new—and ominous—chapter. Having destroyed the country's culture, they are now going after its counter-

culture. They have clamped down on rock.

Rock music emerged with exceptional vitality during 1968, the year of democracy. Nobody noticed at the time: There Were More Important Things to Do, and rock interested only adolescents. However, during the '70s, as the country was turning into a cultural desert, the erstwhile adolescents demonstrated a remarkable tenacity in cultivating music dear to them.

The "Plastic People of the Universe" was the most prominent and most innovative rock group in what, consciously and programmatically, became a musical and cultural underground. The group's members rejected all of what passed for culture officially, and in turn were themselves rejected by the establishment: They were stripped of their license to perform professionally. They could do their thing only in private, playing at weddings and similar occasions in small villages—but invariably attracting faithful followers from all over the country.

The atmosphere at these performances was suffused not just with music and celebration: as a participant recently put it, there was a distinct feeling of affinity with early Protestants gathering at their secret meetings in that rebellious Bohemian land. Police paid attention, too. According to the Czechoslovak press agency, "The police had to act at many of their 22 so-called 'shows,' imposing fines and trying to give them a preventive warning." In a totalitarian country, a musical and cultural underground amounts to a political underground, too.

Rock music is not highbrow art: rock lyrics use four-letter words; rock musicians are young and unknown. Such must have been the thoughts of the authorities when they arrested 20 of the "Plastic People" and of their followers last April. Who would stand up for them? Fourteen people were to stand trial at the end of August. It was mysteriously adjourned a day before the trial was to begin. In the end, though, as we say in Czech, the cage dropped: Last week, four of the defendants were sentenced to prison terms of 8 to 18 months.

Their crime? Why, obviously: "jeopardizing the education of youth in a socialist system."

Their names: Ivan Jirous, Pavel Zajicek, Svatopluk Karasek and Vratislav Brabenec. That fine organization which fights the world over for prisoners of conscience, Amnesty International, can now add four more names to its endless roster. Other than that—well, who really cares about four obscure rock musicians who never even cut an album?

'Betty Ford for President'? Of What?

BY ELLEN GOODMAN

the loss-leader, the liberal illusion, the impotent asset on the campaign trail

a most vigorous way." Good luck to him and Clifton Webb.

ANALYSIS OF 'FORD'S DOCTRINE'

U.S. Pacific Policy Close to Peking's

BY ROBERT S. ELEGANT

Times Staff Writer

HONG KONG—President Ford's "Pacific doctrine," enunciated in Hawaii at the conclusion of his Peking trip, could well have been labeled "Made in China." In every major respect, the President's recommitment of the United States to the Asian/Pa-

cific region accorded precisely with both Peking's wishes and Peking's own policies.

Even the reaffirmation of American support for the South Korean regime fitted Peking's wishes, if not Peking's public expression of its wishes. If anything, the Chinese are even more conservative on the Korean question than are the Ameri-

cans, who would like to see a potential flash-point dampened by some agreement between the Communist Democratic People's Republic of (North) Korea and the Neo-Fascist Republic of (South) Korea. The Chinese are content with the present impasse because it keeps a significant number of American troops on the Korean Peninsula and blocks further

extension of Soviet influence there.

On other major issues the Chinese and the Americans are remarkably close. Elements of the President's new "doctrine" obviously were discussed at length while he was in Peking.

Above all, the Chinese consider a continuing major American presence—military, political and economic—an absolute necessity to counteract Russian expansionism in Asia. The President has now committed himself to maintain that many-faceted presence. He has virtually reversed the "Nixon doctrine," which was an ela-

borate rationale to justify and camouflage progressive American withdrawal from Asia.

Gerald Ford has now put the United States right back into Asia, however general his actual words. No statement could have been more cheering to the Chinese and to non-Communist Asia than the President's declaration: "World stability and our own security depend upon our Asian commitments."

It was during a stopover at Guam in July, 1969, that then-President Richard M. Nixon enunciated his

Please Turn to Page 4, Col. 1

The Times

Part 1-A

Thursday, Dec. 18, 1975

IN THIS SECTION:

The theory that a baby should enter the world amid soft lights, peace and quiet has caused widespread discussion. Page 2.

Soothing Atmosphere Urged for Births

Few Behavior Problems Found in Children Who Enter World Gently

From Reuters

PARIS—No one needs soft lights, peace and quiet more than a baby at the moment it is born.

Babies have a better start in life if they are born in a dimly lit delivery room where all harsh noises are avoided and the child is eased serene-

ly and calmly into the world.

So says a psychologist who studied the behavior patterns of 120 children delivered by French obstetrician Frederick Leboyer whose method of "childbirth without violence" has caused widespread discussion in the medical profession.

So bright lights are cut out in the

delivery room and silence reigns as the baby is rested on the mother's stomach straight after birth. The doctor gently massages its back and then lets the mother take over.

Dangling the child by its feet and waiting for the first yell of life is forbidden.

The umbilical cord is cut only

when it stops pulsating and then the child is given a bath in blood-heat water to give it reassurance in its new, unfamiliar world.

At Leboyer's request, psychologist Danielle Rapoport took a cross section of 120 of the 1,000 children delivered by him in a Paris clinic. For the study they were subdivided into groups of children aged one, two and three.

Rapoport's conclusions, to be published in a psychology review in January, overwhelmingly support Leboyer's method.

She said: "Out of the 120 couples I

interviewed only eight had difficulties with their children. The majority developed very well and had no feeding, sleep or skin problems.

"The babies have a very different start in life as do the mothers and fathers in their relationship with the child. The method seems to have transformed them and given them fantastic reassurance."

She added: "In general they get a better start in life. Obviously childbirth without violence does not protect the baby from all problems but it avoids some.

"One hundred and twelve couples

told me they were lucky and had an ideal baby. The adjectives that kept cropping up when the parents described their children were marvelous, intelligent, observant.

"What struck me most during my conversations with parents was the total absence of requests for psychological advice. That is in sharp contrast to my earlier investigations.

"Normally parents confronted with a psychologist take the opportunity of asking for advice. This time all I heard was 'No we haven't any problems' or 'We are lucky when we compare with other children.'"

HEARST CONVERSION TO SLA

Continued from 28th Page

been convicted of murdering Oakland schools Supt. Dr. Marcus Foster.

The writer continued:

"I mean the only highs we got were from looking forward to the next action, from seeing the few responses of righteous people . . . on TV and from seeing you change to become a comrade.

"We have all high (the highest) expectations of each other and we get disappointed when our expectations fall short, but I won't ever forget the inspiration that you were to all eight of us and to all the strangers who celebrated with us.

"The three of us make more demands on each other than anyone ever has, even in the cell before . . .

"There is no one for us to rely on or sap off of. It's clear that conditions aren't going to fall into our laps and nothing's going to be easy . . .

"But what's talked about and fought about between these four walls don't amount to . . . compared to revolutionary action. All nine of us were totally different people after that kidnaping and bank robbery."

The robbery referred to here is apparently the SLA heist at the Hibernia Bank branch in San Francisco, April 15, 1974, in which Hearst appeared, armed with an automatic weapon. Hearst has subsequently been charged in connection with that crime.

"The three of us are totally different people after L.A. We're a lot stronger and tougher, but we won't get any sense of that until we give the pigs another defeat that each year they wish they could forget.

"The only way to build a revolutionary society and to become revolutionary people is to make the revolution. And the only way to make the revolution is to FIGHT. ((Emphasis is the SLA writer's.))

"Let's do it, and when it happens, that will be the real cause for celebration."

In another document, apparently written by Emily Harris, the "contradiction" felt by women who considered themselves radical feminists waging a guerrilla war led by "sexist" males emerges clearly.

The writer says:

"The struggle against sexism in the SLA has gone through a process of evolution.

"The capture of our two comrades Little and Remiro on Jan. 10, 1974, put us on the defensive, forcing several oth-

er comrades underground.

"Our changed situation compelled us to place primary importance upon obtaining survival skills and the atmosphere became intensely military.

"Struggles against sexism continued on a one-to-one level but these struggles just weren't as important as getting the men to teach us about weapons.

"As women, our primary focus was on becoming strong female guerrillas, but, without realizing it, our concept of what a female guerrilla should be was *male-defined*. ((Emphasis is that of the SLA writer.))

"A major contradiction soon became obvious to us. We were struggling to become revolutionaries, but continuing to relate to each other in a reactionary way.

"We had to expose this contradiction and resolve it, both among the women as a group and in the cell as a whole.

"In order to combat sexism, we began attacking two aspects of our bourgeois conditioning that make male supremacy possible: 1) Conditioning that makes exclusive personal relationships seem desirable (e.g. monogamy) and 2) Conditioning that makes people feel 'comfortable' accepting oppressive sex roles."

Investigators believe the period of "evolution" referred to here was sometime prior to Hearst's abduction, perhaps when the SLA was living underground in Concord.

The writer continues:

"On the collective level, our primary struggle was to break down monogamal ((sic)) personal relationships while we had some degree of consciousness about progressive ways of relating to men.

"This was particularly hard for the heterosexual women ((those whose sexual preference was for persons of the opposite sex)), although because of the heavy emphasis on the military and, therefore, the men, Gabi and Zoya were having trouble, too.

((Gabi and Zoya were the SLA names used respectively by Camilla Hall and Patricia "Mizmoon" Soltysik, avowed lovers and two of the six who died in the shootout in Los Angeles.))

"We realized we had to smash the dependencies created by monogamal ((sic)) personal sexual relationships, and to do this we had to destroy monogamy in the cell."

The battle that ensued over sexism, the writer said, was "one of the most difficult and longest struggles" the SLA ever faced "because, like racism, sexism is a foundation of capitalist oppression."

GENE MAPPING

Continued from Third Page

Technology, Dr. Howard M. Temin of the University of California and Dr. Renato Dulbecco of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund Laboratory in London and formerly at the University of California Institute in La Jolla.

Temin made the revolutionary discovery that viruses (like the Rous virus) can integrate their DNA into the host's genome, a process that enables

SPORTS
TODAY ON
KABC TALKRADIO 79

LAKERS
VS
GOLDEN STATE

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AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST

April 15th issue of Booklist's feature, "UPFRONT."

"UPFRONT is comprised of reviews of books that the BOOKLIST staff predicts will be in demand in libraries and for which it is likely that libraries will place multi-copy orders.

Librarians and others engaged in media selection depend of BOOKLIST reviews for their reliability, consistency and fairness. They know that each review is a recommendation for purchase."

Leary, Timothy. Flashbacks: an autobiography. 1983. [416p.] illus. Tarcher; dist. by Houghton, \$15.95 (0-87477-177-3). Galley. May.

"Up ahead, I saw to my astonishment that Miss Egg, far from being a passive, dumb glob with round heels waiting to be knocked up by some first-to-arrive, breathless, sweaty, muscular sperm, was a luminescent sun, radiating amused intelligence, surrounded by magnetic fields bristling with phosphorescent radar scanners and laser-defenses." And so begins this whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor and, later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s. Hundreds--thousands--of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period--Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more. Whatever reputation Leary has rightfully or wrongfully been tagged with, he offers here an important historical document and a well-considered apologia for the use of mind-expanding drugs. To include 32 black-and-white photos. Notes; no index. AM. 150'.092 (B) Leary, Timothy Francis//Psychologists--U.S.--Biography [CIP] 82-16915

TIME

THE DISSIDENTS

Challenge to Moscow



Andrei Sakharov

IN COLOR: Mexico Today - California Fashions

There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



10 mg.
Kings
12 mg.
100's

More than just a low-tar number. Parliament.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg.'tar,' 0.8 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg.'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



KIRITSIS BEFORE ARREST, WITH SHOTGUN STILL WIRED TO HOSTAGE RICHARD HALL

CRIME

'I'll Have Vengeance'

He is a peculiar but harmless figure on big-city streets, the lone man walking down a sidewalk, railing loudly at some injustice inflicted by a distant, impersonal tormentor. The angry man who actually acts out his rage usually appears only in films—the demented TV newscaster in *Network*, for example, who declares war on what he sees as the Establishment and touches a sympathetic nerve in millions of viewers by urging them to shout, "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it any more!" But sometimes he appears in real life.

Last week in Indianapolis, Anthony Kiritsis, 44, a sometime car salesman who had hoped to make his fortune in real estate, was mad as hell, and he decided not to take it any more. He walked into the Meridian Mortgage Co., seized President Richard Hall, 42, wired the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun to Hall's neck and led him into the street to begin a 63-hour odyssey of personal fury and public terror.

Cheap Shot. Kiritsis pushed Hall along for four blocks, yelling, "Stay back, stay back!" at astonished pedestrians and gathering police. He then commandeered a patrol car and forced Hall to drive to Kiritsis' two-room flat in Crestwood Village West, seven miles away. Once barricaded in his apartment with Hall as hostage, Kiritsis warned the police that the place was booby-trapped with dynamite. Then came his demands. From Meridian, he wanted immediate cancellation of a \$130,000 mortgage that he had taken out months before in the hope of developing a 17-acre plot in Indianapolis into a shopping center. The loan was due on March 1, but the development was a failure. The reason, according to Kiritsis: Meridian had steered potential tenants away from his project for the purpose of forcing him into bankruptcy and foreclosing on his land. "These people betrayed me," he told a telephone interviewer. "I went down

there for vengeance, and by God I'll have vengeance."

Company officials said they would cancel the loan, while claiming they had warned retailers away from the project only because they felt the quick-tempered Kiritsis was not up to managing it. Next, Kiritsis demanded full immunity from prosecution. The following day county officials agreed—on the condition that Hall would immediately be released. But Kiritsis waited another day, while his lawyer looked over the immunity agreement, before pronouncing himself satisfied. Then, beaming in what he thought was triumph, he marched Hall—still wired to the shotgun—into a lobby crowded with newsmen and police.

In an obscenity-filled 23-minute monologue before the TV cameras, Kiritsis declared himself "a goddam national hero." Later he said that he had "really pulled one over" on the cops, confessing that he had no dynamite in his apartment. He finally released Hall, then defiantly fired his shotgun out a door. When the gun jammed as he tried to shoot again, police grabbed him.

As Kiritsis was led away to be booked for kidnaping and jailed in lieu of \$850,000 bail, Police Chief Eugene Gallagher said: "Tony, you lied to us. You didn't let [Hall go immediately], as you said. You blew it." Officials later said they had never intended to let Kiritsis off in any case. As he slumped into the patrol car, Kiritsis muttered, "A cheap shot, a cheap shot."

Death of a Wireman

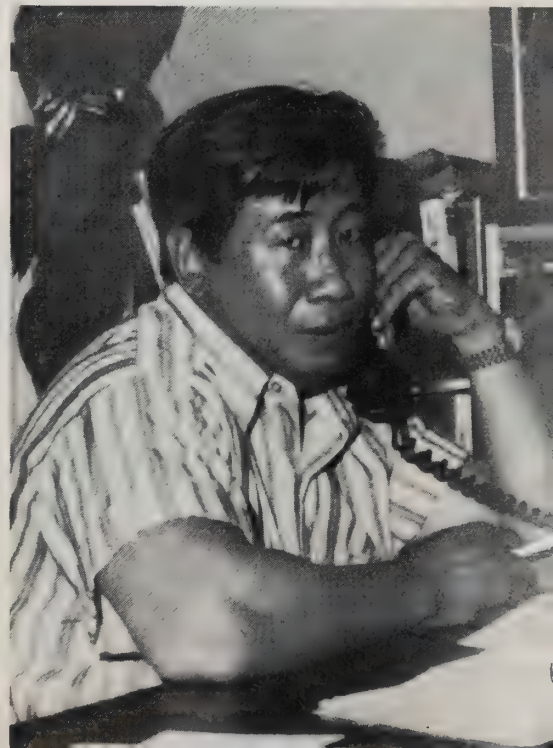
Among the practitioners of his craft, Frank Chin, 48, was a pro. He had been one of the most sought-after "wiremen," or electronic eavesdroppers, in the East, supplying bugging and recording devices to clients on both sides of the law. But on Jan. 20 Chin's tape ran out. He was found crumpled in a hallway near his West Side Manhattan workshop with six bullet holes in his head.

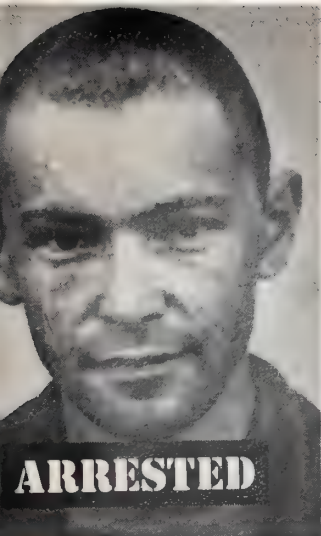
The murder has stirred hoods and

lawmen. Who killed Frank Chin? Any number of people might have wanted to see him dead. Chin's most popular device, selling for \$300 and up, was a Sony AM/FM cassette recorder adapted to receive sounds transmitted by "bugs" small enough to be hidden behind an electric wall socket. Chin's wares were bought by such varied customers as police in Connecticut and New Jersey (some with known Mafia connections), the Communist and Nationalist Chinese, United Nations officials, assorted foreign agents, the CIA and, some say, the White House plumbers of the Nixon years. Bugs installed by Chin in the East Side digs of Prostitute Xaviera Hollander yielded the raw material for her 1972 book, *The Happy Hooker*. But along with a lot of business, Chin picked up a bad habit: he liked to testify in court cases in which his equipment had been used. Says his blonde wife, Leonore, with understatement: "He made about two enemies a year over a period of ten years."

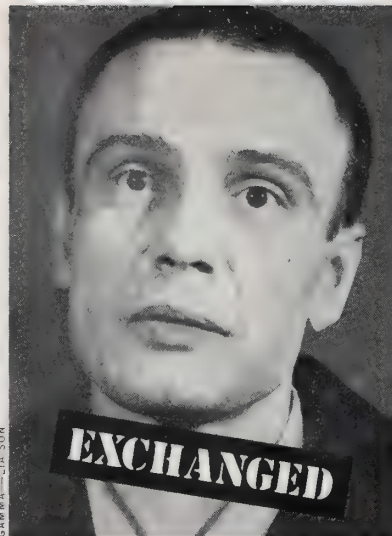
Rub Out. Last fall, Chin testified in a case involving a Stratford, Conn., policeman named Joseph Berke, who was convicted of having bugged the town hall, ostensibly to aid himself in the state examination for promotion. The bugs were discovered by electricians, and at the trial Chin testified that he had sold the cop a listening device—key testimony that helped convict Berke. Investigators theorize that Chin may have been rubbed out by someone else who had been using his equipment illegally and, hearing about the Berke case, decided that the bug maker had become too talkative for comfort. Then again, almost anyone involved in criminal activity that Chin knew about could have been the murderer. Chin apparently knew he was in danger. At least three days before his murder, he had packed his car with the intention of fleeing to Montreal, thence to Hong Kong or China.

ELECTRONIC EAVESDROPPER CHIN

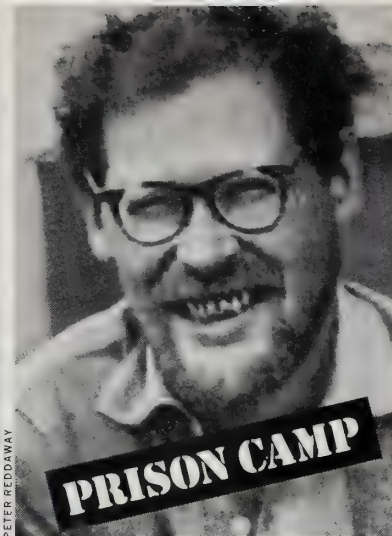




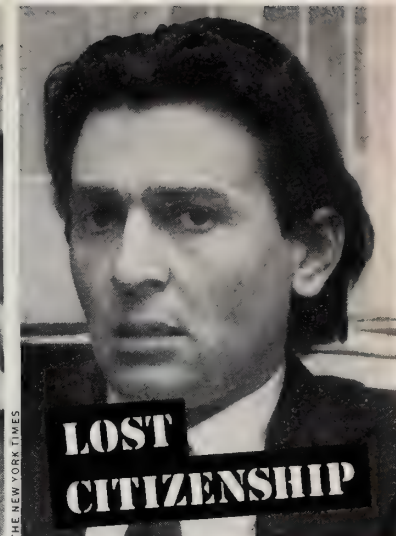
ALEXANDER GINZBURG



VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY



SERGEI KOVALEV



VALERY CHALIDZE

THE WORLD

HUMAN RIGHTS/COVER STORY

THE DISSIDENTS V. MOSCOW

Whenever a Soviet dissident picks up his telephone, he can be sure that the KGB has either bugged it or disconnected it. So it was last week that in a tiny Moscow apartment, a tall, stooped man of 55 bundled himself into his worn overcoat and ratty fur hat, walked down seven flights of stairs and made his way through a noontime snowstorm to a public phone booth. It was by now a familiar routine for Andrei Sakharov, foremost builder of the Soviet hydrogen bomb, winner of the 1975 Nobel Peace Prize and leader of the Russian human rights movement. On that day, a friend had brought a report of yet another arrest, and it was Sakharov's self-imposed duty to inform Western journalists, who would tell the world.

In a tremulous voice, Sakharov spoke of the imprisonment of his close friend and collaborator, Physicist Yuri Orlov, 52. A diminutive man with a shock of red hair, Orlov is chief of the unofficial eleven-member Helsinki monitoring committee, which keeps

close watch on Soviet compliance with the human rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki agreement. A member of the Armenian Academy of Sciences, he had devoted himself in the past year to organizing the Helsinki group in Moscow and other cities.

Orlov's arrest was part of an intense human and political drama that involved the Soviet Union, other European Communist countries and parties, the U.S., the Western press and countless known as well as obscure subjects of Communist rule. Each of the participants was sometimes an instigator, sometimes a pawn.

The Kremlin had been startled and angered by a series of sharp Carter Administration criticisms of Soviet and Czechoslovak treatment of dissidents. The State Department warned Moscow that continual harassment of Andrei Sakharov conflicted with "accepted international standards of human rights." This was followed by a more moderate statement of support from Jimmy Car-

ter. The Russians evidently decided that they could not ignore comments that they regarded as provocative, and that seemed to signal a new and tougher approach to Soviet-American relations. As if to test the U.S. resolve, the KGB arrested Dissident Alexander Ginzburg in a telephone booth. Hours later the Kremlin ordered the expulsion of George Krinsky, a Russian-speaking American reporter for the Associated Press who had been zealous in covering dissident activities. In swift retaliation, the U.S. State Department deported a Washington-based Tass correspondent (TIME, Feb. 14). This brought a response with a touch of Soviet surrealism worthy of Orwell or even Lewis Carroll. The Russians denounced the U.S. for failure to adhere to the provisions of the Helsinki agreement.

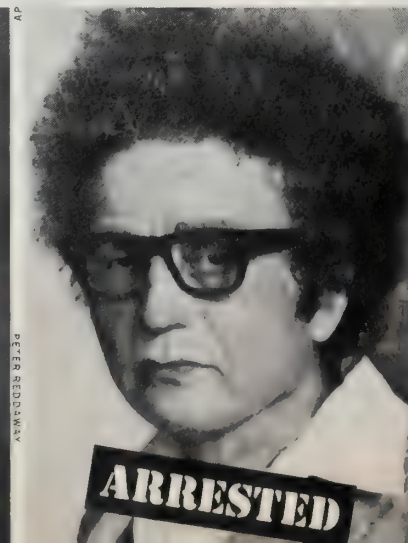
Ginzburg's arrest again prompted Carter to issue a statement of regret. The Russians next picked up Orlov—whether in response to Carter or simply because of Orlov's activities is not clear.

VALENTYN MOROZ



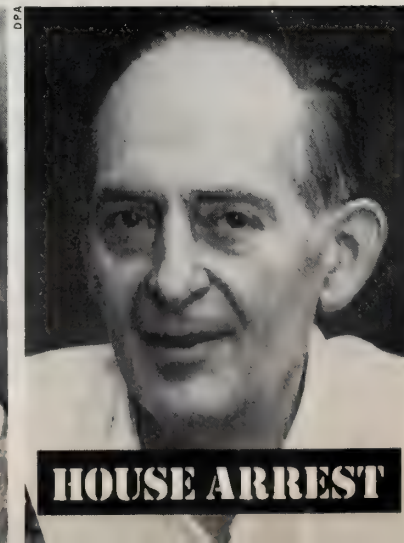
PRISON CAMP

YURI ORLOV



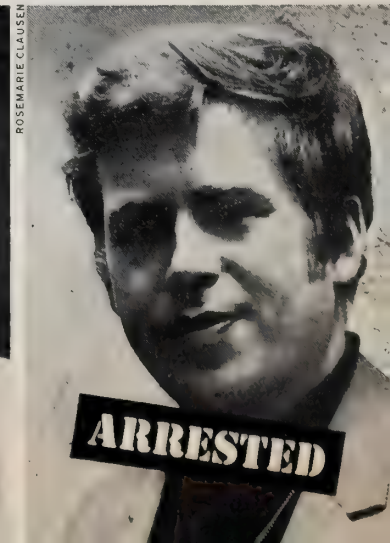
ARRESTED

ROBERT HAVEMANN



HOUSE ARREST

VACLAV HAVEL



ARRESTED

The KGB also raided the apartment of Mykola Rudenko, head of the Helsinki group's Kiev chapter. The agents trashed the contents of Rudenko's flat and stripped his wife naked to humiliate her. Rudenko and Oleska Tykhy, a committee member from the city of Donetsk, were then hauled off to Ukrainian prisons.

Commenting on last week's arrests,

Sakharov told TIME Moscow Bureau Chief Marsh Clark that he attributed the wave of repression to a Soviet attempt to "blackmail" Carter into silence on the human rights issue. Soviet Exile Andrei Amalrik told TIME Correspondent David Aikman in Holland that "the Soviet Union wants to see how tough Carter is."

The situation is somewhat more

complicated. The dissidents have indeed become a significant issue between Moscow and Washington, at the very moment that both sides are trying to get arms-control efforts back on the track. But the Russians are also beset by other serious problems at home and abroad. The Soviet and East European economies are strained, Soviet influence in the Middle East continues to decline, and

PILGRIM OF CONSCIENCE

By U.S. standards, the seventh-floor Moscow apartment would be considered painfully modest. A narrow entrance corridor leads to a tiny bathroom, a toilet, a minuscule kitchen; two other small, book-cluttered rooms serve variously as bedrooms, living space and study areas. Yet if there is an epicenter to the Soviet Union's fragmented human rights movement, it is this dingy apartment. For it is the home of Physicist Andrei Dmitriyevich Sakharov, 55, guiding spirit of the harassed, hunted dissidents of the U.S.S.R.

There Sakharov welcomes Western journalists to issue yet another appeal to world opinion for Soviet political prisoners. There he counsels and often gives needed sanctuary to other colleagues in dissent. Tall, stoop-shouldered, quick to smile, his gray hair a fringe around his bald crown, Sakharov looks, in these conversations, more like a genial professor holding forth at a home seminar than a man in the process of defying the world's most powerful Communist state. Indeed, the odds of winning his challenge seem so impossible that he sometimes calls himself, with self-deprecating humor, Andrei *Blazhenny*—a Russian word that connotes both sainthood and madness.

The son of a Moscow physics teacher and textbook author, Sakharov recalls his early family life as "cultured and close." From childhood, he says, "I lived in an atmosphere of decency, mutual help and tact, a liking for work and respect for the mastery of one's chosen profession." Young Andrei lost no time in mastering his: by 1942, having graduated with honors in physics from Moscow State University, he went to work in the war industry. After World War II, he studied with the theoretical physicist (and later Nobel laureate) Igor Tamm. Soon he was at work on the Kremlin's No. 1 priority project: development of the Soviet Union's hydrogen bomb. "When I began working on this terrible weapon, I felt subjectively that I was working for peace, that my work would help foster a balance of power," Sakharov recalled years later. "It was a natural point of view shared by many of us, especially since we actually had no choice in the matter."

Sakharov's top-secret assignment also included research on industrial uses for thermonuclear energy with Mentor Tamm. There was little life but science—and the mandatory state "supervision" that went with it. For all of the 18 years (1950-68) that he held his top-level security clearance, Sakharov was never without the shadow of a bodyguard, even when he slept or went swimming. There were, however, compensations. He won the Stalin Prize and was thrice awarded the country's highest civilian medal, the Order of the Red Banner of Labor. He was the youngest member ever elected to the Soviet Academy of Sciences. He was given a suburban dacha, a sizable Moscow apartment and the princely salary (by Soviet standards) of \$26,500 a year.

But in the late 1950s, Sakharov began taking his first tentative steps on his pilgrimage of conscience. Disturbed by the dangers of nuclear fallout contamination, he protested a series of 1958 Soviet tests. Then, in 1961, Sakharov personally pleaded with Soviet Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev to reverse the decision to break a worldwide moratorium on atmospheric testing. Khrushchev, who in his memoirs would call Sakharov "a crystal of morality," was unmoved by the appeal. When another effort in 1962 failed to halt a test blast, Sakharov pressed a nuclear weapons of-

ficial to consider a limited ban (on air, sea and space testing) that would avoid contamination. How much Sakharov's initiative helped is not known, but that formula became the basis of the Partial Test Ban Treaty signed in Moscow in 1963.

Sakharov identified himself as a loyal socialist when he wrote his keystone 1968 essay, *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom*, in which he argued that only a convergence of the capitalist West and the socialist East could avoid the destruction of mankind. The book won him celebrity abroad, but at home—where it circulated in *samizdat*, the underground press—his security clearance was abruptly withdrawn.

His involvement with dissidents steadily accelerated: he signed petitions for the release of arrested intellectuals, stood

vigil at political trials. In 1970, with Physicist Valentin Turchin and Historian Roy Medvedev, he issued another manifesto, this one harshly critical of internal Soviet policies. By then a widower (his first wife died in 1969), he met dark-eyed Yelena Bonner while standing vigil at a trial in late 1970. Half Armenian, half Jewish, Yelena Bonner was a political firebrand. Her father George had been taken away and shot during the Stalinist purge of the '30s, her mother Ruth sentenced to a harrowing eleven years in the bleak concentration camp of Karaganda, in the barren steppes of Kazakhstan, where she had to dig out her own underground shelter. Since their marriage in 1971, Yelena has been Andrei Sakharov's constant partner in protest. It was she, while outside the Soviet Union for an eye operation, who accepted Sakharov's Nobel Peace Prize in 1975, after the Kremlin denied the new laureate an exit visa to make the journey.

Sadly, though he has grown close to Yelena's children, Sakharov's own three children have virtually disowned him. The physicist has responded only with generosity. He has given them his prestigious Moscow apartment and his dacha. Sakharov is casually oblivious to other material possessions as well. These days most of his \$440 monthly stipend from the Academy of Sciences—the one source of income that endures—goes to the families of imprisoned dissidents. He regrets that in 1968 he gave away his accumulated \$153,000 savings to cancer research and the Red Cross, believing it could be better used now to help persecuted critics of the regime.

But he has given those critics a much greater gift already. "Sakharov has saved the democratic movement in the Soviet Union," says Vadim Belotserkovsky, a dissident Soviet journalist who came to the West in 1973. "The whole movement might have died if it had been led only by people who lacked international prestige." That Andrei Sakharov still has—now more than ever. It is one weapon that he is not afraid to use.

MARSH CLARK



SAKHAROV IN MOSCOW FLAT

the "victory" of pro-Russian forces in Angola is proving a mixed blessing, because it has led to a new American concern about Soviet expansionism. Besides, a specter is haunting Europe—the specter of Euro-Communism, which proclaims itself independent of Moscow and professes all kinds of liberal and even democratic heresies.

On top of all that, the dissident movement is turning from an embarrassment into a potentially serious problem. It exists not only in the Soviet Union but all over Eastern Europe, where it is not simply a protest against Communist totalitarian practices but a nationalistic protest against Soviet colonial rule.

In Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland and even some of the less volatile satellites, the Russians and their

driven to protest in the first place—and that their rulers are not sure how to cope with them. The world knows that the Soviet Union is a police state; what is surprising is not that dissidents are repressed but that they have as much relative freedom as they do.

They are jailed, confined in mental institutions, harassed in a dozen ways, ranging from merely annoying to brutal. But Soviet dissidents call press conferences, circulate forbidden books and manuscripts, bombard Washington, Paris and the Vatican with their protests. As soon as one of their number is arrested, wives, children and friends set up a clamor. Sakharov is almost a tourist attraction in Moscow, and regularly receives foreign newsmen. None of this would have been conceivable under Stalin.

Why do the Soviets tolerate the dis-

tus quo in Eastern Europe. The agreement also contained broad humanitarian declarations in favor of the right of people to leave and enter countries on family visits, access to foreign publications, international youth meetings, and the improvement of working conditions for journalists abroad. Moscow presumably saw nothing too threatening in those principles. After all, far more specific rights are guaranteed in the Soviet constitution, such as freedom of worship, of the press and of assembly—and those rights have been flouted for 60 years in the U.S.S.R.

But libertarians in the U.S.S.R. and other Communist countries were taking Helsinki seriously—or acting as if they were. According to a tale that has been repeated with local variations in virtually every Communist country in Europe, a grandmother goes to the police station in Pinsk and requests permission to visit her sister in The Bronx. The policeman just shakes his head. The old lady then pulls out of her string shopping bag the tattered pages from *Pravda* reproducing the text of the Helsinki agreement. "It says here, young man, on page 3, section A—Contacts and Regular Meetings on the Basis of Family Ties—that I can go, and it's signed by Comrade Brezhnev!" Replies the policeman: "*Babushka*, this is Pinsk, not Helsinki."

Still, a limited number of trips abroad have been won by just such determined effrontery. On a larger scale, would-be reformers in the Soviet Union and East Europe have used the Communist governments' ratification of Helsinki as a lever to press for liberalization on many fronts, such as censorship and immigration—with scant success. The Kremlin and the other East bloc regimes have no intention of permitting the free flow of ideas and people that Helsinki calls for.

Embarrassingly for Moscow, under the terms of the Helsinki agreement, the Soviets must submit next summer to a review in Belgrade of their observance of its provisions. Sitting in judgment will be not a little group of Russian dissidents but representatives of the 34 other nations who signed the accord. Moscow and the other East European capitals are apparently trying to put down the current wave of dissent before the meeting.

The Soviet leaders could have chosen to crack down on any number of the U.S.S.R.'s many dissenting groups—religious, political or ethnic—against which criminal cases are always in preparation. But the activities of the Helsinki monitoring committee—one of many such self-appointed groups that have sprung up around the world—pose a serious political threat.

There is an inherent contradiction between some of the freedom promulgated at Helsinki and the cast of the Soviet legal system. Dissidents are often



MEETING AT SAKHAROV'S FLAT

local rulers are being forced to put out brushfires of discontent. The East Europeans are issuing declarations of support for sympathizers abroad and criticizing their regimes on economic, political and moral grounds. Moscow thus faces its most serious troubles in Eastern Europe since 1968 (though now not nearly as severe), when the outbreak of "liberalism" in Czechoslovakia was put down by Soviet invasion.

Who are the dissidents? In Russia, there are only a handful, mostly intellectuals, writers and professionals who have achieved some success and even distinction. In the vast Soviet Union, with its 257 million population, Sakharov estimates that between 2,000 and 10,000 dissidents are "prisoners of conscience"; it is impossible to say how many others are still free. They are despised or regarded with suspicion or indifference by most of the population. Their significance does not lie in their numbers, but in the fact that they were

dissidents to the extent that they do? "What alternative do the authorities have?" says one prominent critic, Anatoli Shchransky. "To take more direct measures against us would be to return to the days of Stalin and that they don't want. They are interested in Western opinion and in détente and in good economic relations, and most of the present leaders are the very men who survived Stalin. World opinion is what keeps us going, what keeps us alive." Mass terror was ended after Stalin's death, but no one doubts that if the dissident movement were ever to become a serious threat to Communist rule, the Kremlin would crack down with full force.

Part of the Soviet dilemma stems from the Helsinki agreement, which many at first regarded as a victory for Moscow because it supposedly established the "inviolability" of existing frontiers, thus legitimizing the Soviet takeover of the Baltic states and the sta-

tried under catch-all laws against "the dissemination of anti-Soviet propaganda." This charge has been used to apply to the lending of a book about John F. Kennedy as well as to a demonstration against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in Red Square. The crime of "hooliganism" can also be defined in any number of useful ways, and a guilty charge can result in a prison term of one to five years. How severely these handy laws are applied depends on the prevailing political climate.

At the same time, the Soviets deny they have any political prisoners. Those charged under the "anti-Soviet propaganda" laws are often described in the press as layabouts, drunks, dope fiends and common criminals, especially if the case has been publicized in the Western press. Last week Poet Alexander Ginzburg, whose arrest Carter deplored at his press conference, was not only accused of possessing subversive literature but was also characterized by Tass as a sponger and an inveterate profiteer in stolen icons. The agency also declared that large sums of foreign money had been found in his apartment. Before his arrest Ginzburg charged that plainclothesmen had planted some foreign currency behind the toilet, then produced it as evidence later.

Since the dissidents' heyday in the early 1960s, the government policy of selective terror has sent many troublemakers to prison camps and KGB-run lunatic asylums. The latter are particularly fearsome. Two longtime "patients" who are now in the West have described the treatment. Vladimir Bukovsky told of the "roll-up": wet canvas is wrapped tight around the victim and then allowed to dry, causing excruciating pain. Leonid Plyushch told TIME Correspondent Sandy Burton in Paris last week about the treatment of prisoners who go on hunger strikes. They are force-fed with boiling liquids that are poured into their gullets. The tube is often jammed into the mouth by breaking the patient's teeth.

In his moving plea to Jimmy Carter last month, Sakharov detailed the plight of 15 political prisoners in the Soviet Union. Some, like Valentyn Moroz, the Ukrainian historian, have become *causes célèbres*. Others were more obscure; for example, Pyotr Ruban, a craftsman, was sentenced to eight years in a work camp and five more in exile for having carved out of wood a Bicentennial book cover honoring America's 200th birthday. In his talks with Correspondent Clark in the past two crisis-ridden weeks, Sakharov expressed his fears for his close friend, Biologist Sergei Kovalev, who is at present serving a seven-year sentence and who will die of cancer unless an operation can be arranged outside the camps. Sakharov has twice written to the Minister of the Interior and has received no reply. As for Alexander Ginzburg and Mykola Rudenko, Sakharov is afraid they will die



TORCHING PARTY HEADQUARTERS

in prison, since both are very ill.

The pattern of persecution is usually inconsistent and unpredictable—largely because of sheer bureaucratic inefficiency. Those who are not put away are openly harassed in their homes and on the street. Foreign newsmen are a constant target. KGB hoods slash their tires or damage their brakes. Political killings have become rare in the Soviet Union, but the KGB is still suspected of employing thugs to dispose of troublesome artists and intellectuals. Last year Poet Konstantin Bogatyrev was mugged on a Moscow street. As he lay dying of a skull fracture in a hospital, KGB agents burst in and told doctors to "fix him so he will come out an idiot." When the physicians refused, the agents threatened them.

Another—and much less brutal—method by which the Soviets attempt to stifle dissidents is to throw them out of the country. In 1974, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the most famous and impassioned of all the dissidents, was summarily deported. Eloquent spokesmen like Andrei Sinyavsky, Joseph Brodsky, Pavel Litvinov and Andrei Amalrik felt compelled to leave the U.S.S.R. after spending long years in camps or in internal exile. The single greatest gain in personal freedom was also a loss. The emigration of 125,000 Jews since 1970 has left the dissident movement bereft of some of its strongest activists.

Always militating against a cohesive movement has been the lack of a common cause among widely disparate groups. A few dissidents, like Historian Roy Medvedev, are outspoken democratic socialists who believe that the Communist system is susceptible to democratization. Dissidents

among the national minorities, notably the Ukrainians, seek cultural autonomy and an end to discrimination and repression by the Russian majority. Religious groups, especially persecuted Protestant sects such as the Initiative Baptists and Pentecostals, are struggling for freedom of worship.

To some extent Helsinki has succeeded in bringing together some of the various strands of dissidence. Before his arrest, Yuri Orlov told Correspondent Clark that "for the first time we have united in the Helsinki monitoring committee all kinds of dissidents and we have achieved some degree of coordi-

PLANTING FOREIGN CURRENCY



nation. Helsinki gives us a banner under which we can all stand."

Although dissidents are under police surveillance, they try to work as openly as possible. They keep in touch by meeting in each other's apartments and sending messages by hand. Activists travel frequently to different cities. They are in constant communication with fellow dissidents now in exile—for example, Valery Chalidze, the editor of *A Chronicle of Human Rights in the U.S.S.R.*, a newsletter that prints reports of the movement's activities. Foreign journalists in Russia are also a priceless link to the West.

Says Sakharov: "We can inform our country only by informing the West." Most news about dissidents—and, indeed, about all facets of Soviet society published in the press abroad—is quick-

Russia's isolated expressions of dissent seem like mere burgeonings compared with the recent growth of libertarian movements in Eastern Europe. Rooted in nationalism and democratic traditions, dissent may vary in intensity from country to country but the aspirations for justice and human rights remain the same.

Last week Milovan Djilas, once a powerful leader of the Yugoslav Communist Party, appealed to West European parties to persuade the government of Josip Broz Tito to respect human rights. Djilas, who was a wartime partisan leader with Tito, pointed out that there are 600 political prisoners in Yugoslavia—proportionately more than in the U.S.S.R., which has an estimated 10,000. He also communicated his sympathy with Soviet and Czechoslovak dis-

sidents. Similar messages of support shot back and forth across East Europe's borders. The exception was Bulgaria, where the government of Todor Zhivkov keeps a virtually airtight seal on dissent. From equally repressive Rumania came an eloquent expression of solidarity with all Eastern Europeans under "Russian occupation." The author was Novelist Paul Goma, the Rumanian Solzhenitsyn, who has written a searing account of his country's concentration camps. In Hungary, where citizens enjoy more personal freedom than in any other East bloc country, intellectuals remained fearful of rocking the fragile boat steered by Party Chief János Kádár since the 1956 revolution. Still, 34 intellectuals broke the seemingly placid surface last week with a message for Playwright Pavel Kohout, who is being harassed by Czechoslovak authorities. It read: "The defense of human rights is a common concern of all Eastern Europe." In

other East bloc countries, human rights activists were demonstrating that this was indeed the case:

► **Czechoslovakia.** After a brief lull the official Czechoslovak press resumed its ferocious attacks on the nearly 500 signers of Charter 77, a manifesto calling for compliance with the Helsinki human rights accord. The charter had provoked the alarm and fury of the regime because its adherents include the country's foremost writers and intellectuals, plus ousted leaders of the liberal regime of Alexander Dubček. Last week the charter was endorsed by Dubček himself, who has been working for the forestry office in Bratislava since he was deposed by the Russian invaders in 1968.

Playwright Václav Havel, Journalist Jiri Lederer and Writer František Pav-

líček, who are prominent chartists, awaited trial in Prague. Police meanwhile swooped down on signers and took away their identity cards, making it impossible for them to use the post office. Others found that their children had been barred from colleges and universities. Chartists continued to refuse government offers to let them emigrate, electing to remain with their countrymen in spite of the risk. When one activist was arrested, another had already been designated to take his place. The goal of the charter movement, says one of its founders, Philosopher Jan Patočka, is "a certain moral dignity." The resumption of the crackdown seemed connected with the arrival of a delegation from Moscow, headed by Ivan Kapitonov, a powerful secretary of the Central Committee and professional trouble shooter.

► **East Germany.** Once the most obedient of peoples in the Soviet bloc, the East Germans have begun to manifest discontent with life in the most prosperous and at the same time one of the most oppressive countries in Communist Europe. Much to the dismay of Party Boss Erich Honecker, some 200,000 people have applied to live in West Germany. Although many of the applicants have lost their jobs and apartments, tradesmen, workers and professional people still persist in trying to get out.

In a stunning clampdown six weeks ago, the government imprisoned at least 50 people for supporting a petition to reconsider the forced exile of the popular East German balladeer Wolf Biermann. Physicist Robert Havemann, who was in a Nazi prison with Honecker, has been under house arrest since late last year for criticizing the regime. A host of dissident artists, writers and students have been arrested or beaten up by goons hired by the security police. Following the Soviet style, the police have lately taken to putting dissidents into insane asylums. Last week Honecker called for a closer connection between the Soviet KGB and the East German security police because forces of "reaction" were trying to cause conflicts.

► **Poland.** Volatile Poles continued to pressure the government over after-effects of the food strikes and riots of last June. At that time, workers tore up railway tracks near Warsaw, set fire to Communist Party headquarters in Radom and brought the nation to a five-hour standstill until a panicked government rescinded a rise in food prices. When hundreds of workers were arrested, 20 prominent intellectuals, including Novelist Jerzy Andrzejewski, formed a Workers' Defense Committee to mobilize public support for the workers, who had been viciously beaten by the police.

The workers' cause was championed by the Roman Catholic Church and notably by its revered Primate, Stefan Car-



KGB OFFICERS ARRESTING GINZBURG

ly picked up and broadcast to the Soviet Union in Russian by Radio Liberty, the BBC and other foreign short-wave radio stations. Orlov has estimated that about one-fourth of the urban Soviet population listens to foreign broadcasts. Leonid Brezhnev declares that the broadcasts "poison the atmosphere," but he has made no move to step up jamming. Radio communication, in fact, can often be more efficient than the network of the secret police. Recalled one of an estimated 2,000 to 3,000 Jewish "refuseniks," who have been denied permission to leave the country: "When I was detained after the sit-in at the Supreme Soviet, the Minister of the Interior said to me, 'I heard on the BBC that some of you people were beaten up but I have no information about it yet in my office.'"

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dinal Wyszynski. By combining intellectuals, workers and churchmen, the defense movement could become a classic counter-revolutionary force. Still, the Poles' fear of provoking a Soviet invasion is a strong restraining influence. This month the defense movement scored a triumph: Party Chief Edward Gierek yielded to public pressure and promised to recommend clemency for all workers convicted of rioting.

Events are anxiously watched by the French, Italian and Spanish Communist parties, which profess to favor a thoroughgoing democratic pathway to power. But they can hardly claim democratic credentials unless they are unreservedly outspoken about repression in Communist countries. ("They have yet to show proof of their alleged democratic spirit," says Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky.) On the other hand, going too far in condemning Moscow and other Communist capitals could make them seem traitors to the Communist cause. Early this month, Italian Party Chief Enrico Berlinguer, addressing 3,000 workers in Milan, stressed "our criticism of certain 'authoritarian features' in the political regimes of some countries in Eastern Europe."

The Italian comrades, like the French and Spanish, are seemingly prepared to stand up for the Soviet dissidents' right to speak, but not necessarily for what they say. Sakharov is an irritant to the Italian party's smooth, libertarian approach. The party is hesitant to attack him openly because of his eminent stature, but his messages to Jimmy Carter inviting U.S. participation in the human rights campaign are deemed lamentably anti-Soviet in character.

Still, Euro-Communism's top three parties are scheduled to convene in Madrid in the coming weeks, and the Spanish Communists are prepared to press for "an elaborate and strong declaration on the problem of dissent in Eastern Europe."

The Soviets are fighting back by arguing that the dissidents are only a handful of troublemakers who are cleverly using the Western press to draw attention to themselves and are in turn being used by Western governments to stir up trouble in Communist countries. Last week *Pravda* accused the West of dangling dissidents "on the fishing rod of bourgeois propaganda" so as to distract "the masses from the deep crisis in the capitalist system."

The Russians are also trying to show that the U.S. itself is guilty of offenses against human rights. Unfortunately, the propagandists have not had to invent many of their charges. Racial discrimination and the Watergate scandal alone provide plenty of ammunition—despite the vast difference between an established policy of repression and a skein of individual abuses; every such event is grist for the Soviet newspapers.

Last week, for example, *Pravda* reported that police in New Haven, Conn., had organized round-the-clock telephone bugging of the citizenry. This was based on a story in a New Haven paper saying that from 1966 to 1971 local police had tapped the phones of more than 100 people. At the University of California at Berkeley last week, Assistant Professor of Sociology Harry Edwards told *TIME*'s Mike Weiss about a curious hour-long phone call from a Soviet newspaper editor in Moscow. He had heard that Edwards, a black activist, had been denied tenure and was accusing the university of racism. Said Edwards: He "simply called to let me know they were aware of the situation at Berkeley, that they were concerned about it as a human rights issue, and that the Soviet academic community was very much interested in it. The thrust of the conversation was that they're going to run a series of articles about my situation at Berkeley."

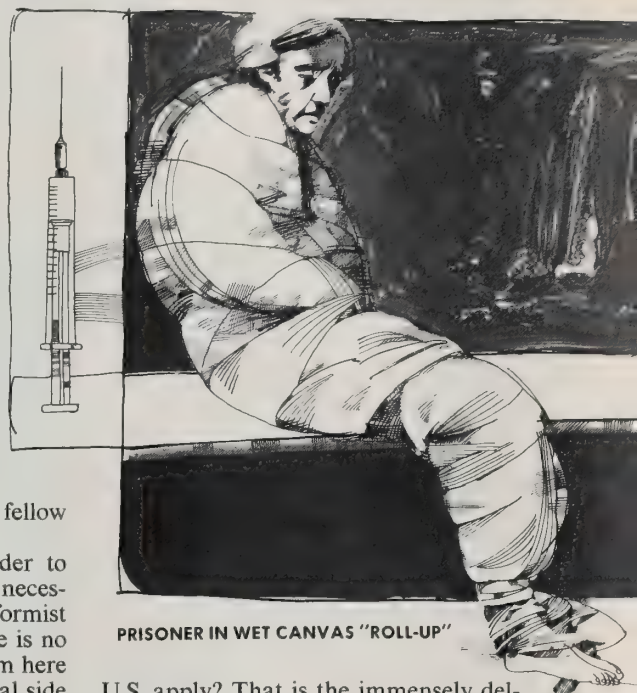
To compare Russia's pervasive totalitarian system with the abridgments of freedom that occur in the U.S. is, of course, nonsense. Few people understand this better than the Russian dissenters, especially Andrei Sakharov. But he is not as shrill in condemning his country's masters as is Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Sakharov's true genius is compassion, and that includes understanding his fellow Russians. Sakharov told Clark:

"The problem is that in order to achieve the good life here, one necessarily develops a certain conformist mentality. For most people, there is no opportunity to compare the system here with systems outside. The material side of life has improved here and people know it. So humans work, live and exist here, not knowing of any other kind of life. On the surface, this might appear to be harmonious, but this life has many tragedies. We speak today about the problem of freedom of choice for people to live where they want to live, especially Jews. This problem is not new, but until quite recently, people in the West did not realize the extent of the problem. Now there are people with deep convictions, and a sense of deep righteousness, whose main objective is to inform the world about conditions in the Soviet Union.

I don't know of any other country in the world where such a number of people would take part in a nonviolent fight to defend their ideals. Everyone wants to have a job, be married, have children, be happy, but dissidents must be prepared to see their lives destroyed and those dear to them hurt. When I look at my situation and my family's situation and that of my country, I realize that things are getting

steadily worse. But, for myself, I cannot consider emigration or even leaving this country provisionally. When people who are very close to me are persecuted, it creates an almost unbearable situation for me personally." Unlike Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov does not talk of apocalyptic confrontation between the U.S. and Russia. He favors arms reduction and détente—but on better terms. "I do not believe that the West utilizes fully the opportunities provided by détente in assuring the success of the human rights movement, not because the West doesn't care, but because there is a lack of solidarity. There is not enough pressure put on the Soviet Union, which doesn't understand polite talk."

But just how much pressure can the



PRISONER IN WET CANVAS "ROLL-UP"

U.S. apply? That is the immensely delicate question before the U.S. The Carter Administration seems to be moving away from Kissinger's "quiet diplomacy"—and there is a marked, similar trend throughout the NATO alliance. But it is not clear how far Carter and Co. feel they can go. There is some risk that by responding to each offensive Soviet act, the State Department will, in fact, let itself be remote-controlled by Moscow or the dissidents, however idealistic their motivation. Says a high-ranking Western diplomat in Moscow: "On the one hand, dissidents are undoubtedly helped by Washington's statements. Do they make Moscow more lenient? No, but they make it more difficult for the Soviets to bash Sakharov or send everyone to Siberia." On the other hand, it is difficult to link foreign policy and morality, because the Russians are proud, sensitive, somewhat paranoid and cannot be pushed too far. The diplomat continues: "Is it not immoral to jettison disarmament?" This is not likely to happen. Carter seems determined not to let human rights protests interfere with arms control; for its part, Moscow seems

to want progress on SALT, and needs trade and technology from the U.S. as well. But it is at least conceivable that if the U.S. pushed too hard on human rights, and if Moscow felt that things were moving out of control in Eastern Europe, a SALT agreement would be at least delayed, under pressure from Moscow's own hard-liners.

Says Dimitri Simes, director of So-

viet Policy Studies at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, himself a Soviet Jew who left Russia in 1973: "A cautious effort to make the Soviet Union a more tolerant and civilized society is both moral and practical. At the same time, we have to know the limits of our power." In sum, the U.S. cannot and should not hope to change the Soviet system; such a hope

or intention could only be highly dangerous. But the U.S. may, by speaking out for its own principles, make Soviet and other Communist authorities more accountable to the world's conscience (such as it is) and gradually enlarge the area of human freedom. That, as Andrei Sakharov and the other dissidents know, is difficult enough—and not a negligible goal.

THE FATE OF FAMILIES

Late last week a brown Volvo rolled through the snowy streets of a Vermont ski village and stopped in front of a restaurant, where TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin was waiting. A hazel-eyed woman got out and greeted Levin with a manuscript. She was Natalya Solzhenitsyna, 37, wife of the famed Russian author and exiled dissident, Alexander Solzhenitsyn. With their three children (ages 6, 4 and 3) and her 14-year-old son, the Solzhenitsyns now live and work in Vermont. At TIME's request, Mrs. Solzhenitsyna wrote about the families of Soviet dissidents and what can be done to help them. Here are her words, translated from the Russian:

People in the West occasionally hear of the cruel conditions in Soviet labor camps: about prisoners being tortured by hunger and cold, about the denial of medical care to sick prisoners and about forced psychiatric treatment of perfectly sane people in mental hospitals. But very little is known about the frightening fate of political prisoners' families—of their wives and children and aged parents.

In the U.S.S.R., a sentence for a political offense is always a sentence against the offender's family. Persecution against them starts immediately. Not only has the family lost its main provider but often the wife also loses her job. She has to feed her children, but she cannot find another job because there is but one employer—the state.

But instead of dwelling on the bitter list of sufferings, I would like to invite you to share with a prisoner's wife a rare moment of joy. If the prisoner has in no way aroused the wrath of the camp authorities, once a year he has the right to receive a visit from his family members. You can easily imagine how eagerly his wife or mother waits for that encounter. But the trip to the distant camps is lengthy and costly. And what about the children? Somebody has to take care of them while their mother is away, and she is lucky if she still has some true friends left to do her the favor: the KGB does its best to frighten them away. Of course, she can take her child with her, but she knows that her little daughter can be subjected to the same body search that is in store for her. Even if she somehow manages to provide for her family's needs, this one trip will completely upset her budget. And she will have to go on somehow, repeating to her children: "Your father is an honest man who wished his country well." This will continue for years: five, seven, ten, 15 years.

Such relentless pressure on political prisoners' families is not just the regime's revenge against those who oppose it. It is far-sighted strategy. Those people who do not fear for themselves must fear for their families; they must know that their wives and children will go hungry, cold and homeless, will be subjected to humiliation, so it is better to give up any thought of dissent.

The Russian Social Fund, created in 1974 in Switzerland by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, is dedicated to helping the families of political prisoners. I am the managing director of the fund. Alexander turned over to it all his income from the publication of *The*

Gulag Archipelago. Fees for his speeches, articles and public appearances are also turned over to the fund.

Alexander Ginzburg, the poet who was arrested in early February, was the fund's main representative in the U.S.S.R. Material help is distributed to political prisoners' families there only with great difficulty; the authorities are not prepared to tolerate help to their victims. Families are threatened: if you accept help, so much the worse for your relative in camp. Very few people had the courage to accept help directly from the fund. They received it, instead, through Ginzburg, who acted with remarkable courage and self-dedication. He never sought renown in the West, in order not to jeopardize his humanitarian work. But he is in need of active help now. The charges against him are false. A harsh sentence is to be expected. His family, wife and two small sons have no means of subsistence. And it is not only

Ginzburg who needs the defense of the free world. That defense is necessary to help all prisoners and their families.

During the last few years, the prevailing view in the U.S. was that one should not anger the Soviet Union by mentioning human rights, that the failure to do so would make the Soviet leadership more conciliatory and open to negotiation. This view allowed much of what was happening in the U.S.S.R. to be passed over in silence.

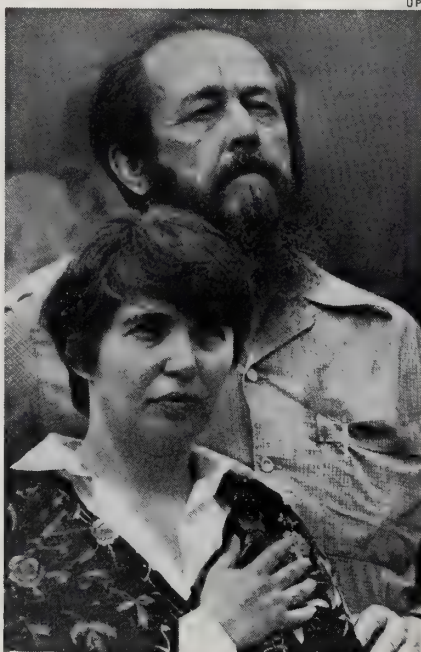
Now it is said that the defense of human rights in the U.S.S.R. is important, but that there is no direct connection between it and other issues between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. However, I believe that there is a connection: if the population of the Soviet Union could really use its proclaimed but nonexistent right to voice its opinion, the Soviet leadership would no longer be free to make arbitrary use of the country's resources.

The Soviet Union has many serious problems: the population does not have enough to eat, Soviet agriculture is obsolete, hostility between ethnic groups is increasing. The regime does not solve the problems—it simply prevents them from

being raised. Every Soviet citizen from childhood on is well aware that if he voices his dissatisfaction he ends up in jail. In the U.S., a cold winter and fuel shortage immediately become a national problem that is examined by the President and the Congress. In the U.S.S.R., people have not had enough food or clothing for 60 years, but their dissatisfaction concerns only the KGB.

If the people of the Soviet Union could defend their rights without the threat of prison, Soviet leaders would be compelled to concentrate on solving the country's internal problems. But they cannot do so with what remains, to the free world's hazard, a war economy. That is why the West has a direct interest in the possibility that the people of the U.S.S.R. will be able to make use of their natural, human right of free expression.

I spent 34 years of my life in the U.S.S.R. I lived in Moscow, where life is by far easier than in the rest of the country. But even so, I have seen around me much sorrow and despair, and many lives destroyed. The force that destroyed these lives is trying to expand, and it is difficult for me to understand the free world's shortsightedness.



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I. Best Picture.

Again this year, in a nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

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Brand C	8%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	10%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.



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Model SH2331X, pictured here.
Simulated rosewood with
Bermuda Shell white front.
Simulated TV picture.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith, more than any other brand, as the color TV needing the fewest repairs.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A	18%
Brand D	9%
Brand B	6%
Brand C	5%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	10%

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Anatomy of Addiction

BAUDELAIRE: PRINCE OF CLOUDS

by ALEX DE JONGE

240 pages. Paddington Press. \$10.95.

Young Charles Baudelaire set out to shock the middle class and, alas, succeeded. One hundred and ten years after his death the author of the first body of modern poetry, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, is customarily remembered as the original Bad Boy Artist.

Thanks to Manet's etchings and a few haunting daguerreotypes, the poet's face is more familiar than his work. Eyes: piercing and "as brilliant as drops of coffee," to borrow Baudelaire's own phrase. Face: as angled with cutting edges as an ascetic on a fast. Mouth: mocking and self-mocking, with lips shaped for sneers and blasphemies. Dress: black with dazzling white shirt and pale pink gloves—Satan as dandy. Add a setting (thick carpets, low lights, leather volumes of the more decadent Latin poets, the fragrance of hashish everywhere, a black girl coming out of the bedroom like Venus rising from the sea) and *voilà*: the essential Baudelaire myth.

The hand-tinted legend has displaced the coruscating verse—a fault, says this terse, canny biography, of the poet himself. According to Alex de Jonge, a Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, *Les Fleurs du Mal* is "Pilate's Progress in reverse," and so was Baudelaire's life.

At 21 Charles inherited a modest fortune of 100,000 francs, roughly the

equivalent of \$100,000 today. In a year and a half he had squandered half of it. Through a court order his mother appointed a financial guardian of what was left, and for the remainder of his short life—23 more years—Baudelaire was legally a minor who spent more ink on wheedling letters to *Maman* than he did on poetry.

Two years before he died, Charles computed that he had earned only 15,982 francs and 60 centimes from more than two decades of scribbling. The reigning critic of the day, Sainte-Beuve, referred to Baudelaire as a translator and journalist rather than a poet. Small wonder the writer identified himself with that other 19th century comet, Edgar Allan Poe ("not a kindred spirit but a twin"), whose work he introduced to France. Indeed, Baudelaire made more money from his Poe translations than from his own poems, essays of self-scrutiny (*Intimate Journals*) and art criticism (*The Painter of Modern Life*).

Black Venus. In the areas of personal consolation, reports de Jonge, the self-styled Prince of Clouds did no better. "He had acquaintances but no friends," observed one acquaintance. For 19 years Charles sporadically lived with Jeanne Duval, his "Black Venus," an actress of little distinction but a first-class nag—the last person to appreciate the extraordinary poems she inspired, like *The Promises of a Face*. More briefly a "White Venus" entered his life: Apollonie Sabatier, a famous salon

keeper of the day. She elicited a series of poetic love letters—including *To She Who Is Too Gay* and *The Spiritual Dawn*. When, after five years, Apollonie wrote him a valentine, Baudelaire cut and ran. He could put a woman on a pedestal or in the gutter, but there was no middle ground. "I have odious prejudices about women," he confessed.

Was his sexual behavior a consequence of syphilis acquired in youth? Possibly, says de Jonge, but Madame Baudelaire was a more likely cause. Charles, an only child, adored her to distraction. His career as a long-distance sensualist began with the click of her jewelry, the textures of her silks and satins, the perfume from her furs. He wrote of "the green paradise of infant love," defining genius as "childhood rediscovered at will." Underneath the mask of decadence, the prematurely aging face with its repertoire of grimaces, was a youth of retarded innocence, a closet Dorian Gray.

The biography accurately describes *Les Fleurs du Mal* as an "anatomy of addiction"—of men and women hooked on drugs, alcohol and every variation of sex. Baudelaire himself drank to the brink of alcoholism and took 150 drops a day of laudanum—twice the dose fatal to a non-addict. Yet the drug Baudelaire was most addicted to was hope: *luxe, calme et volupté*—the elegance of Islamic paradise, a Christian's heavenly peace and a pagan bliss of the senses. Baudelaire chanted of this blessed trinity while he

suffered the diseases of the age: poverty, rage and soul-withering ennui.

How alive are his incantations today? In 1857, the same year Flaubert was prosecuted for the alleged obscenity of *Madame Bovary*, Baudelaire was fined 300 francs for "offending public morality" with *Les Fleurs du Mal*. The theme of Flaubert's novel—the bored-to-adultery housewife—is the stuff soap operas are made of 120 years later. Today, Baudelaire's tragically ignored poems retain their original capacity to lacerate the skin of the mind.

His greatest poem, "Voyage," in a brilliant translation by Robert Lowell, concludes: "Only when we drink poison are we well—/ we want, this fire so burns our brain tissue,/ to drown in the abyss—heaven or hell,/ who cares? Through the unknown, we'll find the new."

Those lines are a prophetic summary of the modern temper; small wonder that Wallace Stevens wrote of Baudelaire, "His stanzas hang like hives in hell." It is to be hoped that Alex de Jonge's book will help to dispel the poet's legend and resurrect his verse for a wider audience. But that hope, too, may be a drug. In which case, Baudelaire still wins, screaming over the gulf of a century: "*Hypocrite lecteur—mon semblable—mon frère!*" (Hypocrite reader—my double—my brother!). **Melvin Maddocks**

Up and Away

THE COMPLEAT BIRDMAN

by PETER HAINING

160 pages. Illustrated. St. Martin's Press. \$8.95.

"O human race, born to fly upward, wherefore at a little wind dost thou so fall?" So wrote Dante 600 years ago. Even in his age, the idea of individual flight was an ancient desire. Today no fantasy remains more universal than that of the airborne human, riding updrafts like a bird. Most people restrict their air travel to those steelbound auditoriums shuttling back and forth between continents or coasts, an experience that comes no closer to free flight than watching a rerun of *Twelve O'Clock High*. But as British Science Writer Peter Haining relates in his delightful chronicle of man-powered flight, a handful in every epoch have defied gravity without the aid of motor or jet.

The Compleat Birdman wittily analyzes the unearthly urge that inspired biblical figures, Leonardo da Vinci and just about everyone else who ever wanted to trade the land for the wind. Here is Simon Magus, an early Roman necromancer who rose skyward (possibly by means of a balloon) before a crowd that included St. Peter. To the relief of the early Christian spectators, Magus suffered an instant—and fatal—crash. Haining wistfully relates the tale of Bladud, a doomed 9th century British king, who borrowed a page from Greek my-

thologies and perished like Icarus with a pair of feather-and-wax wings. George Faux, a 19th century English eccentric was more fortunate. In 1862 he jumped from a roof, flapped his arms violently and plummeted, bruised but undiscouraged, to the ground. "I'm really a good flyer," he explained as he staggered from the crash site. "But I cannot alight very well."

Man-powered flight has come a short way since then. In the late 19th century German Designer Otto Lilienthal built the kitelike device that led to modern-day hang gliders. Several other visionaries constructed pedal-powered planes that, in a very few cases, actually got off the ground. But as Haining shows, persistence is as enduring as failure. A contest held annually in Selsey,

ANGELIC BIRDMEN IN SELSEY CONTEST



THE FALL OF ICARUS



LILIENTHAL IN 19TH CENTURY GLIDER

England, draws hundreds of birdmen every year. In a recent event, no paraphernalia better demonstrated the timeless desire to fly than a team consisting of two men in white robes caparisoned in large, dovelike wings and halos. Launching themselves from the starting platform, the aspiring angels enjoyed the friendly skies for a few seconds—then plunged like devils into the sea.

As the historian sees it, such airborne misadventures have a social as well as personal function. They externalize a deep, ineradicable fantasy, and behind the vain, comic flap there flies—however briefly—a valuable purpose. Concludes Peter Haining: "The birdman is, after all, always there to remind us of his intent . . . he flies on as ever in our dreams, on our televisions and radios, and even through our day-to-day conversations. We should surely miss him deeply if he were not there." We should, like Dante, have to dream him all over again.

Peter Stoler

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (1 last week)
- 2—Raise the Titanic!, Cussler (3)
- 3—Sleeping Murder, Christie (2)
- 4—The Users, Haber (8)
- 5—The Crash of '79, Erdman (6)
- 6—Storm Warning, Higgins (4)
- 7—Ceremony of the Innocent, Caldwell (5)
- 8—Slapstick, Vonnegut (7)
- 9—Dolores, Susann
- 10—Touch Not the Cat, Stewart (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—Roots, Haley (1)
- 2—Your Erroneous Zones, Dyer (3)
- 3—Passages, Sheehy (2)
- 4—The Hite Report, Hite (5)
- 5—Blind Ambition, Dean (4)
- 6—The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank, Bombeck (6)
- 7—Adolf Hitler, Toland (7)
- 8—Howard Hughes, Phelan
- 9—To Jerusalem and Back, Bellow
- 10—Blood and Money, Thompson

Advance Guard

Publishing was once the last refuge of politesse. Take the matter of advances, for example—those cash payments against future royalties. Seldom was a tardy writer pressed to repay; the image of a company bearing down on a lonely writer was too distasteful for bookmen to contemplate.

But they are rapidly acquiring the taste. As publishing houses get consumed by conglomerates, as advances grow ever larger—Simon & Schuster has just guaranteed Joseph Heller as much as \$1.7 million for his next novel—more and more authors are being forced to put up or pay up. The most spectacular example of this new punctiliousness is the case of Robert Massie, author of the 1967 bestseller *Nicholas and Alexandra*. In 1968 Massie received a \$130,000 advance from Atheneum for his next book, a biography of Peter the Great. The manuscript was due in June 1971. By then Massie was only midway through the project. When Atheneum refused his request for another \$370,000 advance, the author set aside *Peter*, and with his wife wrote *Journey*, a book about their hemophiliac son, for Knopf.

Atheneum's continual demands made Massie nervous, then resentful, then stymied. "When I sat down at my typewriter, the first thing I saw was Atheneum," he recalls. In 1975 Atheneum saw red. It refused to let Massie out of the contract and sued him for the advance—plus \$575,000 in damages for "lost profits." The case went to arbitration, and last month the publisher was awarded return of the \$130,000 advance, about \$16,000 in interest, plus 25% of any money Massie makes from *Peter*—if it is ever completed. Massie's repayment

MASSIE & BRIEFS FOR PETER THE LATE

will be deducted from *Nicholas and Alexandra* royalties. As he sees it, "Nobody won this thing, but I didn't lose."

Other authors may not be able to make that boast. Random House is suing A.E. Hotchner to recoup an \$11,250 advance for a memoir that he completed but the publisher rejected as "unsatisfactory." Putnam has begun proceedings against Joseph Hayes (*The Desperate Hours*) to regain \$33,750 for a book called *Missing and Presumed Dead* that Putnam refused to publish.

Such tactics are not always necessary. In 1973 conscience-stricken *Commentary* Editor Norman Podhoretz sold his beloved country home to repay \$17,500 owed Simon & Schuster for an un-

written tome on the 1960s. Nora Ephron (*Crazy Salad*) has paid the last of \$14,000 she owed Viking for a never-written history of the liquor industry.

As for Robert Massie, he started work last week as a visiting professor of journalism at Princeton and plans to ignore his unfinished *Peter* manuscript until the spring. "I'm not saying I'll never finish it," he told TIME Reporter Sarah Bedell. "Peter the Great has been around 300 years." *Da, tovarich*, but littérateurs may recall the fate of Leo Tolstoy, who, following the success of *War and Peace*, plunged into a novel about the selfsame czar. Even he abandoned the project for something shorter and simpler: *Anna Karenina*.

THE THEATER

Bloody Saturday

OTHERWISE ENGAGED

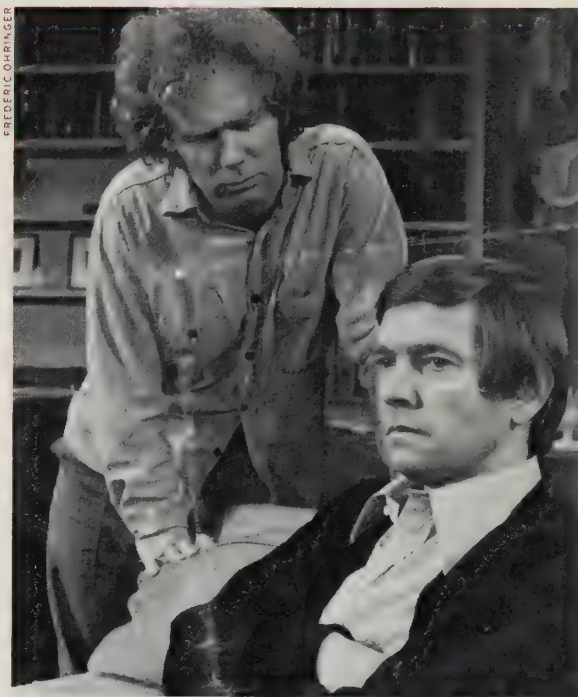
by SIMON GRAY

One Saturday afternoon in London, a publisher named Simon sits down to play, in what he hopes will be uninterrupted silence, a new recording of *Parzifal*. He has heard no more than a few measures, however, when life—important, inconvenient, thoroughly messy life—comes knocking at his door. And it keeps knocking, in the form of relatives, friends, acquaintances, strangers, all afternoon, testing his carefully trained incapacity for human relationships, even simple understanding.

Some of Simon's callers are merely nuisances: a boorish top-floor tenant (John Christopher Jones), a boozily aggressive littérateur, his girl friend who is soon enough making a stripped-to-the-waist play for a book contract. Others have more powerful claims on him: a brother stunted by failure, an old school enemy in suicidal despair because Simon has casually alienated the affections of the woman he loves, a wife driven into a dismal affair by Simon's emotional sterility. As they attack Simon from many directions, their function is to reveal the seamless perfection of his ability to withstand all efforts to draw him into the mainstream of life. In the end, they conspire with the superb Tom Courtenay to reveal Simon not only as a hypnotically fascinating theatrical figure but also, perhaps, as a cautionary archetype of our age.

Alan Bates put an angrier edge on Simon when he originated the part in London, but there is much to be said for the sweet slyness (and the dead eyes) of Courtenay's interpretation. He gets the same mileage out of Playwright Gray's powerfully witty lines, which are the source of Simon's charm. Their inventiveness and stylishness keep the other characters from flying out of his orbit while keeping audiences riveted in their seats and even caring about the s.o.b.

TIME, FEBRUARY 14, 1977



JOHN CHRISTOPHER JONES & TOM COURTENAY
Life comes knocking.

Nowadays most people are so slovenly in their use of language that he who talks not just in parsable sentences but in well-constructed paragraphs can exert a magical force on his auditors, who generally realize too late (as Simon's do) that he is using words not to reveal but to conceal. He also uses them as he does his phonograph—to drown out the sounds of pain, to keep everyone at a distance from his precious, empty self. It is a perversion of language's basic function, almost a parody of it, and a clear and present danger of literacy, which, like any virtue, can be carried to excess. It is wise of Gray to note the phenomenon, kindly of him to bring it to our attention in such an often hilarious manner, supremely witty of him to make a play that will most appeal to people of the sort he has so wickedly satirized—the pridefully literate.

Richard Schickel



Precious Master of the Mountains

From birth, Chogyam Trungpa Tulku was destined for great things. The son of poor nomads, he was born in a yak-skin tent near Pago-Punsum, one of the holiest mountains in Tibet. When he appeared, according to legend, pails of water turned to milk and a rainbow spread across the sky. The infant was declared to be the reincarnation of the tenth Trungpa Tulku, a supreme abbot of one of Tibet's strongest Buddhist sects. A royal coronation, attended by 13,000 monks, followed soon after, and the boy was raised to rule nearly a thousand square miles of farm land, grazing fields and fortress-like monasteries.

Now, 38 years later, Chogyam—in-carnate lama and "precious master"

INCARNATE LAMA CHOGYAM TRUNGPA TULKU



—sits behind a polished rosewood desk in a small but luxurious office in Boulder, Colo. Behind him hangs a large tapestry of a snow lion by the Japanese artist Tatumura. His own paintings and calligraphy decorate the other walls. Six disciples, among them a scientist, a classicist and a physiotherapist, cluster around him, each dressed, like the master, in a dark suit. All are part of Chogyam's new kingdom: Naropa Institute, named for a great 8th century Buddhist scholar, the largest Buddhist study center in the U.S.

Unlike many transplanted Eastern sects, which offer little more than meditation, Chogyam's tantric teachings are what Naropa calls "both an intellectual discipline and a practical psychology based on meditation." A rigorous but still unaccredited college, sandwiched between a Chinese restaurant and a delicatessen, Naropa offers degree programs in psychology, Buddhist studies and art, as well as certificate programs in Western dance, theater and poetry. Its faculty includes Modern Dancer Barbara Dilley, Novelist William Burroughs and Poets John Ashbury and Allen Ginsberg. Says Resident Poet Anne Waldman: "Naropa is fast becoming the poetics capital of America. It has the most diverse collection of accessible poets around."

Exotic Externals. The roots of Naropa go back to 1959, when Chogyam fled the Communist takeover of Tibet and went to England to study Western culture at Oxford. Once there, he decided to wear Western clothes, to "do away with exotic externals, which were too fascinating to students in the West." The next step: marriage to a 16-year-old English girl. At that heresy against

celibacy, his followers in the United Kingdom rebelled, and Chogyam decided to try America.

Starting afresh with a small meditation community in Vermont, Chogyam slowly built up a new following. Then, in 1974, he launched the Naropa Institute summer program in a Boulder elementary school. About 450 students were expected. Instead, 2,300 showed up for courses that ranged from the history of Buddhism to self-exploration. The initial 41-member faculty included Psychologist Gregory Bateson, onetime LSD Apostle Ram Dass and Buddhist Scholar Herbert Guenther. Two subsequent summer schools each drew about 1,500 students, and the visiting faculty grew to more than 90 members. Encouraged by such success, Naropa went full time last year with 120 students, nine faculty and 13 staff members.

Buddhist Renaissance. The heart of the institute, which fills the top floor of a 70-year-old red brick building, is a huge meditation room that doubles as a dance studio. Here, seated on red cushions, the students and the mainly Buddhist staff meditate for 26 hours weekly. "It is purely voluntary," explains Jeremy Hayward, a Cambridge University physicist who is now Naropa's vice president. "But we nearly all do it. Meditation is the key." Otherwise there are few Eastern trappings: no beads, bells, robes, incense or even long hair. Says Ron Groathead, 33, a drama student: "We don't talk about Buddhism very much; we think it."

Behind Naropa is the master's dream of a "great Buddhist renaissance" in America. "Americans have the greatest amount of confusion and wealth in the world," says Chogyam, a short, plumpish man who giggles frequently and peers over his glasses with benign amusement. Meditation attracts troubled Americans, he feels, because it damps their ego and ambition. "People are very relieved when they learn that they are nothing, that they don't exist," he says. Chogyam offers no panacea to his followers. His basic message is: "Go and sit and think and find sanity."

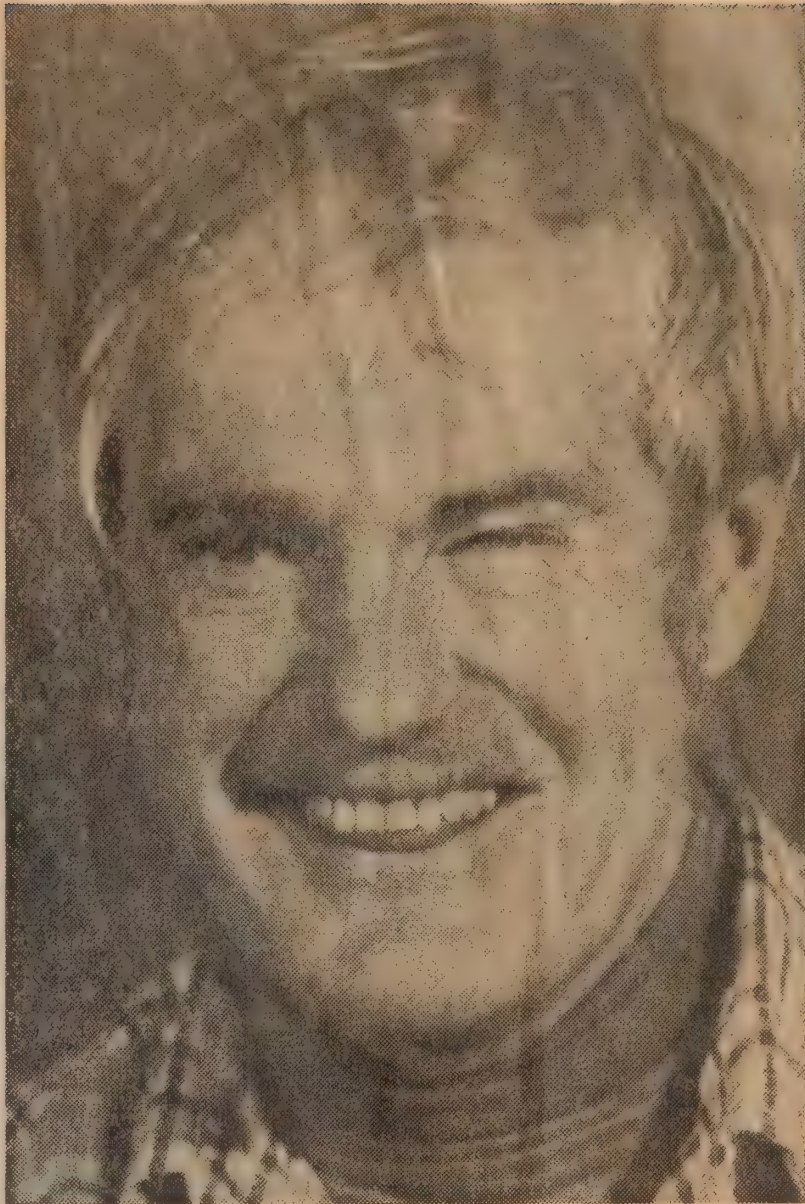
"What is the goal of all this?" he asks. "The goal is to have no goal." But Chogyam, who lives in a comfortable Boulder mansion with his wife and three sons, also has an earthly goal: expanding Naropa into the Buddhist University of America, with a heavy emphasis on psychology. Naropa now operates on \$600,000 annually, of which \$136,000 comes through donations and the rest from student fees. But the school has no endowment and at present lacks the necessary funds to expand and gain college accreditation. Still, the staff and students seem certain that Naropa will eventually become a full-fledged university. The faithful will provide.

CENTRAL MEDITATION HALL AT NAROPA INSTITUTE IN BOULDER, COLO.





Two faces of a former guru. Timothy Leary gives a 1973 smile, above, and winks at recent press conference, right



AP Wirephoto

Leary on Space Kick

By WILLIAM OVEREND
Los Angeles Times
Washington Post Service

LOS ANGELES — Dr. Timothy Leary, one of the most controversial figures of the '60s because of his views on LSD, now lives in Los Angeles (after briefly taking up residence near Santa Fe) and has returned to the college lecture circuit with a new message about the benefits of moving off the planet into space. Here are excerpts from an interview with the former Harvard psychologist, who is on parole from federal prison after almost seven years as a convict and fugitive:

QUESTION — You say you're not interested in talking about LSD anymore. Why is that?

ANSWER — I said in the '60s there would be a point when we wouldn't need LSD anymore. I always saw it as a training device to teach us more about our brains. We once needed drugs like LSD to make us aware that we could alter our consciousness, do our own re-wiring. But we've become much more sophisticated as a society now, and we understand those things better. Today I see drugs like LSD as primitive and (at one point) necessary evolutionary steps that are rapidly outmoded, like fossil fuels.

Q. How important is biochemistry going to be in the future as far as the brain is concerned?

A. In the future we'll be teaching our children how to

use their brains by the age of 2 or 3, so biochemistry won't be as necessary. It's inevitable that tremendous advances in the biological sciences will give us almost total control of our bodies and, more important, our brains. So there won't be any need for drugs, except when somebody gets blocked . . . and can't do it himself.

Q. Do you still take LSD?

A. I don't take any illegal drugs or do anything that's illegal . . . Ironically enough, drugs were never that important to me personally. I saw drug taking as a duty, something I had to do to broaden my mind. Rarely did I look forward to taking drugs. It was like a good Catholic Sunday Mass. I was doing it the way you take vitamins for your health.

Q. You used to describe LSD as a religious experience, but there was an article in Playboy magazine that pictured you in a much more hedonistic type of drug scene when you were in Switzerland.

A. Let's nail it right away. The article said there was a lot of drugs around me then, even heroin, and implied there was group sex. Totally wrong. I don't like hippies. I don't like communes. I despise heroin. I've never participated in an orgy. It may ruin my reputation, but I'm very monogamous. As a matter of fact, because of my Irish Catholic heritage, I've sometimes thought perhaps I've

Continued on B-2

Leary Pushing Space Trips

Continued from B-1

been too puritanical. I'm not sensual enough . . . On the other hand, I am a fun lover. I have dedicated my life to the study of pleasure, and I've tried to hang around exquisite, sophisticated, intelligent pleasure lovers, learning every tip and clue they could give me. I think pleasure is an art, and to live the hedonistic, full, beautiful life is just like learning how to play the piano. Number one, you have to learn from those who do it better.

Q. You referred to your Irish background. Is that a key to your personality?

A. Absolutely. If you're probing for psycho-history and you want to know about that. I'm your classic happy Irishman. It's embarrassingly corny.

Q. What do you mean when you describe us all as genetic robots?

A. Our behavior is 99 per cent determined by our neurological and anatomical wiring. Each anthill has its tiny little differences, due of course to the nature of the soil or the environment. But these things are unimportant compared to the vast majority of things which are predetermined. The mind is simply a robot-program of conditioned responses, but I think it is evolutionarily predetermined that the human species will evolve to the position where it can re-wire its own nervous system.

Q. And you think that's going to require a migration into space?

A. I see everything that happened in the '60s, both technologically and neurologically, including drugs, as preparations for leaving the planet. I've predicted the next series of evolutionary steps the human species is going to go through, and they can only happen in space. It involves intelligence expansion and a tremendous increase in the life span. Ultimately we will be able to communicate with

other species and we will meet intelligences from other solar systems. Down here, it's like the baby in the mother's womb. The baby can't be taught the English language until he is born. Or look at the whole evolutionary process of life on this planet. We had to leave the water before we could develop our present electronic, mechanical civilization. It's the same way with space. We will have to take the next step into space before these next evolutionary advances.

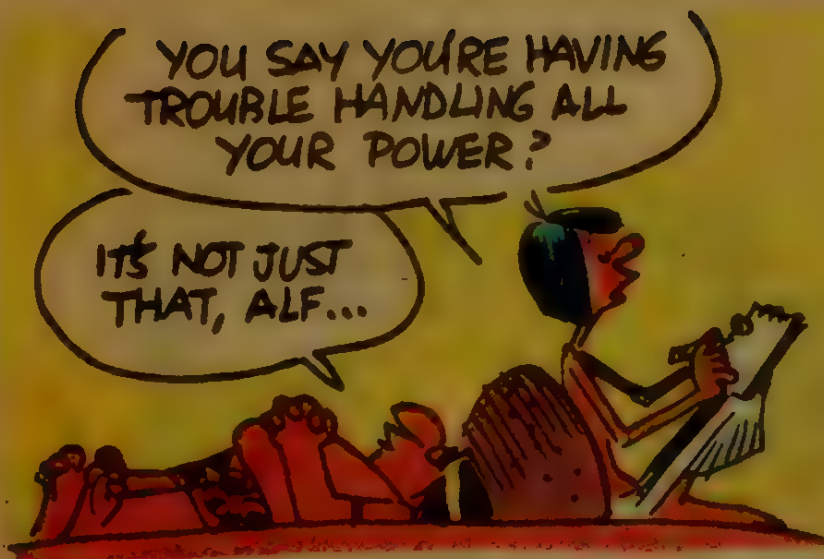
Q. Who will want to migrate to space? What about the people who want to stay down here?

A. Who left Europe to come over here? It's always the genetically predisposed, the restless, the kooks, the visionaries and the most intelligent. A lot of our forefathers stayed in Europe because they liked the churches and the markets and they liked the cobblestone streets, the old ways. It will be the same thing with space migration, and those of us who go will perform the same functions for the world down here that Americans performed for Europe.

Let's face it, America has been an evolutionary experiment for the rest of the world. Those of us who go into space will be inundating the world down there with new ideas, because there is room for new ideas up there. The first who go will make a fortune, because most complicated technological processes can be performed better in space.

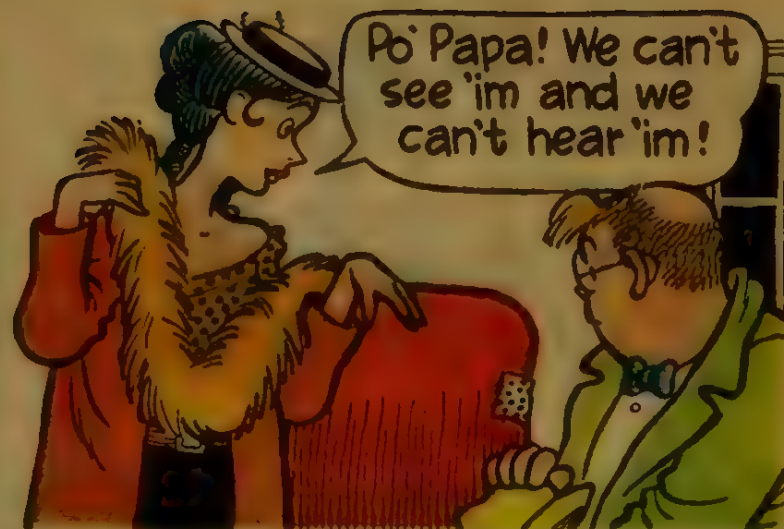
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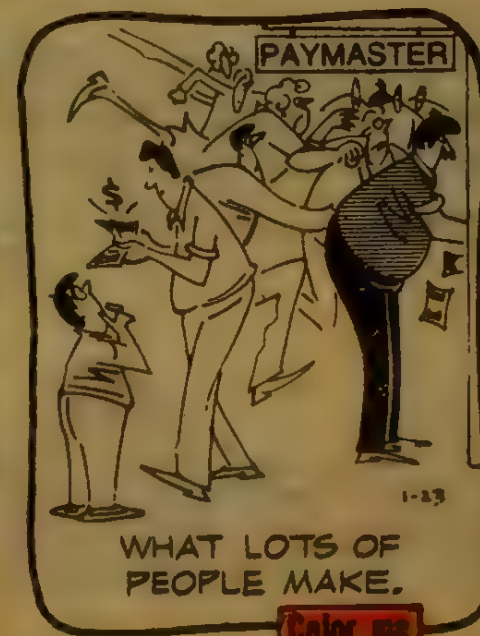
The letters of these crazy words are all mixed up. To play the game, put them back into the right order so that they make real words you can find in your dictionary. Write the letters of each real word under each crazy word, but only one letter to a square.

OZO

LULD

ROWB

CALE



You are now ready to solve today's Junior Jumble. Study the picture for a hint. Then play around with the letters in the circles. You'll find you can put them in order so that they make your funny answer.

Print funny answer here: A

ANSWER (HOLD UP TO MIRROR) —

**Sarah Miles — Nominated Best Actress,
Golden Globe Award.**

"Sarah Miles is spectacular."

— Richard Eder, N.Y. Times

"A touching, total performance by Sarah Miles."

— John Barbour, KNBC

*"Sarah Miles gives us a memorable
performance — maybe even Oscar worthy."*

— Rona Barrett, KABC TV

"A splendid performance by Sarah Miles."

— John Simon, New York Magazine

"Sarah Miles is superb."

— Arthur Knight, Hollywood Reporter

"Sarah Miles excels."

— William Wolf, Cue



*The
sailor
who fell
from grace
with the
sea*

From  AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES

ACADEMY MEMBERS AND GUESTS ARE INVITED TO SEE "THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA" NOW PLAYING AT THE UA CINEMA CENTER THEATRE WESTWOOD

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TARYN POWER



"TARYN POWER, daughter of Tyrone Power and Linda Christian, makes her film debut in 'Tracks,' as a young girl who tries to teach Dennis Hopper's soldier to be more sensitive in his love-making. The purity and honesty she brings to this wonderful role was the talk of the Cannes Film Festival."

— Betty Demby,
WASHINGTON D.C. STAR

"TARYN POWER gives an outstanding performance as a headstrong but knowing girl and she plays it with authority showing an offbeat beauty and presence which make her worth watching."

— Gene Moskowitz
VARIETY

"TARYN POWER is exquisite in 'Tracks.' Her scenes with Hopper have the rare texture of true meetings, truly tentative longing; her scenes with Tapo Swope reveal the special intimacy between young girls with amazing authenticity."

— Joan Buck
BRITISH VOGUE

"TARYN POWER is very strong as Stephanie — she projects the kind of innocence and honesty that Hopper's needful soldier responds to instantly; she's the lady from all those sentimental love songs of the 1940's."

— Dan Bickley
BERKELEY GAZETTE

"A winning performance by TARYN POWER as a college girl who tries to comfort the soldier until her own life is in danger."

— Thomas Quinn Curtiss
INT'L. HERALD-TRIBUNE

"The teenage girl is sensitively played by TARYN POWER. The scenes of Hopper trying to pick her up are ones of agonizing awkwardness."

— Michael Webb
AMERICAN FILM MAG.

"TARYN POWER is breathtaking."

— Michel Mohrt
LE FIGARO, PARIS

INT. RAINBOW PICTURES
PRESENTS

DENNIS / TARYN
HOPPER / POWER

TRACKS

A FILM BY HENRY JAGLOM

LOS
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Hollywood Reporter

40 Years Ago Today

Jan. 28, 1937 — The Glory For All Corp. has been formed by George Burns, Mrs. Nat Goldstone, Bert Wheeler, George Jessel, Freddie Kohlmar, Jack Benny and Harry Ruby, who have pooled \$20,000 for the production of the play "Glory for All" that will be directed by Frank Craven and opens in New York Feb. 22. . . . 20th Century-Fox has changed the title on Eddie Cantor's first picture from "His Arabian Nights to "Ali Baba Goes to Town."

20 years Ago Today

Jan. 28, 1957 — Booking of Paramount's "Funny Face" as the Easter attraction at New York's Radio City Music Hall makes the seventh picture directed by Stanley Donen to play the country's leading showcase. Others, all since 1949, were "On the Town," "Singin' in the Rain," "Royal Wedding," "Deep in My Heart," "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "It's Always Fair Weather."

NAB hits FTC over drug ad regulations

WASHINGTON — Broadcasters strongly criticized the Federal Trade Commission yesterday for its proposal to regulate the radio and TV advertising of over-the-counter drugs.

"The proposal would unduly restrict the dissemination of information and be a disservice to the public whose protection is intended," they said through their trade group, the National Assn. of Broadcasters.

In a filing with the FTC, the NAB further stated that the manner in which the commission has conducted its inquiry raised substantial legal and constitutional questions.

It charged that the FTC should not extend the Food and Drug Administration's labeling requirements to advertising, adding that it appeared to be determined to take the FDA judgment as gospel from which there can be no deviation.

The broadcasters pointed out that strict limitations on allowable terminology are inappropriate and incompatible with the broadcasting media and their impact upon viewers and listeners.

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION BEST LIVE ACTION SHORT



"Magic Rolling Board,
Magic Flying Wheels,
Dance of Perpetual Motion."

The Magic Rolling Board

by MacGillivray-Freeman Films
Laguna Beach, CA

Grand Prize — Sunset Film Festival
Grand Prize — La Jolla Film Festival
Gold Medal — Festival of the Americas
Golden Eagle — CINE

In Memory of Jim Freeman

Carter Tells Bukovsky of Support for Human Rights

Mondale Joins White House Meeting With Exiled Soviet Dissident; President Rejects 'Timid' Stand

From Times Wire Services

WASHINGTON—President Carter met with exiled Soviet dissident Vladimir Bukovsky at the White House Tuesday and told the often-jailed Russian that "our commitment . . . to human rights is permanent and I don't intend to be timid" about it.

The brief meeting contrasted with the diplomatic example set when former President Gerald R. Ford refused to receive exiled novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn for fear such an act would damage U.S.-Soviet relations.

Bukovsky, 34, a former leader of Soviet political dissidents, was released from prison camp in December and sent to the West in exchange for jailed Chilean Communist Luis Corvalan, who now lives in Moscow.

Bukovsky, visiting the United States as the guest of the AFL-CIO, met first with Vice President Mondale in the Roosevelt Room of the White House. Carter joined them for the last 10 minutes of their half-hour chat.

Reporters and photographers were excluded from all but the first few minutes of the Mondale-Bukovsky session, but a Mondale aide reported some of Carter's remarks later.

"Our commitment to the concept of human rights is permanent and I don't intend to be timid in my public statements and positions," he quoted the President as saying.

"I want them to be productive and not counterproductive, and also to assure that our nation and countries other than the Soviet Union are con-

Carter said at a news conference last week after the Soviet Union made strong protests about his statements, that it was not his intention "to single out the Soviet Union as the only place where human rights are being abridged."

Bukovsky, who spoke through an interpreter, said he was "extremely grateful" for the White House reception.

"I understand the high honor being shown me by my being received in the White House," he said, "and I understand that in doing so your Administration shows its respect for the movement I represent and the ideas we stand for."

He left immediately after the meeting without speaking with reporters. A guard shoved a television cameraman away as he tried to get close-up film of the departing sedan.

During the few minutes reporters observed Mondale and Bukovsky, the Vice President told him the United States had a "free press" and said he had "followed with interest your witness to human rights."

Bukovsky has been in and out of Soviet jails, prison camps and psychiatric institutions since the early 1960s, when he began leading public demonstrations for human rights and helping circulate underground literature demanding freedoms for Soviet citizens.

Solzhenitsyn Asks U.S. Lawyer to Help Ginzburg

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Trial lawyer Edward Bennett Williams said Tuesday he was hired by Nobel Prize winner Alexander Solzhenitsyn to defend Alexander Ginzburg, a Soviet dissident who currently is in a Russian prison.

Williams said he would apply for a Soviet visa after he completes his research into Ginzburg, Soviet law and the 1975 Helsinki agreement in which the Western nations acknowledged the status quo in Eastern Europe in return for promises to do more for human rights.

Whether there will be a trial, and what form it will take, "depends entirely on Soviet authorities," said Williams, who doubted they would let him actually participate.

Williams has defended such American clients as the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, former Teamsters President Jimmy Hoffa and the Washington Post. But it was considered unusual for a U.S. trial lawyer to be defending a Soviet citizen imprisoned in Russia.

In the letter that asked Williams to assume the legal defense of Ginzburg, Solzhenitsyn said the 40-year-old dissident was arrested Feb. 4 because he represented the Russian social fund in the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn established the fund for the families of dissidents in prison.

Williams said Solzhenitsyn told him Ginzburg has ulcers and probably cannot survive another prison term.



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for day or night.
Prize them for their ruffled
petals, precious colors. And



Alexander Solzhenitsyn



Andrei Sakharov



Andrei Amalrik



Vladimir Bukovsky



Yuri Orlov

AP photos

A TIMES REPORT

Russ Dissident List Growing

... ago, a French visitor to Russia's St. Petersburg (Leningrad), said that a single word of "dark landing in a powder keg."

... the Bolshevik Revolution created ... czars and Communists alike, ... by censorship and repression. ... prisons and mental institutions would be considered petty

... opposition to the Soviet re- ... days, was arrested in 1963 ... "New Class," a book written ... n ... portrays com- ... extend-



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WITHOUT STICKING
A LIT NUMBER IN
YOUR MOUTH...
AND IT'S SAFE ON
WATER BEDS OR IN
THE TUB OR
SWIMMING POOL!

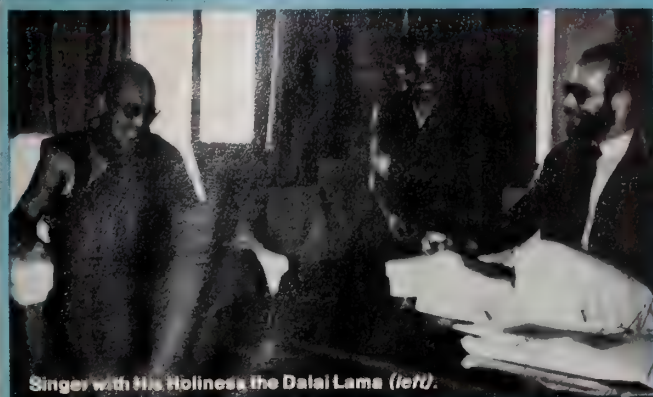


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Singer with His Holiness the Dalai Lama (left).

Where-Are-They-Now Department

High Times's resident expert on international politics, Robert Singer, got his start as a foreign correspondent when *High Times* published his epochal interview with the Dalai Lama in November 1975. In "The Rise of the Dope Dictators," Singer unravels the foreign narcotics policy of Nixon, Kissinger and Ford, exposing it as a scheme to transform our anticommunist Cold War allies into antidope police regimes. Not too hard,

since most of these countries are military juntas to begin with. Writing with an incisionness that Singer's heroes—Castlereagh, Bismarck and Metternich—might envy, he says, "In order to analyze Nixon's and Kissinger's master plan, I had to stand back and adopt their total cynicism, their complete indifference to human beings and their callous disregard of ethics and legality for the sake of political expediency." Bob should know. He used to be editorial director of this magazine.



A Wizard of Oz, in Gotham
Born down under, Richard Neville, author of "Along the Nomad Trail," stayed under when he moved from Australia to London and published *Oz*, perhaps the most spectacular underground magazine of them all. Neville made a big splash when the cover of *Oz* showed the editors urinating on the Pacific and Orient Building. He made an even bigger splash when he gave one issue of *Oz* to kid editors. Charged with corrupting children, Neville spent several weeks in stir before the baleen-whale-wigged jurists came somewhere near their senses and urged him to repair to exile.

Famous Long Ago

David Fenton, *High Times's* associate editor, who conducted our interview with Gil Scott-Heron, dropped out of high school to photograph the revolution during the late Sixties and wound up with the famed Liberation News Service. He edited the book *Shots: Photographs from the Underground Press* (Douglas, 1971) and then moved up to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he was publisher of the weekly *Ann Arbor Sun*, directed the media campaign for the Free John Sinclair Movement (White Panther Sinclair was sentenced to ten years for two joints) and helped push through Ann Arbor's five-dollar-fine marijuana law.

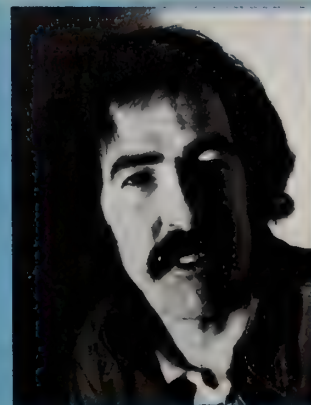


Kane Mutancy

High Times's history of "Dope in the Cinema," to be presented in several spectacular installments starting with this issue, will later be published as a full-length book by High Times Press. Its author, Joe Kane, is a film historian and freelance writer whose previous forays into the dark provinces of the Sleazy Cinema have appeared in *New Dawn*, *Monster Times*, *Touch and Take One*. He has also



written for *New York Ace*, *National Screw*, *Argosy*, *Oui*, *Apple Pie* and *International Insanity*. Kane removes his dark glasses only when watching films.



Our Man in the Hangar

Dave Noland, author of "Tramp Freighters of the Sky," a guide to large, contraband-carrying aircraft, was formerly editor of *Air Progress* magazine. He resigned in a dispute over advertising influence on editorial content. Dave also published *In For-*

mation, the first underground newspaper for the military, officially approved for post distribution only after Dave sued the Army with a little help from Senator Sam Ervin. Dave has a master's in journalism from Stanford, and writes for *The New York Times*, *More* and *High Times*. He wrote our guide to small smuggling planes (July '76).

He says, "It feels weird writing for *High Times* since I don't smoke dope or even drink." (That's what they all say, kid.) Dave's had a pilot's license for five years and once raced his wife across the U.S., his 1946 Piper Cub against her Volkswagen. She won. It took Dave 13 days and 47 stops. More recently, he tried barnstorming in the Midwest. He was a failure.

Cannabarristers

Michael Kennedy, the radical dope attorney interviewed in the January *High Times*, was a little embarrassed for us because we neglected to mention his partners, Messrs. Richard Hodge and Thomas Steele. Dick Hodge met Michael Kennedy at the Los Siete Trial—seven Latinos up for the murder of a L.A. cop. They were cocounselors, and all the defendants were found innocent.

Hodge worked on the Soladad Brothers trial, the Oakland Seven draft resisters and has defended many unpopular causes, including students, prison and gay activists, war protestors, drug offenders and other political defendants. He also handles pop-culture types, including such as Commander Cody, Boz Scaggs,



Steve Miller and Richard Brautigan—none of whom are criminals but all of whom need lawyers.

Thomas Steele is a specialist in civil rights and criminal law, presenting First Amendment defenses for sexy books and movies. ☐

Reassessing Reich

Psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich died in Federal prison in 1957, a laughingstock in scientific and medical communities for his "orgone-energy" theories. But Reich was a many-sided genius whose major contributions to psychotherapy are gaining acceptance. Now there is growing pressure to examine his papers, which Reich directed in his will to be "put away and stored for 50 years."

In his early work as a disciple of Freud, Reich contributed substantially to psychiatry by focusing therapy on the body instead of the mind. But his cosmic theories in later life were dismissed by



Photochrome

Reich and orgone box: New data?

most psychoanalysts as metaphysical flights of fantasy. He came to believe that all psychological disorders result primarily from blocked "orgone energy," which he thought was the biological form of a universal energy responsible for everything from orgasms to the movement of the stars. His promotion of the "orgone box"—a cabinet made of layered steel wool and other materials, which he said would collect orgone energy and transmit it to patients sitting inside—discredited him and finally landed him in jail for making and distributing the devices in defiance of a court injunction. In 1955, Federal agents invaded his institute in Rangeley, Maine, and

destroyed many of his papers and boxes.

But now psychotherapy has changed and Reich's work—except for the orgone theory—is being taken seriously by psychologists and scholars. Several of his books have become campus best sellers and, in 1974, paperback rights to three of his volumes were sold by Farrar, Straus & Giroux for \$250,000. Reich's 52-year-old daughter, Eva, recently asked the Maine Superior Court for a judgment allowing interested scholars to inspect and copy her father's posthumous papers. The defendant in the suit is the estate's trustee, Mary Boyd Higgins of Forest Hills, N.Y., who Eva says is "overly rigid and zealous" in protecting her father's work. "She won't let his ideas out into the world and Dr. Reich never intended that," Eva complains.

Although Higgins will not discuss the court action, scholars with a professional interest in the case complain that only a handful of people approved by the trustee have been permitted to inspect even a portion of the documents, most of which are sealed in Harvard's Countway Library of Medicine in Boston. "I'm hoping Eva wins the trial," says English professor Jerome Greenfield of the State University of New York, a Reichian scholar whom Higgins has rebuffed. "I know there are papers there that would be invaluable to my work."

Cosmic Harmony? Reich's defenders speculate that the sealed archives contain the manuscript of an unpublished book, "Conspiracy," as well as tapes, papers and mathematical formulas for what Reich called the harmony of the cosmic spheres. Alexander Lowen, whose system of "bioenergetics" relies heavily on Reichian concepts, believes the papers "show how orgone energy is transmuted into particles of matter, and also how that energy propels a motor." Elsworth Baker of New York City, one of the few practicing orgone therapists, insists that modern science will eventually vindicate Reich's theories—including the orgone boxes. "Although it has been proven that the box can increase energy in the body, you have to be very careful," says Baker. "The energy today is so polluted with radioactivity, you can get sick if you sit in one too long."

Less partisan researchers aim not to justify Reich's conclusions but to reassess his total work. Freudian psychoanalyst Joel Kovel, author of "A Complete Guide to Therapy," believes that Reich was a disciplined thinker who "would have abominated the human-potential movement." "Toward the end of his life," says Kovel, "Reich was more of a religious thinker, seeing the larger order and how man fits into it." That theory may soon be tested. For twenty years, Eva Reich has been hiding microfilms of portions of Reich's papers in a mushroom cave in the Catskill Mountains. Unless the courts intervene, she says, she may make these secrets available to the world.

—KENNETH L. WOODWARD with bureau reports



... of nearly \$226.8 million over 1966-68. Among the major items which led to the request:

1. The state for the first time would provide money for kindergartens, about \$11.9 million the first year and \$15.9 million the second.
2. A new salary scale for degree-holding teachers, \$5,000 to \$6,800 the first year and \$5,200 to \$6,800 the second.

See VIRGINIA, Page A-10

... and Ky. It is ridiculous to talk about peace if Hanoi refuses to negotiate. Ky is too intelligent to play false with the elections."

But many of the rank-and-file soldiers seemed to prefer a civilian candidate. A typical comment came from a sergeant with eight years combat experience:

"If we want war, of course we need a military man. But if we want peace, we need a civilian who knows how to use diplomacy and politics to talk with

See CAMPAIGN, Page A-10

... up to \$29 billion. "This day has been coming," he said.

"Some day there is going to be a revolution or a riot if the taxpayers can ever get organized. If ever I heard a good argument against a tax increase it is that giveaway programs must be pared to the bone..."

Rep. John W. Byrnes of Wisconsin, ranking GOP member

See BENEFITS, Page A-10

of the... where one... display tables... week congress of... Student Association, the group of students usually... tates to the table of the Parent Aid Society.

Prominently displayed in the society's exhibit are a variety of

in for... dedic... Baird... he puts... er to be... wants to... child to be... child."

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At the Natio... See B...

FOR 'OUR INSANE SOCIETY'

By BARRY KALB
Star Staff Writer

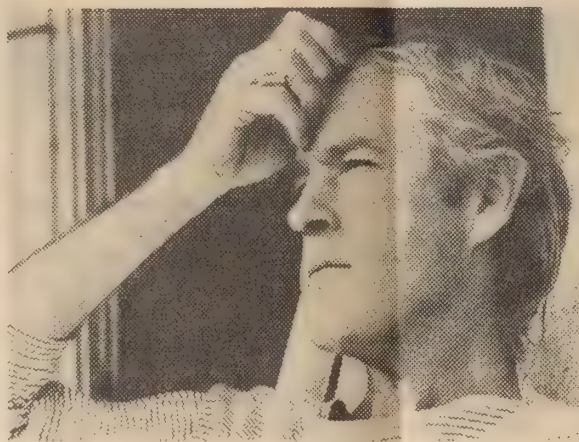
LSD is "here to stay," and laws making it illegal will "inevitably" be changed, Timothy Leary predicted on arrival at the University of Maryland today to address the National Student Association conference.

The leading proponent of LSD in the country also said that the marijuana laws "will be changed within a year."

In advance of his combination lecture-religious sermon-psychedelic light show scheduled for today in the university's Fine Arts Theater, the long-haired, graying, soft-spoken Leary sat on the floor in a meditative position.

"I'm going to lay it to them how insane our society is," he said.

Leary, a former Harvard University professor, repeated his oft-quoted dictum: "You have to drop out, turn on, find out who you are in



DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

society." He cautioned, however, "Don't take yourselves too seriously; you have to take yourself with a grain of salt."

He arrived this morning from his Millbrook, N.Y., estate, the "mother church" of his new religion, the League

of Spiritual Discovery, which uses LSD, marijauna, and other hallucinatory drugs as its sacraments. Leary, who is presently appealing a 30-year jail sentence in Texas on charges of possession of marijauna, argued that the legal basis for his use of

psychedelic drugs is to be found in the first amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees freedom of religion.

He cited as legal precedent the Native American Church, an Indian religion which uses the hallucinatory drug peyote as a sacrament.

Leary discounted allegations that LSD is physically harmful: "There is no proof clinically that LSD causes chromosome damage," Leary declared. He conceded, however, that LSD may have harmful side effects, but said that this had not yet been proved.

At least a half-dozen University policemen were on hand backstage and outside the building and four Maryland State policemen were stationed in the lobby.

D. B. Wiseman, chief of the University Police, confirmed a report that there had been one anonymous call threatening Leary's life.

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3.60

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Handicaps
s, Page B.4

IN TROUBLE

SHERIFF HONGISTO MAY GET A LOOK AT BARS FROM THE OTHER SIDE

While most lawmen spend their time putting criminals in jail, San Francisco's controversial Sheriff Richard Hongisto is trying to keep himself out.

Hongisto's difficulties began last September when a local court ordered him to evict some hundred elderly Asians from a seedy downtown hotel. Its multimillionaire absentee Thai owners wanted to tear it down.

Pleading insufficient manpower and the fear of possible violence, Hongisto failed to carry out the order and was found in contempt by Superior Court Judge John Benson. The sheriff drew five days in jail, but an appellate court has delayed the sentence while he appeals.

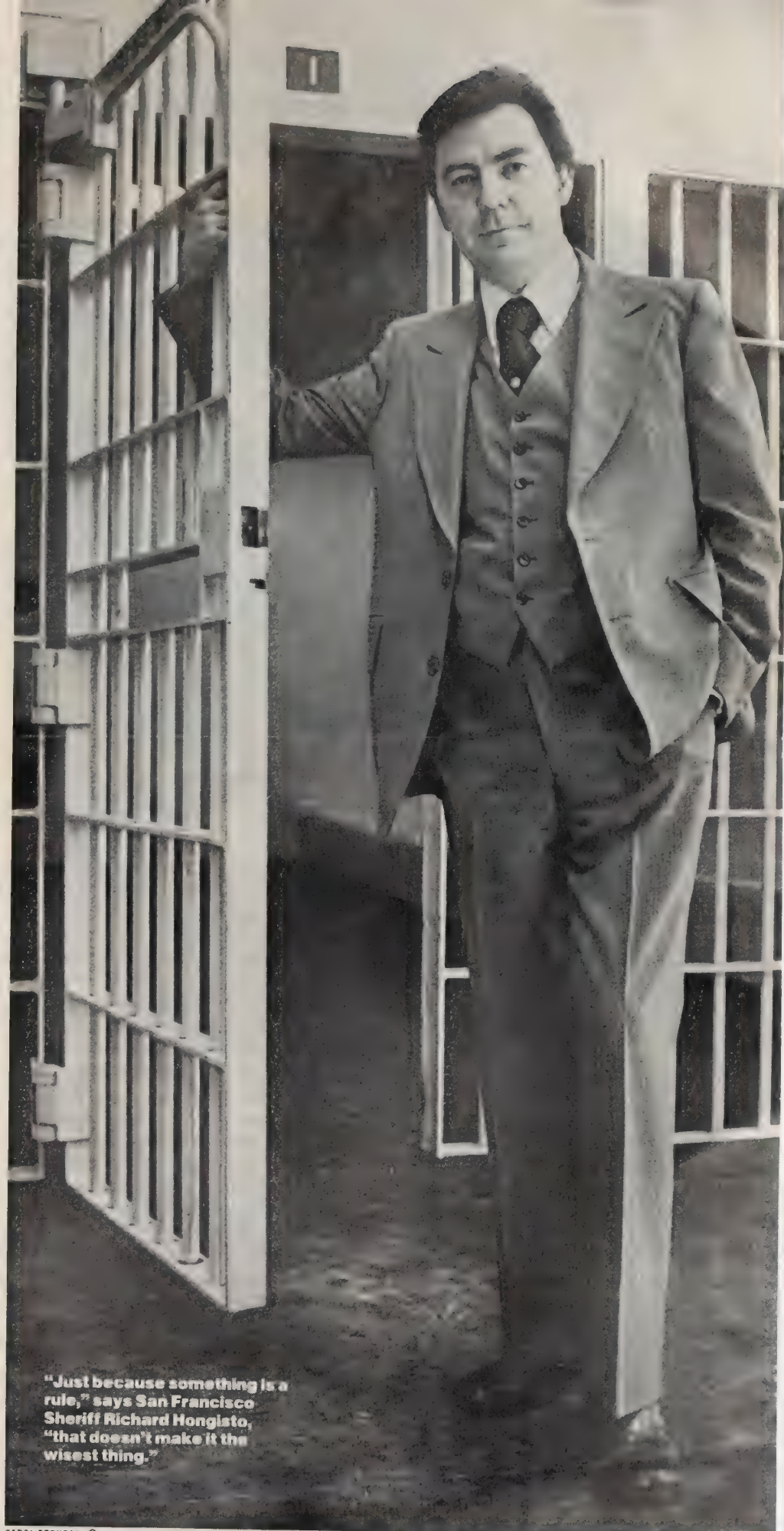
Ironically, the city now may allow the tenants to buy the building, assuming its owners' objections are overruled in an upcoming hearing.

Meanwhile Hongisto, a 40-year-old bachelor with an M.A. from Berkeley who once wanted to teach philosophy, has left little doubt that his failure to evict the old tenants was ideological. "The laws in our society," he declares, "are written to protect people with property and money."

Hongisto, born in Minnesota of Finnish descent, put in 10 years as a cop, wearing a peace symbol in the middle of his badge "because I wanted to point out that we were peace officers." Now in his second term as sheriff, he runs a staff of 375 which oversees six jails and 1,200 prisoners.

The feisty Hongisto once sued former Mayor Joseph Alioto and the board of supervisors to increase the jail budget. Hongisto got so angry at Alioto he told him on local television he could "kiss my ass."

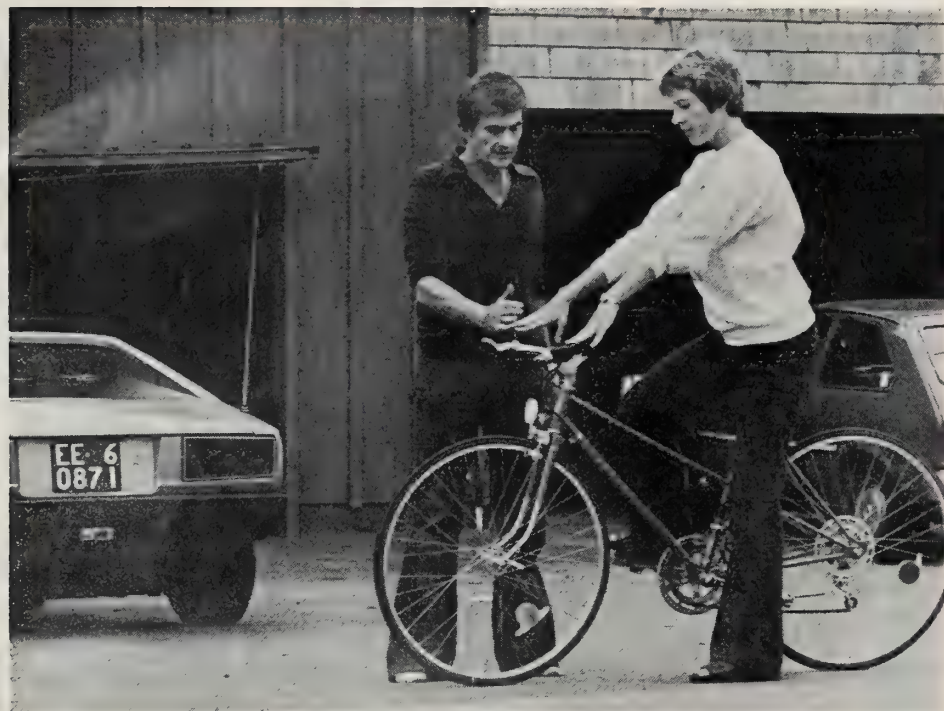
Hongisto is plainly worried about his current plight. "But if going to jail is all I have to pay for following my conscience," he says, "then it is a very small price." □



"Just because something is a rule," says San Francisco Sheriff Richard Hongisto, "that doesn't make it the wisest thing."

CAROL BERNSON/©ECHAVE & ASSOC

SOOTHING BLAKE EDWARDS AND RAISING BABIES RESULT IN A THOROUGHLY JOYOUS JULIE



On a bike or a film, Blake says of Julie:
"I've never met anyone who tries as hard
to be better all the time."

A Malibu living room. Enter producer-director Blake Edwards, fuming, after a telephone call to a difficult star. "The man is crazy!" he shouts. Then his wife, Julie Andrews, comes over. "There, there," she coos, "Mary Poppins will make you feel better." They laugh gently, perhaps at themselves, perhaps at the knowledge that they have finally learned to cope.

If doubt remains that early success exacts a high psychic toll, consider Julie Andrews and Blake Edwards—she the pristine princess of the box office while still in her 20s, he a successful screenwriter at 24 whose directing credits include *Days of Wine and Roses* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

Blake, now 54, recalls what should have been his prime as "a nightmare. It was psychoanalysis or being locked up." Julie, now 41, says her private agonies also erupted as her career peaked: "I was behaving in a way that scared the hell out of me. It's terrible when all those lovely things are happening to you and you aren't enjoying them."

Julie and Blake were both anguishing in Hollywood in the mid-'60s. Their crises were similar and they tried similar

remedies: five-day-a-week analysis (seven years for him, five for her). "It is the only decision," Julie says, "I have ever made, totally, 100 percent in my life. It was also the wisest." Besides analysis, both of them were also dissolving first marriages. But they were only nodding acquaintances until Julie heard one day that Blake had described her as "so sweet she probably has violets between her legs." Ms. Poppins tartly sent him a purple bouquet, and the romance had begun.

Their courtship and 1969 marriage have done little for their careers. Two conjugal films—*Darling Lili* (1970) and *The Tamarind Seed* (1974)—were disappointments. Their two TV specials got good reviews but so-so ratings. Only Blake's solo *Pink Panther* films have been unqualified hits.

Julie says she is happy to devote herself less to Hollywood and more to home. While their children from previous marriages are grown or nearly so, their rented beach house in Malibu is alive with the sounds of two Vietnamese orphans they've adopted—Amy Leigh, 3, and Joanna Lynne, 2. "We wanted a child and weren't being suc-



JULIAN WASSER (2)

CONTINUED

MAR 26 1967

A Non-Hip View of a Human Be-in

by KENNETH LAMOTT

A few weeks ago, I found myself sitting on a grassy embankment in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, eating salami on a French roll and drinking a can of beer while I watched about 20,000 people, hip and square alike, milling around a vast green field in the course of what had been advertised as a Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In.

Three or four feet down the slope from me sat a group of four picnickers. The young men were bearded and had braided flowers into their shaggy hair, while the girls, with their long, straight hair falling over their shoulders, their pale scrubbed faces, and their short dresses, looked like overgrown children who had been let out to play in the park. The one thing that principally distinguished these picnickers from all the other thousands of hairy young men and pale-faced girls who were eating, drinking, playing penny-whistles, ringing bells, smoking pot, and nuzzling each other on the broad Polo Field was that the ground-cloth on which they were picnicking was a large American Flag.

One of the men turned to a thin, blonde girl, evidently a stranger to him, who was sitting a couple of feet away, and invited her to join them. When she moved over and sat on the Flag, he offered her his half-eaten apple; she gravely nibbled on it a while and then gave it back. Just at this point, a policeman arrived, a motorcycle cop in shiny boots, followed by two young fellows who, with their trim crew-cuts, ironed chino slacks and starched sports shirts, looked as if they might be students at the Jesuit high school on the edge of the park.

"Get off the Flag," said the cop, speaking rather flatly, as if he were holding down the safety valve on a good head of steam.

The hip picnickers got off the Flag without arguing. One of the parochial school boys took the free edge of the Flag while the other took the staff, and together they rolled it up. A picnicker asked if they could have the Flag back. The cop told him he'd have to come to the stationhouse, and marched off with the Flag-bearing schoolboys, all three faces set sternly in the consciousness of having done their duty.

How you react to this story will tell a good deal about who you are. For myself, I have to confess to having been delighted at my good luck in happening on such a convenient summary of some of the main themes that run through the LSD-tinted hip scene in San Francisco, a scene that has been hailed both as the unveiling of a brave new world of universal love and kindness, and as a grave and imminent threat to the physical health and mental stability of the current generation of young people.

The picnic on the Flag, of course, was a public advertisement of the hippies' disregard for the conventional pieties. The shared apple was a symbol of love (or perhaps more accurately of "love"), and the whole transaction, like the flowers in their hair, was filled with the yearning for spontaneity and simplicity and open communication that plays such a part in the hip scene. The policeman and the

The messiahs were Dr. Timothy Leary, the prophet of LSD, and the bearded poet, Allen Ginsberg, splendid in a suit of white Hindu pajamas . . . there was certainly no escaping the religious overtones of the Gathering of the Tribes in San Francisco . . .



Photographs by Jim Marshall

schoolboys were the incarnation of outraged society, while the passivity of the picnickers in the face of this assault from the Establishment came out of a long tradition of non-violence.

More by accident than design, I happen to have been present at a couple of other gatherings of the younger generation around San Francisco during the past few years, and it may help to put the goings-on in Golden Gate Park in focus if I recall these occasions. The first happened five or six years ago when I found myself at City Hall on the afternoon that a demonstration by college students against the House Un-American Activities Committee turned into a minor riot, with the fire hoses being turned on and girls being dragged down the marble steps by their legs. It struck me as an ugly portent of deep hostilities that were just beginning to come into the open.

Then, a couple of years ago, I happened to arrive at the campus at Berkeley just as a victory rally of the Free Speech Movement was getting under way. These were the activists, the students who, showing a certain genius for the tactics of guerrilla warfare, had largely won their demands against the administration. I was surprised at the general air of moderation and good temper that seemed to prevail, even in the person of such a well-advertised firebrand as Mario Savio.

The FSM rally was still on my mind when, while interviewing Ira Sandperl, who runs Joan Baez's Institute for Non-violence in Carmel, I asked if the folk-singer had had much contact with the Berkeley movement. After reminding me that she had led the original FSM sit-in in Sproul Hall, Sandperl added, "But, you know, their dynamics are entirely different from ours."

(Continued)

(Continued)

And that, I think, is the first thing we bystanders of the older generations have to understand. The political activists and the San Francisco hippies overlap at the edges, but they represent not a single, unified younger generation but an entire spectrum of movements that are wildly different both in their objectives and their dynamics. To put it as simply as possible, the demonstrators on the campuses, and at City Hall, and in the Vietnam Day and civil rights parades are essentially political animals, while the hippies—who sometimes call themselves the Love Generation—belong to what is an almost every conventional sense a religious movement. The distinction is clear, for example, in their newspapers: The Berkeley *Barb* is full of reports on the grape-pickers' strike, on local politics, on the iniquity of the Vietnam war and on what to do when you get arrested, while the San Francisco *Oracle* is devoted to celebrations of Joy and Love and urgent advice to Drop Out and Turn On.

There was certainly no escaping the religious overtones of the Gathering of the Tribes. To begin with, there were the obvious things: the call to communion on a conch shell from a Buddhist monastery, the intoning of Zen chants and Hindu mantras, incense burning everywhere, and the miraculous appearance of an unannounced parachutist who disappeared as mysteriously as he appeared. Presiding on a raised platform were two candidates for the mantle of Messiah and a fair approximation of the Earth Mother. The messiahs were Doctor Timothy Leary, the prophet of LSD, and the bearded poet, Allen Ginsberg, splendid in a suit of white Hindu pajamas. We shall return to them later. The Earth Mother was Lenore Kandel—Sister Lenore Kandel, as somebody on the platform called her—a fine, full-breasted figure of a woman, the potency of whose poems has been endorsed by the police department, which is trying to suppress them.

And there were the less obvious things, of which the most important was a carefully nourished sense of community, of a gathering together on behalf of some Higher Principles, no matter how fuzzily they may have been defined. New religions always begin as a rebellion against the existing, visible world, and this is as true of the hip movement as it is of the Black Muslims, the current Japanese phenomenon called Soka Gakkai ("Value-Creating Society"), or, for that matter, of primitive Christianity itself. All of these religions share a conscious denial of the social and moral values of the workaday world and revolve around gatherings of the minority who expect to be saved. "Now listen, all you beautiful people," cried somebody on the platform. "The old world is gone and a new world is coming."

If a new world is indeed coming, it will apparently be inhabited by a population that in many ways doesn't think like you and me, and notoriously doesn't look like you and me in our black suits and white shirts and knitted ties. Take, for instance, that most visible trademark of the hip believer, long hair. What is it about an unbarbered young man that can cause otherwise mild-tempered citizens to risk their blood pressures and threaten measures of correction so dreadful they would have severely embarrassed a Turkish bandit chieftain?

I don't know the whole answer, but I do know that there is nothing new about the hypersensitivity of civilized man in the matter of hair, nor is

there anything novel in the connection between hair and religion. Wasn't it Saint Paul himself who declared that long hair was a shame unto a man? A thousand years later, another saint, Wulstan, the bishop of Worcester, took to whipping out a knife whenever a long-haired communicant knelt before him. Cutting off a good handful of hair, Saint Wulstan would then throw it into the startled offender's face, threatening him with the fires of hell unless he chopped off the rest. (I am sometimes reminded of this story when I attempt to reason with my oldest, long-haired son.) Is it any wonder that with 2,000 years of such anti-hair history behind us, we decently barbered citizens should react so violently to men with flowing ringlets?

Then there are the girls, with *their* long hair and their penitential dresses and their bare feet and air of holy poverty. I was eating a hamburger the other day at a joint on Haight Street, the Main Stem of Hipdom, when one of these girls, a red-haired, sparrow-like creature, perched on the stool beside mine and asked, "Any spare change?" I asked how much she was trying to raise. "Two dollars," she said, blowing a soap bubble with one of those plastic outfits you can buy at the dime store. What did she need it for? "Something personal," she said. I forked over a quarter, and she thanked me nicely and swooped off to put the bite on another prosperous-looking type who was coming in the door. As I watched her go, I was reminded that hip girls often don't wear brassieres, an omission that gives some of them a charming air of untrammelled freedom, but leaves the skinnier ones looking rather pathetic and, well, flat.

Poverty too is, of course, a principal ingredient of an active religion, and I shan't embarrass any of my readers by lecturing them again on the camel and the needle's eye or how Prince Siddhartha gave up the pleasures of his palace and became the Enlightened One, sitting under the *Bodhi* tree. Clearly, a good part of these kids don't *have* to wear grubby clothes and sleep in slummy rooms and take their soup bowls down to the park in the afternoon for a handout. Even when they're begging spare change, the accents of their speech give away the plain fact that they've been raised in warm, dry, roach-free houses in decent neighborhoods rather than in real slums and ghettos.

If this were all of it, if the hip scene consisted merely of a generation of middle-class youngsters deliberately putting down and shucking off the cluttered, straitjacketed world of us squares with our drip-dry suits, and our cars fouling the air, and self-deceit on every hand, and more and more of our energies going into a bitter war—if this were it, I would hustle right down to Haight Street to join the scene, for those of us who belong to what somebody has called the Command Generation have certainly not managed things gloriously. Going barefoot and wearing your hair long and trying earnestly to be spontaneous and honest and not harming anybody else and taking no thought for the morrow and blowing soap bubbles and dancing to bands with names like the Grateful Dead and the Quicksilver Messenger Service is not necessarily a contemptible way of life. It may, perhaps, even be preferable to being a young executive on the way up with too much alcohol in your life, a mortgage you can't afford, a boss who demands unceasing admiration, and a third baby and first divorce on their respective ways.



But of course this isn't all, and sooner or later one has to tangle with pot and LSD and with Doctor Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg.

I've tried to keep a cool head about narcotics ever since the day, a good many years ago, when I went out to San Quentin prison to teach the rudiments of English to a class of felons and found that about a third of my students, the brightest and most interesting third as it turned out, were users. (San Quentin reminds me of another curious thing. The language of today's young hippies is the same language I learned in prison almost 15 years ago. I can hear it now: "Hey, take us on a trip, Mr. Lamott." "Turn me on." "That's cool, man, that's real tough.") As I say, I try to keep a cool head about drugs, but, to use an old-fashioned phrase, I was surprised and shocked just the other day when a doctor at San Francisco General Hospital estimated that 10,000 young people, mainly in the Haight-Ashbury district on the edge of the park, are using acid, and that about four of them a day end up in the psychiatric ward on a "bad trip." According to this estimate, only about 1½% of the population of San Francisco but 100% of the Haight-Ashbury is on acid.

Like a good many other otherwise respectable people, I incline to the opinion that marijuana is probably not a particularly dangerous substance—no more dangerous than alcohol, say, which



is dangerous enough—but I remain unconvinced of the innocuous effects of LSD. I have even graver doubts about the good faith and sanity of the men who have nominated themselves the Messiahs of the psychedelic cult.

The thing that takes a little while to penetrate is the realization that these middle-aged men are really serious about what they conceive as their mission. I was reminded of this when, looking around the Print Mint, a great echoing cavern that is one of the more notable establishments on Haight Street, I stopped to admire a huge close-up photograph of Timothy Leary. I was struck forcibly with the thought that Doctor Leary's face is the face of a parish priest, a spoiled priest, but a priest nevertheless.

I don't like Dr. Leary. I don't like the way he talks and I don't like the way he acts, and when my 15-year-old refers to him familiarly as "Tim" I'm reminded unpleasantly of Doctor Leary's apparent compulsion to mess around with the lives of young people. When he was dismissed from Harvard—a place of almost infinite tolerance—it was not for experimenting with LSD but for persisting in using undergraduates in his experiments after he had been firmly warned not to. At the Gathering of the Tribes, he told us, "Turn onto the scene, tune into what is happening, and drop out—of high school, college, grad school, junior executive,

If a new world is indeed coming, it will apparently be inhabited by a population that in many ways doesn't think like you and me, and notoriously doesn't look like you and me in our black suits and white shirts and knitted ties . . .

senior executive—and follow me, the hard way." Listen again, the important part is the last: "*and follow me, the hard way.*" This is the voice either of a charlatan or of a mad Messiah. In fact, it is the voice of an unfrocked professor who has taken it upon himself to lead a latter-day Children's Crusade and who is surrounded by some men who in their own ways are as fey as he is himself.

Doctor Richard Alpert, who plays a sort of John the Baptist to Doctor Leary's Messiah, has explained, "See, Tim's being cast into the Master role. But Master roles really don't fit into Western culture, particularly. And in the East it's very appropriate to go to a guy and say, 'You know. I don't. I lay my life down before you. You do anything you want.' . . . But it's

not gonna work here, and Tim doesn't take on Masters."

This is reassuring, but Doctor Leary himself and his admirers are witnesses to the contrary. I missed it myself, but Margot Doss Patterson, who writes for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, reported admiringly that when, during the Gathering of the Tribes, she saw Doctor Leary wandering through the meadow outside the Polo Field and giving passersby the palms-together blessing that conveys God's greetings, he was embraced by some of his followers and pointed out by others as "the holy man."

In any case, Doctor Alpert doesn't seem to have a very firm grip on the world as it is. Listen to him again: "I mean, you realize that in about seven or eight years the psychedelic

(Continued)



(Continued)

population of the United States will be able to vote anybody into office they want to, right?"

No, no—wrong. In seven or eight years, you'll have as hard a time finding anybody who remembers what psychedelia was about as you do now finding somebody who remembers that "beat" was short for "beatific." In the meantime, the followers of the Messiah have hypnotized themselves into such foolishness as talking about running Allen Ginsberg for mayor of San Francisco this year, for governor of California in 1972, and for President in 1976.

Although I don't think he's going to get my vote—not for President at any rate—I rather admire Ginsberg. He is, to begin with, a genuine poet and consequently, by definition, a sort of holy madman whom we should protect and cherish as the Muslims protect and cherish the afflicted of Allah. Unlike Doctor Leary, whose public personality is rather lumpish, Ginsberg, who looks like a friendly and inspired bear, has always given me the impression that he finds the world an extraordinarily interesting place and that he is personally having one hell of a fine time. Like the poet he is, he makes it his business to stir the citizenry up, and he is almost always worth listening to, if for nothing more than the shock value. He said recently, "Abruptly, then, I will make a first proposal: On one level symbolic, but to be taken as literally as possible—it may shock some and delight others—that everybody who hears my voice, directly or indirectly, try the chemical LSD at least once, every man, woman and child American in good health over the age of 14—

that, if necessary, we have a mass emotional nervous breakdown once and for all—that we see bankers laughing in their revolving doors with blank staring eyes." It's nonsense, of course, but that bit about the bankers is touched with the true bardic madness.

What are we to make of the whole scene? Of the hippies who use acid and those who don't, of the would-be Messiahs and the holy madmen, of mass gatherings that have the air of festivals in Benares or Rangoon rather than in San Francisco? First, I think it's safe to say that Doctor Leary is no Pied Piper, no Gandhi, no Peter the Hermit, and that, although he was the original PR man for LSD, he seems to me to be in the process of becoming less and less necessary to the movement. Although some people tried to touch his garments as he walked across the meadow, the 20,000 people who heard him talk were markedly unresponsive. Doctor Leary strikes me as being really a rather dull fellow, without the charisma, the indefinable magnetism, of the true leader. For this, we should all be thankful.

The hippies are something else again. Although I've already predicted that the psychedelic scene will be all but forgotten in a few years, I have no doubt that the hippies will still be with us, although I don't have the foggiest notion what they will call themselves or what form their activities will take. It's becoming increasingly clear that this country is going through a social and technological revolution in which the upward drive of the

Negro citizens and the far-reaching consequences of the victory of the computer are only two of the most conspicuous features. Other countries in revolution have produced the Hitler Youth, the Komsomol, the Sons of the Wolf, and, most recently, the Red Guards. It has often seemed to me that the people who profess to be most outraged by the hip generation would probably be quite happy if our young people would, instead, dress in neat uniforms, march in great formations and sing patriotic songs.

If in a democracy such as ours, the young people's protest takes the form of agitating for equal rights, for free speech, for peace, or for an extravagantly Bohemian style of life, we have no choice but to look on ourselves as extraordinarily fortunate. Besides, it is not absolutely impossible that if we keep our ears and minds and hearts open, we might even learn something from them.

As I left the gathering at the Polo Field, I was stopped by a young girl who was handing out scraps of paper to the passersby. I couldn't make out the word she had scrawled in pencil in a childish hand and asked her to read it for me.

"Love," she said. "You know, love."

"And what am I supposed to do now?" I asked.

"Go out and practice it," she said a bit impatiently, as if I were particularly slow-witted.

Well, it's not that simple, and she struck me as a sort of empty-headed child, and the hippies have talked about love until you wonder if they know what it means, but the fact remains that love is still a pretty good word.

...and the girl next door.

"You might call the Pink Garter one of your basic strip joints. A bar, some tables—and five or six dancers with pasties and G-strings."

The girl seated at the bar looked like any other girl I might have gone to Southwest High with—only years younger than my class.

"This is one of my dancers," owner John Tuccilo said, pointing to the pretty girl. "She's been with me for 10 years."

It turned out she did go to Southwest. And before that Raytown High, and after Southwest, it was Paseo for a year.

In high school she was Bonnie Johnson. Now, when she goes on stage at the Pink Garter, they call her "Foxy Lady." An unusual name for an unusual girl, to say the least.

At age 33, she appears to be 21 or 22. She has a 16-year-old daughter who she says looks 20. Often, the two will play "Guess who's the mother?" And more often than not, the guesser will pick the wrong one. Yet Bonnie has been through a lot, packed a lot of things into those years since she was at Southwest, several marriages, lots of things.

For instance, she started as a bartender at a place called "The Hootnanny"—a folk singing sort of bar on Troost, also operated by John Tuccilo. Then, someone named Toni Todd offered to break her into the stag show circuit. There, Bonnie saw a chance to make good money and to do what she really wanted to do—dance in front of men—without any clothes on her.

"We stripped naked—no G-string, no nothing," she said. "That's the way I prefer to dance. The body's a beautiful thing. Covering it up makes it nasty."

She told her story as we



By Tom Leathers

Photograph by Marilyn Spencer

sat at a small table at the Pink Garter, located at 31st and Main, next door to the Jewel Box. Both have the same owner. On the stage behind her, the featured stripper, Legs Diamond, was doing her specialty. And that specialty is taking a bath in a red plastic tub—in full view of the audience. Four times a night Legs gets out the soap and brush and slowly scrubs and scrubs and scrubs. ("She's the cleanest girl in town!" John Tuccilo says with a chuckle.)

As soon as Legs would get all the dirt off and finish her act, Bonnie would take over. You could tell she was anticipating the performance.

"It turns on something inside me to dance and strip," she said. "Especially if I can make eye contact with some of the guys in the audience. If I can't, I don't enjoy it as much."

When she first started, Bonnie was frightened, she said, and tried to shyly look away. Then, she realized the advantage of looking the customers in the eye—and from then on, the search for eye contact was on.

She looked around at the audience watching Legs—about 15 men. No women that night. She says she doesn't try to figure out why a man comes to see her—because it could be one of several reasons.

"Maybe he just wants to build a fantasy," she said. "Or maybe some sort of stimulation. Or maybe he's just lonely. Whatever the reason, I work to fill that need."

She doesn't feel there's any

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girl next door

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conflict between her life and her beliefs.

"I'm trying to help people, just like a lot of people are," Bonnie explained. "Really I'm a very spiritual person. A Christian, but without an organized church."

Once she said she was sexually promiscuous. Now she's in love, so there's only one man in her life.

"I've done one-night stands—with lots and lots of men," she said. "Sometimes I enjoyed it, sometimes I didn't."

And what makes the difference?

"I can really feel close to a man if he has a good attitude towards me, believes that I'm a nice girl and treats me that way."

In one stretch of time she accumulated a lot of money from her one nighters. At prices that sometimes went as high as \$250 a time.

Her biggest weekend brought her \$1,200—contributed by "12 to 24 men who paid from \$50 to \$100." That was in her promiscuous days, she said.

But what if a man offered her \$100 tonight, she was asked. Would Bonnie accept? She pondered that a moment, then wagged her head negatively.

"No, not tonight, I wouldn't," she said.

But tomorrow night?

"Probably not," she said. "The only way I'd take it is if I needed money. Right now I don't, so I'd say no."

But regardless, she said, she wouldn't take money from a man she meets at the Pink Garter. Not on the job.

She said she tries not to keep up with the activities of the other strippers.

"I don't know what they do," she explained. "Except that most strippers I know are bi-sexual."

She herself has had several experiences with women, but

each time it was when they were with a man.

"I felt very competitive with the other woman," she said. "So I tried all the harder to win the man—and the other girl."

She looks at strip teasing as a form of fantasy. And it's fantasies that men want to talk about later as she sits at the bar. They sit down beside her and quickly want to know her secrets.

"They always want to know about my own physical life—my favorite experi-

the sadists and take off my belt and swing it around," Bonnie added. "They like that."

Right now, Bonnie has a boy friend—or a lover, as she describes it.

"He has mixed feelings about my dancing. Sometimes he likes it, other times it depresses him."

But his parents don't appreciate her occupation, she said. His dad is a professional man, his mother is an outspoken foe of pornography.

Lots of eye contact, to be sure...



ences, etc." she said. "So not wanting to disappoint them, I make up a good one that really makes their eyes bug out."

"I tell them I'm a dominant woman and like to hold young boys on my lap. Then, I add whatever details my wandering mind can envision. They like that."

Her act is also designed to please the moods of all her audience, she says.

"Sometimes I'll cater to

"They're embarrassed by what I do, but I'm not ashamed at all," she said.

Recently her boy friend was out of town on business for three months. And Bonnie said she practiced celibacy—"for the first time in my life."

"I'd been studying a form of meditation for six years, and I figured if I was ever going to be a celibate, now was the time."

Each morning she'd return

home, keyed up from a night at the Pink Garter. And each night she'd meditate and practice her faith. And it worked, she said—though at times it was difficult.

"All in all, it was a nice experience," she said. "Through it all, I felt I could hear an inner voice."

Up on stage, Leggs was now in the rinse cycle—nearing the end of her act. So Foxy Lady excused herself and went back stage.

She made her entrance through a curtain, accompanied by music on a scratchy tape. Halfway through the act, John Tuccillo left his spot behind the bar to try to stop the blurred sound. But he was unsuccessful and the scratchy music persisted.

Foxy Lady was undaunted. She danced on, took off some things, put on others—like a negligee. Throughout the 15 minutes, there was real vigor in her act. Surely, there was plenty of eye contact. She rolled on the floor, even sucked her thumb and enthusiastically moved from one phase to another. Among other things, her props included a shag rug and a chair. And once she slapped herself, and later turned a somersault.

As I left, Foxy Lady was still dancing. John walked with me to the door.

"You have to come back when Tangerine is here," he said. "She's off tonite. She's our star."

He explained that Tangerine is a comic who has appeared with Redd Foxx—on the Sanford and Son TV show.

"She's a little dirty, but great," he said.

I took one last look at Bonnie. At that moment, she was in a pose that was somewhere between the best of the Flying Wallendas and Rudolph Nureyev. An inspired performance, to say the least. Tangerine would have to go a long way to top her . . .

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or too yang in preference for those that are in between, such as rice and cereal. "I believe that it makes your life more beautiful," said Martine.

The hippies have also been experimenting with new kinds of family systems. In the Haight-Ashbury it is not unusual to find two dozen people living together as an extended family unit. The community itself is organized almost as a tribe composed of a series of clans. Goldhill offered an explanation of why the borderline of a hippie family is not as sharp as among the squares. "Usually it's man and woman against the world," he said. "You're brought up in a competitive society and you're taught to grab first because if you don't everyone else will. In the Haight-Ashbury many families live together, because it's a cooperative and not a competitive thing."

Mind Blasts: The subject of language—and the hippies' suspicion of it—came up for discussion at Bowen's apartment. Since the hippie esthetic emphasizes total, instant sensory involvement, they seem productive in rock music, abstract-light shows, experimental films and painting—but unproductive in literature. The group agreed but Michael McClure, one of the few serious hippie writers and author of "The Beard"—a play about a love affair between Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid—predicted there would be a real and radical hippie literature. McClure said he had just written a novel. "I wrote it as fast as I could type, in mind blasts," he explained. "Like I'd take a picture in my mind and I'd type the picture as fast as I could, regardless of whether it was a one-page picture or a ten-page picture, and then go on to the next picture."

How do hippies support themselves? The largest single employer of hippies is the U.S. Post Office, and the sight of a bearded mailman with a peace button on the lapel of his uniform has become a common one in San Francisco. Another source of income is "dealing" or selling drugs, usually marijuana, LSD and "speed" (methedrine), since hippies generally leave heroin alone. A dope dealer's income frequently supports a whole group of people. Some hippies also depend on a subsidy from home. At the same time, many do have jobs in the arts—as poster designers, actors, dancers and rock musicians.

Joyously: "When we get enough money to live for a couple of weeks, unless we're doing something creative, we'll probably stop work," explained Goldhill. "It's not because we're lazy but because we think there are far more valuable things to do with our lives. We think that to waste life doing repetitive jobs is blasphemy, when to live joyously and creatively is to live close to God. God is the root and therefore his creation was done for Himself, and something you

do for yourself is play. Creation is play."

The more introspective hippies are groping for a religion. To them, whatever its vague tenets, it is religion that is always firsthand, personal and immediate because it is based on revelation through LSD. Virtually every hippie has taken LSD, which means that every one has had a "vision." It is certainly questionable whether this vision—the peering into one's self while under the influence of LSD—reveals any truth or simply subjects the user to a fantasy in which he runs a grave risk of psychosis.

But for the hippie the trip is a mystical experience, and it is this that gives the distinctive tone to the hip world and distinguishes it from earlier Bohemian societies. The style of San Francisco's North Beach beatniks of the late '50s

That doesn't mean back to savagery. It doesn't mean we're going to tear down all the computer systems. It's only a question of the mind being tuned enough, so that it's involved in making things better. And this will result in a civilization that is super-beautiful. We're out to build an electric Tibet."

All Insane: At this point, Bowen looked around the room and a grin crossed his face. "Shall we sing 'We Are All Insane'?" he suggested. He began singing it, to the tune of "We Shall Overcome," and everybody joined in. After a few choruses, it trailed off and Bowen and Martine began to chant the Kirtan, a Hindu prayer: "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare." Over and over again



Ginsberg (center) and disciples in the park: "Creation is play"

was worldly and secular. The style of the Haight-Ashbury hippies is religious and ethereal. In some hippies the style has spawned a messianic zeal to reform the square world—a rather ambitious goal considering the general reluctance of suburbia to be psychedelized.

While he sat in his meditation room, Michael Bowen described an arcane brotherhood of which he is a leader known as the "Psychedelic Rangers." "The Rangers," says Bowen, "are for everything good. It's very supersecret. They range around and straighten the rot wherever they find it." One of the Rangers' prophecies: "The psychedelic baby eats the cybernetic monster."

"The psychedelic baby is what is occurring here in the United States, with people taking LSD, dropping out, making these communities and so forth," explained Bowen. "The psychedelic baby coming in contact with the cybernetic monster will devour it and by doing so the psychedelic baby will have the strength of the electronic civilization.

they chanted it, for twenty minutes. Later, as the gathering broke up, Bowen explained: "The continuous repetition of the proper words gets you high."

There is, of course, a low as well as a high side to the hippie phenomenon. In the Haight-Ashbury district, seriously disturbed people and teen-age runaways make up a sizable fringe of the Movement. Equally unsettling is the incipient anti-intellectualism of the hippies—to say nothing of the dangers of drug-taking. The hippie's euphoria is too often bought at the price of his intellectual and critical faculties. Indeed, the hippie's life is so lacking in competitive tension and tangible goals that it risks an overpowering boredom. Faced by these shortcomings, some younger hippies may well grow disillusioned, clip their hair and rejoin the squares. If they do, the more sympathetic observers of the hippie scene suggest that at best they may bring with them a worthwhile residue: spontaneity, honesty and appreciation for the wonder of life.

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LEMAR INTERNATIONAL:
The Time is Now

An Editorial



Our time is Now.

Only five years ago, Timothy Leary told us that the
game was about to change. It has. Millions of explorers
have opened new worlds for us with psychedelic drugs:
we are the settlers, the developers, the builders. The
rigid walls of last generation's conventions are crumbling
as the bricks which give the walls foundation are pulled
out one by one. Here, a judge declares that the 1937
Marihuana Tax Act defies the Bill of Rights, so self-
incrimination is a valid defense. There, a state Senator
risks his next election by requesting marijuana legali-
zation just to get a hearing on the issue. Everywhere,
"normal" citizens are finding marijuana infinitely
preferable to other intoxicants. The new open world is
a gigantic smoke-in. Our time is Now.

LEMAR (Legalize Marijuana) is a straightforward,
legal, square organization devoted to getting sane
regulations for marijuana in this country. LEMAR
INTERNATIONAL is simply an umbrella title for
any organizations in any countries who are fighting
marijuana prohibition. Our main purpose with this
magazine is to coordinate all efforts toward re-legal-
ization, thereby becoming the prime information source
for all who want to know the truth, about grass and
about what's happening in the world of grass.

There are at present 10 LEMAR's functioning in
the United States, half of them on college campuses,
in addition to ad hoc committees and defense funds.
This fall, several more branches will start. We are in
the process of affiliating with SOMA in England and
with groups in other countries. We are already strong,
and we are getting stronger.

Our time is now, and you are part of our time: you
can help. Buy this magazine, and gift-subscribe your
parents, your minister, your lawyer, your doctor, and
especially YOUR LEGISLATORS. All money we re-
ceive beyond production/overhead costs will go towards
legalization programs. We hope to set up drug confer-
ences for you, and we'd like to organize some THC
research as SOMA has done. We'd like to organize a
nationwide petition letter-writing campaign to Congress.
There are dozens of things to do, and you can help. Send
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publicity in your area, start a LEMAR— write us for free
details on how to go about it. If you don't want to stick
your neck out, send us \$2.50 and become a quiet member
of LEMAR INTERNATIONAL. If you get busted, and
you and your lawyer decide the best thing to do is to
attack the laws on constitutional grounds, write us for
help. Our existence as an information exchange depends
on your giving us information, most important of all.

MARIJUANA and the MILITARY: A COMPLETE REPORT



I. PANAMA RED ALERT

The first time on record that the U.S. government prohibited marijuana was on Jan. 20, 1923, when military authorities in the Panama Canal Zone issued Circular No. 5 declaring grass off-limits to our soldiers stationed there. Reports of extensive Panama Red smoking had been coming in since before 1916.

In 1925, 1928, and 1931, medical, psychiatric, and disciplinary officers studied several hundred pot-smoking soldiers and concluded that the drug was less habit-forming than liquor, that it had no "appreciably deleterious influence on the individuals smoking it," and that delinquencies among soldiers who smoked were "negligible in number" compared with delinquencies resulting from soldiers getting drunk.

After these studies, penalties for marijuana use were removed, until 1937 when the Marihuana Tax Act was passed. Complaints about our soldiers in Panama turning on still came in, however, so in 1943 Colonel James M. Phalen, editor of the "Military Surgeon" set the issue straight: he wrote,

"(The investigations) brought about the conclusion that though there was a considerable amount of marihuana smoking in the command, the effect upon military efficiency and upon discipline were practically negligible... Though definite physiological effects are produced by smoking, they are not profound and are not productive of violent behavior... There is no hesitancy in saying that the reputation of marihuana as a troublemaker in the Panama Department was due to its association with alcohol which, upon investigation, was always found the prime agent."

Moreover, Col. Phalen blasted the recent Prohibition laws: "The legislation in relation to marihuana was ill-advised, in that it branded as a menace and a crime a matter of trivial importance. ...It is hoped that no witch hunt will be instituted in the military services over a problem that does not exist."

But the witch hunt for pot-smokers had just begun. In fact, military psychiatrists began calling marijuana users "addicts" and in one 1944 report referred to a group of soldiers who evidently tried to get out of the Army on grounds of drug use, as "enemy aliens towards society."

LEMAR INTERNATIONAL ARMY?

II. DRAFTING MARY'S BOYFRIEND

These days, with millions of War Babies turning on, it is hardly "enemy aliens" in the Army who turn on. A Pfc. we interviewed while he was on leave just prior to being sent to Vietnam told us,

"The per cent of people in the Army who have smoked is over 50%, I would say, though on the three bases where I've been stationed I've known only 5 or 10 per cent actually smoking on base. Many of the officers know we smoke, and some turn on with us. At Fort Hood, Texas, there are so many turned-on heads that they called it "Fort Head."

Our informant reminded us that "if they walk in on a pot party, it's not a bunch of hip-looking freaks in beads and bells—it's guys on their bunks, talking, looking at magazines, passing the time quite normally. Heck, you can walk around base really stoned, and you still remember to salute officers..."

"Being high helps just about everything, even the food. Some of the guys have acid-rock records and phonographs, there's even ice-cream trucks dinging around at night if you get extra hungry, and little mobile canteen wagons."

Asked about the effects of this smoking among the training recruits, the Pfc. reported, "The only thing you could notice about our company, which turned on more than the others, was that we kept winning the monthly award for least sick-call. Nobody had colds. I always suspected grass was good for your health. If they catch you holding, in a shakedown inspection for instance, they toss you in the stockade for a few days, or chew hell out of you, but they can't discharge so many--there wouldn't be anybody left to fight the war..."

"One night when I was completely zonked out on hash I decided they really mean the word "infantry." Being in the Army is like being a child again. You wear your keys around your neck, and you gotta be in at a certain time, and it's lights out at nine, there's a constant feeling of being under the thumb of people bigger than you..."

"In fact it seems like the whole structure of the military promotes turning on. I mean it's the time of your life when you're expected to sow your wild oats, get roaring drunk, go to

Page 4 MARIJUANA and the MILITARY *Cont'd from P. 3*

a warehouse, do all the things you're not supposed to do at home. And it's such a drag just sitting around night after night, or going to some idiotic John Wayne flick, or playing pool, when you can groove your own head by getting stoned... During the day, most of the jobs are routine and simple, just the right kind of jobs to do while you're stoned... It just seems natural that a lot of guys are turning on in the Army, it's the right age and right time for it in their lives...

"And there isn't any way they can stop us."

Another informant, a First Lieutenant we interviewed, told us he was forced to act as prosecuting attorney in marijuana cases on his base, even though he himself smokes.

"I never convicted anybody," he said, "except one lunatic—they found a whole kilo in the guy's boots, and he was so stupid that I had to get him convicted as a warning to others to be more cool."

A West Point cadet said he turned on sometimes, but only when he was sure he would not be discovered. "There are too many guys who think it's their duty to turn you in," he remarked, "and who don't remember that even Tim Leary went to West Point for a while."

At Annapolis, four young men were discharged in August 1967 for marijuana violations, and in February 1968 thirteen more admitted turning on in the dormitory. This was the largest group of midshipmen ever dismissed from the Naval Academy for any reason.

One thing notable about smoking pot on military bases is that the users need not fear attack from venomous local narcotics police: military reservations are not subject to the civil authorities. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, a top sociologist, has compared this situation to that found at universities: "If local officials executed pot busts on army camps with the zeal they bring to university campuses; and if such raids were followed by relentless demands for the demotion and transfer of their officers and punishment of their men, American military policy would become even more demoralized than it is now." (From a University of Chicago "Monday Lecture," 29 April 1968.)

Nevertheless, military authorities are quite as rough as narks: getting high on base is like turning on in a police station. The difference is that if you get caught, the penalties will normally not be quite so vicious.

III. GRASS IN KHAKI POCKETS: THE NEW ARMY GREEN

When Dr. Edward C. Taylor of Princeton University synthesized one of the tetrahydrocannabinols (pot's key ingredient) a few years ago, the Pentagon became interested in the new synthetic's possible military applications. One one hand, marijuana was reputed to reduce the ability to concentrate and coordinate, as well as to "weaken moral fibre"—so the Army wondered if it could be used to incapacitate enemy troops.

On the other hand, fierce Congolese tribesmen under Patrice Lumumba supposedly used it to nerve themselves and to forget their fears in actual combat: so the Army wanted to know if they might give GI's grass to enhance this kind of courage.

Experimentation relative to these questions was limited, but our men in Vietnam are doing their own research, without Army approval. Until the Pentagon discovered the grass in our own warriors' pockets, it was standard propaganda to maintain that

only the "enemy aliens" used drugs. Meanwhile, our troops were learning to take whatever little pleasure they could in Asia.

Of course, thinking back, it is obvious that soldiers stationed in India and the Far East have always turned on. (The British in India became so familiar with exotic drugs that Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu series, in which the insidious doctor used many different drugs in his attempt to take over the world, needed very little explication: and is it indeed true that Sgt. Pepper was the first soldier kicked out of the English army for smoking opium?) No one would seriously maintain that American soldiers sent to Korea never took the opportunity to turn on.

SUNDAY RAMPARTS sniffed out one of the earliest reports in April 1967. A sailor told them, "I have smoked marijuana in the Gulf of Tonkin and wandered around the flight deck entranced on LSD or pot... No matter how much persecution we receive, no matter how dire the consequences, we will not be stopped and the spread of dope will continue to spread like wildfire..."

Customs agents and postal inspectors began to get the scent in September 1967, for instance, when Philadelphia authorities intercepted pillows full of grass sent home by servicemen. But the first real publicity about the massive Vietnam turn-on hit the headlines when John Steinbeck IV was arrested for grass in October 1967. Police confiscated two articles by the young author which charged that upwards of 75% of our troops in Vietnam smoked pot. Later Steinbeck testified that "about 60% of American soldiers between the ages of 19 and 27 smoke marijuana when they think it is reasonable to do so," before a special U.S. Senate investigating subcommittee.

By October 25th the N.Y. Times headlined, MARIJUANA TERMED BIG PROBLEM AMONG U.S. TROOPS IN VIETNAM, and quoted as their source not the amateur sociologist but Brig. General Harley Moore, Jr., Army Provost Marshall for the Pacific. The one-star general admitted that more servicemen in Vietnam were arrested for marijuana than for any other major offense.

Lee Dembart, Vietnam reporter for the Queens College "Phoenix," quoted the official figures as "1391 investigations uncovering 1688 military offenders for possession and/or use of marijuana in 1967." Then, official estimates of the average monthly usage rate were .30 per thousand, or about one soldier in every 3000. Now, a press release from the Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office in Saigon says "One soldier in 2000 has been found to possess or use marijuana." These figures indicate only the number of soldiers who get caught, and the number who don't get caught is far higher. Recent reports from veterans indicate that the Steinbeck estimates are pretty close to reality. If even half of our men in Vietnam turn on, it means that there are at present somewhere around 250,000 pot-smokers in the service of Uncle Sam, and the figure grows geometrically as soldiers turn on friends.

Article 15 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice states, "It is a violation of this article wrongfully to possess marijuana or a habit-forming narcotic drug." General Moore ordered a check of THE LBJ—the Long Binh Jail, chief Army stockade in Vietnam: when the survey showed that 83% of the LBJ inmates turned on, he ordered a wider study: five hundred men received questionnaires at their placement Battalion on their way home.

Moore eventually described the event as "a damn nuisance, not a catastrophe," thus repeating Col. Phalen's analysis of the Panama Canal Zone situation decades before. The catastrophe is that large numbers of young men go to jail for grass.

To the troops involved, other than the threat of discharge or jail, the Saigon smoke-in is obviously neither a nuisance nor a catastrophe. They find that a nickel bag costs just that—5 cents. Bars serve free plates of marijuana and hashish, and for a dollar or two, GI's can score packets of American filter-tips re-loaded with Cambodian Red or "Dinky Dow Conk-Out" (dien cai dau conxa,



"crazy grass"). A few people in a company turn on, then discover a few more, and soon the underground network of heads is firmly established, cutting across all lines of rank and official scorekeeping.

In the jungle, many servicemen use marijuana's calming influence during tense nights when they expect attack from the Viet Cong. Relaxing, they find themselves in an advanced state of perception and alertness which is a positive asset, unless they become confused or overly carefree.

It is not in the battlefield but in the secure American areas and at Rest and Recuperation Centers that marijuana use is most extensive. R&R Centers in Japan and Australia are flooded with grass, most often brought in by soldiers themselves. More than half the men on one recent R&R flight to Australia were caught with Sweet Mary in their possession, and the authorities are considering eliminating some Centers entirely. It is now commonplace for servicemen to line up for automatic searches when they return aboard ship (especially in the Philippines' Subic Bay), or as they depart for R&R areas.

Whole drug subcultures, making art, music, and handicrafts have grown up among the heads, Stephen Nemo reports in a recent issue of AVANT-GARDE magazine. One description of soldiers' headwork provides an apt metaphor for the growth of the whole scene:

"The sand at (Cam Ranh) Bay is very fine, with perfect consistency for art work. Much of the pot society found an agreeable way to while away time while stoned by collaborating on spontaneous sand drawings. The first modest attempts consisted of geometric figures or naked women. After a while, as familiarity with the medium and with native temple art increased, so did our artistic conceptions, which finally became magnificent tridimensional designs, hundreds of feet square. For fear of losing our masterpieces to some blind trampler in the dark, the group took turns standing guard during the night." (AG, Mar.68)

IV. SIDE EFFECTS: AFTER EFFECTS

Stephen Nemo also reports that American soldiers sometimes turn on with the Viet Cong: "I have seen it happen with my own eyes— at R&R Centers where both the NLF and the Americans send their boys... Several Company One lads inadvertently ran into their counterparts one evening in Nha Trang, and as both parties were stoned, some curious and warm relationships were formed. The boys got along much as American and Soviet athletes at Olympic Games. While this melange shared a couple joints, the Americans were instructed in some of the fine points of Viet Cong pot use... It turned out that the NLF allows its forces to use grass, but only away from battle..."

So that's where it's at: fraternization with the "enemy aliens," which is the most striking characteristic of the Underground International. All drug subcultures quickly learn a sense of

community, based on shared knowledge and experience, which those who do not use drugs do not readily comprehend. Once the sense of community between heads is established, many other barriers tend to disappear. They do not in fact disappear, but are relegated to an inferior level of functional consciousness—the reduced sensibility which, the day after turning on with Viet Cong, is forced to go out and kill Viet Cong: because the contracted consciousness, the political one, is the consciousness of the "leaders" who direct warmaking and prohibit marijuana.

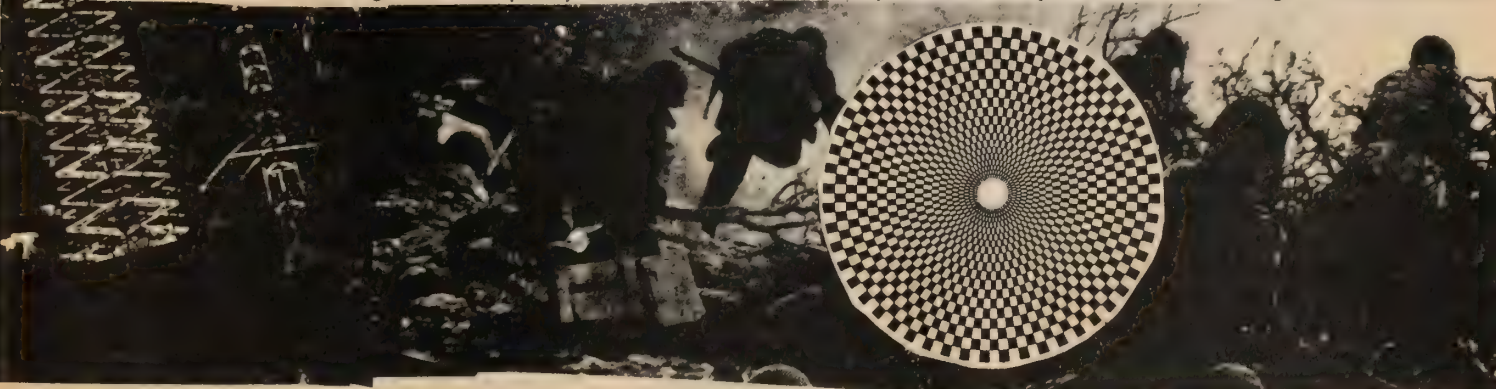
Nevertheless, the more advanced perceptions of community and knowledge, once learned, are never forgotten: and they will not be forgotten by many soldier-heads when they return home. Already, dozens of veterans have been busted for smuggling and smoking (Lackawanna, N.Y.: a returning soldier popped for allegedly mailing himself 1300 joints in souvenir pillows), and for trying to turn on their friends who stayed home (Virginia Beach, Va.: servicemen home for Christmas believed to be contributing to a plethora of high-quality grass there last year).

A one-day search of all mail into San Francisco and New York from Vietnam revealed that out of 63,000 packages, some 13,000 contained contraband shipments, including assorted live grenades, explosive parachute flares, Thompson submachine guns, and... the Killer Weed. American heads find Cambodian Red, Dinky Dow, and Mid-Vietnam Skiffle Grass increasingly easy to obtain. Park Lanes and New Pot Filter Cigarettes, specially packed by Vietnamese Yippies, make their way into all cities on the West Coast and a few on the East.

The government forces young Americans to go fight an unconstitutional, illegal, savage war to exterminate a tiny far-off country, and when the battleweary survivors return the government busts their heads with an unconstitutional, illegal, savage law designed to exterminate innocent smokers of a benevolent herb.

The knowledge brought home by returning GI's is perhaps the single most valuable after-effect of the Vietnam Smoke-in. The author of HOME GROWN HAPPINESS, a manual for cultivating marijuana, is a Vietnam vet, for instance. And the soldier-heads learn more than agricultural details: they learn that it is not un-American to smoke pot, that sensible marijuana use does not hurt one, that grass brightens the senses and is often preferable to liquor as a high, and all the other myth-breaking truths learned by heads. They begin to understand that the government and police versions of marijuana smoking are lies, and that the laws too are fabrications invented for the fantasies of undemocratic fascists.

In effect, the United States government is training the largest LEMAR INTERNATIONAL ARMY the world has ever known, by sending our young men to Vietnam. After serving the nation in Hell for a year, the returning vet is not going to be called a dirty hippie gook creep by anybody, simply because he smokes grass. And the soldiers won't become hippies, by and large: they will go straight into the American middle class, hold responsible jobs, and feed their heads. They will become effective educators. In the end, it will be the United States which has learned something from them: the present anti-marijuana laws must be changed.



Whose Head Bust Now?



BUST MEASUREMENTS

Jerry Rubin, head yippie and Revolutionary hero, kicked at the base of his Kundalini spine last month when he was busted for grass (a political maneuver), has hired William Kunstler, famous constitutional lawyer, to defend him. . . Jerry will recover from his coccyx fracture in plenty of time to go to Chicago Aug. 25th. . . The Strawberry Alarm Clock went off and hired Melvin Belli to handle their recent bust. . . Things are getting rough for our heads in Vietnam, the Army now occasionally sends pot offenders into the jungle, without prior combat experience, as punishment. That's equivalent to a semi-automatic death penalty. . . Joe Oteri, Boston lawyer, repeated his unconstitutionality pleas in July, this time in a Florida court in defense of a young man charged with sale and possession. . . The Weiss-Leis case in Boston which originally won Oteri and his intrepid assistant, Harvey Silverplate, international fame but no fortune (Joe has already put more than \$15,000 of his own bread into what he calls "freebies"), was sent back to Judge Tauro for further findings, meaning that the judge refused earlier to send up a transcript of the entire proceedings: the transcript is now being sent up and the Weiss-Leis appeal will be heard in the Mass. Supreme Court, probably in Nov. . . . In Buffalo, poet and editor Allen de Loach has had his new, paid-for VW camper stolen by police, after customs agents vacuumed the auto's floor at the Canadian border and found two seeds and a twig. His trial comes up in Sept., about the time Dr. Leslie Fiedler, framed and busted last year for "maintaining premisses," goes on trial. The Fiedler children pled guilty to possession in order to facilitate their appeal to throw the case out because the evidence was planted.

SOME STATISTICS

According to the now-defunct Bureau of Narcotics, 24,815 arrests on marijuana charges were made in 1966 in this country, with about 40% of those arrested under age 21. This compares with 12,482 arrests in 1964, and with 6,800 in 1963. Statistics for 1967, when released, will probably double or triple those of 1966: a rough geometrical progression is skyrocketing.

Outgoing FDA Commissioner James L. Goddard estimated last year that as many as 20 million Americans have turned on at least once with pot. NIMH director Stanley F. Yolles, in Senate testimony, guessed that "in the neighborhood of 4 to 5 million persons" in the U.S. have tried it at least once. NIMH surveys indicate that approximately 20% of the college students questioned reported some experience with marijuana.

"Marijuana is becoming for this generation of college students what beer used to be for an earlier one."

—SUNY/Buffalo Pres. Martin Meyerson.

RESEARCH:

"With the impending availability of adequate supplies of synthetic tetrahydrocannabinol we have developed and have given high priority to an intensive systematic plan of research to elucidate a number of basic facts. . .

"We estimate that these studies of marijuana will cost approximately \$5.25 million over the next three years. Though major gaps in our knowledge do exist, data from ongoing and past research have already given us some answers."

— Stanley F. Yolles, M.D., Director, Nat'l. Inst. of Mental Health.

(Senate testimony quoted in NY Times 7 March 1968.)



. . . One of the earliest Navy seamen arrested for grass, Allen Weisenmuller, after suffering five months in jail, a bad-conduct discharge and forfeiture of pay for leaking a story about military use of grass to the BERKELEY BARB in March '67, has just been given back his lost pay and honorably discharged by a U'S' Court of Military Appeals, because his treatment before and during the previous trial was "prejudicial invasion of the accused's rights," according to the later appellate-court Judge. . . Latest in a lengthening string of legalized-murder victims is Tim Frank Conely, 21, shot by Narcos in Berkeley as they tried to set him up for a bust. The boy pulled a gun when he realized he was being set up, cops say. . .

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PLEASE SEND US NEWS AND VIEWS

Bhang!

BHANG POPS— A Summer Ice Cream Cooler

POPS!

Bhang (cleaned grass) must be ground on a flat slab of stone, preferably about 8 inches by 14 inches and curved on one end. Use a heavy roller, also preferably of stone, about 9 inches long and 3 inches in diameter. As the bhang is in the process of being subjected to the stones, add small quantities of hot water. A sticky paste should be produced. Prepare a lot— the average in India is about 3 ounces of bhang paste for 12 ice cream pops. And one is supposed to chuckle knowingly as the bhang is made.

5 oz. pistachio nuts, blanched and pounded, then splashed with genuine Indian rose water.

¾ cup of large-crystal sugar.

¼ cup of heavy cream to start, preferably from a Brahma Cow or an Indian Buffalo:

3 cups same cream to be added later.

1 teaspoon fresh vanilla.

¼ teaspoon food coloring (your choice).

6 ounces of freshly-ground BHANG.

Stir all ingredients until well mixed and then heat slowly. Before ingredients boil, remove from heat and slowly add one more cup of heavy cream. Chill the ensuing mess. After a rest period, when it's quite chilled, remove mix from freezer and add two more cups of medium cream. Now add the BHANG and pray, OM, AING, GRING, CLING, CHAMUNDA, EI VIJAY. This is a popular mantra for consecration of Bhang.

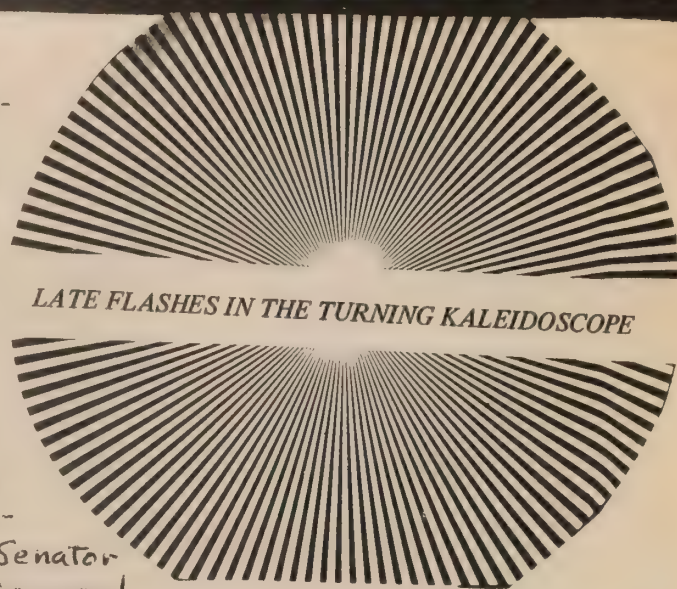
Move all ingredients to your handy ice-cream churn freezer. (Use a large earthenware crock packed with salt ice if you have no freezer, and replace ice as it melts.) Follow manufacturer's directions for same. Before mixture is "frozen solid," pour it into popsicle molds, which can be had at the local 5 & 10. Place in your freezing compartment until frozen through and offer them to little girls selling Scout cookies.

(This recipe is from an American in India— thanks, T.B.— who learned it from his cook. Their lawn parties are justly popular.)

Dallas: one of the largest peyote busts in Texas history has been ignored in favor of charging Glenn Gossett, 27, with a miniscule dab of grass... Glenn's dad is a Dallas judge. Meanwhile, on Laredo's International Bridge, scene of the Leary bust, a Canadian artist J. E. R. Houle was hit with \$20,000 bond after police at customs said they found 96 lbs. of grass in his car... FIRST member of a U.S. Senator's family to be popped for grass is George McGovern's daughter Teresa, 19... The Senator is running against So. Dak. Atty. General Gubbrud, and Asst. Atty. Gen. Keith Tidball made the bust at the Senator's campaign Headquarters while McGovern père was getting ready to announce his candidacy for Dem. presidential nomination, BUT OF COURSE there was no politics involved... Charges against Teresa will probably be dropped.

Fiedler trial in Buffalo has again been postponed, pending appeal of the young Fiedlers' case... A summer rash of pot busts for John Sinclair's TRANS-LOVE ENERGIES people, recently moved to Ann Arbor from Detroit. Various members of the group have been jailed in lieu of \$20,000 - \$30,000 bond, charges having been pressed on old, hoked-up warrants in Traverse City...

Vancouver writer Bill Bissett and his friends, busted by Sea-plane (!) on their farm island, need help to survive, according to the latest FLOATING BEAR. Help c/o Joy Long, 4358 Ross Crescent, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada...



LATE FLASHES IN THE TURNING KALEIDOSCOPE

Pot Laws SMASHING OUR COLLEGES!

BY "B.T. WEEB HARRIS"

The State of California Department of Criminal Statistics recently announced that 37,513 arrests were made in connection with various marijuana charges during 1967, and that 10,987 of these involved kids under age 18. These "pot busts" represent 60% of the total drug related (heroin, LSD, pep-pill, goofball, & pot) arrests for the State. Based on California's status as a predictor of sociological trends, such as increase in divorce rate, we can expect similar figures for the States of New York, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, etc., by 1970. Needless to say, the efforts of the enforcement officials have been felt on numerous campuses, where 90 pot busts involving 330 students were reported for the period 11/2/67 through 2/23/68. Most notably there have been pre-dawn, military style expeditionary actions at Bard College, Franconia College, American University, and the infamous "Operation Stony Brook."

At Bard College, a prestigious small liberal arts school, numerous Dutchess County N.Y. sheriff's deputies arrived on campus at 1:00 AM April 6th. Some set up roadblocks at the three entrances to the campus, while others advanced to search the rooms. The deputies arrested 32 students, 14 on narcotics charges and 18 (spitting and swearing non-users) on charges of interfering with police and violating various traffic regulations. Some students said they were arrested for simply requesting badge numbers. Dutchess County sheriff Lawrence Quinlin said the arrests were made following a two-month investigation and offered that he had received information from the inside. Quinlin has arrested Dr. Timothy Leary six times without being able to make his charges stand up in court. The response of the

administration to this episode: Bard President Reamer Kline went downtown and personally signed for the students' \$28,000 bail.

At American University in Washington D.C., agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics roused 13 students out of bed at 5:30 AM on April 4th and charged them with selling marijuana. Col. Charles Van Way (the dean) and University President Hurst Anderson had done their jobs *in loco parentis*. U.S. Narcotics Commissioner Henry Giordano announced that the arrests were made after two months of undercover work on the campus with full co-operation of the university officials. The campus paper, *The Eagle*, endorsed the raid in an editorial because "the students broke the law." The faculty senate was silent. The response of the administration to this episode: two of the deans attended a five-day course on "Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs" during spring vacation. They received a certificate from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

At 5:00 AM on January 17, the day of President Johnson's State of the Union address and declaration of war on dope, 72 vehicles containing 200 men representing the various branches of the Suffolk County constabulary, in the company of numerous gentlemen of the press, descended upon the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Executing "Operation Stony Brook" with the efficiency one could expect from the 107-page instruction manual, they eventually rounded up 43 criminals. This, the Biggest Campus Pot Bust Ever, later triggered two state legislative hearings. Within 48 hours, about 130 Stony Brook professors (nearly 1/3 of the faculty) and the ACLU criticized the Hollywood style of the raid,

while students and parents complained about "Gestapo tactics." President Toll found himself caught between pressure from students and faculty who believe in the need for open community, and law enforcement officers who insist that the campus cannot become a haven for lawbreakers. A LEMAR was formed.

At Franconia College, a Summerhillian liberal arts school in rural New Hampshire, a March 5th 6:00 AM raid on the dormitory by 26 state and local police produced seven students busted for possession of marijuana, one non-student busted for being "knowingly present," plus a host of community-relations and legal problems. The response: Franconia President Richard R. Ruopp, 35, a graduate of Iowa Wesleyan and the Boston University School of Theology, was asked by his trustees to resign when the banks threatened to foreclose the mortgage after the insurance companies (including the Hartford Ins. Co.) cancelled their fire coverage, after the usually conservative Manchester Union Leader ran a headline proclaiming,

BARE DEBAUCHERY AT FRANCONIA.

These incidents may herald the dearth, perhaps the death, of independent inquiry into (and self-initiated response to) social issues directly affecting the academic community. Administrators and faculty answer the question "What is a University?" in every freshman orientation speech, but beg off reanswering it in the light of the pot issue. What does this say about the original answers?

A university is more than the sum of its parts, its books, classrooms, professors and students; it is often described as the free and open marketplace of ideas. Education does not take place without encouraging students to test all manner of ideas, concerning politics or marijuana, as part of the process of intellectual nurturing and maturing. And the testing of ideas, especially unpopular ideas, cannot proceed in an atmosphere of fear and distrust. A university without academic freedom, the freedom to test ideas, is analogous to a university without a library. It lacks one of its fundamental ingredients. It is less than a university!

The pot issue is crippling our universities. Can we make them whole again by asking the student to disavow his fondness for the writings

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PREPOSTEROUS PROPOSAL???

Tax revenue from marijuana used to fund (a) narcotics rehabilitation centers for people who want to stop using harmful addicting drugs like nicotine, alcohol, and the opiates, AND (b) psychedelic centers, for people who want to take psychedelics in a relaxed, social, safe environment with competent guides.

Do you realize how much money is going to accrue to the government in grass taxes, once it's legalized? (-MRA)



TELL IT LIKE IT IS

"When the government outlaws dope, it's like the government outlawing fun... Drugs are an inspiration to creativity, and creativity is revolutionary in a plastic, commercial society. Drugs free you from the prison of your mind. Drugs break down conceptual and linear worlds, and break down past conditioning. When past conditioning breaks down, personal liberation becomes possible, and the process of personal liberation is the basis of a political revolutionary movement."

— Jerry Rubin, in *The Realist*, Sept. 1968.

of Allen Ginsberg, the music of the Beatles, for fear of making himself suspect? That's what's happening, baby. That's where it's at.

Colleges across the country, liberal prestige schools and technical schools, church affiliated schools and agricultural schools, rural and urban schools, seminaries and military academies, are asking — "Are we next?" There is a creeping paranoia, fed by recent legislative developments. The newly formed Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has become (by only 9 votes in the House) the sister agency of the F.B.I. in the Justice Department. Formerly, the Narcotics Bureau was in the Treasury Department and the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control was within the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health Education and Welfare. They now have a centralized administration with access to each other's files (as well as the FBI's) creating by administrative fiat the makings of the highly controversial national data bank.

Moreover, legislation still pending would make it a misdemeanor to possess without prescription either one pep pill, one sleeping pill, or one tranquilizer, as well as LSD and THC. Any plump Jane on a diet who gives one of her pills to a roommate who wanted to stay up to study would be guilty of a felony; would be a pusher. Law enforcement people would certainly be kept busy if they decided to enforce this law on campus.

This legislation, if enacted, would encourage greater selectivity in enforcement, and, if current practices are any indication, will not be used to combat organized traffic in illegal drugs. Indeed, many point out that the current emphasis on, and allocation of manpower to, the campus only serves as a smoke screen for the MULTI-BILLION dollar business of illegal drug traffic. The Mississippi State campus newspaper already reports that 7 cent amphetamine capsules sell for \$1.25 on the black market.

How can the cop-campus confrontations be avoided? They can't. Nearly every school in the country is more liberal than the community which houses it. The town-gown conflict was very noticeable at nearly all of the schools which got busted. Nearly every campus in the country has some pot present somewhere (and nearly every university President is guilty of "maintaining premisses" where marijuana is smoked). Anyone who wants to get the evidence can get it, via paid informers, via undercover agents, via student rats.

What can be done to relieve the paranoia? Nothing much. If the school officials cooperate with the law enforcement people, they will inform the college president when the bust is expected. Uncooperative campus officials are left uninformed. The uncooperative group may additionally receive "bad publicity" for their lack of complicity. At the University of New Mexico, FDA agent Bill Fuller commented on March 29th that he

wasn't receiving the cooperation of the administration. (They refused to allow one of his agents to register under an assumed name.) On April 1st, the school paper reported the round-up of 17 young people, one of whom had sold to an undercover agent the previous year.

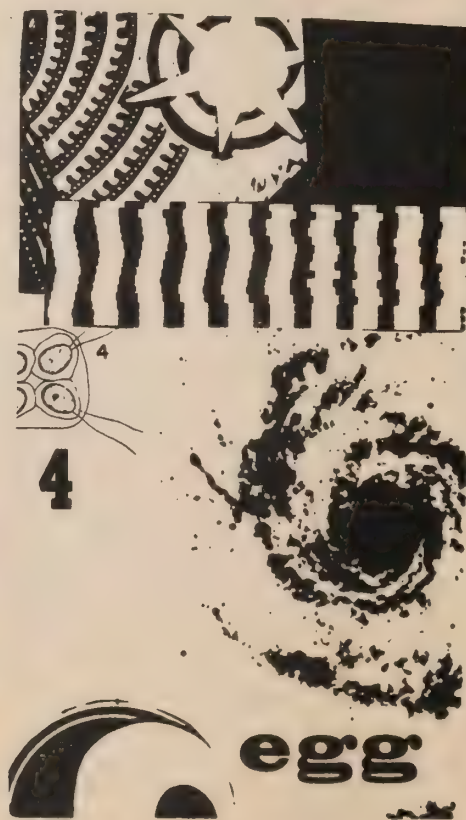
The campus community of Fairleigh Dickinson University at Teaneck N.J. has ratified a policy on drugs which presents an intriguing solution to the problem of undercover agents. (Fairleigh was one of the first schools with an exposed undercover agent.) They will bring an exposed informer or agent to trial before the student council Judicial Tribunal. They feel that a student who thus misrepresents himself creates a greater danger to the open community by introducing "distrust, silence, and fear." They will not allow the campus to be used for a sanctuary by students breaking the laws of society at large, but neither will they tolerate spying. They will allow a student arrested for an off-campus drug offense to continue in good standing subject to due process of law, and they will cooperate with law enforcement agents within the framework of their policy.

This policy may or may not prove realistic, but it is an attempt by the academic community to take the initiative. If they fail, more and more students will be smoking pot and more and more institutions will have "pot busts." More and more undercover agents and informers will be found on the nation's campuses. Big Brother will be constantly watching. If something isn't done now, the law enforcement people will just keep escalating until all our institutions of higher education are peopled with agents keeping track of each other, while students drop out.

How can this cycle be avoided? First we must recognize that it is not a matter of personalities, the liberal vs. the conservative temperament. For example, the conservative California-based Young Americans for Reagan issued a position paper urging repeal of the marijuana laws. The U.S. National Student Association, on the other hand, held special issues referendums at 28 schools across the country, and saw its "legalize pot" resolution ratified by a 64% vote.

The marijuana laws have pitted the educator against the law enforcement officials. They should both attack the law. But it seems that neither will do much to accommodate the other when their self-interest and self-definition, at large and in small, are at stake. Clearly, to resolve this dilemma we *must* change the pot laws. The stakes have escalated. The marijuana laws now jeopardize all of higher education in America, and they will continue to do so.

Ancient Hindu literature indicates that 3700 years ago one of the medicinal uses of pot was as a laxative—a purgative. Can't the nation, in its wisdom, put this flower in proper perspective?



JOHN CHICK

WICHITA

THE WICHITA DECISION

On May 14, 1968, U.S. District Court Judge Frank Theis handed down an epoch-making, virtually unnoticed decision in the Wichita, Kan. case of U.S. vs. Blech, Patchett, Harding, Bisbee, and Berger.

Judge Theis dismissed the Federal felony indictment brought against the defendants because in order to meet the requirements of the Marihuana Tax Act (as revised), the defendants would have had to incriminate themselves: that is, had the defendants complied with the national law requiring them to register and pay taxes for marijuana, they would have incriminated themselves under the State laws.

This decision falls just short of declaring the federal law unconstitutional in Kansas. While specifically noting in his decision that he was not declaring the MTA unconstitutional, Judge Theis noted that when "defendants have properly asserted the privilege against self-incrimination," this assertion provides "a complete defense" in such cases.

In effect, this seems to mean that any person charged with failure to comply with the requirements of the Marihuana Tax Act may have the case dismissed as soon as he pleads that compliance with the Act would have meant self-incrimination. This of course does not mean that the defendant would not be charged and liable to criminal punishment under state and even federal laws outlawing possession of the drug.

Part (a) of Section 4755 of the Act requires persons manufacturing or dealing in cannabis to register and to pay the taxes, and thus it is 4755(a) which is the basis for the decision: "defendants may not be criminally punished for failure to comply with the registration requirements." However, Section 4755(b), prohibiting interstate transport, does not require an individual to "register or do any other act to render himself liable to the penal provision of the statute." Thus self-incrimination is not a valid defense when the defendant is charged with interstate transport, unless he can indeed prove that he has registered and paid the tax, or unless he falls into any of six other categories of persons allowed to ship grass between states.

that self-incrimination was a valid defense in the case of U.S. vs. H. P. Covington, relative to Mar. Tax Act (Title 26) Section on illicit transfer of grass (Sec. 4741 (a)), in situations in which a person transferring marijuana would be "confronted by real, appreciable or substantial hazards of self-incrimination" if he paid his transfer tax.

PRECEDES THE USA.

Precedent for Judge Theis's decision was set in the cases of Marchetti v. U.S. (88 S. Ct. 697, 1968), Haynes v. U.S. (88 S. Ct. 722, 1968), and Grosso v. U.S., (88 S. Ct. 709, 1968). These recent Supreme Court decisions allowed self-incrimination as a valid defense in cases of laws requiring gamblers to register and pay taxes on wagering and requiring owners of firearms to register.

The Wichita Decision will itself probably be precedential in a fair number of cases, notably that of Dr. Timothy Leary, appealing a cruel and unjust sentence for failure to register and pay taxes on a fraction of an ounce of marijuana taken from his daughter Susan at the Mexican border. The Leary case will probably be heard in October by the U.S. Supreme Court.

In early April, Joseph Oteri in Boston tried a similar case, but more complicated, involving import of marijuana into the States. Judge Charles Wyzanski, who has written an article titled "It's Up To The Young To Legalize Marijuana," heard the case but denied Oteri's motion to dismiss saying "It behooves the U.S. District Judge to remember that he is only one man and that there is a strong presumption of constitutionality of acts of Congress which, after all, have always commanded a majority in each house of Congress and frequently, as here, the approval of the President of the United States. Of course, the U.S. District Judge, like every other public officer, has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. But that oath may reasonably be interpreted as including a modest awareness of one's own limited competence."

What Judge Wyzanski was too chicken to do, Judge Frank Theis was not. It's the most important brick out of the bottom of the marijuana wall yet.

After all, regardless of what the law says, WE ARE NOT CRIMINALS.

EARLIER Ohio Case -
On March 27, U.S.
Dist. Ct. Judge Joseph
P. Kinneary found
(in S.E. OHIO DIST. - Columbus)

WHAT THIS MEANS:

- ① Columbus and Wichita Dist. courts say 5th amend. is valid defense, while Fed. cts. in N.Y. and Mass. say no: so it will go to U.S. Supreme Court. Soon?
- ② Tim Leary's major charge is failure to register and pay tax. Case on appeal, due in October or so.
- ③ Marks have been trying to collect grass taxes, i.e. slapped a \$1,088,000 tax bill on a hip merchant in Fairfax, California. Case shd. be dismissed; depends on how the U.S. Supreme Ct. decides.

This is your life line.



If you're not doing something with your life, it doesn't matter how long it is.

The Peace Corps.

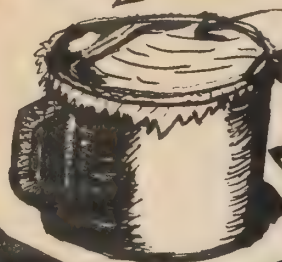
advertising contributed for the public good

THE

MANHATTAN

BOO -
HOO -
KAH!

VISUAL
AID



Build Recess For Pipe Bowl:
(puncture several times
with a YIPPIE pin)

BIND WITH
RUBBER
BAND



Tin Foil aluminum shine:
Hole for breathing thru:

cup 3/4 Filled with Water:
To ke Holding Match over grass

THE MANHATTAN BOO-HOOKAH

For a disposable, undetectable hookah which cannot be used as evidence by police (because they won't be able to find it), use an ordinary wide-mouth cup, three-fourths filled with water. Cover the mouth of the cup with tin foil, crimping the foil on one side to make a pipe-bowl. Puncture a hole in the foil on the other

side, to toke through. Wrap a rubber band around the foil to hold it on. The "bowl" should be punctured several times with a Yippie pin.

Smoking hash is best in the Boo-Hookah, but grass is fine. With uncleaned grass, be careful while lighting and smoking that the flame-spurt from the seeds doesn't catch your hair. IMPORTANT: the ring of residue left in the cup should be washed out immediately after use, and the foil thrown away or flushed.

POT IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS

Marc Lewis Firstenberg

Marijuana's enemies say that if we keep smoking dope, if everyone were to turn on, society would collapse economically. Everyone would just sit at home and get stoned as the economy ground to a standstill and all business ceased. This is a totally unsubstantiated canard. In fact the opposite may be true. Commerce in many places may actually have originated because of cannabis.

Nepal, for instance, is high in the Himalayas. Most serious Nepalese hash-smokers prefer to use a hookah made from a coconut. Coconuts are imported from South India and are then hollowed out, oiled, and ornately carved. The richer the smoker the more spectacular his coconut: most popular subjects for carvings are gods, symbols of the infinite universe, and balling (all the same thing really).

Then two holes are carefully drilled into the coconut. Water is poured in, and a Statue-of-Liberty torch, chock full of delicious Nepalese charas, is placed through one hole. A tube is placed through the other. The torch is lit...

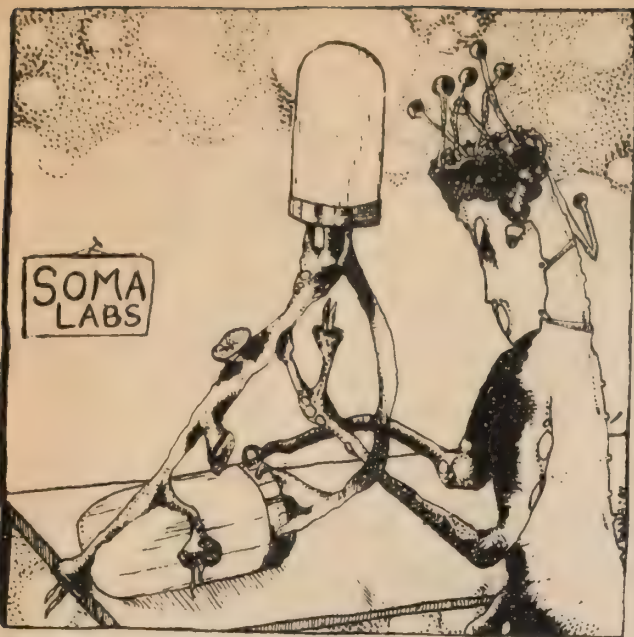
And a road had to be built from Nepal to the coconuts. Roads began. These trade routes were kept open by treaties. International diplomacy began. People were employed in building the roads and in transporting the goods. Different cultures now had a means of intercourse. The people of southern India now had a thriving economy based on coconut exports, receiving charas in return. Funny? It happened.

Afghanistan is a Moslem country, therefore only men are considered human. So only men smoke and carry on business and trade. The men go into town, sit in chai (tea) shops consuming tea, sweets and hashish. There they groove to music and blow wild riffs all day. Traders and merchants congregate in the shops for the same scene. It is a ritual for a customer to be offered hashish, followed by three or four hours of rapping and chai drinking. Then a lunch break and back to the shop for more smoke, and at last the shopkeeper shows his wares. Plenty of time for tea, sweets, and haggling over perhaps three cents of the price. The next day, the customer returns, this time offers some of his own hash to the shopkeeper ("Here. Try my brand."), and continues the true fun of business, which is rapping and grooving.

So we may justly conclude that pot will not kill commerce or stop business dead in its tracks. Even in America, young entrepreneurs are doing a flourishing business simply in head shop supplies. Instead of being liquor oriented (fight, fight, fight: tense, tense, tense: drive push dog eat dog ulcer) business would just change its style a bit.

REFORMS

LEMAR INTERNATIONAL supports the legal reforms presented by SOMA in their July 24, 1967 *London Times* advertisement, and also those expressed by Tod H. Miku-riya, M.D., in the July 1968 *Playboy*. We welcome any and all suggestions for sane cannabis regulation.



SOMA

SOMA, the British group which sponsored last summer's full-page London *Times* advertisement calling marijuana laws "immoral in principle and unworkable in practice," has recently received government approval for a program of research on the social and medical uses of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC).

According to Stephen Abrams, leader of the organization, "the main object of this research will be the development of safe and reliable euphoriant preparations from cannabis which could be placed on general sale under conditions of statutory control."

Using THC synthesized in a laboratory provided by Avalon Botanicals, Ltd., the research would include "controlled laboratory experiments together with unstructured field studies of the environments in which cannabis is normally consumed, including private residences." SOMA estimates that they themselves must raise £10,000 (\$24,000) to cover the field studies alone.

This is the single project most likely to effect marijuana-law reform currently going on in the world, and donations are badly needed. Send to SOMA, 20 Fitzroy Square, London W.1.

A SOLID YEAR'S WORK

During the past year, representatives of SOMA have spoken at hundreds of teach-ins, debates, and conferences; have appeared many times on national TV and radio; and have given a series of lectures at the Anti-University of London.

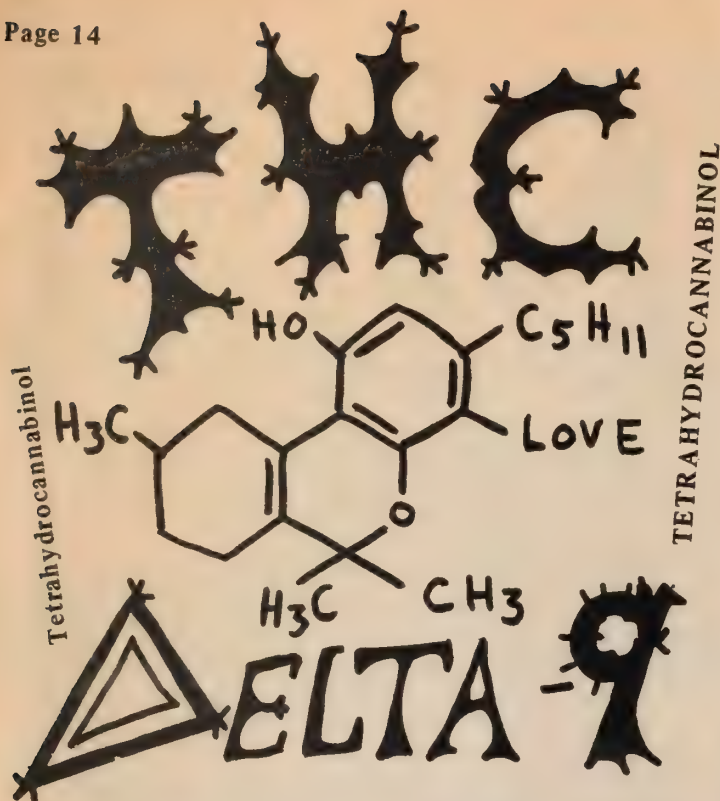
The *Times* advertisement on 24 July '67 cost £1800 (\$4320) and was signed by the Beatles, two members of Parliament, several noted sociologists, doctors, and psychiatrists including R.D. Laing. The ad presented medical evidence that cannabis was not harmful to health, that the present laws are ineffective; and SOMA proposed a five-point system of close regulation as an alternative.

SOMA was the first organization invited to testify before an expert committee investigating cannabis law reform for the Home Office and the Ministry of Health, and their testimony and evidence seemed to carry considerable weight: a liberal report from the committee is expected soon. Representatives of SOMA were also among the expert committee which produced the National Council for Civil Liberties Report, "Drugs and Civil Liberties," available for \$1.50 from the Council, 4 Camden High St., London W.1. The most important professional meeting of the year, a special session on cannabis of the Society for the Study of Addiction, had two of its three keynote papers presented by SOMA members.

England's first Legalise Pot Rally was SOMA-sponsored and attended by several thousand persons: a 1968 rally is planned for this July. SOMA took an active part in organizing "Release," an independent agency providing 24-hour legal assistance for those arrested on drug charges, and, perhaps most importantly for several hundred mod heads, SOMA was instrumental in arranging for extracts and tinctures of cannabis to be made legally available on prescription.

The results of SOMA's investigations will be published later this year in a comprehensive volume, *THE SOMA REPORT ON CANNABIS IN SOCIETY*. A journal, "Phantastica," is also planned.





On September 9th, 1968, the Delta Nine Turn-on becomes illegal. Strangely, the active ingredient in marijuana is not treated under the marijuana laws, but under the "Dangerous Drug" laws concerned with amphetamines, LSD, and the like. That is, by Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark's personal order, sale and production of tetrahydrocannabinol is illegal, but possession is not—until the new amendments to the 1965 Drug Abuse Control Act are passed by the Senate. (They've already gone through the House, over the slain bodies of dozens of experts who testified that possession penalties would make matters only worse for the control of psychedelic drugs.)

The Delta 9 prohibition was almost the first action of the newly-formed Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, after its agents discovered the ingredients and directions for man-made marijuana in several clandestine labs in Boston, Denver, and Covington, Ky., and discovered they couldn't prosecute because THC wasn't illegal. It is still legal to possess, and is available in San Francisco and New York.

Tetrahydrocannabinols were first identified as the psychotropic agents in marijuana in 1940, though earlier research had identified related compounds of the drug. The THC's exist in both left- and right-handed forms, and Synthetic compounds that were mixtures of both forms were made in 1965 by an Israeli research team led by Dr. Raphael Mechoulam of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and by Dr. Kenneth E. Fahrenholtz of Hoffmann-LaRoche and Dr. Edward Taylor of Princeton University in 1966.

But it was not until 1967 that Dr. Mechoulam and his associates, and Dr. Herchel Smith and his associates at Wyeth Laboratories in Philadelphia reported to the world that Delta 9, separated from other elements, was the chemically identifiable equivalent of grass. Dr. Harris Isbell of the Lexington, Ky., Medical Center went to work and soon reported that Delta 9 which was free of Delta 8 isomer had hashish-like activity in man. Isbell's research is the first demonstration of the effects of a THC of known chemical structure in man.

Dr. Isbell examined more than 40 "healthy former opiate addicts" (is there such a thing?) in prison, giving them various doses of Delta 9 both by ingestion (in cherry syrup) and by smoking. They recognized that effects were like those of marijuana or LSD. Dr. Isbell reports,

"With doses of 300–480 mcg/kg orally or 200–250 mcg/kg by smoking, marked distortion in visual and auditory perception, depersonalization, derealization and hallucinations, both auditory and optical occurred in most patients. Delta-9-THC, therefore, is a psychotomimetic drug and its psychotomimetic effects are dependent on dose. In occasional individuals, psychotic episodes may occur with low doses. . ." (Isbell, et al, "Effects of (–)D9-Trans-Tetrahydrocannabinol in Man," *Psychopharmacologia (Berl.)* 11, 184–188, 1967.) It was also discovered that *smoked* Delta 9 was of greater

potency than the substance taken orally.

This report is the primary basis for the belief that THC gives one trips like LSD (other than personal research done by those who have taken blackmarket THC), and it was apparently the major influence in classifying THC with the "Dangerous Drugs" rather than with marijuana, other than the political maneuvering going on in Washington. Such THC research is by no means "purely theoretical" because it is always snatched up by the drug police as a cudgel for stupider laws. However, official and unofficial research on THC may eventually contribute to the legalization of marijuana, because doses can now be precisely controlled and the effects of different dosages carefully measured. At least, so far, there is no hocus-pocus from Washington about chromosomal damage from THC— and if the civilizations who have used the strongest forms of cannabis for millennia are any indication, there never will be.

LATEST DRUG HAZARD!

Corkscrew sniffing causes liver trouble, forebrain anesthesia, leather lungs, collapsed kidneys, splotched sex organs, and monkey-faced babies, the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs reported today.

Death was always the result of corkscrew sniffing, the scientific study based on a centuries-long program of research concluded. "All the people we tried to warn eventually died," stated Harry Ingersoll Giordano Anslinger, medical researcher, director of the report, and Commissioner of the BNDD. The ex-Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church (his first informant's job out of college) clucked that "We spent 3 million dollars on educational programs alone last year, and they did no good whatsoever. We've got to have more money to train good officers if the massive Corkscrew Peril is ever to be brought under control."

The President will deliver his last year's State of the Corkscrew address on national television later this year.

THANKS, BRIAN, PAT, MARC, ALLEN, PAM,
JOE Y, JOHN, DON, JIMMY, DOUG AND ALL YOUS
BEHIND THE SCENES WHO MADE THIS ISSUE
POSSIBLE—BLESSINGS OF SHIVA RA BUDDHA
AND CHRIST UPON YOUS ALL—LOVE & PEACE.

HISTORIC NOTES:

A QUESTION FROM THE FIRST HEAD
OF THIS COUNTRY

(To the Secretary of the Treasury, marked PRIVATE.) "How far . . . would there be propriety do you conceive in suggesting the Policy of encouraging the growth of cotton, and HEMP in such parts of the United States as are adapted to the culture of these articles? The advantages which would result to this country from the produce of articles which ought to be manufactured at home is apparent. . ."

Signed, Geo. Washington
Mount Vernon, 14 Oct. 1791

AND HIS ANSWER LATER

(To his Mt. Vernon caretaker, Wm. Pearce.) "What was done with the Seed saved from the India Hemp last summer? It ought, all of it, to have been sown again; that not only a stock sufficient for my own purposes might have been raised, but to have dissiminated (sic) the seed to others; as it is more valuable than the common Hemp. . ."

Signed, Geo. Washington
President of U. S., 29 May 1796.

(Quotes from WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, 1931: Vol. 31, p. 389, and Vol. 35, p. 72. Washington wanted to grow hemp for cloth.)

A NEW LAGUARDIA REPORT?

On February 20 this year, a bill in the N.Y. State Assembly called for the creation of a commission to study marijuana and "the physiological, psychological and sociological effects upon the users thereof."

Introduced by Assemblyman Joseph Kottler, the bill (No. 5867) requested \$100,000 to conduct "clinical and other experiments" and to produce THC to use in the research. It was referred to the Ways and Means Committee, where it will probably die.

But if such a bill is ever approved, it could mean the eventual issuance of a new LaGuardia Report—or it could mean simply another propaganda shuck like the recent AMA report. The controlling factor in the study's outcome would be those people appointed by the governor to do the research and write the report. At least there is a possibility of finding impartial researchers...

Coming Next Issue:

- ... How the U.N. Single Convention Can Be Broken
 - Shen Nung: The King of Pot
 - William Burroughs Speaks!
 - The A.M.A. Report Annotated
 - Regular Features, the Gage Price Gauge, Bust Measurements, Case Reports, Gossip, News...
 - How to Grow Grass
 - Stasher's Contest
- SUBSCRIBE NOW

A BEGINNER'S FACT-FINDING BOOKLIST

1. THE MARIHUANA PAPERS, ed. by David Solomon, Intro. by Dr. Alfred R. Lindesmith. Paperback edition, Signet Books, 1968, \$1.50. The best single compilation of factual, medical, sociological, and literary studies ever published. This is THE book.

2. MARIHUANA: MYTHS AND REALITIES, ed. by J. L. Simmons, Ph.D. Brandon House Book, 1967, \$1.25. An excellent contemporary collection of factual essays. Straightforward and clean.

3. THE BOOK OF GRASS, ed. by George Andrews and Simon Vinke-noog, Evergreen Black Cat Book, 1968, \$1.25. A more scattered and conjectural book than the books above, but in many ways more fun.

4. BACKGROUND PAPERS ON STUDENT DRUG INVOLVEMENT, ed. by Charles Hollander. \$3.00 to the U.S.N.S.A., 2115 S St. N.W., Washington D.C. 20008. Narrow topic, completely covered. A necessity for anyone in universities who want to understand contemporary students.

5. BIRTH No. 3, double issue of Tuli Kupferberg's fine little magazine devoted to quotations about marijuana, peyote, alcohol, and other intoxicants. Much of this material is unavailable elsewhere. \$2.00 to PEACE EYE Bookstore, 147 Ave. A, New York City.

6. HUSTLERS, BEATS, AND OTHERS, by Ned Polsky: Aldine Publishing Co., Chicago, 1967. One of America's finest young sociologists traces the growth of marijuana use this century, and explores other beautiful undergrounds.

7. OUTSIDERS by Howard S. Becker: Free Press, N.Y. (Macmillan), paperback edition 1966, \$1.95. An original and brilliant study of marijuana users in the 1950's. Our ancestors.

8. NARCOTICS, NATURE'S DANGEROUS GIFTS, by Norman Taylor: Laurel paperback, Dell, 1966. Despite the title, a totally fascinating study of the mythology, folklore, and facts about pot, coffee, tea, cocaine, tobacco, heroin, etc. etc.

9. DRUGS AND THE MIND, by Robert S. de Ropp: Evergreen Black Cat Book, Grove, 95 cents. Though outdated in some places, this book remains one of the best examinations of the mental effects of various drugs, especially as seen through the literature.

10. THE DRUG EXPERIENCE, ed. by David Eben, Evergreen Black Cat Book, 1965, 95 cents. First-person accounts, mostly non-fictional, of experiences with hemp, opium, peyote, mushrooms, and LSD. Basic literature from those who knew and know.

The SUNYAB LEMAR INFORMATION KIT!
\$2.50 from Box 71, Norton, SUNYAB, Buffalo
N.Y. 14214. Crammed with an ever-changing
set of up-to-date articles and news about mari-
juana — facts, not fantasies, though some liter-
ary and imaginative pieces included also. Only
available to selected doctors, sociologists, and
lawyers previously, now You can get it. . . \$2.50.

The MARIJUANA REVIEW
Box 71, Norton Hall
S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo
Buffalo, N.Y. 14214, USA

(Please start
with issue
— — — .)

Editors: Mike Aldrich, Ed Sanders

Enclosed \$2.00 for the next 4 issues.

Name

Zip

Summer SUMMARY

This is not a put-on: we are actually interested in reporting marijuana prices throughout this country and the world. To do this accurately, we need your help. Please send us correct prices for varieties of grass, hashish, and THC available in your locale— anonymously, if you wish. The more reports, the better. Send to LEMAR, Box 71, Norton, SUNYAB, Buffalo N.Y. 14214.

OVERALL: In some parts of the U.S. this year, especially in the North, even good grass was hard to come by. Explanations for this fact usually include the observation that Mexico's crop this year was not high quality and not abundant, and that the border Narks have been especially zealous. A related story may explain the Legend of Icepack. A snowstorm in the Mexican hills near Acapulco last winter, it is said, killed much of the crop: only the toughest of hemp was able to push its way up through the snow. Hardy, "Icepack" blizzards the brain. It is occasionally available at prices about \$60 above those of the average kilogram.

SAN FRANCISCO:

The scene in dealing is Haight: all merchants wear guns. Recent burn of one dealer is typical. He had arranged to buy a truck-load which he had examined, the meet was set up in the hills. Both parties arrived as usual with armed escorts. Buyer handed over \$80,000 and the other guy's army raised their weapons: "You're burned. Split. Lucky we don't kill you."

Lids, rarely full ounce count, \$10-\$15 & dropping fast as June drought clears. Keys still high but availability on upswing: \$65. HASH: pounds going for \$800, ounces around \$100. Perfumed hash/opium mix running low, \$10-\$15 a gram. THC available but getting scarce, and more and more American cigarettes from VN are seen. *Careful when buying, Narks everywhere.*

LOS ANGELES:

Grass, key \$55, good-count lid \$10. Hash, same scene as San Francisco, sometimes slightly cheaper.

OKLAHOMA:

"Import" is expensive: locally grown, specially picked weed comes for \$4 per ounce, but you gotta dry and clean it yourself.

CLEVELAND:

"FLASH! Grass in Cleveland Hitting All Time Low— \$40 to \$50 a key."

CHICAGO:

Pigs up 21,000.

DETROIT AREA:

Grass: ounce, back up to \$12.50 to \$15 after a bad scare streak and a lot of busts. Pun Plamondon still in Traverse City jail on trumped-up charges in lieu of \$20,000 bond, and Gary Grimshaw split maybe for good! Keys likewise high, \$150- \$175. HASH intermittently available, \$100 an ounce, \$10 and up for a gram. Some rumored THC, reports of purity and trip varied.

BUFFALO.

Icepack and gold, \$24 an ounce. Influx of several keys expected soon, @ \$125. Some Lebanese HASH available, \$15 per gram.

NEW YORK CITY:

Scarcity evaporating. Key of grass \$120- \$180, of hash \$1200- \$1600. Ounce of grass \$15, of hash \$70- \$100. Afghanistani, Nepalese, and some opiated Vietnamese HASH for the finding, and THC runs \$5 a cap. Market fairly open.

BOSTON:

Entire Commonwealth of Massachusetts undergoing worst grass famine in years. *Get up there, entrepreneurs!*

WASHINGTON D.C.:

Grass, \$15 an ounce and Nickels of very low count, uncleaned. Higher grades, \$20 an ounce. Opiated VN available but scarce. HASH, \$10 a gram, Black Moroccan, "Beautiful! Owow!"

ISTANBUL TICKET:

This flat-pressed strip of Hash about the size of a large band-aid costs, maximum, \$2.50. Easy to stash in wallet. Keys of hash! run about \$500. Keys of clean grass never more than \$90, and ounces damn near free.

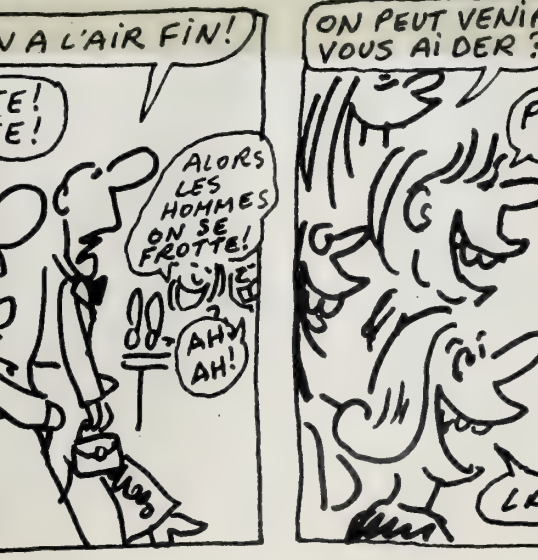
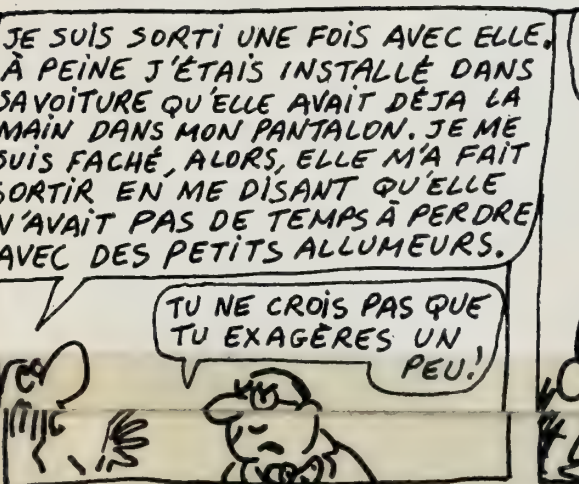
CALCUTTA:

Nepalese hash, quite illegal, runs \$15 an ounce maximum (Charas). Grass, often uncleaned, goes a handful for 50 cents. The roaches thrown in Calcutta sidewalks are larger than New York joints. Most smoking done in gigantic chellums (pipes).

SAIGON:

Recent clamp-down by American narks (yes, they're there) has made some bars serving free hash off-limits. Grass free if you score off corpses, \$34 a key, and fluctuating between \$1.50 and \$2 in repacked American-cigarette packs. Hash has a tendency to be opiated, hence a bit more down than common grass, but is only slightly more expensive.

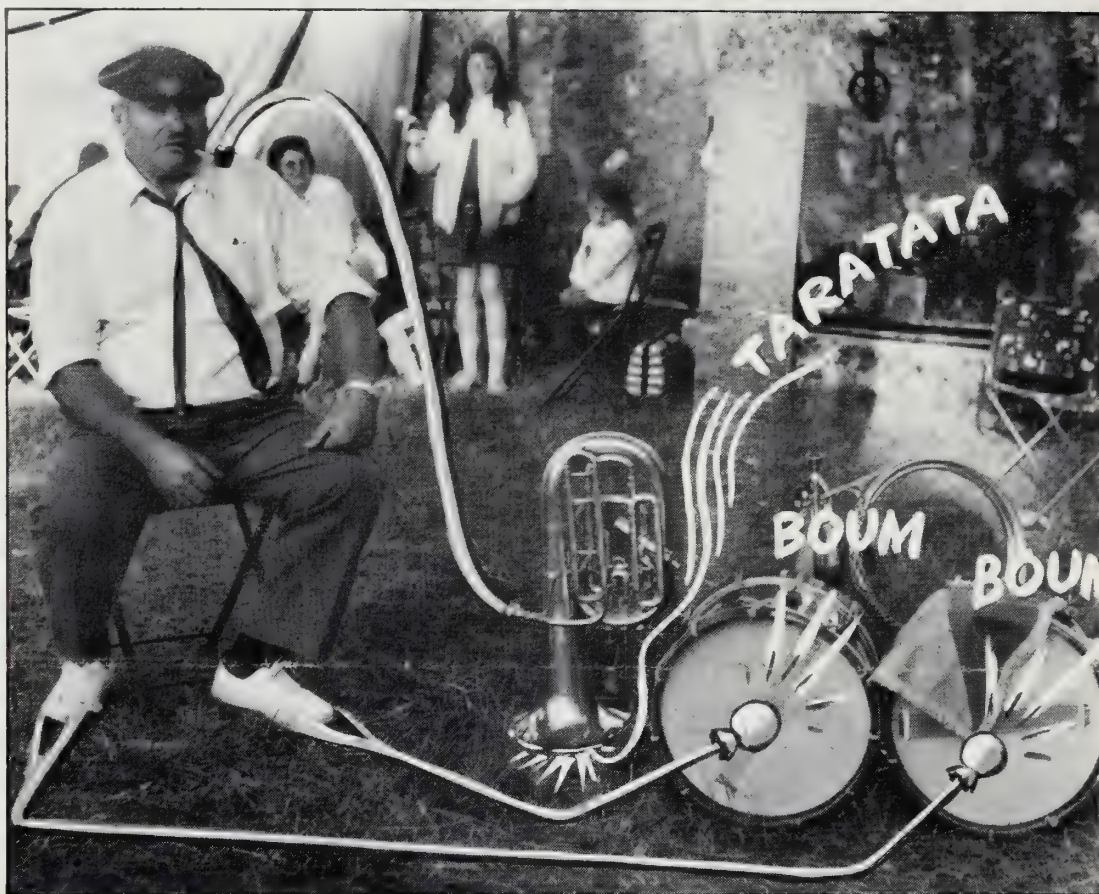
WE NEED REPORTS FROM YOU FOLKS— SEND US INFORMATION PLEASE.



L'I.H.E.H.O.S.S.F. – A l'institut des Hautes Etudes d'Homme-Orchestre Sans Se Fatiguer, belle démonstration de la part d'un élève. ►

DES FAITS

L'HIVER EST PROCHE, LA BÊTE S'ÉVEILLE. – Dès les premiers froids, l'homme retrouve d'instinct son égoïsme vital hérité des âges glaciaires. ▼



LA MODE. – Les pantalons courts c'est bien, mais l'hiver, on a froid aux doigts.

oui

Dear Eldridge,

I thought this cartoon from Hara-Kiri might possibly brighten your day; it's your subject matter.

I'm going to be away from here until January 5. I hope you're going to do the rape essay soon, though, because we still have time to get it into May. After that, people probably won't remember who Susan Brownmiller is.

I wish you as happy a holiday season as is compatible with being stuck in jail, and I trust we'll see you out early in the new year--if not sooner.

Best,



12/11/75

MARK ZUSSMAN

Law May Curb Prosecution Of Myriad Drug Offenders

By Marlene Adler

A little known piece of "emergency" legislation which could remove thousands of first time narcotics offenders from the criminal process is being cautiously studied by the district attorney's office and the Los Angeles courts.

Senate Bill 714, referred to as the "narcotics diversionary bill," was signed into law December 15.

Few judges or district attorneys were aware that the bill had even passed the legislature.

Thus, plans to implement the bill have been formulated only within the last few weeks, and are in the experimental stages in the branch courts of the county.

The bill would make eligible for immediate probation first time possessors of heroin and cocaine, narcotics paraphernalia, marijuana and other dangerous drugs.

Possession for sale, and sale itself, is not affected by the legislation.

In addition, those who are found to be in a place where these drugs are being used, would also be eligible for the new probation proceedings, on a first time basis only.

The narcotics diversionary bill works as follows:

A person arrested on the above mentioned sections of the Health & Safety Code is referred to the district attorney's office.

The district attorney then determines if the defendant has previously been convicted of any

offense involving narcotics or restricted drugs.

A determination is also made that the defendant is not charged with a crime of violence or threatened violence, and that there is no evidence of a violation of other sections of the code relating to drugs.

If these criterion are met, and the defendant has no violation of probation or parole on his record, the district attorney is empowered to refer the case to the probation department.

The probation department then makes diagnostic investigation to determine for which, if any, community programs the defendant would qualify.

A determination shall be made, the bill says, "whether the defendant is a person who would be benefited by education, treatment, or rehabilitation."

The court will review the findings and determine if the defendant shall be diverted from trial for a probationary period of not less than six months nor longer than two years.

All these proceedings, of course, occur with the concurrence of the defendant.

He must waive his right to a speedy trial, with the full knowledge that if probation is violated, trial proceedings can be instituted immediately.

But, should he agree, the defendant is ordered to participate in

various probation department programs dealing with drug offenders.

These will include drop-in sessions, group therapy activities and general supervised probation.

Reports will be made to the court on a six-month basis.

After the period of probation is completed, should there be no violation, the case will be dismissed.

Although the bill explicitly defines court proceedings in such cases, the policy is not yet certain in Los Angeles courts.

The district attorney's office reports that as many as 80 cases have presently been referred to the probation office for reports.

In Beverly Hills, the first case was referred a few weeks ago, and all other eligible cases are awaiting the probation report on that one case before further referrals will be made.

In Torrance, however, several judges are insisting that, despite referrals, cases proceed at least through the preliminary hearing stage.

In that way, court observers say, the evidence will be preserved should a trial eventually be necessary.

Very little has been done to implement the procedure in the central district.

A spokesman for the district attorney's office states that firm policy is awaiting a determination of how the "experiments" work in the branch courts.

"It's still in the formative stage," Allan McCurdy, chief of branch and area operations said.

"But I understand that California is one of the last states to get on this bandwagon. Other states have made plans along these lines a long time ago."

One problem already exists with the working of the bill, numerous district attorneys have reported.

The bill requires that no referral be made to the probation department without district attorney concurrence.

This wording in previous bills has already been declared unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court.

In cases such as Tenniferio and Esteybar, the court has found that reliance upon district attorney approval in criminal cases has been a violation of the separation of powers doctrine.

Mindful of these cases, the district

attorney has requested an attorney's general opinion on the entire issue.

"We're just getting our feet wet," Jack Fitz of probation reported. "We've had some referrals but I don't know if we've completed enough of them to know exactly what types of cases we're getting."

Fitz said it should take about six months to a year to develop a true trend in narcotics diversion cases.

He wonders now, if the court will refer those people with "severe needs" for detoxification-type programs or merely those desiring drug education.

The probation department will make use of many community drug-abuse programs, along with family counseling facilities when these apply, Fitz said.

The problem will be "matching the case with the referral resource, something only experience will be able to solve, he said.

Superior Court Judge James G. Kolts, supervising judge of the criminal department, says further that although there is "no affirmative action required of the courts" in this issue, the district attorney and the courts and all interested parties will soon be meeting to work out a policy.

"The legislation," he said, "took me by surprise. The first thing I knew, it was passed."

District attorneys throughout the court system have been taking a cautious look at the bill to determine just which type of defendants should be referred.

"In the last result," one attorney commented, "judges must exercise their discretion to see if the defendant is really a first time offender, or if he's actually been shooting dope for years and this is the first time he got caught."

Health & Safety Code

§§:11500

11530

11555

11556

11910

11990

Le film est commandité par une dizaine de richissimes personnalités du monde des lettres, des arts et de l'industrie. Ce sont eux, d'ailleurs, qui participent au repas. Il sera ensuite projeté dans un circuit réservé à des amateurs qui paieront très cher pour le voir. C'est la gloire pour toi, Chrys, et l'argent pour moi. Dépêche-toi, on nous attend après les hors-d'œuvre.

Professeur, dites-lui d'abandonner son projet.

Bernard, viens que je te parle.

Elle a peur ! Conne, va !

Mon cher Bernard, quand l'avenir d'un être cher est entre nos mains, on n'a pas le droit d'hésiter. Si je comprends bien, vous pouvez très bien tourner ce film sans qu'elle soit d'accord.

Bien sûr, c'est même mieux.

Alors, qu'attendez-vous ?

J'ai parlé à Bernard, il n'est plus question de donner suite à ce projet révoltant.

Merci, Professeur Choron.

De rien, mon enfant.

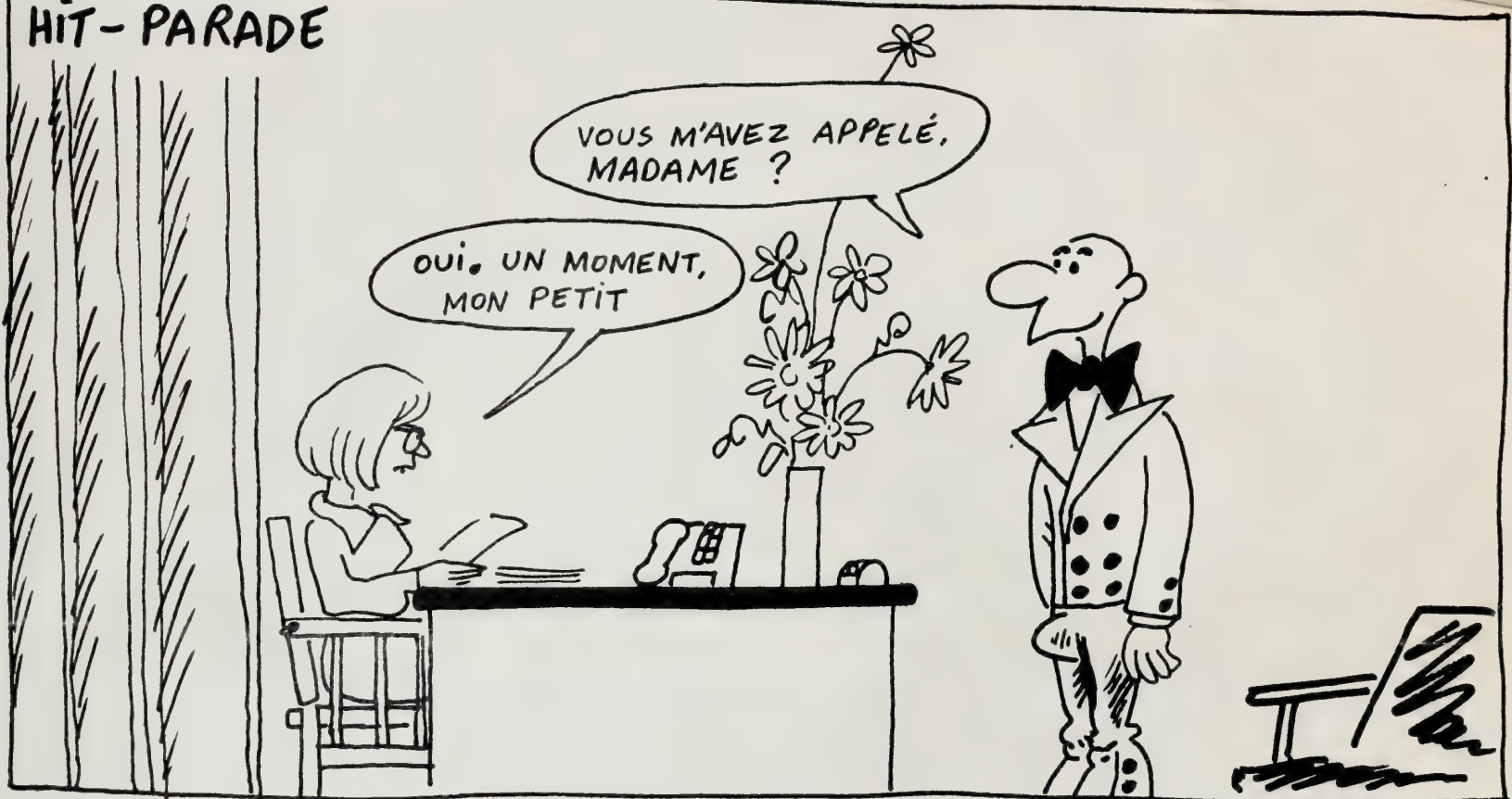
Je vous ferai envoyer un place pour la première.

Bon appétit !

Merci.

Allo, c'est toi, chérie ?

HIT-PARADE



BON ! À NOUS, MAINTENANT, GEORGES, VOUS ÊTES UN ÉLÉMENT DE DÉSORDRE DANS CETTE MAISON ET JE N'AIME PAS ÇA.

MAIS, MADAME..

COMPRENEZ-MOI BIEN, J'EN AI RIEN À VOUS REPROCHER SUR LE PLAN PROFESSIONNEL.

MAIS ALORS, MADAME ?

IL Y A UNE CENTAINE DE FILLES QUI TRAVAILLENT ICI ET VOUS ÊTES UN HOMME. VOUS ME COMPRENEZ ?

CE N'EST TOUT DEMÊME PAS DE MA FAUTE.

VOUS POURRIEZ OBSERVER PLUS DE DISCRÉTION DANS VOTRE TENUE VESTIMENTAIRE.



VOUS N'AIMEZ PAS MA FAÇON DE M'HABILLER ?

C'EST RAVISSANT, MAIS VOUS ÊTES PROVOQUANT. COMMENT VOULEZ-VOUS QU'UNE FEMME NORMALE TRAVAILLE SI VOUS LUI METTEZ TOUJOURS VOTRE SEXE SOUS LE NEZ ?

MADAME, IL SE TROUVE QUE, CETTE ANNÉE, LE SEXE EST PORTÉ TRÈS MARQUÉ, ET QUE J'AI UN BEAU SEXE. JE NE PEUX TOUT DEMÊME PAS LE COUPER.

JE NE VOUS EN DEMANDE PAS TANT. MAIS J'EN AI ASSEZ D'ENTENDRE DES SIFFLEMENTS DANS LES BUREAUX DÈS QUE VOUS APPARAISSEZ. SANS PARLER DE CERTAINES RÉFLEXIONS... JE NE SUIS PAS..

..JE NE SUIS PAS PURITAINE MAIS...

BON ! LAISSEZ-MOI, J'AI DU TRAVAIL.

Hippies Unwelcome as S.E. Asian Tourists

Young Travelers Seen as 'Ambassadors of Western Decadence'

BY BOB TAMARKIN

Chicago Daily News

PADANG BESAR, Thailand—The official behind the counter looked at the young, bearded tourist, who had just laid down all the U.S. dollars he had with him, and in a forbidding nod pointed to the sign above his head. It read:

"Malaysia welcomes bona fide tourists but not hippies."

In bold black letters the immigration warning continued: "You are therefore advised to dress, behave and live decently in hotels as becoming a bona fide tourist. If you are dressed in shabby, dirty or indecent clothes or living in a temporary make-shift shelter you will be deemed a hippie."

Speaking in English with a heavy German accent, the blue jean-garbed tourist began arguing with the immigration officer. But there was no arguing. His knapsack, shoulder length hair and overall appearance couldn't convince the immigration officer otherwise. He was deemed a "hippie" and not allowed to cross the border into Malaysia.

Here at this border crossing between Thailand and Malaysia, Malay immigration officials are fighting to keep alleged Western decadence from seeping into their borders. It's a losing battle.

Anyone with long hair, wearing blue jeans and an unkempt look, is prime suspect as a hippie-type and subject to the third degree by immigration officials not only in Malaysia, but in Singapore, Indonesia, Thailand and Burma as well.

In recent months, officials of many Southeast Asian countries have been alarmed over the soaring rise in the use of drugs by middle-class youths, and the surge in street crime against both local citizens and foreign tourists.

They see the young world travelers from the United States, Europe and Australia as roving ambassadors of Western decadence, whose ways are rubbing off on their Asian counterparts. They associate hippies with drugs and an irresponsible attitude.

"These countries are trying to avoid a cultural collision," says Khunying Meesook, deputy undersecretary of education in Thailand. "Many Thais already are becoming second-class copies of Western man, losing the valuable parts of their culture as well as the bad," she adds.

Long hair, tight pants and Western music are the most feared legacies authorities attack first when trying to purge Westernization from the young Asians.

Last September, for example, the

first thing the Pathet Lao did when officially taking over, was to have teen-agers shed their Western fashions for an austere look. Both girls and boys were ordered to burn sexy photographs and posters, and had their hair cut short. Boys abandoned jeans and bell-bottomed trousers and the girls washed off their lipstick and nail polish.

Vientiane Radio condemned "American imperialists and right-wing reactionaries" for leading Lao-tian teen-agers "along the criminal paths of the basest Western culture."

The purge, however, is not just limited to the Communist regimes. In anti-Communist Singapore, immigration officials have been known to give hair cuts on the spot to long-haired tourists wishing to enter the country.

In Nepal shortly before the coronation of the king, young Westerners were temporarily banished from the capital of Katmandu in order to make the Himalayan town more presentable as befitting a king. They have since returned.

Like Katmandu, Vientiane had been one of the most popular places in all of Asia for young travelers. Living there was the cheapest of any of the capitals and the marijuana and

Westerners have lost one of their favorite haunts.

hashish the most potent. Since the Pathet Lao took over, however, Westerners have lost one of their favorite haunts and have been on the move.

Government officials of Southeast Asian countries have vowed not to let their capitals become roosts for the nomadic squatters of the Western world.

Officials also have begun to lash out at the media as well. Malaysia recently banned "girlie" pictures in its newspapers. No longer will Malay newspapers be allowed to show pictures of girls topless, or in see-through or "peekaboo blouses or bikinis—or men in "G-strings," according to the Malaysian Home Ministry.

Malay officials also say they intend to ban a number of international "men's magazines" from being imported. In Thailand, there is a concerted effort to get Thais to make their own movies rather than to import the popular Western movies that are in demand in nearly every country in Southeast Asia. The most popular movies are U.S. imports.

Western music perhaps continues

to be the most serious threat to the "cultural collision." But so far, authorities have not moved to silence the multimillion-dollar industry that is based on the pirating of recordings of the West's most popular singers and musical groups. Music and movies are priced within the range of nearly every Asian class.

A \$6 tape of an Elton John album in the U.S., for example, can be purchased for about \$1.50 at any record or department store in Bangkok.

Besides music, blue jeans also have become a cultural threat. Blue jean manufacturers from the United States, England and Australia recently have launched massive advertising campaigns in newspapers and movie houses throughout Southeast Asia, enticing youths to try the casual look. The promotions always feature clean-cut, short-haired Western youths wearing jeans. Still, Asian authorities associate blue jeans, with the hippie.

At Padang Besar, when the overnight train from Bangkok pulls up, there are always scores of young Westerners who must face skeptical immigration officials.

Their appearances can often belie their backgrounds. In a recent group, for example, there were several young teachers from the United States and Germany, a graduate student from Italy, a dentist from Australia and a civil engineer from Scotland. Most wore sandals, blue jeans and tee shirts. Some of the men were bearded, and several of the women were braless. They looked like a group of hippies.

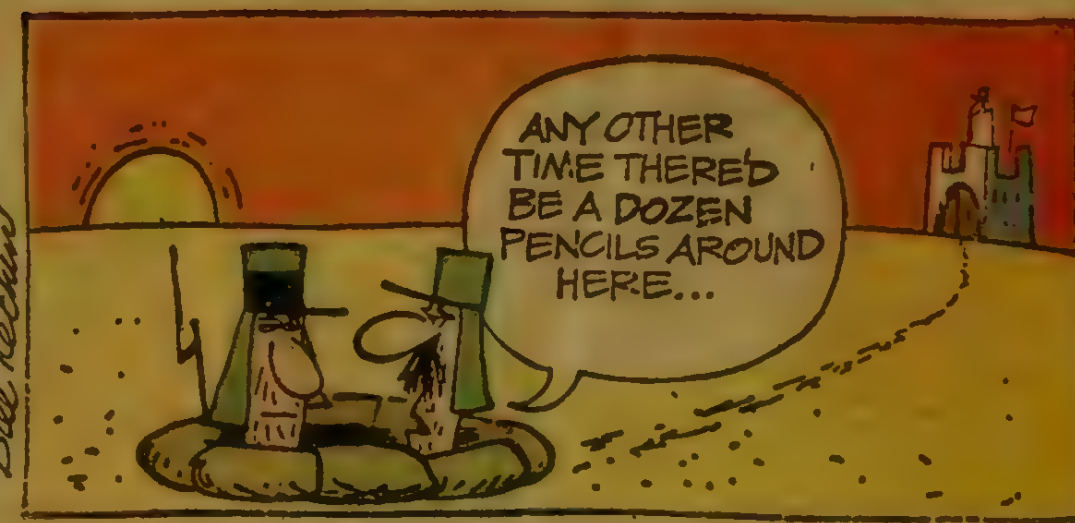
"I'm sorry but you cannot be granted a visa, you are braless," the immigration officer told one young woman. A small notice at counter level warned that "braless tourists are also asked to leave" Malaysia.

He went on to explain that braless tourists would be ordered to leave Malaysia within 24 hours of being caught or could be prosecuted and jailed under immigration laws. "Furthermore, you will not be permitted to enter Malaysia again," the officer emphasized.

The young woman excused herself and returned several minutes later, wearing a bra. Begrudgingly she was granted a visa, but only after she produced an onward ticket, proved she had enough money on her, and provided the name of the hotel she would be staying at in Kuala Lumpur.

The dejected officer, who thought he had snagged another hippie, merely shrugged and said:

"Once they get into the country we find they revert to their old hippie habits."



Bill Teklin

Need For Internal Security Committee Continues

They used to tell us that one of the reasons to do away with the House Committee on Internal Security was that the Senate had a perfectly good Committee on Internal Security of its own, so why the duplication?

After a good many years, the critics won that battle. And now, without anybody much really noticing, they may be about to win the battle to eliminate the last significant legislative watchdog over internal security, unless the full Senate wakes up.

At this writing, the budget of the Senate subcommittee has been cut in half, from \$36,000 a month to less than \$20,000, which is barely enough to pay the overhead, and not enough to permit it to hold its vital hearings. This economy was effected at a desultory meeting of the Senate on a sleepy Saturday in late July, with only a dozen members on the floor.

There are, here and there in America, citizens who are upset by the creeping indifference to the continuing and awesomely complex question of internal security. One of them wrote to one of the senators who had participated in the budget-slashing.

Now Sen. Mark Hatfield of Oregon is among the most conscientious men in the Senate. His instincts are adamantly civilized, whatever one feels about the nostrums that attract him. Out of his office went a

letter to one correspondent disparaging the work of the committee in language utterly unrelated to reality. The senator's letter said that the Senate committee's work had reduced to the staff's "drawing (its) own salary."

The senator, suggesting the Stakhanovite schedules of other senate committees between 1970 and 1975, drew an invidious comparison. "During this same period of time, which covers six years, this subcommittee held a total of only eight days of hearings."

A little while later, another correspondent received from Hatfield what had clearly now become a form letter (that is necessary in the transaction of congressional correspondence) with, however, a shrewd alteration. The clause had now become, "this subcommittee held a total of only

eight public hearings on legislative matters. . . ."

Now, the fact of the matter is that Hatfield is dreadfully misinformed. Since, in his case, one can simply eliminate the possibility that he is intentionally distorting the record, it must follow that he has received gross misinformation. During the last six fiscal years, the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security has held over 90 hearings, which would dispose of Version I letter.

As to Version II, we need to deal with the insinuated qualifier, "on legislative matters." That is best answered by looking at the mandate of the Internal Security Subcommittee. Indeed, by merely inspecting its full title. It is called "Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security

Laws of the Committee on the Judiciary."

A Congress that has suddenly become so alert to investigating the conduct of the executive agencies should not find this the appropriate moment to be indifferent to the administration of its own laws, let alone to the necessity of new laws.

During the period in question, the Senate subcommittee conducted extensive investigations into — for example — the human cost of Communism in the Soviet Union, China, — and, Vietnam: an investigation of vital interest to everyone who wasted his heart and his mind wrestling with moral and geopolitical questions that tormented this nation.

The committee examined rules of procedure and information for witnesses in respect of internal security,

it revealed the legacy of the experiences of Alexander Orlov, examined Soviet disarmament propaganda, reported on the Weather Underground, went exhaustively into marijuana and hashish traffic in defiance of our laws, examined Soviet intelligence and security practices, reported on the long list of Fidel Castro's hemispheric subversion and broken pledges, and issued six studies and hearing records on the awful problems of terrorism and counter-terrorism.

The United States today is crushed by the dilemma brought to light by recent revelations involving the conduct of the FBI and the CIA. Both these agencies were set up by statute essentially for the purpose of guarding our internal security.

"We are friends of liberty

everywhere in the world," John Quincy Adams wrote, "but custodians only of our own." It is hard to imagine a moment when we have needed more than we do today hard facts on the basis of which to adjust the scales.

What a curious moment to emasculate the only committee of Congress exclusively devoted to such tasks. Friends of Hatfield, from all sides of the political spectrum, would hope that he will reconsider, and are confident that he will reinform himself.

NOTICE OF INTENT TO SELL VESSEL

The Sportfisher vessel known as "Scrimshaw" — Coast Guard Official #282587 will be sold at private sale by the undersigned on or after December 16, 1975 at 530 "B" Street, 4th Floor, San Diego, Ca.

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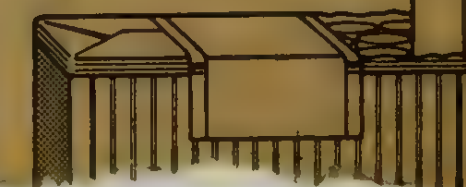
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Funds Asked For Freedom Train Visit

The City Council has been asked to earmark \$32,000 in room tax reserves to help pay for bringing the Bicentennial Freedom Train to San Diego.

The train is a special Bicentennial exhibit touring the country, consisting of displays ranging from rare copies of the U.S. Constitution and the Louisiana Purchase to moonrocks.

MOVING WALK

Visitors to the 10-car train, which is scheduled to be at Miramar Naval Air Station Jan. 14 to Jan. 18, are moved through the train on a special 20-minute moving sidewalk.

Admission to the train has been set at \$2 for adults and \$1 for children under 12 as well as the elderly over age 65. Bus service required by the Navy to the site will add an extra 50 cents to the tab.

The city manager's office has asked the council to pass three resolutions regarding the train at its meeting today, including one providing the \$32,000 from the room tax, monies paid on room bills by visitors to San Diego.

CITY REVENUE

The city is to receive 10 per cent of the train ticket sales for its investment as well as ticket sales from the bus service. Revenue from admissions is expected to be about \$12,000, while revenues from the bus ticket sales may run as high as \$25,000.

The city's Bicentennial Committee has urged the

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Gary J. Corbin, 24; Gail M. Bergman, 19
Friedhelm Lutterbach, 22; Maria I. Garcia, 22
Ellis C. Hanna, 73; Nettie L. Hellmers, 78
Timothy F. Sather, 29; Nancy Carroll, 26
Albert J. Smith, 24; Valerie S. Rawlins, 19
Elizardo C. Glover, 21; Victoria M. Rizuola, 20
Werner F. Ruch, 44; Anita L. Gordinier, 38
Edgardo C. Celestino, 28; Lydia D. Cervantes, 21
Thomas W. Bulger, 21; Nancy A. Stuhmer, 19
Arthur L. Andersen Jr., 29; Faye Shouse, 30
Vincenzo Crivello, 35; Rose Marie Starnolo, 30
John P. Sokol, 24; Janell Reaves, 28
Michael J. Layland, 31; Christine Kau, 27
Perry H. Roth Jr., 51; Charlotte R. Corn, 45
Anthony N. Lord, 46; Dorothy M. Reuter, 39
Bruce R. Helm, 26; Leslie J. Thomas, 24
Jerry B. Neel, 25; Jeanne Martin, 25
Rodolfo Duron, 20; Maria P. Galaviz, 18
Richard M. Smith, 41; Judith A. McCloskey, 36
Anthony J. Falletta, 26; Janet M. Ryan, 25
Kip D. Winsett, 31; Lisa L. Haynes, 18
John K. Sorensen, 44; Marlorie L. Worley, 33
Myron A. Jonap, 29; Claudia D. Richardson, 32
John Dimuzio, 23; Antoinette N. Chagas, 23
William B. Barbour Jr., 37; Linda J. Bull, 27
Trevor A. Haywood, 23; Gloria J. Curry, 23
Mark V. Shultz, 25; Melody K. Bergman, 23
Juan M. Acosta, 22; Victoria G. Buehler, 22
Albert H. Larson III, 30; Susan P. Lane, 22
William L. Gault, 47; Lucille C. Martin, 44
James E. Lewis, 22; Barbara A. Downing, 22
Thomas E. Aver, 27; Dorothy R. McMurtrey, 28

Harold R. Friedenfeld, 47; Elizabeth E. James, 42
David Knight, 26; Terry F. Green, 24
David A. Manlove, 18; Kathy A. Ogilvie, 19
Ernest L. Blue, 24; Mae O. Campbell, 41
Manuel A. Caudillo Jr., 27; Kathy J. Brown, 21
Mark L. Freyburger, 20; Vicki L. Turner, 19
Gary B. Duncan, 23; Priscilla H. Paul, 21
Mark S. Guterma, 27; Carol A. DeVito, 25
Richard O. Richardson, 33; Kathleen A. Holden, 31

FINAL DISSOLUTIONS

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BAILEY, Christopher W. — Paula A. DALLMAN, Kathryn B. — David W. QUINTERO, Teresa — Filiberto T. BARGIA, Linda L. — Jerald W. RUSSELL, Donald M. — Alicia M. CHRISTENSEN, Cynthia A. — Richard G. HARRIS, Calvin — Elzina HAHN, Caroline J. — Charles K. THOMAS, Leslie M. — Roberto SMITH, Richard M. — Joe S. BIELEC, Michael F. — Mary J. CHAMPAGNE, Douglas K. — Vickie R. PHILLIPS, Rae C. — Richard G. BELT, Randall M. — Carolyn ROBINETTE, William L. — Joetta M. HATHCOCK, Minnie G. — Robert L. II BULL, Linda J. — James KOHLER, Stanley N. — Mary L. BURGESS, Theresa J. — Thomas A. JACQUES, Donna L. — Sylvan A. GINGRICH, Robert A. — Betty L. SUMNER, William M. — Edith A. INTERLOCUTORY DECREES
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JAGGER, Gloria A. — Donald V. STEINER, Stephen J. — Cheryl J.

Gun Penalty Law Upheld In Nevada

CARSON CITY, Nev. (AP) — A controversial "law and order" measure setting an extra penalty for criminals who use guns has been declared constitutional by the Nevada Supreme Court.

The high court unanimously overturned a Clark County district judge's contention that the law passed by the 1973 legislature was unconstitutional because it was vague and called for two penalties for one crime.



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- FASHION UNDERSHIRTS—was \$3.50, now \$1.
 - SWIMWEAR—was \$10, now \$2.
 - BEACH PANTS—was \$12, now \$4.
 - LOUNGE PANTS—was \$14, now \$7.
 - STRETCH TERRY PANTS—was \$15, now \$9.
 - STRETCH TERRY JACKETS—was \$30, now \$15.
 - NYLON T-SHIRTS—was \$4, now \$2.75.

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MASTER CHARGE BANKAMERICARD AND BUDGET TERMS

that there were grounds at week for "greater optimism." Another official reported that Kissinger and Israeli Ambassador to Washington Simcha Dinitz had been holding "exploratory conversations" since early May, and the feeling within the Jerusalem government was that Egypt and Israel might be close to "virtual agreement" on a proposal to break the diplomatic deadlock.

Any such agreement would hinge on the length of time during which Egypt would pledge not to strike militarily at Israel—the so-called "non-recourse to force" clause—and on the extent of occupied territory that Israel was willing to give up in return. Officials in both Washington and Jerusalem reported last week that Sadat might be willing to agree to a three-year agreement, which Israel reportedly would be willing to accept. The immediate quid pro quo would be a second-stage Israeli withdrawal in the Sinai desert, and officials in Jerusalem said that they could agree to the following scenario: Israel would return the Abu Rudeis oil fields and would withdraw all its forces from the Mitla and Gidi passes, except for a few troops who would be merged with U.N. peace-keeping forces. Egypt would refrain



Tumble: Kreisky and aide help Ford after fall

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AP Photos

Tête-à-tête in Salzburg: Was Sadat bringing the makings of a compromise?



Three faces of Kissinger: Yawning and nodding off during NATO's summit

from moving troops into the passes, except for those soldiers who would join the U.N. contingent. Both countries would be allowed to install radar or other electronic equipment in the passes as early-warning devices.

Such a compromise would come with a caveat, however. "He [Sadat] can't sit around," said one diplomat in Washington, "while the Israelis dig in." As its part of the three-year bargain, Israel would have to continue to pull back in the Sinai and return to Arab sovereignty other significant portions of the territory captured during the 1967 war. Israeli officials said that that would be no barrier to an agreement. Indeed, Rabin said last week that Israel "does not intend to hold the present line [in the Golan Heights]" and considers that its settlements in the West Bank "have only limited importance in the determination of the peace borders." The statements, Israeli officials said, were intended to signal Syria and Jordan that their turn for territorial recovery would also come.

'NO STAGNATION, NO STALEMATE'

Of course, any number of problems could yet stand in the way of such a bargain. The hopes of progress might be wishful thinking at best—and at worst, deliberate leaks by Israel to raise false hopes for progress at Salzburg and reduce the pressure on Rabin to make concessions in his own meeting with Ford. But one thing seemed clear: all sides were eager for progress within the next few months—in order to avoid the paralysis of a renewed Geneva conference, the uncertainties of the U.S. Presidential campaign of 1976 and the likelihood of a new war between Arab and Israeli. Ford reaffirmed America's intent to push for a Middle East breakthrough and declared: "We could not tolerate stagnation or a stalemate." If there was

no progress toward an agreement by late June or early July, he said, the U.S. would feel compelled to present its own proposals for a settlement.

If the Middle East was the main preoccupation of Ford's trip, he never let the Europeans notice. When Air Force One touched down on a warm, hazy evening in Brussels, Ford's immediate aim was to reassure Europe of America's reliability as an ally. As a brisk wind set the President's thinning hair and Betty Ford's beige cape flapping about, Ford strolled down a faded, slightly tattered red carpet and declared, "NATO is the cornerstone of United States foreign policy and has the unwavering support of the American public and of our Congress. Our commitment to this alliance will not falter." Though those were precisely the words that Europe wanted to hear, few Europeans were actually

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The Presidential gifts: Porcelain figures of Little Eagle



MARISA MUSES IN THE BATH

bathtub, where she goes to brood after catching Ryan flirting with another girl, proved to be as annoying as it was authentic. "They had to keep filling it with hot water. And since there was no plug, they had a lot of pipes carrying water out of the room." Now recovered from the pink-and-wrinkled look, Berenson sees no faults in the movie at least. It is, she gushes, "very romantic."

"You can use me as a prop, but I won't perform," insisted New York Senator **Jacob Javits**, 71, agreeing to pose for photographers with Daughter **Joy**, 27. Javits, who had come to Boston's Charles Playhouse to see his offspring sing and dance in the stage musical *Diamond Studs*, managed to keep his senatorial cool while Joy pranced about in bowler hat and tights. Despite Javits' solemnity in front of the cameras, Joy attributed her vocation to Papa's own love of fancy footwork. Said she: "He's a great ballroom dancer."

Those beefy chorines in numbered jerseys are really Los Angeles Rams **Cody Jones**, **Fred Dryer**, **Bob Klein**, **Merlin Olsen**, **Larry Brooks**, **Tom Mack**, **Bill Nelson** and **Jack Youngblood**. The players are holding hands because they are rehearsing a high-kick production number with Dancer **Cissie Wellman Donner**, all for the sake of a Nov. 19 multiple sclerosis fund-raising benefit in L.A. Come show time, the boys will look even more terpsichorean, according to Costumer **Barbara Zelin**. Besides pink tutus, "the fellows will wear low-cut white tank tops with their numbers in



DANCE INSTRUCTOR DONNER COACHES A CHORUS LINE OF LOS ANGELES RAMS



DAVIES & HEARST IN 1936; BOULTING & DE NIRO IN *THE LAST TYCOON*

pink sequins, white tights to show off their legs—and tennis shoes. We haven't seen any ballet slippers in their size."

Industrialist **Howard Hughes** "was just a big, awkward, overgrown country boy" in the late 1920s. **Charlie Chaplin** was stubborn, arbitrary, and once bet \$100 that "talkies" would never last in Hollywood. Both were part of the galaxy that surrounded Actress **Marion Davies** during her 32-year reign as mistress to Newspaper Tycoon **William Randolph Hearst**. Davies' recollections, which were tape-recorded in 1951 but locked up until her death a decade later at 64, were only recently rediscovered and published as a memoir entitled *The Times We Had*. Hearst, who was 58 when he discovered Marion as a chorus girl of 16, was "the kindest, most innocent, naive person you'd ever want to meet." Despite the millions he spent on his 300,000-acre estate at San Simeon in California, he provided his guests with paper napkins (he considered them more sanitary than linen). Few seemed to mind, including **Calvin Coolidge**, who once dropped by for a visit after retir-



ing from politics. Davies impishly served the teetotaling former President tokay wine, while assuring him that it was non-alcoholic. "He started talking at dinner, and kept on drinking the tokay," she recalled. Said the not-so-silent Cal: "Best darned nonalcoholic drink I ever drank in my life."

Flashbulbs pop, the limousine doors open, and out step tuxedoed Actor **Robert De Niro** and a white-gowned **Ingrid Boulting**. The big moment was staged for *The Last Tycoon*, a Hollywood version of **F. Scott Fitzgerald's** novel about Hollywood. "It's a period I've never been into before," observed De Niro, who was born in 1944 and portrays Hollywood Mogul **Monroe Stahr** in the movie. "Thanks to this scene, I suddenly understand all the glamour of the '30s. I began to feel it emotionally for the first time." Even so, De Niro's emotional entrance will scarcely be seen at all by viewers of *Tycoon*; its only purpose was to provide a single photograph of the dressed-up couple to be framed and used as one of the movie's props. Fitzgerald would have been pleased at the extravagance.

Patty's Prosecutor

Down by the bay, San Francisco's Marina Green was filled with people shaking off the damp of the past few rainy weeks. There were joggers, dog walkers, Frisbee flingers and one lanky gentleman intently reading on the grass. No one bothered to peer over his shoulder. And that was just as well. James Louis Browning Jr., 42, the U.S. Attorney prosecuting both Sara Jane Moore and Patty Hearst, was studying a document recovered from the house where Patty was captured. Why bring such sensitive reading to the park? "Well, I wanted to get some sun," said Browning. "I haven't got much recently."

Jim Browning is unlikely to get much of a suntan as he juggles the two most important cases of his 14-year career as a prosecutor. The first of these—the charge that Hearst was a willing participant in the Symbionese Liberation Army bank robbery in San Francisco—brought Browning into court last week against famed Defense Lawyer F. Lee Bailey. It was an encounter to whet courthouse appetites. "Browning versus Bailey?" remarked a San Francisco attorney. "The only question is what school Patty will enroll in next year. Bailey will eat him up."

First Round. In his light purple suit, Browning proved at least a sartorial match for Bailey (in a blue pinstripe). And as the two sparred cordially over three psychiatric reports from court-appointed experts, Browning easily held his own. Bailey emphasized that one report said Patty had experienced "traumatic neurosis" and was suffering a "di-

minished ability" to cooperate with her attorneys. Even so, Browning countered, the report did not find Patty mentally incompetent. After three days of reflection, Judge Oliver Carter ruled that Patty was indeed competent and ordered her arraigned this week.

So, despite predictions, the first round went to Browning, who has not tried a case since he became U.S. Attorney more than five years ago. "I don't think you forget how to try cases," he says of his detractors. "It's not like being an athlete where your muscles get flabby after five years."

Twelve-Hour Days. Browning says he has wanted to be a lawyer since he was six. At San Francisco's Hastings College of Law, he stood near the top of his class for the first year, then spent his final two years trying to keep academically afloat while he worked in a local law firm. After a stint as a tax editor for a legal publishing firm, he joined the San Mateo County district attorney's office in 1961. As chief trial deputy, Browning prosecuted 189 cases ranging from robbery to murder. In 1970, he was appointed U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of California.

Critics denigrate Browning's work as a federal prosecutor because he has not tried any major cases. Much of his time has been spent prosecuting hundreds of draft evaders and a few black radicals. Browning answers that there have not been any very dramatic crimes, and anyway his role is primarily administrative. To prepare for Patty Hearst, though, he has been forcing himself and his staff through twelve-hour days devoted to the study of thousands of pages of S.L.A. and FBI documents.

Prosecutors are expected to argue that Patty willingly took part in the bank job, a contention she herself supported in a taped message after the raid. Bailey has already said that he will try to prove that Patty was under duress. But his opponent remains confident. "Sure there's pressure in this case," says Browning. "But U.S. Attorneys can't really make it or break it on any one case, unless they really screw it up. And that's not going to happen."

Dead or Alive?

On a calm spring evening seven years ago, Edward Michaels, 68, a retired caterer in the Chicago suburb of Northlake, Ill., finished his chop suey dinner and told his family he was going out for a walk. He never returned.

The police could not find him, and neither could a private-detective agency. Helen Michaels, who has two teenage children, eventually went to the Social Security Administration to collect her husband's back social security payments. But the SSA told Mrs. Michaels



HELEN MICHAELS & HUSBAND
Not getting along.

that the money could not be transferred until her husband was accounted for. If there was still no sign of him seven years after his disappearance, the SSA said, she could ask a court to declare him dead. Then she would be eligible to collect his checks and receive widow's benefits.

Signed Document. Last April, having waited the proper time, Mrs. Michaels took her case to a Chicago judge who declared Michaels dead. Mrs. Michaels then returned to the SSA office to get her money. After a two-month delay, an SSA official told her: "Your husband is alive. That's all I can tell you right now." Mrs. Michaels demanded to know more. The SSA refused, citing HEW section 1306 that forbids anyone to look into anyone else's personal file. Mrs. Michaels was sent a form letter refusing any claim for her husband's benefits, which are now \$45.30 a month, "because evidence indicates he is not deceased."

Thus the SSA and Helen Michaels confronted an increasingly bewildering bureaucratic dilemma: How do Government agencies reconcile the Freedom of Information Act with the traditional laws protecting personal privacy? Last week Mrs. Michaels was back in court to demand that the SSA prove that her husband is alive. In reply, Government attorneys insisted that the SSA could not reveal any information about him.

But at the urging of the judge, attorneys cited yet another law allowing a court to request information on a parent when support of minors is at issue. The SSA then produced a recently signed document in which Michaels said he departed because he was not getting along with his wife. "Apparently he wants to be left alone," says Mrs. Michaels' lawyer. Obviously, but Helen Michaels wants to find her husband—and demand separate support.



PATTY HEARST & PROSECUTOR BROWNING
Will F. Lee Bailey eat him up?

fense—like almost everything else in Washington—has been cast in terms of *more* or *less*: conservatives want more spending, liberals less. Hart decided to try to move past that and find out what actually works. From a small group of dissident weapons and strategy experts in the Pentagon, he learned that many of the technologically advanced planes, tanks and missiles that the Defense Department is spending so much money on are just too damned complex to perform well in battle. The dissidents had definite ideas about weapons that might prove more effective and, not coincidentally, less costly. With the help of Larry Smith, William Lind and other defense experts on his staff, Hart was able to formulate a coherent, intelligent position. "*More* isn't better, *less* isn't better," he said, all too often. "*Better* is better." And he has the facts to back up his rhetoric (a complete account of this process can be found in James Fallows' excellent new book, *National Defense*).

With the conservative establishment stronger than ever in the Pentagon, Hart hasn't been able to make much headway in selling his ideas. But for the first time, there is a liberal alternative that involve

more than simply saying no to each new weapon the conservatives propose.

A far more difficult problem, and the most important one facing Democrats, is whether they can develop a liberal alternative that involves more than simply saying yes to all the old social-welfare programs they themselves proposed.

"Programs like welfare and food stamps aren't as complicated as some of those defense issues," said Frank Levy, a welfare expert at the Urban Institute in Washington. "The only real question is whether you want to give poor people more or less."

"Well," Gary Hart agreed, with no small amount of anguish, "most of the votes in Congress now, particularly on Reagan's budget, are basically *more* or *less*. In most cases, I'll vote *more* and people will say there's no difference between me and a traditional liberal. What we have to do is change the terms of the debate, come up with new options, as we did with defense. But that takes time, and a lot of work."

So far, the New Liberals haven't had much luck. No one has been able to locate a dissident cell of welfare strategists deep within the

bowels of the liberal bureaucracy who have figured out a cheaper and more effective way to handle Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

There are some interesting ideas floating around, but they tend to upset conservatives even more than the current morass of agencies, departments, rules and regulations. For example, New York City recently experimented by putting 30,000 Medicaid recipients in a program called the Health Maintenance Organization. They paid a flat monthly rate, whether or not they needed hospital care. Since it was in the best interest of the people running the agency to keep their patients out of the hospital and healthy, there was less of the useless x-rays and questionable operations that have plagued Medicaid (which is a system that, in effect, rewards illness). Costs were reduced by *thirty percent*. Explaining the program in Washington, City Council President Carol Belamy said, "Of course, it may be difficult to do this nationally. The medical establishment would likely oppose it."

But why give up so easily? If the Democrats aren't willing to fight for a program that is *both* more effective and less costly, they prob-

ably won't have much luck convincing people that their humanitarian goals are attainable.

REALITIES

Actually, that last statement isn't true. It should be true, but it isn't. Programs and principles and goals rarely have much to do with the realities of winning elections.

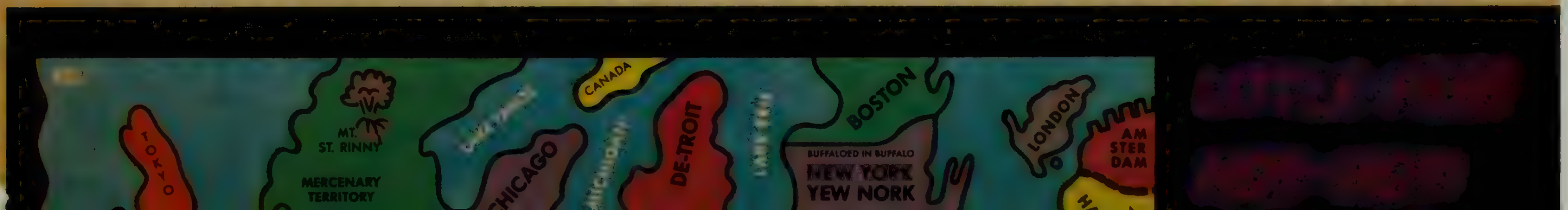
Principles are nice. Jimmy Carter had principles. At times, in fact, he sounded very much like a New Liberal. In his State of the Union Message in 1979, he said: "It is not enough to have created a lot of government programs. Now we must make the good programs more effective." Carter wasn't as creative or interesting as Jerry Brown, but his problem was pretty much the same: the messenger, not the message. The remarkable thing about Carter is how quickly he's been forgotten. The Georgians have disappeared. "Even McGovern left a group of workers who

became an integral part of the Democratic inner circle," said one party worker. "Carter left no one. His impact on the party was entirely negative."

The point is, sooner or later, any discussion of the future of the Democratic party has to come back to personalities. Almost every day, some Democratic group holds a meeting to trade ideas, develop new policies, rethink old programs—a genuine effort is being made, but deep down, everyone is waiting for a peerless leader to emerge with a magic formula to sweep them to victory. If Ronald Reagan has taught them anything, it's that a great politician can even make the most ridiculous proposals sound plausible, like an economic package that even most Republicans and Wall Street experts consider naive.

But it would be a mistake to give Reagan's personality, and silly to give his programs, much credit for the election victory of 1980. "The people simply wanted a change," said John Sears. "If you think the election meant anything more than that, you're overanalyzing."

Along those same lines, Representative Barney Frank put the Democrats' dilemma into some perspective: "Everyone keeps tell-



ing me how we Democrats have screwed up, how we've lost touch with The People. Maybe so. But, you know, The People aren't such a bargain, either. They say they want less government, but they don't want to cut out any programs. The truth is, they don't know what they want. Maybe we should just wait and let them figure it out."

Nonetheless, the game continues. In July of 1984—only a thousand or so days from now—the Democrats will convene again en masse to select a presidential candidate, a ritual that may be as exciting this time as it was masochistic the last. Ted Kennedy and Walter Mondale will certainly be there—both are already at work on their campaigns, raising money and ruminating over strategy. Kennedy will most likely run as Reagan did, hoping that a hard core of ideologues, perhaps twenty-five to thirty percent of the party, will be enough to sweep him through the primaries in a divided field. Mondale is also planning to run like Reagan: he's a nice guy, less abrasive than Kennedy, more folksy. And, since Reagan, nice guys are *in*. Hovering about the edges, hoping the two favorites will expire from carrying too much baggage on too spindly a base, as did their Mesozoic predecessors, will be a phalanx of

younger men and newer faces—Gary Hart, Senator John Glenn (D-Ohio), various governors, Southerners and mutations—anxiously maneuvering to place themselves in the path of the lightning. As Morton Kondracke observed in the *New Republic*, each of them is looking to the past for political precedents: Gary Hart wants to be a dashing young upstart like John Kennedy; John Glenn wants to be a mild, healing national hero like Eisenhower, and so forth. All of them seem, at this early date, to be more or less traditional politicians, inherently cautious, without the courage or creativity to say goodbye to the old constituencies, as Tom Mathews would hope, and try to build something new.

Columnist George Will recently suggested that the last set of dinosaurs was extinguished when a comet crashed into the earth, raising a massive cloud of dust that blocked the sunlight, killed vegetation and thus starved the poor beasts to death. An interesting analogy. A comet?

Well, there's always Jerry Brown. He will not be a candidate in 1984, though. He will run for the Senate in 1982 and, if he wins, bide his time in Washington until he recovers from the grievous wounds (self-inflicted and otherwise) he

suffered during the 1980 presidential campaign. Which is, in a way, a shame: of all the Democrats, he remains the most creative and, ironically, the most optimistic about the future.

Even in late July, when he was up to his neck in Mediterranean fruit flies and allegations that he intended to use a state-owned computer for his own political purposes, Brown was bubbling with ideas and plans, giddily spewing them forth at the slightest provocation. "You know," he told me, "one thing I know now that I didn't know five years ago is that growth and environmentalism go hand in hand. This country's future isn't in the heavy, centralized industries; Japan already produces more cars than we do. The future is in cutting-edge technologies like computers, communications, biology. Our greatest natural resource is our brains, and we have to work to cultivate that." He sounded a bit like John Naisbitt.

And then, he intuitively echoed John Sears' advice that the Democrats acknowledge the new anti-bureaucratic activism: "Reagan says government should get off the backs of the people. Okay, I buy that. In the areas where government is linked to obsolete industries and interest groups, it *should*

be cut back. In a way, big government reflects the same inefficiencies and problems that have plagued the older industries—too much centralization, paper shuffling, rules and regulations, not enough inventiveness. But there's a role for government to play. For example, IBM is three years behind in its production schedule. Do you know why? Not because of all the things Reagan says. Not because of too much regulation, too high taxes, too much government interference. IBM's biggest problem is that it can't find enough skilled workers to do the job...and that's where government can come in. We need massive job training and retraining programs for the cutting-edge technologies. It's the sort of thing that will help everyone. It'll help minorities—forty percent of the kids coming into the California schools are minorities—it'll lift the whole economy."

Leave it to Jerry Brown to push for more government when everyone else is looking for less! After watching the New Liberals somberly plodding through the bureaucratic thicket, scratching here and there for issues to grab hold of, Brown is a jolt. He certainly has inadequacies as a practical politician, but his sheer enthusiasm—the genuine excitement that

overcomes him when discussing the future—is riveting.

I asked him why he'd done so poorly in 1980. He stopped for a moment, grew quiet. "Oh, I don't know," he said, trying to make light of it. "I guess there was a feeling that I wasn't quite *ripe* yet. You know, a lack of seniority, a lack of the traditional idiom. I didn't have the lingo down right. The biggest political challenge is linguistic, to translate what smart people already know into terms that everyone can understand."

It is true that Brown seems to speak a different language than most politicians. Terms like *planetary realism* have never set well in Washington; they seem a bit too flamboyant, too California—again, not serious enough for the weighty sonorities of political discourse.

"Too California," he mused. "What do they have against California? All of them are just dying for the advanced industrial technology we have." Another pause. "Well, yes, I guess it is a problem. But there's never a very strong constituency for the future—that's why empires collapse."

Then, quickly remembering the political realities, he added: "That's not to say *we're* collapsing. I think we have a good fifty years left." □

Of Dolphins and Whales—And A Sailor Who Falls Overboard

**SO REMORSELESS A HAVOC: Of
Dolphins, Whales and Men**

By Robert McNally

Little, Brown; 268 pp.; \$13.95

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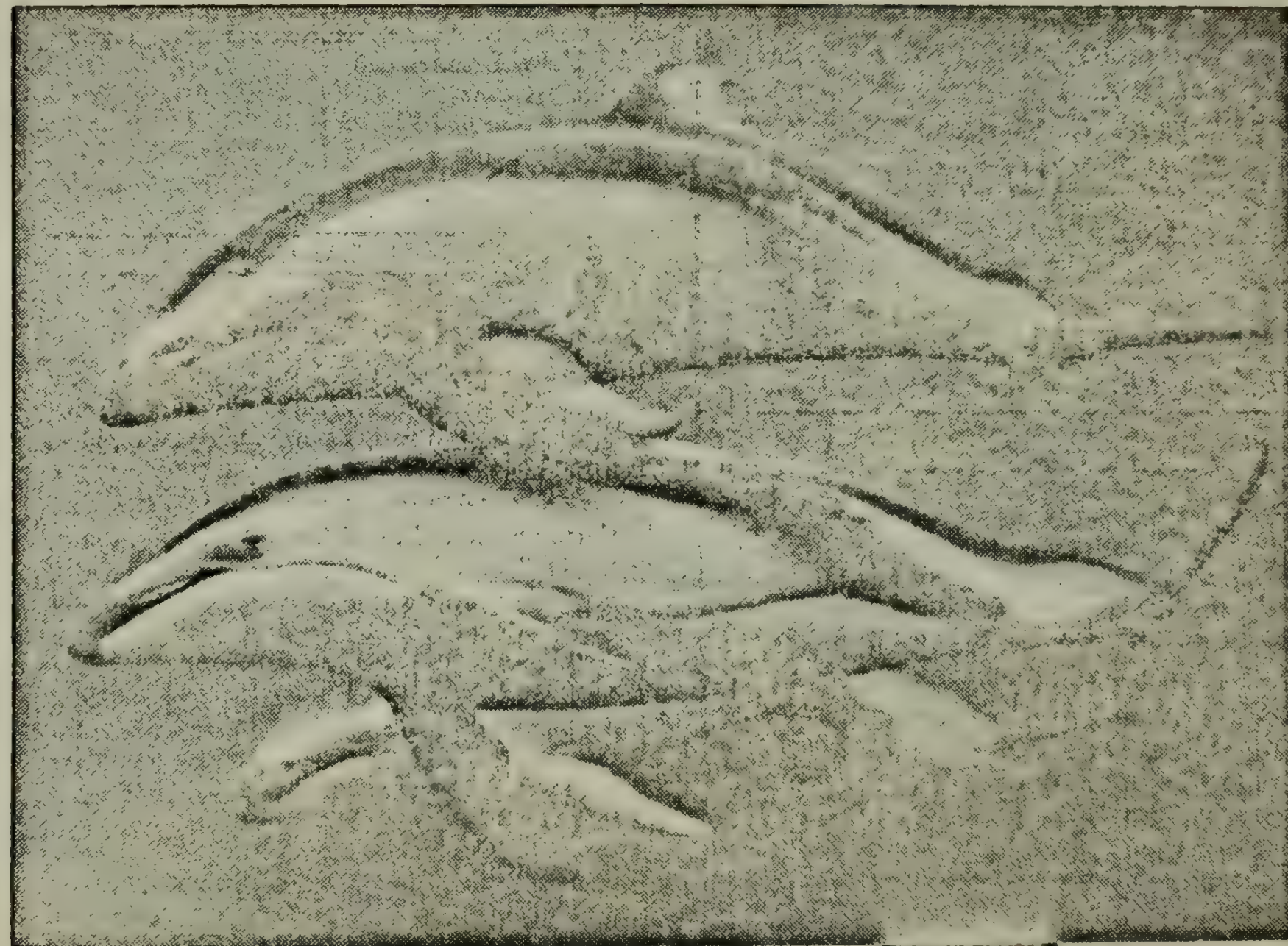
By Tristan Jones

Macmillan; 205 pp.; \$12.95

C BY JOHN E. McCOSKER

aring about Cetacea, the mammalian order which contains the dolphins and whales, became popular more than a decade ago when America shifted from active whale hunting to a vigorous whale-protecting nation. Since the '70s, "cetacean chic" has become the mainstay of the environmental movement, evidenced by Roger Payne's recordings of the songs of humpback whales and "I Support Greenpeace" bumper stickers on San Francisco Volkswagens and Marin County Volvos.

Until recently, little has existed in the popular press which properly explains the biology of the world's largest beasts and their present plight. Two



Steinhart Aquarium

Capricorn ?!

Capricorn ?!

Capricorn ?!

Capricorn ?!

Capricorn ?!

religious follower of the Lilly school of extraordinary intelligence.

Two parallel plots are interwoven such that a tribe of bottlenose dolphins encounters a crusty, mid-life male Homo sapiens trying to prove himself in a single-handed sailing race around the world. In alternating chapters, the sailor recalls his life, loves and wartime experiences, while a net-scarred but forgiving elder statesman dolphin named Aka frolics with his porpoise playmates and explains the history of Atlantis and dolphindom to his younger tribemates and the reader. The author clearly has a preference for Aka, as evidenced by the hero's so-so loveplay which is downright dull as compared to the dolphin's torrid and polygamous sexual games. After pages of such softcore porpoise pornography, the red-faced reader is becalmed with "It is the dolphin's way."

S. F. Sundar. Examination

S. F. Sundar. Examination

S. F. Sundar. Examination

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Example of hostile
anti-Lilly propaganda.
(But interesting astrological
note!)

Toronto Film Festival — a celebration for the masses

TIMOTHY LEARY
By DIANA LOEVY

Special to Times Herald

THE TORONTO Film Festival, held this year from Sept. 9-17, is beloved by critics, film distributors and audiences for the sheer quantity of films (163 this year), the accessibility of film stars and directors and the range of films, from the pop-

MOVIES

ular to the esoteric. In its eighth year, the festival has always taken a back seat to the more international Montreal Festival, which preceeds it by a week. But this year the festival is frankly revealing in its populist image.

"Toronto is a movie-crazy town," said film critic Roger Ebert who, with his "At the Movies" co-star Gene Siskel hosts the festival's annual tribute (Robert Duvall was honored this year). "It has more per capita moviegoers than any town in North America. The festival has everything from mass show business 'galas' to the complete works of Jean-Luc Goddard."

The Toronto Film Festival is where the film "Diva" was discovered. And where "Chariots of Fire" received such a popular response that the film was deemed commercial enough for a big release. It went on to win an Academy Award for best picture.

The much-publicized "The Big Chill" had its world premiere at the festival this year. It stars eight actors, clearly on the ascent in Hollywood, who gather for an impromptu reunion when one of their fellow classmates commits suicide. Co-stars William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Mary Kay Place, Glenn Close, Jeff Goldblum and director Lawrence Kasdan were so ubiquitous at the festival

that they earned the moniker "The Big Chill Gang," as they congregated at screenings, parties and press conferences.

The festival, attended by 175,000, is also a magnet for native Torontonians such as horror-meister David Cronenberg, who was on hand for a retrospective of his films ("Rabid," "Scanner," "Videodrome"). SCTV alumni Catherine O'Hara and Dave Thomas also put in festival appearances.

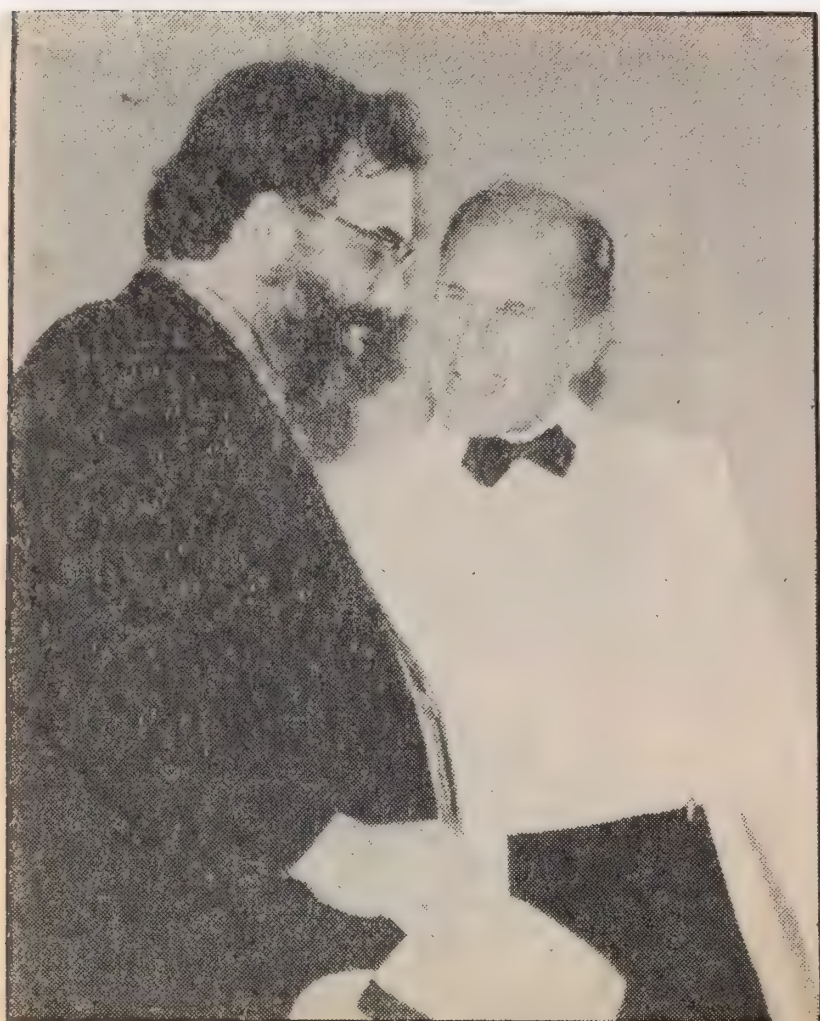
And what would a Canadian event be without beer? Luckily, Labatt's Brewery sponsored a competition, the only competition in this festival, for "most popular film." The winner was "The Big Chill."

The festival offered a variety of films that will open within the year, including the powerful and flawed "Danton," directed by Andrzej Wajda ("Man of Iron") and starring Gerard Depardieu as the French revolutionist; the incomprehensible "Moon in the Gutter" by "Diva" director Jean-Jacques Beineix, who was in town to defend it; the sensual "Carmen," a dance musical by Spanish director Carlos Saura starring the smouldering Laura del Sol as the eponymous anti-heroine, and "L'Argent," which will probably be the last film from French director Robert Bresson, long admired for his lean, bare-boned style.

Michael Caine, who attended the festival, stars in "Educating Rita" (opening in Dallas this fall), playing an alcoholic don in a film directed by Lewis Gilbert, Caine's director in "Alfie." This is decidedly not "Alfie," but Caine gives a serviceable performance.

And there were discoveries, such as the new film by Dutch director Paul Verhoeven ("Soldier of Orange") called "The Fourth Man," an absurdist and explicitly sexual film. "La Balance," a thriller about betrayal, is a big hit in France and

See TORONTO on Page 6 P



Francis Coppola, left, and Robert Duvall in Toronto

Toronto festival holds film surprises

TORONTO — From Page One

stirred interest at the festival as well. Another discovery was "Stranger's Kiss," a contemporary independent film that is a humorous and fictional film-within-a-film about the making of Stanley Kubrick's 1955 work "Killer's Kiss." With Peter Coyote ("E.T.") as the director "Stanley," it should not be missed by fans of Kubrick or film *noir*.

"Checkovian" was the way actor Kevin Kline described "The Big Chill" (opening in Dallas Friday). "Here are people in a country house one weekend in a relatively mundane situation and the drama unfolds in the little subtle exchanges," said Kline, who plays the master of the house in "Chill." "The story is the characters."

In "The Big Chill" (the title refers to the "chilling" of the former '60s radical's idealism and an intimation of their own mortality), the characters play out their present and past in this country house after the suicide of classmate Alex. It is filled with humor and little moments. At Alex's funeral, JoBeth Williams, who plays Karen, an unhappy wife and mother, plays his favorite song on the church organ: "You Can't Always Get What You Want," a Rolling Stones song. "Traditionally," says Michael, played by Jeff Goldblum, a People magazine reporter, at the wake, "they throw a great party for you when they know you can't come."

The film was so well-received at the festival it seems inconceivable that it had so much trouble getting made, especially considering its connection to Lawrence Kasdan, whose directorial debut was "Body Heat" and whose screenwriting credits include the biggest hits ever made: "Raiders of the Los Ark," "The Empire

Strikes Back" and "Return of the Jedi."

"The studios didn't want to make the picture," said Kasdan, a bearded, bespectacled, almost self-effacing man whose lack of grandiosity is uncommon among directors. "I went to 10 different entities before the Carson Company (Johnny Carson's production company) agreed to make the picture. All the young studio executives said they loved it, it was their life but it wasn't commercial. They were incredibly cowardly about it."

The film was made for \$8 million, "a lot of money in the real world but nothing for Hollywood," according to Kasdan. With a commitment from William Hurt ("Body Heat," "Altered States") Kasdan thought, correctly, that he could corral some of the best young talent around to work on the film and dedicate an entire month of rehearsal time for free. "I always knew that the actors would embrace a situation like this, where it's an ensemble and they're working with people every bit as good as they are," said Kasdan. "They hate the fact that in Hollywood there's usually no rehearsal time."

Mary Kay Place, best known as Loretta Haggars in television's "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," described the rehearsal time and her part as "a gift from God. This is one of those lifetime experiences, 'Mary Hartman' was the other one." Miss Place plays a 35-year-old lawyer who wants to become a mother and is willing to become impregnated by one of her old classmates "because they are the best guys I know."

Robert Duvall was honored in a tribute orchestrated and hosted by

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BURRELLE'S

Film festival paid tribute to Robert Duvall

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Ebert and Siskel, who honored Martin Scorsese last year. "One thing we're trying to do is select someone in mid-career," said Ebert. "We're not going for the tribute of someone who's 100 years old and has already done everything. One of the things we tell (the honorees) is you're not coming to Toronto and we give you a plaque. You've got to be up there and grilled and questioned."

At the tribute, Duvall was indeed grilled and questioned by the duo, who created a familial atmosphere in the vast theater. They described Duvall's films and asked questions in their excited way and showed clips from his early movies, such as "To Kill a Mockingbird," with Duvall as Boo Radley, "The Chase," with Marlon Brando, and "The Detective," in which Duvall stole a scene from Frank Sinatra. And there were clips from Duvall's greatest triumphs, as *consigliere* Tom Hagan in "The Godfather" films and Lt. Col. Kilgore in "Apocalypse Now."

Francis Coppola, probably Duvall's best director, was flown up from New York to honor him. Coppola embraced his old friend and described his acting as "very real and very pure." Then they told "Godfather" stories and Duvall did a few Brando imitations. "The Godfather" was the only time I had the feeling that something big was going to happen," said Duvall.

An unlikely pair at the festival was Watergate conspirator G. Gordon Liddy and psychedelic philosopher Timothy Leary, who have enjoyed a certain amount of success and notoriety on the lecture circuit, where they debate each other on all the subjects they disagree on, which is every subject. But the two ex-cons have a chemistry between them that

been captured in a documentary about this odd couple, "Return Engagement" (opening in Dallas Nov. 4).

The film opens with Leary and Liddy singing "America the Beautiful" and intersperses their debate with accounts of meals together and their reminiscences. The film received an enthusiastic response in Toronto and Liddy was ready and eager to answer questions after the screening. No, he didn't eat the whole rat, a scene described in his autobiography "Will." "Just the back leg, left hind-quarter." Yes, there are circumstances under which he would kill his own son. As for divorcing his wife, he would only do so "if she betrayed her country or something." As to the most frequently asked question, the identity of "Deep Throat," Liddy said it was a composite "from the masters of composite journalism, The Washington Post." And for Timothy Leary he offers this cheery scenario: "If the Soviet Union took over they would put me in the gulag, extending me the professional courtesy of one shark to another. Leary they would just shoot."

Jimmy Stewart, who is recovering from skin cancer treatments, could not attend the screening of "Vertigo," but the 1958 Hitchcock classic was a pleasure for those who had never seen the dreamlike film. It was taken out of distribution 15 years ago by Hitchcock himself, along with "Rear Window," "Rope" and "The Trouble With Harry." "Vertigo," along with "Rear Window," will go into general release next month, so this tale of acrophobia and obsession will be seen by whole new audiences.

"Heart Like a Wheel" (opening in Dallas this fall) is a movie they make today. It stars Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges as drag racing champs, lovers and competitors Shirley Muldowney and Connie Kalitta. It's like a TV

movie, with swelling music at triumphant moments and artificial time lapses during which the passage of years is signaled by a song. But there are good performances by Bedelia and Bridges.

"I had zero knowledge of the whole drag racing scene," says Bridges, who is soft-spoken and not dissimilar to the character he played in "Norma Rae." "I plunged in at the most reasonable place and called Connie Kalitta. He's a billionaire now — he's got his 'Flying Service' and one of those 800 numbers you can call anywhere in the world. I told him that my initial reaction was that he was portrayed in the story as a beastly, awful guy. But what impressed me about the actual facts of their lives was that he did reach out to Shirley Muldowney."

"Entre Nous," the third in a series of autobiographical films from French filmmaker Diane Kurys, was warmly received at the festival. (It will open in Dallas sometime next year.) Her 1979 film, "Peppermint Soda," about growing up in France in the '50s, was a critical and popular success. "Molotov Cocktail," the second film, was not as well received. "Entre Nous" is a prequel to "Peppermint Soda," taking up the story of Kurys' mother and father, the friendship that develops between her mother, played by Isabelle Huppert, and the mother's friend Madeleine, played by Miou Miou. It is the story of the family's breakup, and Kurys considers it a ca-

thartic experience.

"My mother left my father when I was six," said Ms. Kurys. "There is a feeling of guilt in any child that they divorce because of me, I did something wrong. So I guess I wanted to get rid of this guilt. I'm not guilty, but they're not either. Each film that I've made up until now has been very close to my personal life. I can't help it, that's the way I am. I notice all the good work comes from deep inside."

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DUPRELL'S

This Week

Leary: computer as partner in symbiotic relationship

By David Needle, IW Staff

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SAN FRANCISCO, CA—Dr. Timothy Leary, the man who encouraged the 60s generation to "turn on, tune in, drop out," was at the IBM PC Faire here with a new message for the masses of Personal Computer enthusiasts: "Turn on, tune in, link up!"

Leary told *InfoWorld* the PC Faire was the first computer show he's attended. The former Harvard professor said he'd been using an Apple II computer to do word processing—he composed his most recent book, *Flashbacks*, on it—and to play games. He plans to get an IBM PC soon.

Leary was attending the Faire at the

behest of XOR (pronounced exor) Corporation, a software company based in Minnetonka, Minnesota, that introduced its first series of games and application software for the PC at the Faire.

Although Leary indicated he may do some software development or consulting work for XOR, neither party has made any commitments as of this writing.

"I'm interested in the concept of video games that increase our intelligence as we play them," enthused Leary. "If we can program our self and personality into software that is both highly intelligent and funny, then the

computer can, in turn, teach us," Leary told *InfoWorld*.

"People think of computers as being impersonal; I don't think that at all," continued Leary. "There are all kinds of special-interest groups using computers and 'friendship nets' forming because of computers.

"Just as Gutenberg inventing the printing press brought us the idea of the 'personal Bible' that was accessible to anyone, so have [Steve] Jobs and [Steve] Wozniak [cofounders of Apple] brought us the concept of the personal computer. But I'd like to get beyond this idea that people are 'users' and talk more in terms of the com-

puter as a partner in a symbiotic relationship."

XOR Corporation was founded in July 1982 to design and develop application and utility programs for the PC and PC-compatibles.

Among the firm's six products scheduled for release later this fall is an "action list" data-base manager called Thoth (\$99.95), which features three interactive data bases: a notepad for free text entry, with up to 12 links to other records for each record; a personnel database; and a time manager that tracks tasks and activity priorities.

Choice of data bases

You can call up information from any one of the three data bases while you're operating within another. You create files in various windows displayed on the screen.

XOR also plans to bring out an adventure game called Agent 2.0 for \$49.95. It also functions as a tutorial for learning DOS 2.0, the IBM PC's standard operating system.

Leary's nascent relationship with XOR began after a chance meeting with the firm's president, Glen E. Diamond, on an airplane. ■

The author, a former editor of *Ramparts*, remembers the days when he introduced Jane Fonda to politics, and watched Tom Hayden spout gun rhetoric.

I Remember Fonda

By Peter Collier

ARE TOM HAYDEN and Jane Fonda becoming the Mork and Mindy of California politics? You can't pick up a newspaper these days without being assaulted by yet another story about some controversy they've caused or been blamed for, or an inside report on some tacky intrigue in which they're newly involved. They seem to have set up shop as a sort of two-person political platform with ready-made planks and all the issues ranging from solar power to secretaries' rights. Push the button and you get the answer. They are everywhere, yet nowhere.

First it was the spat with Joan Baez. Instead of simply not signing the singer's condemnation of certain barbarities currently practiced by the revolutionary government of Vietnam, Jane Fonda had a "position" of her own: that all this talk of human rights abuse was potentially irresponsible because it could play into the hands of hawkish elements in U.S. policy-making circles. While falling short of the moral imbecility of attorney William Kunstler's refusal to criticize any socialist government whatever its atrocity, this stand was, at minimum, obtuse. Tens of

thousands of people are mired in unspeakable tragedy while Hayden-Fonda mince words to avoid offending the Stalinist gerontocracy that runs Hanoi. Ultimately she and Tom tried to scramble to

Before politics: In 1968, Jane Fonda took readily to her role as budding star.



PICTORIAL PARADE

higher ground by scheduling a Hollywood gala for the Boat People, but by that time their efforts seemed a bit tardy, coming as they did a month after even the U.S. Seventh Fleet had seen the light. And even as they collected money they were at pains to make it clear that in their opinion the refugees were victims not of systematic repression and extortion, but of some natural catastrophe, an Indochinese version of the great potato famine, perhaps.

Then there was Jane's tearful departure from the California Arts Council. This might have been a shame, but it was hardly indicative of a new wave of McCarthyism, as the couple charged. It was not as if she were a career foreign officer who had been rejected for a position in the State Department, after all, or someone witch-hunted out of a job that had enabled her to support her family. What was at issue, to keep perspective, was no more than an appointment by the governor that was itself a kind of political payola. At least Fonda actually *did* what she was charged with by the legislature (by traveling to Hanoi in 1972 and making antiwar broadcasts there); this was a satisfaction many of the victims of the *first* wave of McCarthyism didn't have. So it was doubtful that the spirit of Dalton Trumbo rolled in an unquiet grave

when she was rejected. Indeed, by offering to compare her mischance with what took place 25 years earlier, Fonda could be said to have trivialized the sad fate of those who really suffered in those scoundrel times. How are we to regard her—as the Hollywood One?

In the background of these imbroglis are the continuing reports of Hayden-Fonda's back-room politicking and growing relationship with Governor Brown. From its onset, this alliance has seemed somewhat at odds with the role of political knights-errant which the couple has seemed anxious to play. The quid pro quos come right out of the classic era of ward-heeling politics: Jerry gives them appointive posts and minor patronage to help build their political base; in return Jane promises to extract a rumored \$3-million from Hollywood liberals for Brown's 1980 presidential bid. Someone has coined a wonderful term to describe what they are doing: "Brown-nosing."

THE Supreme Court says that a writer's initial feelings are one of the things to be considered in evaluating whether an author has committed libel. And so I should admit that there is a personal element here; a reason why, when Hayden or Fonda or both begin describing the shape of things to come, I find myself switching frequencies to remember instead the way we were.

Her political consciousness newly raised, Fonda addressed a 1970 antiwar rally.



PICTORIAL PARADE

"... Jerry gives them appointive posts; in return Jane promises to raise a rumored \$3-million from Hollywood for Brown..."

In interviews where she has spoken of the origins of her involvement in politics, Jane sometimes credits me with having introduced her to the Left. She is alluding to an occurrence that took place early in 1970, something that now seems only a footnote to a saga that has far outstripped it. I was an editor of *Ramparts* magazine then, and one evening I got a call from someone identifying himself as a friend of Jane Fonda's. I can still remember my effort to come up with the right response: "Well, any friend of Jane's is a friend of mine." He ignored that and went on to say that he'd just heard from her. She was in India, where she'd gone to do some meditating after quitting Europe's dolce vita scene. She'd read and been moved by an article I'd written on the Indian occupation of Alcatraz and Indian affairs in general. She was on her way back to America now. She wanted to put the Barbarella phase of her life behind her, he said, and become involved in America's movement for social change. "Movement for social change": That was the phrase he used.

If I had known then that there was an "agent" on the staff of *Ramparts* (as documents obtained from the CIA under the Freedom of Information Act would later show), or if the term "dirty tricks" had yet been coined, I'm sure I would have imagined something more sinister than a simple hoax. Those were times of real creativity in the realm of paranoia, remember. But as it was, I just assumed that it was a soggy joke by someone who

While in Hanoi in July, 1972, Fonda visited North Vietnamese children.



GAMMA

knew what a large and inviting target the male ego was. When the friend said that Fonda herself would soon be getting in touch, I said, "Sure," and forgot about it.

But a few days later there was another call. "I'm here to learn what's going on," said the actress herself. "I've been gone so long. I feel so ignorant about what has happened in this country. I want to get involved." She asked me to take her to Alcatraz and introduce her to some of the Indian activists. Naturally I said I would.

She showed up at the San Francisco Embarcadero on the appointed morning, materializing out of fog that seemed provided for the occasion by a Hollywood special-effects crew. She was wearing tight jeans and had a helmet of hair cut in a shag: It was the proper uniform, but she didn't seem quite comfortable in it. The features that struck me were the marvelous, toothy smile and eyes of tremendous depth. She said she was nervous

Dummy rifle in hand, Fonda performed at a Tokyo antiwar show in December, 1971.



UPI

about how she would be received, yet she radiated a kind of coiled energy and confidence in her ability to meet and master the new situation.

In a few weeks the situation on Alcatraz would begin to deteriorate until the island finally resembled a scene from *Lord of the Flies*: armed bands vying to become the recognized enforcers of the

“... I was amazed by the acuteness with which Fonda sized up the situation and moved to the center of the ruling clique ...”

Surrounded by demonstrators, Tom Hayden addressed a 1968 Chicago 7 rally.



ARNOLD ZANN/BLACK STAR

occupation; heavy-hitters coming over from the mainland for the exclusive purpose of ripping out copper wire and other materials, which they sold to salvage companies for big bucks; four- and five-year-old children reeling around the echoing cellblocks, high on arcane chemical substances. But for now it was still a cause célèbre. Local yachtsmen were running food and other supplies past the feeble Coast Guard blockade; tons of money were being raised by the society set. The only signs of what was to come was the factionalism that has often marked intertribal affairs.

I remember being amazed by the acuteness with which Fonda sized up the situation and immediately moved with incredible sureness to the center of the then-ruling clique, a group of urban

Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda attended a 1974 ACLU tribute to her father.



FRANK EDWARDS/FOTOS INTERNATIONAL

Sioux. By nightfall she had allowed herself to become their captive, or perhaps it was vice versa. When I left she was smoking dope with them and already making insider's jokes about the Bureau of Indian Affairs and other of the red man's oppressors.

A week or so later she called again to say she had decided to tour the country by car, a sort of discover-America trip. She wanted to stop at as many reservations as possible, and asked for names and contacts. As I was giving them to her, she also said that she wanted to do something *special*, something that could have an *impact*. She asked if there was any place I knew of where an appearance by her might make a difference. I told her about the Original Cherokee Community Organization, a band of Cherokee full-bloods in Oklahoma who were trying to preserve their language and folkways and to recapture their tribal government and assets from a group of whites led by W. W. Keeler (then chairman of the board of Phillips Petroleum, and a Nixon crony). Keeler's group had paternalistically "managed" Cherokee affairs for years. The situation was not "chic" in the way Tom Wolfe used the word, but it was one in which outside attention could really help. She told me she would go to Oklahoma if I set something up. I did.

My last word from her was a bread-and-butter note on the letterhead of an Elko motel where she had stopped on the first leg of her journey. It was filled with awe about the political and cultural turmoil in the country. "There is so much to learn," she wrote in a neat backhanded slant I'd always envied in the fastidious left-handers I'd known in high school. She closed with the slogan "Power to the People!" (As I look at the letter now and toy with the idea that character can indeed be read in one's script, I notice that the exclamation point has a tiny circle

Tom and Jane on the campaign trail during Hayden's unsuccessful 1976 Senate bid.



GLICK TREASTER/CONTACT

under it instead of a dot.)

Not long afterward I saw that she was involved in the GI coffee-house movement. Then she formed a ménage with Mark Lane and began to speak out on a variety of issues, plunging into the doings and undoings of the Left with an incredible gusto and ability that was nothing short of remarkable, to quickly master the proper opinions and attitudes. What had taken others in her generation a decade to learn she managed to telescope into a few brief months. CBS newsman Mike Wallace tells the story of meeting her in New York and having a brief discussion in which he happened to mention Elbridge Cleaver and was surprised to see a blank look come over her face; then, a few months later, he noted that she was the head of the Cleaver Defense Fund.

OVER the next few years she moved into the high echelons of the movement, also becoming the premier American actress of her time, distinguished above

all others for the way she breathed realism into the roles she selected. I caught sight of her again in Berkeley last spring, just after the Oscar ceremonies, when she was making an appearance in behalf of a slate of "radical" candidates for city council. She was saying that "the people" had scored two victories in recent days. One was the Academy Awards, and the other was a rent-control ordinance in Santa Monica she and Hayden had helped spearhead. Defeat of Berkeley's incumbent mayor, whom she called a tool of the corporate interests, would be a third.

As I stood on the fringe of the crowd listening to her, my mind drifted back a few years to the final upshot of that meeting with her at Alcatraz. About a year after she had finished her cross-country trip, I got a call from someone at the beleaguered Oklahoma organization of Cherokee full-bloods.

"By the way," I asked in the course of the conversation, "how did Jane Fonda do for you? Did you make money for the fight against Keeler?"

"Oh, Jane Fonda." The voice sounded doubtful. "Well, you know, she never showed up. We waited and waited, but she never came. We never heard nothing. I guess she went on to bigger and better things."

A YEAR or so before Fonda staged her coming home, Tom Hayden arrived in Berkeley, bringing with him a reputation that was almost mythic. He may not have had great per-

"... When I left, she was smoking dope with the Indians and making insider's jokes about the Bureau of Indian Affairs ..."

sonal magnetism (I remember at the time hearing someone in a political meeting say that he had "all the charisma of an iguana"), yet he had been there when it counted: the founding of SDS and the drafting of the Port Huron Statement; Mississippi Summer; the Newark ghetto when it exploded; Hanoi in 1965 and the Democratic convention in 1968. Indictment as one of the Chicago 7 had authenticated his standing as our leading radical; it was equivalent in the movement to receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was a protean character who could say that electoral politics and the Democratic party were tools of

fascism yet cry at Bobby Kennedy's wake; who decried the media as a tool of the power structure yet had access to the *New York Review of Books* and other organs of opinion. Berkeley radicals welcomed him as if he were Lenin arriving on the sealed train.

Since Chicago he had been saying that it was time for America to have its own National Liberation Front. As I remember it, his idea was that the Left should create small enclaves of liberated territory from which guerrilla units could sally forth on their missions into the larger society and return as if to sanctuary. (It seemed a neat pun on the strategic hamlet program implemented with such disastrous effects in Vietnam years earlier.) He saw Berkeley as the first such liberated zone, a prototype for those that would inevitably follow.

In 1976, when he was trying to become "respectable," Hayden would appear at

Tom and Jane played prominent roles at Washington's antinuke rally in May, 1979.



DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

coffee klatches around the state to tell people he should be senator because of his positions on the pocketbook issues. But back in 1968 he had violently attacked those radicals who wanted to organize working-class neighborhoods around economic questions, picturing them as reactionary and purging them from the first organization he began in Berkeley, the International Liberation School. He insisted that there must be struggle, and got his followers to take karate, explaining that it was not only salutary as a physical regimen but also a necessary step in the psychological hardening that would enable erstwhile students and intellectuals to become effective freedom fighters. The members of the school began accumulating weapons and ammunition. Ultimately there would be secret rifle practices in the Berkeley hills for that coming apocalypse which Charlie Manson, working from his personal psychotic vision, called Helter Skelter.

One day Hayden came to my friend David Horowitz's back yard and announced that he felt it was time to form a

In 1975, Jane unfurled a telegram from Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk while Tom looked on.



“... Once Hayden demanded advance payment for a story so that he could buy gas masks for the Panthers ...”

new “communist party” replete with an underground, democratic centralism, the works. Horowitz complained that history showed that a party based on that kind of vanguardism would inevitably become totalitarian. Hayden dismissed such quibbles as “anti-Stalinist bullshit.” It was a time when Stalin was undergoing rehabilitation among certain circles in Berkeley.

What Hayden really wanted was a group that would function as the white equivalent of the Black Panther party. The Panthers had always been the naked id of the Berkeley Left. We admired them because they not only picked up the gun, but were ready to use it; because they acted out what for whites were only steamy fantasies. Once Hayden came into the office of *Ramparts* (which, mea culpa, I should note had enthusiastically printed much of his theorizing) demanding advance payment for an article so that he could buy gas masks for the Panthers.

He was, like many of the rest of us, something of a cheerleader in their bloody war with the police departments of several cities, urging them on as if they were players involved in the big game. For their part, the Panthers would always

Jerry Brown and Jane shared the speakers' platform at the Capitol antinuke rally.

remain somewhat ambivalent about his notions of coalition. Hayden first irked them by showing up at one of the Huey Newton birthday celebrations (when the party's founder was still in jail) shouting slogans about power growing out of the barrel of a gun, something regarded as uncool on such an occasion. Later the Panthers got the idea that he was not sufficiently committed to the case of his Chicago 7 codefendant Bobby Seale, who remained in jail while Hayden and others were at large fantasizing about a new communist party. David Hilliard, who had become the Panther leader when all the others were in jail or exile, got so mad at Hayden that he tried to break a bottle over his head during a fund raiser at Deca Mitford's house.

Berkeley's People's Park uprising seemed in some sense the logical fulfillment of Hayden's efforts to liberate Berkeley. Demonstrators were on the street—freaks as well as Weathermen. If it was not quite a full-fledged insurrection, there was at least some of the flavor of a state of siege. The tenth anniversary of this event recently passed, and I reminisced about it with an old new leftist who knew about Hayden's role. “There it was,” he said, “people fighting in the streets, smoke and tear gas—just what was called for in Tom's strategy of liberated zones. But we looked around—and no Tom! We found that he and some of his followers were off writing what they called the Berkeley Liberation Program while all the action was taking place.”

AFTER People's Park, when Jane Fonda was entering the metamorphosis that would transform her from Barbarella to La Pasionaria, Hayden was forming a collective called the Red Family. It consisted of about a dozen hand-picked people from the Berkeley Left.

We heard of their marathon struggle sessions—eight and ten hours and sometimes more. Some of the issues were “cultural”: whether or not it constituted “privatism” to close the door when using the bathroom or to practice monogamy within the collective. They also haggled over larger matters: the proper view toward North Korea's Kim Il Sung, and how to deal with Weathermen and the ideology of revolutionary violence. (Most Berkeley radicals felt that the Weathermen were, to use the jargon of the time, “custeristic”; but the Red Family and Hayden were more kindly disposed. This fact would take on a special irony in 1975 when Emile de Antonio, who had directed *Point of Order* and other leftist political documentaries, was subpoenaed by the grand jury in Los Angeles for footage of his project on the Weather

Underground. His case was taken on by the ACLU, but when he asked Hayden-Fonda to sign a statement of support already endorsed even by middle-of-the-roads in the film world, he was turned down because they wanted to airbrush Hayden's connections with that past radicalism for the upcoming Senate campaign.)

The Red Family hung like a charge of static electricity over the Berkeley Left, a political version of high society. Everyone who considered him- or herself a radical waited for the call to come. Once one of the members of the collective asked if I would hide some weapons in my garage. I refused, from motives, I'm sad to say, that had more to do with cowardice than principle. Afterward, I felt like Benedict Arnold.

The neighbors of the Red Family—which had managed, in the manner of the radical affluence of those days, to accumulate enough money to buy three houses on a single Berkeley block—were not pleased by the doings there. Block parties were staged as a way of cooling out the ruffled feelings, but even the neighbors sympathetic to the group's politics were annoyed by its melodramatic security mania. Floodlights burned all night to give warning of paramilitary assault by police. One neighbor who was peripherally involved in some of the group's activities says now: "I guess it was a kind of wishful thinking. As near as I can tell, although they talked constantly about what they were going to do, they never really did anything. I remember once there was a hell of a row because some of the members discovered that a couple of the others were taking off under the guise of doing 'political work' and actually driving off to various parts of the Bay Area and climbing into bed to spend all day with their lovers."

The Red Family decided at one point to found a child-care center. The neighbor quoted above remembers the naming process: "In what was supposed to be a lesson in participatory democracy, they decided to ask the children themselves to name the school, emphasizing that the *Red Family* had set this place up for their benefit and now the *Red Family* wanted them to pick a name. But one five-year-old didn't take the hint and said it should be called 'Fairyland.' The other kids liked that. The people from the Red Family sort of looked at each other in despair and said, 'Yes, okay, but don't you think there should be a color associated with this school that the *Red Family* has provided?' 'Sure,' another child piped up, 'it should be "Blue Fairyland."' So that's the name they were stuck with."

Roger Rapoport, a journalist who now lives one street over from what was the Red Family's compound, says that Jane Fonda visited the collective when she was in the area filming *Steelyard Blues*. "She

"... Hayden was purged from the Red Family for 'cult of personality,' 'bourgeois privatism' and 'elitism'..."

apparently put her daughter into Blue Fairyland for a while. The story I heard was that the Red Family, which had been almost torn apart on the issue of sexism, had been having trouble getting the men to show up for duty at the school, but when word got out that Fonda was coming, they competed for the up-front positions."

There were many strange rumors about the group. (It was like the Illuminati, Bilderbergers or any other exclusive sect in that its secretiveness fueled the myths about it.) One of the most bizarre stories had to do with the group's decision that in the coming revolution the forces of the Left would be called on to provide medical care for their own casualties. We heard that they were studying medicine within their three-house fortress, using each other as guinea pigs to practice on. One person close to the group at the time says that they decided to test their skills by sending a team to a clinic in the Central Valley and claiming that they were paramedics. According to this account, they actually convinced authorities there to let them offer treatment.

By 1972 Berkeley was aflame with rumors about dissension inside the Red Family. It was part of the syndrome that afflicted the Left as a whole and turned it cannibalistic. Since their ideas were too fantastic and theological to have an impact on the larger society, radicals turned inward and began to scour themselves for signs of impurity. We heard that Hayden had been charged with promoting a "cult of personality." For what seemed like a long time, he didn't appear as a speaker at rallies; instead, he stood around at the edge of things with a dour look on his face as if invisible tape had been placed over his lips. Then we heard he was "under discipline." Finally there came the electrifying news that he had been purged. After adeptly navigating all kinds of rapids during his radical career, he had gotten caught in the middle of sexual politics he couldn't finesse. According to gossip that seeped out of the collective, the crimes he was accused of were "bourgeois privatism" and "elitism." Apparently he had confided doubts about the intelligence of some members of the Red Family within the sanctuary of the bedroom he shared with a woman who had later used these confidences to denounce him and swing power in the

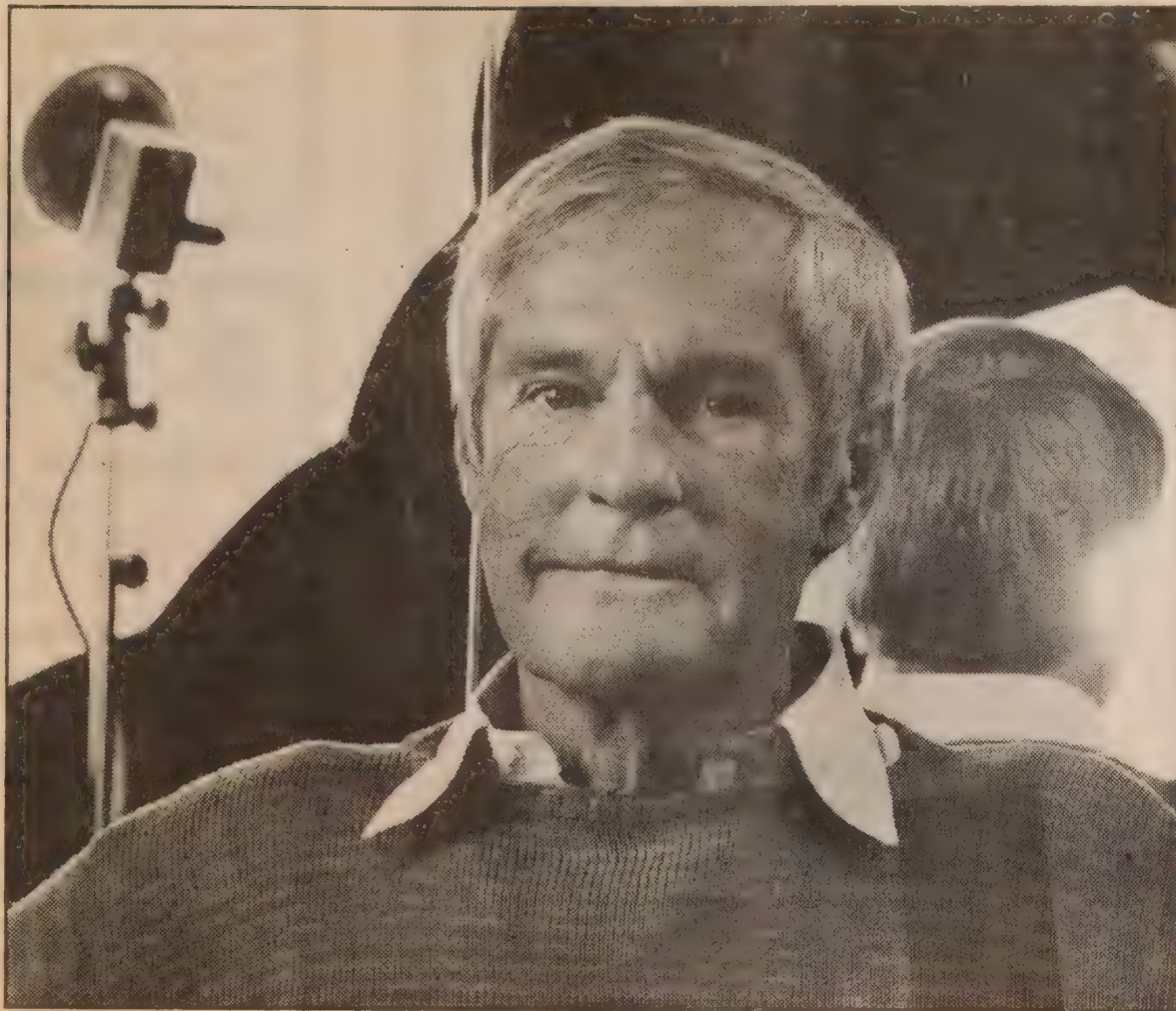
group over to her sisters.

He left for Los Angeles. The next thing we heard was that he had struck up a relationship with Jane. A lucky few were invited to the wedding. The rest of us were left to ponder the truth of the old adage that holds that politics makes for strange bedfellows.

We watched Hayden in his 1976 campaign for the Senate going from group to group talking about the past decade as if he had been nothing more than one of the bright young idealists who went straight from college to the Peace Corps. His line to those who queried him about his past was that the culture had changed while people like himself had remained constant. I remember being in a bar with a friend and watching him on television one of the many times he said that the slogans of the sixties had become the common sense of the seventies. My friend murmured into his beer, "Yeah, like 'Pick Up the Gun.'"

WHAT we have here is more than *More American Graffiti*. Hayden-Fonda have apparently decided to become the most efficient two-person political machine in the country, championing the appropriate traditional issues like pesticide control and the economy, as if they had created them, and there had never been a Rachel Carson or a Sierra Club when the two of them were still in their prior incarnations. Jane uses her glamour to make friends and influence people in high places, meanwhile accumulating a vast political constituency among those who think that going to a film about Vietnam veterans or a reactor melt-down is a political act. Meanwhile, Tom seeks to alter his image for the Senate campaign of 1982, or whatever other office he might run for. He gives something like a broad wink to those he'd like to be remembered by as a movement icon, as if to suggest that one of these days he'll finally obtain a position from which he'll be able to speak his mind—but until then, we'll have to take him on faith as our Manchurian Candidate. Otherwise he addresses himself to a newer or more forgetful bloc of voters, as in a recent interview in the *San Francisco Chronicle* unequivocally disclaiming any past connection with Marx or revolution, and letting them believe that he was always a liberal Democrat manqué waiting for his radical cocoon to open.

Thus does the current crisis give birth, as if by immaculate conception, to the new politicians. And behold! They have the same consuming ambition, the same disdain for the truth and the same contempt for our intelligence as old ones did.



Star Photo by David Brewster

Timothy Leary pronounced the Twin Cities 'No. 3 in the Hedonic Age'

Leary taps like minds for mission

By **GEORGE X. JOHNSON**
The Minneapolis Star

Judging from the accounts of the survivors, Tuesday night's party for Timothy Leary was a success.

There was a water bed with mirrors above it, a very advanced stereo system and a hot tub and sauna for re-energizing after dips in the snow.

The host of the celebration was a vice president of a Bloomington computer company, and among the entertainment was a conglomeration of the space-age electronics Leary finds as mind-expanding as the hallucinogenic drugs he's advocated for 20 years.

"We went over to this house and got a little wrecked," Leary said.

He and his friends played with video games and three dish antennas aimed at communications satellites orbiting invisibly overhead.

"They had 52 channels, all over the world," he said. His famous dictum, "Tune in, turn on, drop out," had acquired a new, technological meaning.

"St. Paul-Minneapolis now has

Leary

Turn to Page 10A

Timothy Leary pulls computers into mind-expanding revolution

(Leary, from Page 1A)

been promoted," he said. "You're now No. 3 in the Hedonic Age—the hedonic, aesthetic, erotic age." Aspen and Beverly Hills come first, he said.

• • •

Leary is 62 years old now. He has short-cropped gray hair. In his pullover sweater, gray slacks, and white tennis shoes he looks like a college professor again. But his face has the weathered look of a seaman.

He was a psychology professor at Harvard University in the early 1960s when he started experimenting with an obscure drug called lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD.

Personality, he thought, is defined by the rules of group behavior, or what he called games. What are perceived as mental disorders might occur when human beings are programmed with the wrong set of rules for the games they're supposed to play. LSD, he thought, could clear out old game plans and make way for new.

Leary was arrested in 1966, but the charges were dropped. Later he was convicted in California on a drug charge and, in 1970, escaped from prison and fled to Algeria, aided, he said, by the Weather Underground.

He stayed in Algeria with exiled Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver. Two years later he was arrested in Afghanistan and sent back to the United States.

For the past few years he's traveled the country performing a strange stand-up comedian act (he calls it a "stand-up philosopher") attacking the establishment with jokes and promoting a program to increase intelligence (through drugs and electronics), extend life spans and colonize other planets.

In 1969, he appeared on a New York television talk show. The host called Art Linkletter to ask him what he thought of Leary.

"I had hoped he'd die, be hung, stay in prison for life," Linkletter said. Linkletter's daughter, Diane, jumped out of a sixth-story window when she was 20 years old and under the influence of LSD. "I have definite proof that Diane mentioned Dr. Leary as one of the reasons that she thought nothing was wrong with LSD," Linkletter said.

• • •

On Wednesday, Leary was eating an early-afternoon breakfast at the home of his friend Steve Bucher, vice president of Llewellyn Publications, a St. Paul company that specializes in books about the occult.

Another friend, Carl Groth, an official for Medtronic Inc., was also there. Leary's followers, Groth said, were young people who had "turned on" in the 1960s and now were involved in more mainstream pursuits. But, he said, they still considered themselves part of Leary's revolution.

They had invited him to speak Wednesday night to a hundred or so followers who paid \$7.50 each to attend a cocktail party at the Calhoun Beach Club.

"In every city in the world there are large groups of people involved in communications, computers, the frontiers of science who are my friends," Leary said. "So when I come into town it's an excuse for a party and to exchange important survival information: the best computers, best video, best drugs, best books.

"The baby-boom generation has grown up," he said. "The baby-boom kids are now between the ages of 20 and 38. In four years, they're going to control the country. That's my No. 1 mission—to remind the baby-boom generation that they're a whole different species from their parents. They're post-war, post-TV. They're information people, not power people."



Timothy Leary

It's a spoiled species that demands excellence, he said. Good sex, good drugs, good government.

In the 1988 election, these evolutionary marvels will take over the country, he said. The video-game kids already have the electronic engineers rushing to keep up.

"More money is spent on arcade video space games than on the space program. Isn't that fantastic?" he said.

A 12-year-old at the computer executive's party played better video than Leary did. And Leary gets a lot of practice. He and his wife have an Apple home computer and Intellevision game system in their home in Laurel Canyon. They plan to get an Atari setup, too.

"These video games are to the '80s what LSD was to the '60s," Leary said. Soon parents will try to have them outlawed, he said. "The function of society is to keep the kids from getting smarter than their parents."

As self-proclaimed "evolutionary agent and cheerleader" for the mind revolution, Leary intends to fight the oppression in his own weird ways.

He's put together an act with G. Gordon Liddy, the Watergate criminal who, when he was assistant district attorney for Dutchess County, N.Y., arrested Leary on drug charges.

Leary and Liddy have the same agent, so it was easy to arrange debates, which have been performed in Austin, Tex., Boulder, Colo., and Reno, Nev. Others are scheduled in

New York and California.

"They're simply sensational," Leary said. "He represents the past, right-wing military, macho breeding-of-fear, and I make fun of him. He says, 'You wouldn't be here making fun of me if I weren't here with a gun protecting you.'"

Liddy's a nice guy, Leary said. "He wouldn't shoot me... unless Nixon told him to."

When Leary was here in 1980 he performed at a rock 'n' roll bar called Duffy's. His warm-up act was a male stripper. At the Calhoun Beach Club he was preceded by a jazz quartet.

"What do we have tonight?" he asked the audience. "A hip, sophisticated cocktail party. Am I making progress or what?"

Most of the spectators were casually but expensively dressed: blue-jeans and nice sports jackets, blue-jeans and a white fur coat, blue-jeans and a string of pearls. Several women wore evening dresses.

"One would think that insanity and stupidity were taking over the world," Leary said. "But actually there are pockets of intelligent people.... It's nice for us to get together once in awhile."

He told how one neuron may be as complex as a macrocomputer, how a brain was 40 billion macrocomputers linked.

"I like to think of any drug as a computer code," he said. Punch it in and you have access to vast intelligence.

"Gross and stupid people use drugs stupidly," he said. "Intelligent people use drugs intelligently."

He joked about the pope ("the finest mind of the 12th century"). He said the Bible was "a sick comic book."

"For 10 or 15 years we've all been trying to evolve and it hasn't worked," he said. In his hand, he held a cigarette and a drink.

But Leary would have none of this nay-saying.

"1988! There's going to be a revolution in this country. You've got the whole country in your hand.... You haven't understood your strength yet."

With that crescendo he called for a 10-minute break.

Tripping & Stumbling

Reviewed by David Harris

The reviewer, student body president of Stanford in 1967, is a journalist and author of *"Dreams Die Hard: Three Men's Journey Through the Sixties."*

"Flashbacks," Timothy Leary's autobiography, is a story that might have been great reading in the hands of a different author. Just how the eventual champion of "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" got from West Point cadet in 1941 to international psychedelic fugitive in 1971 has the makings of a first-class new age saga. As it is, Leary's autobiographical effort is spotty: too loose in some spots, too tight in others, afflicted with the sappy flavor congenital

continue his exploration in 1963 is an adequate historical marker for the beginnings of what would be called "the psychedelic revolution" in the popular press. During the following decade, millions of Americans would sample hallucinogens, and Leary, more than any other person, was held up as the symbol of that turn of mind. He appeared on hundreds of college campuses, advocating the use of psychedelics in general and LSD in particular, as means of achieving a higher state of consciousness.

Eventually run out of Millbrook by Assistant District Attorney G. Gordon Liddy, Leary ended up camping in teepees near the Pacific Ocean in California. Along the way, he collected marijuana charges in Texas and California. The California charges led to his imprisonment in 1970.

As written, the most interesting part of Leary's story begins with his arrival at a California prison in 1970. Less than a year later, he escaped and was whisked to Seattle by the Weather Underground. From there, it was Paris and then Algiers, where he became the houseguest of Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panther government in exile. Fleeing Cleaver, Leary and his wife went to Switzerland and lived with a gun runner until fleeing to Austria, then Afghanistan. He was eventually brought back from Kabul in chains and greeted by a throng of press photographers at the Los Angeles airport.

Three years in prison followed, terminated by his becoming what several newspapers at the time called a "federal informant." According to Leary, he was interrogated by FBI agents looking for information about the Weather Underground and the Black Panthers. He claims not to have told them anything they didn't already know. He was paroled in 1976. Since then, he has earned his living writing books and giving lectures. He still takes "psychoactive" drugs and is into space migration.

What is missing from "Flashbacks" is critical intelligence. Leary is a good enough storyteller to have made his autobiography work, had he the perspective the material demands. Instead, he somewhat disingenuously pictures himself as a simple recipient of events, as though it all just happened to him. It quite naturally may have seemed that way at the time, but that still reduces the drama to action and the action to melodrama.

Consequently, "Flashbacks" reads short on credibility and long on license. Leary remembers 25-year-old conversations verbatim and his story thins at all the points where it demands a voice other than that of the idiosyncratic raconteur. That Timothy Leary's life has been both full and unique is apparent; that it has been a considered life has yet to be demonstrated.

Book World

FLASHBACKS:
An Autobiography.
By Timothy Leary.

(Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, 395 pp. \$15.95)

to memories put on paper too often or with too much haste, or both. "Flashbacks," unfortunately, reads somewhat as if Leary wrote it because he was short of money.

Starting with his arrival at Harvard University's Center for Personality Research in 1960 as an early advocate of transactional psychology, Leary tells bits and pieces of his previous life in flashbacks salted through his Harvard years. At Harvard, he and Richard Alpert pioneered experimentation with psychedelic drugs as a means of inducing mystical or transcendental experiences. When their experiments began, both were part of a life Leary describes as that of "a successful robot—respected, clean cut, and, in that inert culture, unusually creative."

Fifteen years later, Alpert had changed his name to Baba Ram Dass and Leary had escaped from a California prison. Though Leary complains early in his book, "hardly a day in my life has gone by without someone . . . grabbing my hand with that intense look and pouring out a resume of their first psychedelic experience," he fills much of his account of his Harvard years doing its authorly equivalent.

The reader is treated to a long series of psilocybin, LSD, peyote or mushroom bouts with the likes of Arthur Koestler, Allen Ginsberg, Charlie Mingus, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs and Otto Preminger. He also discusses the subject with Abraham Maslow, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Aldous Huxley and others. By 1963, Leary had become too controversial for Harvard and went free-lance with his exploration of what he calls "the neurological frontier."

Leary's arrival in Millbrook, N.Y., to

People

New Orleans is full of interesting sights, but few were more interesting than the sight of Apple's chairman, **Steven Jobs**, intently engaged in conversation with LSD veteran and recent computer-convert **Timothy Leary**, in a hospitality suite at Softcon. Jobs was there to cut software deals for the Macintosh, and Leary's attendance was in connection with XOR Corporation, a Minnetonka, Minnesota, software firm. Leary is working on his design of a 24-module "brain game" that he believes will help people change the way they think and live. Leary's presence attracted the attention of both Jobs and Apple cofounder **Stephen Wozniak**, who visited Leary's suite at separate times for a demonstration. XOR officials, who seemed to be accustomed to the film-industry style of doing business, did a Hollywood blitz on Jobs. They were trying to sell him the rights to their brain game and two other XOR products — but rumor has it the negotiations were somewhat less than cordial and we won't be seeing Leary's game on the Macintosh.



Tom Snyder sings "Run for the Money."

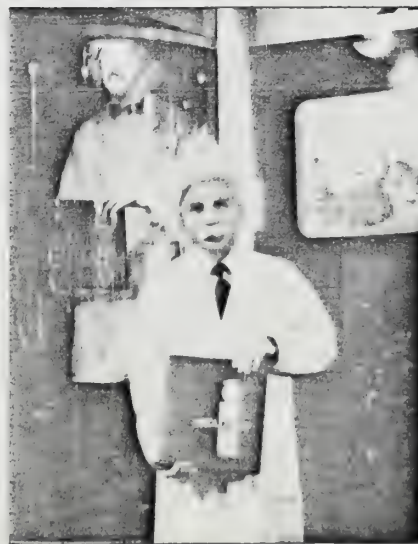
Tom Snyder had party goers doing double takes at the Scarborough Systems bash at Softcon. Not only did he show off packages of his latest game (entitled Run for the Money) to be marketed by Scarborough, but Snyder also showed off his talents as Tom Snyder, CBS recording artist, by doing a couple of full-tilt versions of his latest song called — you guessed it — "Run for the Money." (Snyder also created the popular games Snooper Troops and the Search Series.) Rock wasn't the only musical genre represented: Scarborough hired the Southern University Marching Band to put on a great Mardi Gras-style show, and a blues and jazz band filled in between Snyder's renditions of "Run for the Money."

Charlie Chaplin may have been cute, but **Albert Einstein** was smart as well — and he is as immediately recognizable as



Steven Jobs and Timothy Leary discuss "brain games" at Softcon.

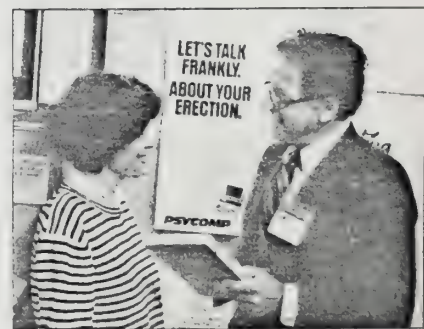
Chaplin's Little Tramp character. So the good doctor has recently been adopted by Armor Systems as a symbol for the Florida company. "Einstein had a unique formula with $E=MC$ squared," said **Neil Peiman**, vice-president of sales for Armor, "and we think we have one too." Einstein is really actor **Mike Basile**. His makeup for Softcon was done by former Disney artist **Bruce Miller**, who spends an initial four hours transforming Basile into the tousle-haired professor. Because of the heat in the Superdome, Miller had to do touch ups every 45 minutes.



Mike Basile poses as Albert Einstein.

"It really grabs you, doesn't it?" said **Nick Barnett**, marketing director for

Psycomp, of the poster that can be seen between Barnett and a show goer. And we must admit, yes, it is a grabber. Psycomp sells self-help software that relates to four different areas of psychology. The poster advertises a program called Treating Sexual Problems that is supposed to treat just what the poster says it will treat. It's an "interactive" ten-session program which, according to the literature, "clarifies frequently-held misconceptions and introduces corrective measures to overcome the problems."



Nick Barnett discusses Psycomp software.

This issue of InfoWorld is the debut of our People page. We'll be running it every other week with pictures and, we hope, somewhat quirky and unusual stories about people in the burgeoning microcomputer industry. We welcome contributions to People. Ideally, we would like a black and white 8 x 10-inch photograph to accompany your anecdote. You won't get any money, but you'll get your name on the page — and you'll have our undying appreciation. What more could you want?

— Denise Caruso, People editor.

MAY 10, 1982

TIME

BUDGET BREAKDOWN
**"We Have Tried
 The Carrot..."**

Show Business

Gold in the Gift of Gab

Despite recession, lecturers are in demand and in the money

Vegas is hurting, and Broadway is no longer booming. Hollywood is nervous, and book publishers are crying recession. But recession has a soft and silky silver lining for some people in the entertainment business: those who make money on the lecture circuit. Fees are up as much as 30% over last year, and audiences are not only willing but eager to pay and listen. "The lecture business is better in a recession," says Robert Keedick, president of the Keedick Lecture Bureau Inc. "People are concerned, and they want to find out what's going on. And lectures are also cheaper than going to a nightclub."

Long gone are the days when a celebrity spoke for fun and a free lunch. Hardly anyone with a reputation steps onto a platform now for less than \$1,500. A big name, like Henry Kissinger or Gerald Ford, can demand \$15,000; a bigger or at least a more commercial name, like Walter Cronkite or Radio Commentator Paul Harvey, can ask for a piece of the moon—or as much of it as \$20,000 can buy. "I'm astounded by the fees people offer for lectures," says Economist Milton Friedman, who asks for, and receives, an astounding \$15,000. "I find it hard to believe I'm worth what I'm paid."

Colleges provide a lucrative market, with fees underwritten by student activity funds, indulgent alumni and the sale of tickets (usually from \$1 to \$10). Less issue oriented than they were a decade ago, students want to be entertained while they are being informed. When they do listen to issues, today's college students usually prefer the liberal side. "They don't want to listen to people in the Administration," says Joe Cosby, who heads Conference Speakers International, one of the five biggest lecture bureaus. "What they love

to hear is someone saying to the Administration, 'You've got it wrong.'"

Business groups have a similar bias—on the conservative side. "They want to hear from Republicans," says Cosby, "except when Democrats are in office; then they still want to hear from Republicans, but they'll listen to Democrats first. When Democrats are out of office, they wish they would just blow away."

With so much gold for gab available, competition is rough, and lecture bureaus, which take anywhere from 30% to 40% of their clients' fees, move swiftly. A couple of TV talk show appearances or a best-seller can double a \$2,000 fee in just a few months. Easy up, easy down, however. The sun is now setting on such onetime stars as Abbie Hoffman, Jody Powell and Gloria Steinem. Perhaps the most provocative current act, and the oddest, couples G. Gordon Liddy, the Watergate tough guy, and Timothy Leary, the apostle of LSD (who was busted in 1966 by then New York State Prosecutor Liddy). Splitting an \$8,000 fee, the two debate the power of the state (Liddy) vs. the freedom of the individual (Leary). "I'm grateful to Tim for drawing out his constituency so that I can convince them of my point of view," says Liddy. Responds Leary: "I think I'm doing a great public service by luring Liddy onto a platform and pressing him to say publicly what Haig, Reagan and Kissinger think privately." Other popular combinations: John Dean and Bob Woodward, who share between \$6,000 and \$9,500; Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt Jr. and former Senator Sam Ervin, chairman of the Watergate committee, who divide \$3,500 to \$5,500.

Not all speakers even pretend to seriousness, however. Jerry Mathers, 33, who played Beaver in *Leave It to Beaver*, a se-

ries of the '50s and '60s, gets \$4,000 mining a deep vein of nostalgia in the TV generation. Audiences yell "Beaver! Beaver!" before he arrives onstage and seem dreamily content to let him recount his rather uneventful life since the series faded from the screen. "My appearances have the same atmosphere as a high school reunion," he says. It looks more like a boarding-school reunion when *The Official Preppy Handbook* Editor Lisa Birnbach (\$4,000) appears. "Sometimes," she says, "there are so many pink button-down shirts out there that I have to wear sunglasses."

There are other hazards on the circuit. Anyone who has made the rounds can tell stories of the host who forgot to meet the plane or reserve a hotel room. "Sometimes they put you up in the cheapest motels because they are trying to save money, and frequently you have to eat dormitory food," complains Dr. Alvin Poussaint, a Harvard psychiatrist (\$1,500), who lost ten pounds doing a series of 19 lectures in one month last year. If they have enough clout, speakers can minimize such dangers by specifying what they need ahead of time. Clare Boothe Luce (\$5,000 to \$8,000), for instance, requires a queen-size bed and windows that open.

Audiences are not usually so successful in pressing their demands. Hunter Thompson (\$3,000), the leading—and only—exponent of Gonzo Journalism, filled an auditorium at the College of Marin, outside San Francisco. The only problem was that Thompson did not appear for 40 minutes and then showed up drunk, waving a bottle of Wild Turkey. Refusing to give a speech, he answered questions instead, and when he was done, many in the room asked for refunds. The college refused. Thompson's performance, it maintained, represented Gonzo Journalism at its very best. And lecture-fee gouging at its very worst.

—By Gerald Clarke.

Reported by Adam Zagorin/New York

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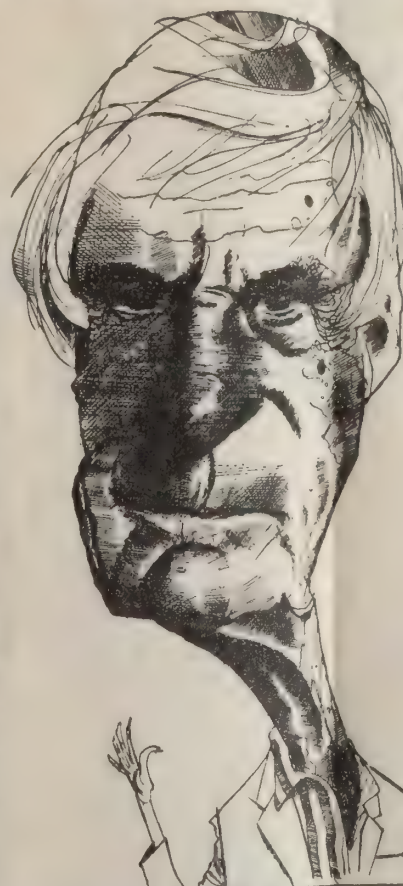
ISSUE
DATED

OCT 1983

Timothy Leary: apple-pie and LSD

FLASHBACKS by Timothy
Leary/Heinemann £9.95 pp397

Jonathan Raban



John Springs

that's a lot" in the history of American publicity. It was instantly copied. A drink called Squirt was peddled with the jingle, "Turn on to Christ, tune in to the Bible, and drop out of sin".

Marshall McLuhan gave him a chilling lesson in media-management. "You are the basic product endorser. Whenever you are photographed, smile. Wave reassuringly. Radiate courage." Leary did as he was told. Photographs of him show a dazzling crescent moon of upper canines and incisors, as if his teeth had taken leave of his jaw and gone out for a smile on their own.

He was a corporation man in the classic American tradition. No sooner had he discovered his new frontier than he wanted to institutionalise it. Evicted from the Center for Personality Research at Harvard, he set up his own pseudo-university at Millbrook, New York State, where he aimed to dish out licences and certificates in acid-dropping. The Castalia Foundation (the name came out of Hermann Hesse) was, as centres of higher education go, in roughly the same league as Macdonald's Hamburger University - just as Leary's claims to be a "philosopher" are about on a par with those of Hugh Hefner.

Trying to convey the glory of being Timothy Leary in 1968, he comes up with a sentence of sublime and vulgar pathos: "Oh the excitement of those days! TV cameras whirled as airplane doors opened."

administration granted it to him. A cleverer, more subtle regime would have left him alone for what he was - a dotty prof with a talent for publicity. The trouble was not that Leary was a serious enemy of the state, but that he, more than any of the real radicals, was talking in a language that the state understood. His marketing techniques looked suspiciously like Johnson's own; and "Turn on, tune in and drop out" was coming to have a more popular airing than "The Great Society" and "The Domino Theory".

When the administration did decide to act, it moved in typically Johnsonian style. Leary was zapped like Charlie Kong. He was sentenced to 20 years in jail, with \$20,000 fine, for possession, so he claims, of a "pinch" of weed worth just 10 dollars. This lunatic piece of retribution threw him into the company of the real tough men of American counter-politics. The Weathermen sprung him from California Men's Colony West and spirited him away to join Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria. The two men were appalled by each other. Cleaver was quick to spot Leary as a playboy-straight; Leary, in turn, saw Cleaver as an ugly exponent of un-American activities. Leary's haste to disentangle himself from the American Government in Exile in Algiers was tinged with real panic: he was in exactly the same position as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn when the boys realised that their friendship with Nigger Jim might lead people to mistake them for liberationists.

Leary is out now. He is married to "the sexiest, smartest, funniest woman in town" (his prose infallibly gives the lie to his claim to have gone beyond the known limits of human psychology; it is resoundingly banal). He boasts that he is now permitted to carry a credit card. He also has another flexible friend, in G. Gordon Liddy, with whom he is currently starring in the documentary film, *Return Engagement*. Who - at least in the world of Horatio Alger stories, where Leary seems to have spent his lifetime - could ask more of the American Way?

HERE IS an American classic, of a kind: the story of a clean-cut lad from Springfield, Massachusetts, gifted with "genius intelligence" and "exceptional", who lit out for the territory of inner space. Like Columbus, Galileo, Jesus Christ and Giordano Bruno (Dr Leary always likes to put himself in the best possible company), he was betrayed, pilloried and misunderstood. Flashbacks, his personal testament, is a book full of unexpected, and usually unintended, revelations.

One crucial sentence rings through it. "The Yippies", complains Leary, "basically didn't like America or American values." To the good people, the parents and home-makers of the 1960s, for whom Leary himself was the Great Beast, that sentiment might have the ring of blatant paradox. It shouldn't. This is a tale of slavish, solemn, flag-waving conformity. In the American-as-apple-pie stakes, Timothy Leary runs neck and neck with Shirley Temple.

His boyhood hero, so he says, was Tom Sawyer. From Classical High, Springfield, he went to West Point, where "far from regretting my loss of individuality I was delighted at being admitted to this masculine elite". When he fell out with authority, it was in a good, red-blooded American way (the quart of illicit whisky, the overnight sojourn in the coeds' dorm). At the University of Alabama, he picked up his naive and superstitious reverence for "science" - a talisman-word which performs exactly the same function in Leary's writings as it does in Mrs Eddy's "Science and Health".

He was 40 before an unlikely Huck Finn called Gerhart Braun introduced him to magic mushrooms in Cuernavaca. Leary the salesman had found his product. He saw a world where psilocybin and LSD could be as big as General Motors and Coca Cola rolled into one. He took over the concession and set about marketing his dream.

He coined the best advertising slogan of the decade. "Turn on, Tune in and Drop out" is rivalled only by "Pepsi Cola hits the spot, twelve full ounces

The popping flashbulbs went to his head. Glamour was an even more powerful substance than lysergic acid. He began to "solemnise" marriages; he mistook himself for Jesus Christ.

I was recognised and the shout went up. Screaming my name in some sort of exultant native cry people grabbed my sleeve, touched my arm in reverence.

He courted crucifixion, and the Johnson

Leary, Timothy
FLASHBACKS: An
Autobiography
Tarcher—dist. by
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KIRKUS
REVIEW

"You've been a hopelessly non-adjusted mad Celt since the day you were born. Drugs helped settle you down. They were a challenging research tool to play with." So said psychologist buddy Frank Barron to Timothy Leary—then in Folsom prison awaiting trial for the sensational Weatherman-aided escape from jail that took him and Rosemary across four continents. The scene comes late in the book. Rosemary has already left, and been replaced by Joanna; she will exit, and Barbara will enter. The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility. The Irish charm and Irish weakness were there in his father, the West Pointer and boozier who exited when the money ran out. Mother was also Irish Catholic and well-born but devout, and doomed to be disappointed by Tim—who was constantly expelled from schools and colleges, and even suffered The Silence at West Point. These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty. There are glamorous days of high living and travel, encounters with Huxley and Koestler, prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor. (About a Minnesota jail: "The hole was clean as a whistle. A metal bunk. A Muriel Humphrey mattress. A beautifully painted (gray) washbasin and toilet. Minimalist design.") The blow-by-blow description of the escape has the tension of detective fiction. Was it worth it after all? Yes, if you're Leary. Today he's fit, happily married, writing, talking, even debating old enemies like Gordon Liddy and making up with Eldridge Cleaver and Ram Dass (Richard Alpert). Gorgeous story-telling—along with the blarney that makes Leary his own best disciple.

Special Issue
Tom Wolfe:
The
World
Of
LSD

NEW YORK

THE WORLD JOURNAL TRIBUNE MAGAZINE
JANUARY 29, 1967

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NEW YORK

THE WORLD JOURNAL TRIBUNE MAGAZINE
JANUARY 29, 1967

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THIS ISSUE

- 4** *THE CHIEF AND HIS MERRY PRANKSTERS TAKE A TRIP WITH ELECTRIC KOOL-AID*, by Tom Wolfe. . . . The Chief is Ken Kesey, promising young novelist who has been arrested twice for possession of marijuana and has taken a great deal of LSD in an effort to explore uncharted territories inside his skull. The Merry Pranksters are Kesey's disciples, who practice the LSD life style in Northern California. The Trip is a ride across country in a Day-Glo-painted schoolbus, and Electric Kool-Aid is a punch which is not served at PTA meetings. Reporter Wolfe tells all about it in the first of a series on the LSD world. Photographed by Ted Streshinsky.
- 8** *SAINT TIMOTHY: MESSIAH OF MILLBROOK*, by Peter Dunn. . . . Timothy Leary, leading proponent of the LSD life, has been in a lot of trouble lately, but his claims for psychedelic sensations have not diminished. As high priest of a new "religion" based on the use of LSD, Leary has alienated many of his former colleagues at Harvard, and much of the general public, who do not take kindly to the "turn on, tune in and drop out" acid theology. Illustrated by Robert Weaver.
- 12** *MIDDLE MANAGEMENT TAKES A TRIP*, by Lawrence Dietz. . . . Representative of the drop-out life in Southern California is Dwight H. Bulkley, formerly a senior engineer with an aerospace company and now a convert to the acid life, although he is careful to say he does not advocate anything illegal. Filled with schemes for humanizing the work-a-day industrial society, Bulkley would like to herald some kind of middle-class revolution, but he is finding that there are problems.
- 28** *CHEETAH—THE NOW CLUB*, by John Gruen. . . . The affluent rock 'n' roll generation has made Cheetah a success because the club is geared to their kind of life. Now Cheetahs are springing up all over the country, providing gathering places for the young and swinging.

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COVER: Representation of the world of LSD designed by Milton Glaser.

CREDITS: Pages 4 through 7, 14 through 23, 26, 27—Ted Streshinsky; pages 8 through 11—Robert Weaver; pages 12, 13—Joel E. Boxer; page 29—Ann Weisman; page 33—James Spanfeller; page 37—Robert Grossman.

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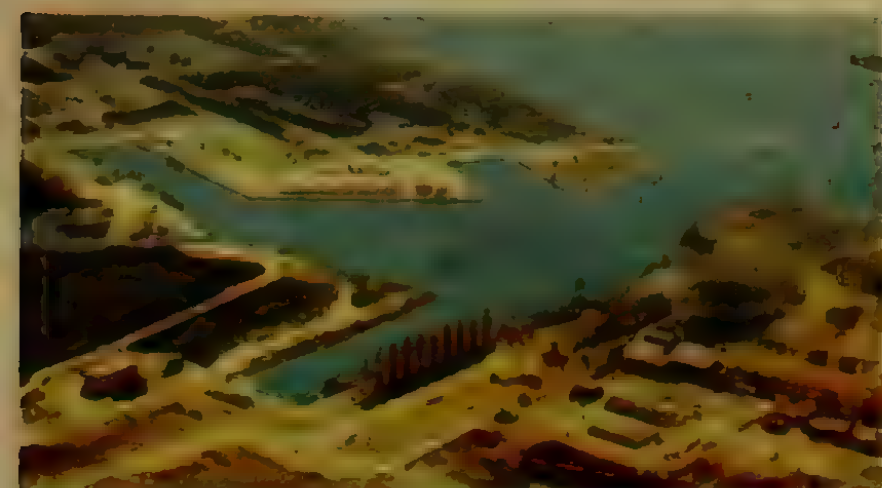
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The Chief and His Merry Pranksters Take a Trip With Electric Kool-Aid

by Tom Wolfe



That's good thinking there, Speed King. Speed King is a kid with three or four days' beard, on sitting next to me in the open back part of a pickup truck. Bouncing along. Dipping and rising and rolling on these rotten springs, like a boat. Out the back of the truck the city of San Francisco is bouncing down the hill, all those endless staggers of bay windows, slums with a view, bouncing and streaming down the hill. One after another, electric signs with neon martini glasses lit up on them, the San Francisco symbol of "bar"—thousands of neon-magenta martini glasses bouncing and streaming down the hill, and beneath them hundreds, thousands of people wheeling around to look at this freaking crazed truck we're in, their white faces erupting from their gray bodies like roasting marshmallows—streaming and bouncing down the hill—and god knows they've got plenty to look at.

That's why it strikes me as funny when Speed King says very seriously over the whole roar of the thing, "I don't know—when Kesey gets out I don't know if I can come around the Warehouse."

"Why not?"

"Well, the cops are going to be coming around like all feisty, so I don't know."

Well, that's good thinking there, Speed King. Don't rouse the bastids. Lie low—like right now.

Right now Speed King is so terrified of the law he is sitting up in plain view of thousands of already startled citizens wearing some kind of Seven Dwarves Black Forest gnome's hat covered in feathers and fluorescent Day-Glo colors. Kneeling in the truck, facing us, also in plain view, is a half-Ottawa Indian girl named Lois Jennings with her head thrown back and a radiant look on her face. Also a blazing silver disk on the middle of her forehead alternately exploding with light when the sun hits it or sending off rainbows from the defraction lines in it. And oh yeah, she has a long-barreled Colt .45 revolver in her hand, only nobody on the street can tell it's a cap pistol as she pegs away, kheew, kheew, at the erupting marshmallow faces like Debra Paget in . . . in . . .

—Kesey's coming out of jail!

Two more things they are looking at out there are a sign on the rear bumper reading "Custer Died for Your Sins" and, at the wheel, Lois' enamorado Stewart Brand, a thin blond guy with a blazing disk on his forehead, too, and a whole necktie made of Indian beads—no shirt, however, just a white butcher's coat with medals from the King of Sweden on it. Brand is 27 and already an ex-biologist and now founder of an organization called America Needs Indians. And then one day he took some acid, i.e., LSD, after an Explorer satellite went up to photo-

graph the earth and as the old synapses began rapping around inside his skull at 5,000 thoughts per second he was struck with one of those questions that inflame men's brains: *Why Haven't We Seen a Photograph of the Whole Earth Yet?*—and he drove across America from Berkeley, California, to 116th St., New York City, selling buttons with that legend to Leftists, Rightists, Fundamentalists, Free Thinkers, malcontents, anyone with the health of paranoia or the put-on Left in their souls—

Here comes a beautiful one, -attache case and all, the day-is-done resentful look and the . . . shoes—how they shine!—what the hell are these beatnik ninnies—and Lois plugs him in the old marshmallow and he goes streaming and bouncing down the hill . . .

And the truck heaves and billows blazing silver, red & Day Glo and I doubt seriously, Speed King, that there is a single cop in all of San Francisco today who does not know that this crazed vehicle is a guerrilla patrol from the dread LSD.

Today the San Francisco police can detect not only drunks and junkies and beatniks when they see them but also acid heads, i.e., persons who take LSD and live the LSD style of life. For a long time the heads could con the cops blind—they knew something was wrong with their weirdos, but what? But now, over the past six

(Continued on page 6)



*Ken Kesey,
on Harriet Street,
outside the garage
where his group, the
Merry Pranksters,
encamped in
San Francisco.*



(Continued from page 4) months, so many of the heads have been piling in together, in a community, it is dawning on the police, the whole pattern. Hundreds of kids are moving into a slum, the Haight-Ashbury section, halfway across town from the old bohemia, North Beach, and living, gypsy-like, in communal groups with names like the Calliope, the Diggers, the British Embassy, the Family Dog, or with no names. And the costumes, not bohemian dress but costumes, the jesuschrist strung-out hair, the Indian beads, the old gods' eyes, the fluorescent vests, the Errol Flynn dueling shirts, the painted faces—the plainclothesmen are beginning to pick up on all that, but they still fog up on the shoes. The heads have a thing about the shoes straight people wear. See the FBI—FBI shoes—when the FBI finally grabbed Kesey—

There is another girl in the back of the truck, a dark little Mexican-looking girl with thick black hair, called Black Maria, although she is really Carolyn, an ex-San Jose State student, and she says to me:

"When is your birthday?"

"March 2."

"Pisces," she says. And then: "I would never take you for a Pisces."

"Why?"

"You seem too . . . solid for a Pisces."

But I know she means stolid. I am beginning to

feel stolid. Back in New York City, Black Maria, I tell you, I am even known as something of a dude. But somehow a blue silk blazer and a big tie with clowns on it doesn't set them all to doing the Varsity Rag in the acid world in San Francisco. Lois picks off the marshmallows one by one, Speed King ascends into the innards of his Day=Glo gnome's hat, Black Maria, a Scorpio herself, rummages through the Zodiac, Stewart Brand winds it through the streets, pailletes explode—and this is the odd part: it is just an ordinary day in the new acid world of San Francisco, just a little routine befuddling of the citizenry en route while giving some guy from New York a lift to the Warehouse to wait for the Chief, Ken Kesey, who is getting out of jail.

Until the day of this ride to the Warehouse, all I knew about Kesey was that he was a very highly regarded 31-year-old novelist and in a lot of trouble over drugs. He wrote *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1962), which was made into a play, and *Sometimes a Great Notion* (1964). He was always included with Philip Roth and a couple of others as one of the young novelists who might go all the way. Then he was arrested twice for possession of marijuana, in April of 1965 and January of 1966, and fled to Mexico rather than face a possible five years in prison. During the summer I happened to see some

letters Kesey wrote from Mexico to his friend Larry McMurtry, the author of *Hud*. They were wild, ironic letters written like a cross between William Burroughs and George Ade, telling of hideouts, disguises, paranoia, fleeing from cops, smoking joints and seeking satori in the Rat lands of Mexico—all of which I will get to in a minute. There was one passage written George Ade-fashion in the third person, as a parody of what the world back there in the U. S. A., the good straight locked-in literary world, must think of him now:

"In short, this young, handsome, successful happily-married-three-lovely-children father, was a fear-crazed dope fiend in flight to avoid prosecution on three felonies and god knows how many misdemeanors and seeking at the same time to sculpt a new satori from an old surf—and in even shorter, mad as a hatter.

"Once an athlete so valued he had been given the job of calling signals from the line and risen into contention for nationwide amateur wrestling crown, now he didn't know if he could do a dozen pushups. Once possessor of a phenomenal bank account and money waving from every hand, now it was all his poor wife could do to scrape together eight dollars to send as getaway money to Mexico. But a few years previous he had been listed in "Who's Who"

“...What was it that had brought a man so high of promise to so low a state in so short a time? Well, the answer can be found in just one short word, my friends, in just one all-well-used syllable. Dope!...”



Above: Paula, a college student, reads atop the Merry Pranksters' "Bam truck." On sidewalk Gretchen Fetchin sits with her baby, "Mouse." Opposite page: The Hermit, wearing glasses adorned with concentric lines of Day Glo color. Figure in background (light sleeve) looking at The Bus is Kesey.

and asked to speak at such auspicious gatherings as the Wellesley Club in Dah-la and now they wouldn't even allow him to speak at a VDC [Viet Nam Day Committee] gathering. What was it that had brought a man so high of promise to so low a state in so short a time? Well, the answer can be found in just one short word, my friends, in just one all-well-used syllable.

"Dope!"

"And while it may be claimed by some of the addled advocates of these chemicals that our hero is known to have indulged in drugs before his literary success, we must point out, that there was evidence of his literary prowess well before the advent of the so-called psychedelic into his life but no evidence at all of any of the lunatic thinking that we find thereafter!"

To which he added:

"(oh yeah, the wind hums
time ago—time ago—
the rafter drums and the walls see
... and there's a door to that bird
in the sa-a-a-pling sky
time ago by—
Oh yeah the surf giggles
time ago time ago
of under things killed when

bad was banished and all the
doors to the birds vanished
time ago then.)"

Kesey sneaked back into the U. S. in October and the FBI caught him after a chase down a freeway embankment in San Francisco on October 20. Thanks to three young lawyers working on his case, Pat Hallinan, Brian Rohan and Paul Robertson, he was coming out on bail. I arrive in San Francisco. Young Novelist Fugitive Eight Months in Mexico—but the first day in San Francisco I begin to see that the Kesey saga is far stranger than that. The LSD life in San Francisco has already caused some curious things to happen. North Beach, the fabled North Beach, is dead—everything is now Haight-Ashbury. The old hippy life—jazz, coffee houses, civil rights, Viet Nam—it is all suddenly dying, even among students at Berkeley. Even the Negroes are no longer in the hip scene, not even as totem figures—although the Hell's Angels suddenly are. What happens to hippy modes doesn't matter particularly. But it is a symptom of the sudden build-up of the LSD life.

Kesey's return from Mexico is the acid world's first political crisis. Timothy Leary and his New York gospel are almost beside the point. They all start watching to see what Kesey will do, Kesey

and his mystic brotherhood, The Merry Pranksters.

As soon as we get to the Warehouse, I begin to see that people like Lois Jennings and Stewart Brand and Black Maria are the restrained, reflective wing of the Merry Pranksters. The Warehouse is on Harriet Street, between Howard and Folsom. Like most of San Francisco, Harriet Street is a lot of wooden buildings with bay windows all painted white. But Harriet Street is in San Francisco's Skid Row area, and despite all the paint it looks like about 40 whores crawled off in the shadows and died and turned black and bloated and exploded, sending forth a storm of spirochetes that got into every board, every strip, every crack, every splinter, every flecking flake of paint. The Warehouse actually turns out to be the ground floor garage of an abandoned hotel. We pull up to the garage and there is a panel truck parked just outside painted in blue, orange, yellow, red Day Glo with the word "BAM" in huge letters on the hood. From out the black hole of the garage comes the sound of a record by Bob Dylan with his raunchy harmonica and Ernest Tubbs' voice raunching and rheuming in the old jack-legged chants—

... Inside is a huge chaotic space with what looks at first in the gloom like 10 or 15 upright American flags walking around. This (Continued on page 14)

Stereop—A New Dimension

Artist Robert Weaver has created *Stereop*—a disciplined method of viewing carefully prepared material to produce a three-dimensional image.

1. Place magazine open and flat against upright support. (3 to 4 feet for stereograph on pages 8 and 9; 6 to 7 feet for stereograph on pages 10 and 11.)

2. Cross eyes until there are three images instead of two. Concentrate on middle image and ignore two side images. (See Fig. A.)

3. When particular details within middle image are overlapped and in focus there should be true depth.

4. At this point you may use your hands to block out the side images.

If you have a problem inducing the third image, try the following:

5. Hold your forefinger in line with the dividing line of the stereograph. Focus on the dividing line. (See Fig. B.)

6. Slowly move your finger toward your nose. This will occur. (See Fig. C.)

7. Now shift the focus from your finger to the middle image.

8. Go to 3.

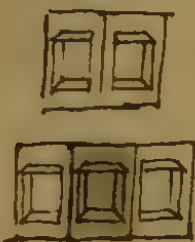


Fig. A



Fig. B



Fig. C

At the Gate, a club theater in Greenwich Village, the crowds jostled each other to get the last seats for the show—a religious psychedelic celebration called *The Reincarnation of Jesus Christ*.

The promoters were the League for Spiritual Discovery (LSD), an organization which is demanding court recognition as a religion based on the use of LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), a "mind-expanding" drug 400 times more powerful than mescaline. The League's celebrations, which simulate LSD trips with wild visual aids, drew capacity audiences in the city for weeks in a row.

The cult's high priest, sometimes known as the prophet of the psychedelic revolution, is an ex-Harvard clinical psychologist, Dr. Timothy Leary. Dr. Leary is at present appealing a 30-year prison sentence imposed in Texas for transporting half an ounce of marijuana and failing to pay the state marijuana tax. In a remarkably short space of time, the League has become a collecting ground for discontented students and middle-class intellectuals. The League's campus-style slogan is "Turn on, tune in and drop out." It is im-

possible to check how many of the people who take the drug are college students looking briefly for kicks; but no one hopes more than Dr. Leary that LSD is cracking the smooth surface of materialism. At 46 he appears to be obsessed by a "blue-nosed middle-class bureaucracy" and consciously shuns it by wearing casual Mod clothes and letting his hair grow. Girls think he is sexy. Some people treat him like a messiah and, indeed, the unorthodox churchman in Dr. Leary seems now to have overtaken the scientist. He has just performed his first LSD wedding at his headquarters, Alte Haus, a spooky neo-Bavarian mansion which stands in 4,000 acres of land, 60 miles north of New York.

Leary makes claims for his organization which cannot readily be checked—for example, that 50,000 underground groups of LSD takers are waiting for the outcome of his case in the New York Supreme Court.

To support his plea for using LSD in religious ceremonies, Leary cites the 1964 ruling of the California Supreme Court which set aside the conviction of three Navajo Indians for using peyote (a psychedelic drug). The Indians were members of an Indian sect which uses the drug as part of its religion.

"We cannot possibly see," said Dr. Leary, "how they can prevent our guides, or priests, from importing and distributing LSD in, perhaps, shrines or homes. If it's turned down it's virtually admitting that this is a country of Fascism and materialism. Within a year the League will have a million members who will turn on with LSD every seven days."

The New York Medical Society, which believes

Saint Timothy: Messiah of Millbrook

by Peter Dunn



that Dr. Leary is more than a little odd, says that some sources of LSD may lead back to Canada and Britain. The society has repeatedly warned that the drug might be dangerous and that research into its beneficial effects on alcoholics, though initially promising, is far from complete. It is thought possible in some cases that LSD can start off psychotic reactions in borderline schizophrenics. I met one local LSD user who had stopped taking the drug for this reason.

Dr. Leary tends to pooh-pooh stories of LSD users who launch off from fifth story windows in the belief that they can fly. But part of his case rests on his own acknowledgment that LSD could be dangerous in the hands of an "unbeliever" and that it should only be taken "in a state of grace" and with a guide on hand to bring out a disciple who is in terror.

There would be little consolation, presumably, in *The Psychedelic Phone Directory*, issued by the Psychedelic Information Center in Cambridge, Mass. The directory, which contains Leary's phone number, says in a foreword that it is "for those occasions during an LSD session when you feel like talking to someone. Maybe you want to tell somebody how the universe is. . . . Don't call your psychiatrist! He doesn't know. Don't call your mother. You'll have a hard time explaining afterwards. Don't call Lyndon Johnson. It won't do any good. . . . Names and numbers are in large print, the better to be read with dilated eyes."

LSD, which is not addictive, is known as The Hawk, The Chief, 25, the Big D, the Cube, Blue Acid or just Acid. It is taken orally, usually on a sugar cube, is tasteless, odorless and colorless, costs from \$2 to \$5

a dose and keeps its user high for eight hours and often much longer.

Leary himself has been on over 300 trips though he says he has abstained for nearly a year. He urged his followers to do likewise last spring but there is little evidence around Alte Haus that they have done so. Children aged seven and upwards who stay at the house with their parents have been given LSD. So has a ginger mongrel dog. In neither case, to date, have there been any apparent ill-effects.

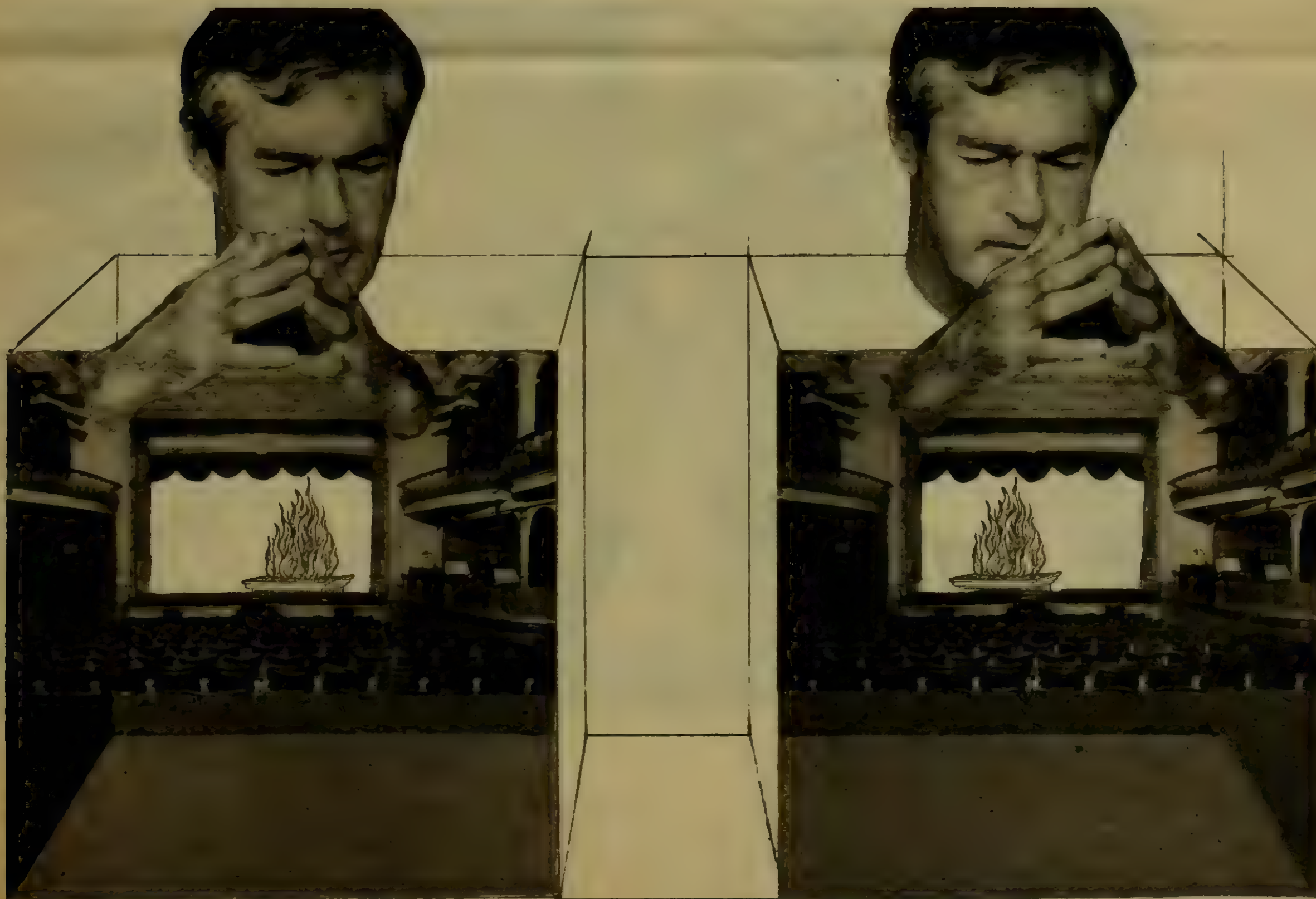
Dr. Timothy Leary's father was an army captain. The family was "very strong Catholic" with one of Leary's uncles a Monseigneur. Leary, an only child, says: "I didn't resent the Catholicism." He might have gone into the Navy. He says, with a laugh, today: "I'm in the business of navigation now, anyway." Instead he went to West Point, where he broke some kind of code and was sent to Coventry by the Corps of Cadets for nine months. During that time no one spoke to him and no one sat next to him at the table.

The mouse, in this game, escaped from the cats by

" . . . One night, by candlelight and with almost perfunctory ceremony, Dr. Leary put on a white suit and conducted the first LSD wedding . . . "

reading and introspection. "I read philosophy, Eastern philosophy. It was like a Yoga monastery," Leary says. When he left West Point early, he went to Alabama University where he majored in psychology, then into the Army in 1942 as a military psychologist. The war lifted psychology, "a piddling science," into a postwar eminence which, by and by, Leary came to despise. "It became a part of the mechanization of America," he says. "You get a mechanic to fix the machine, so psychology is the engineering for your personality—a naive notion that problems that are basically spiritual can be tinkered around with by the most juvenile theories. Psychology now is a trade union. Now you can't run a business, a prison, a hospital, a school, you name it, you got to have a psychologist." In those early years he established a brightly aggressive reputation, writing books and making some enemies with his theories that psychiatrists were getting too imperialistic with their patients. In 1958, on holiday in Spain, he had "a mystical experience." Leary said: "One day I got a severe itch in my scalp, the most incredible thing. I couldn't stop scratching. It was the most powerful insane thing. My conscience was taken over by this. Then my face swelled so I couldn't see. I got huge blotches all over my skin, then it went down to my ankles and I couldn't walk. I wasn't sick in the sense that I had a fever; it was this wave of something in my body, a psychosomatic spiritual experience, like a snake shedding its skin. Then I figured I wouldn't go back to the U.S."

He toured Europe, and (Continued on page 10)



searching for a family situation. His house is a family place with all the problems but also all the security of a big family. You can only take LSD if you've no inhibitions about it, and in a society where mass hysteria has been built up against drugs it's a very natural thing to have this fear."

Whatever the Supreme Court may say about the future of LSD as a religious sacrament, the future of the League for Spiritual Discovery may shrink before the natural cynicism of the type of people who would normally support it. There are already signs of elbowing for the microphone at LSD rallies, and in Greenwich Village the restless minds are looking for something new, accusing the League of edging too close to Madison Avenue. Leary doesn't appear to be making a fortune out of this enterprise. The headquarters mansion cost \$55,000 to run last year and will cost twice as much this year. People think, anyway, that the germ of a good idea (exploring the mind) has gone a bit astray in the present environment of saris and meditation bells. The Rev. Raymond Cunningham, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Millbrook, and a genuine admirer of Leary's intelligence, says: "I hope the outcome of his legal troubles would be that Timothy Leary would be put on probation to work under a bona fide scientific organization. I think this whole religious area of his is rather dubious. He knows a great deal about religion but very little about theology."

Leary admits: "We're becoming too successful; part of the Establishment. In 30 years' time there'll be a new sacramental element. LSD will be the

orthodoxy and my name will be used to penalize and humiliate the discoveries of the new element. I'm already historical. I feel like a picture of King George V on the wall."

He broadened this theme a few nights later at a psychedelic celebration in Greenwich Village. It was held in a packed basement theater and two narcotics cops stood at the back of the hall looking for old friends. Leary had taken the audience through the first part of the session in which bright images of enlarged blood cells and superimposed shots of New York had been flashed on to a screen with twin lens projectors. "The LSD orthodoxy running this country in 50 years' time will allege that the people who use electronic brain stimulants, EBS, are making people jump down manholes," he said. "Be ready for the next sacrament, the electronic brain stimulant."

"Call it the electric chair," said a narcotics cop. "Hey," he said to me, "what you want to come to this flea bag for?"

Leary's friend and colleague from Harvard days,

"... The essence of Eastern spiritualism somewhat erodes Dr. Leary's claim to have started the first indigenous religion in America . . ."

Richard Alpert, went up to the small stage to answer questions. Alpert, about Leary's age, was in flowered shirt and striped hipster trousers. He talked about Leary's court case in Texas. "And I heard him talking to that judge as a fellow human being and I could see the struggle in that judge and the movement, the change."

"Yeah," said a narcotics cop. "That's why he gave him 30 years."

Allen Ginsburg, thick-bearded, came hurrying through the dark crowd, going somewhere. "Hey," said the cop, "that's Allen Ginsburg. Good evening, Allen." But Ginsburg, though he passed close, didn't hear. Later the poet joined the LSD leaders on the stage and implied rather sourly (it was, after all, Leary's audience) that he thought Leary was prosaic rather than poetic and that the display of psychedelic images had been esthetically inadequate. At this Dr. Leary and Dr. Alpert began to laugh.

Leary ended the evening on a defiant note: "There's no government official," he said, "and there's no institution to tell anyone what to do with their own nervous system in our own shrines. Government supervision of that is like government supervision of the loss of virginity."

The following night at Kennedy Airport I met an Air Force sergeant lugubriously filling his role as a volunteer for the Viet Nam war. The sergeant said he would like to shoot Dr. Leary and his type in the street. Then he added—like a man observing the formalities of civilization: "Well, perhaps not in the street. I'd shoot 'em in an alleyway." ■



searching for a family situation. His house is a family place with all the problems but also all the security of a big family. You can only take LSD if you've no inhibitions about it, and in a society where mass hysteria has been built up against drugs it's a very natural thing to have this fear."

Whatever the Supreme Court may say about the future of LSD as a religious sacrament, the future of the League for Spiritual Discovery may shrink before the natural cynicism of the type of people who would normally support it. There are already signs of elbowing for the microphone at LSD rallies, and in Greenwich Village the restless minds are looking for something new, accusing the League of edging too close to Madison Avenue. Leary doesn't appear to be making a fortune out of this enterprise. The headquarters mansion cost \$55,000 to run last year and will cost twice as much this year. People think, anyway, that the germ of a good idea (exploring the mind) has gone a bit astray in the present environment of saris and meditation bells. The Rev. Raymond Cunningham, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Millbrook, and a genuine admirer of Leary's intelligence, says: "I hope the outcome of his legal troubles would be that Timothy Leary would be put on probation to work under a bona fide scientific organization. I think this whole religious area of his is rather dubious. He knows a great deal about religion but very little about theology."

Leary admits: "We're becoming too successful; part of the Establishment. In 30 years' time there'll be a new sacramental element. LSD will be the

orthodoxy and my name will be used to penalize and humiliate the discoveries of the new element. I'm already historical. I feel like a picture of King George V on the wall."

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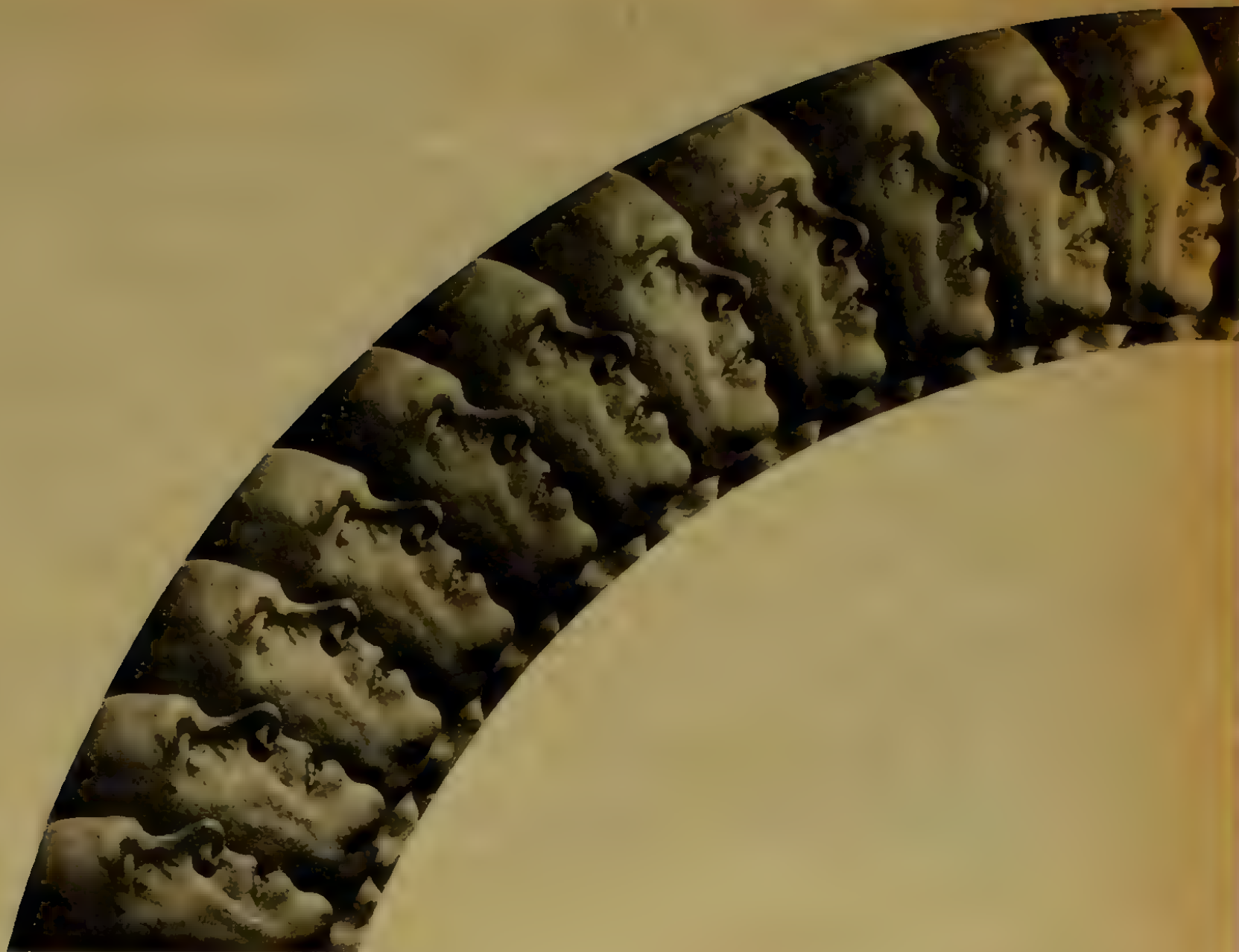
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Middle Management Takes a Trip

by Lawrence Dietz

All he was doing was appearing on some local TV shows to urge the careful, supervised use of LSD. He even went so far as to write up a little pamphlet called "Guidelines," which explained the precautions one should take before using a hallucinogenic drug, in order to avoid a bum trip. The only thing was that at the time Dwight H. Bulkley was a senior engineer in the Autonetics division of North American Aviation, in Anaheim, California.

Someone at North American got wind of the fact that Bulkley was making these appearances and all of a sudden the company biggies got up tight—their general reaction was on the order of: who in hell is this clown, and what is he doing to our corporate image? So they sent for help, and some guys from the Office of Naval Intelligence went after Bulkley. The ONI ops took Bulkley over to the El Toro Marine Base to try and discover if he was some sort of affiliated subversive, out to blow the minds of America's scientific defense team. What they found was that Bulkley wasn't working for the Russians, or anyone else, for that matter, except NAA. He just happened to believe in a religious experience which he terms "unitive"—a one-ness with the universe, oneself, and God (though not necessarily in that order)—which is most easily achieved, according to Bulkley, by taking hallucinogenic drugs.

But this sort of non-conspiratorial reality was not calculated to still the fears of the NAA brass. They would, after all, be approaching the Pentagon for defense contracts, and there would certainly be some bright bird Colonel who would demand to know why they were harboring a nutball, and how stable can a company be with someone like that working for it. So NAA did what any rational corporation would do under the circumstances: they fired Bulkley—ostensibly for sending copies of his "Guidelines" through the inter-office mails.

Now the first reaction to this is that the guy *must* be some kind of nut. It is not for nothing that we have conditioned ourselves to think of life in terms of constantly trying to upgrade our social and/or financial position. But if Southern California has become the apotheosis of suburban, middle-class living, it has also become a center for people who are taking a hard look at corporate life, and themselves, and saying *the hell with it*.

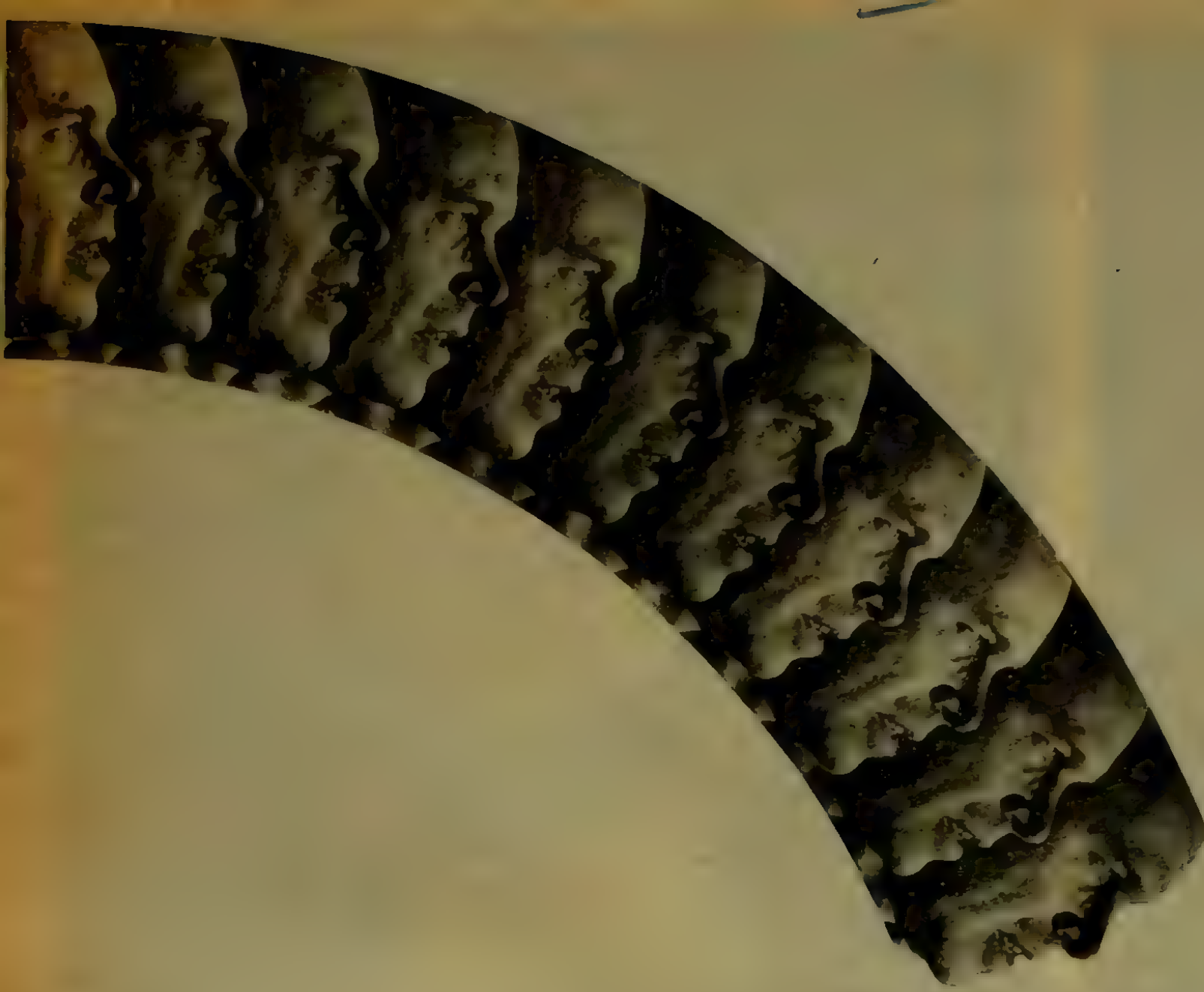
Bulkley admits that he "subconsciously engineered" his dismissal. He is sitting in the living room of his house in Laguna Beach—two hours down the coast from Los Angeles. He is rehashing the whole thing with his wife, while a visitor tries to get them to admit that their "unitive" religious experience, applied to enough people, would destroy Western civilization as it has existed for the last 600 years. "Look," says Bulkley, "I'm at a turning point in life. I'm fed up with aerospace. I have a whole new fluid state. But a place like Autonetics need not fear people resolving their problems, getting happier. People do all kinds of jobs, and have fun doing them. In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna tells you that if you've got to go out and kill, do it with enthusiasm—hehhehheh. But you see what I mean—a person can even be making Minuteman missiles. All of these events are part of a beautiful unitive reality.

"I guess that when more and more people start exploring themselves through LSD, there will be a fluidity to a lot of the social structure. If there are functions that seem goofy, people may not want to do them, but there will be creative solutions to these social problems." The visitor casts about for some job so revolting that one cannot imagine any amount of psychic well-being bringing a man to the acceptance of doing it for a living. "How about hog slaugh-

tering?" he asks. "Well," says Bulkley, "*there's a* job which asks that someone work off his hostilities. Now you could mechanize the process—" His wife interrupts: "Why not give the hog LSD? That way it would be happy when it died, and there wouldn't be all of the hostility-guilt things."

Creative solutions to societal problems aside, Bulkley claims that as much as LSD brought him to the point where he would engage in activities, no matter what the cost to his career, at the same time it has brought a number of people into society. He cites the case of a band of kids—addicts, "down and out hoods, bums"—who started taking LSD a few years ago for kicks, but found a profound experience in the drug. According to another of Bulkley's pamphlets, "Group LSD," they wound up with about 100 people tripping out on a more or less regular weekly basis. They would all go out into the desert, or up into the mountains, spread some blankets in a circle, and take the drug. "... as the egos dissolve," Bulkley wrote, "there occurs a spontaneous interlocking of hands ... others are tuned in with you ... when one person is locked onto a fundamental survival problem, deep in the past, three or four other persons may find themselves heaving and blowing, huffing and puffing in support." All of these kids, claims Bulkley, returned to society, taking jobs and supporting themselves. California society—in all its legal majesty—responded by passing a Dangerous Drug Act aimed specifically at LSD; it has forced the kids to take off for Arizona or Mexico to hold their group sessions.

The California legislature was moved to pass such a bill because of the adverse publicity LSD has received. For every Alpert, Leary or Bulkley touting the drug's therapeutic values, there are 50 doctors and 500 cops decrying its use. "It's all a bunch of ———," Bulkley says. "It is *not* dangerous. You might



"... The ONI ops took Bulkley to the El Toro Marine Base to discover if he was some sort of affiliated subversive, out to blow the minds of America's scientific defense team ..."

liken it to a beautiful mountain lake in which 100,000 people swim every year. About 100 don't know how to swim; they thrash about and are rescued. Once in a while someone drowns. The doctor's solution is to prevent anyone from swimming there. Most doctors are frightened by insanity. Their whole experience is with people in insane asylums. They're frightened by the ego-loss in LSD." His wife disagrees. "A lot of it has to do with what people value. These guys have been in school for 10 years. I don't blame them not wanting to risk it. Especially if they have a wife and kids." (It is one of Bulkley's central tenets, by the way, that use of LSD makes one more willing to accept people as they are.)

The Dangerous Drug Act, passed by the California legislature after virtually hysterical debate, has also put Bulkley and everyone else who is in favor of hallucinogens in the absurd position of having to issue a disclaimer stating that they do not "advocate the breaking of any laws" before they discuss LSD with California radio, TV or newspaper reporters.

In any event, this gives the visitor another chance to throw more *sturm und drang* attitudes into the conversation. He relates the story of another space engineer whom we shall call Ralph: this guy just walked out of his office at Hughes one day, went home, and began reading philosophy. Ralph didn't take any drugs. He just sat, *for two years*, reading everything from Zen to Hegel. He sold all of the furniture in the house, and his wife wound up as a cocktail waitress in a nearby bowling alley so that the family would have some money coming in. At the end of two years Ralph got up one morning and went back to Hughes.

Bulkley is not at all upset by the story. "Okay," he says, "there are temporary dropouts, growth, maturation. This is not to be feared. Everyone's profession is related to his deepest problem, related to

solving that problem. If a person goes to that problem, either through LSD or by some other means, it's to be expected that the direction of his life will change."

But, claims the visitor, Bulkley has thrown himself to the dogs: he has wrecked his life. If nothing else, where will the money come from? Evidently Bulkley gets a little income from selling his pamphlets (he has written 10 of them). He is also trying to peddle some inventions, including one which he claims will revolutionize the study of biochemistry. And notwithstanding the fact that, as he puts it, "with the LSD experience one comes to a greater realization of non-verbal realities," he has written two books, one an autobiography, the other a psycho-philosophic exposition of his theories about the unitive experience. He has been whizzing them back and forth to New York publishers without, thus far, much success.

A few days later, however, Bulkley comes up to Los Angeles, searches out his visitor, and tells him of an idea he has which not only could make him a small fortune, but really is a harbinger of monumental social change. Bulkley calls it an "LSD corporation." He is not talking about manufacturing the drug. He wants to form a company which will manufacture a given something, most probably some sort of sport fishing gizmo he has devised, in which all the work will be done by workers who come in when they feel like it.

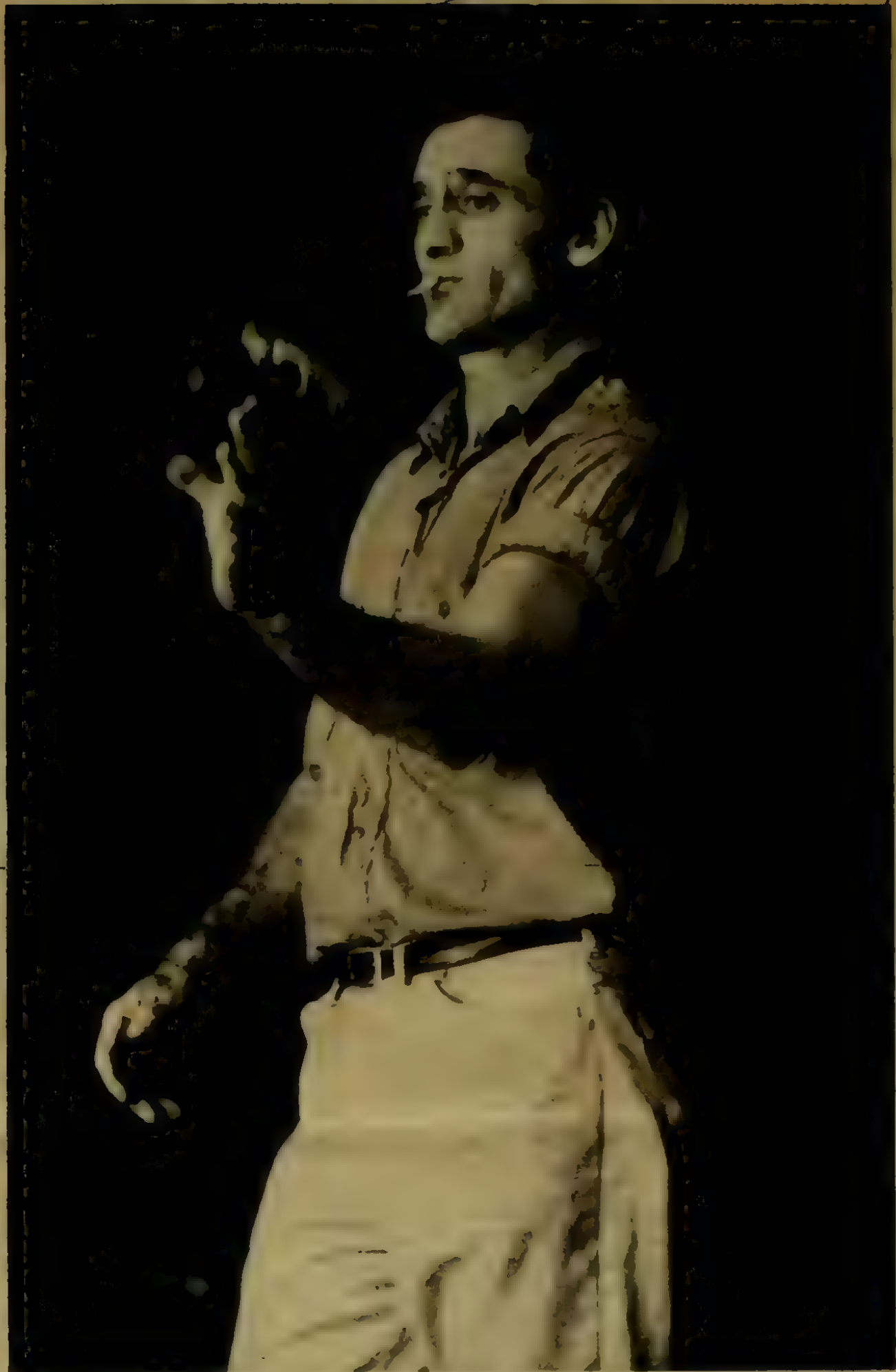
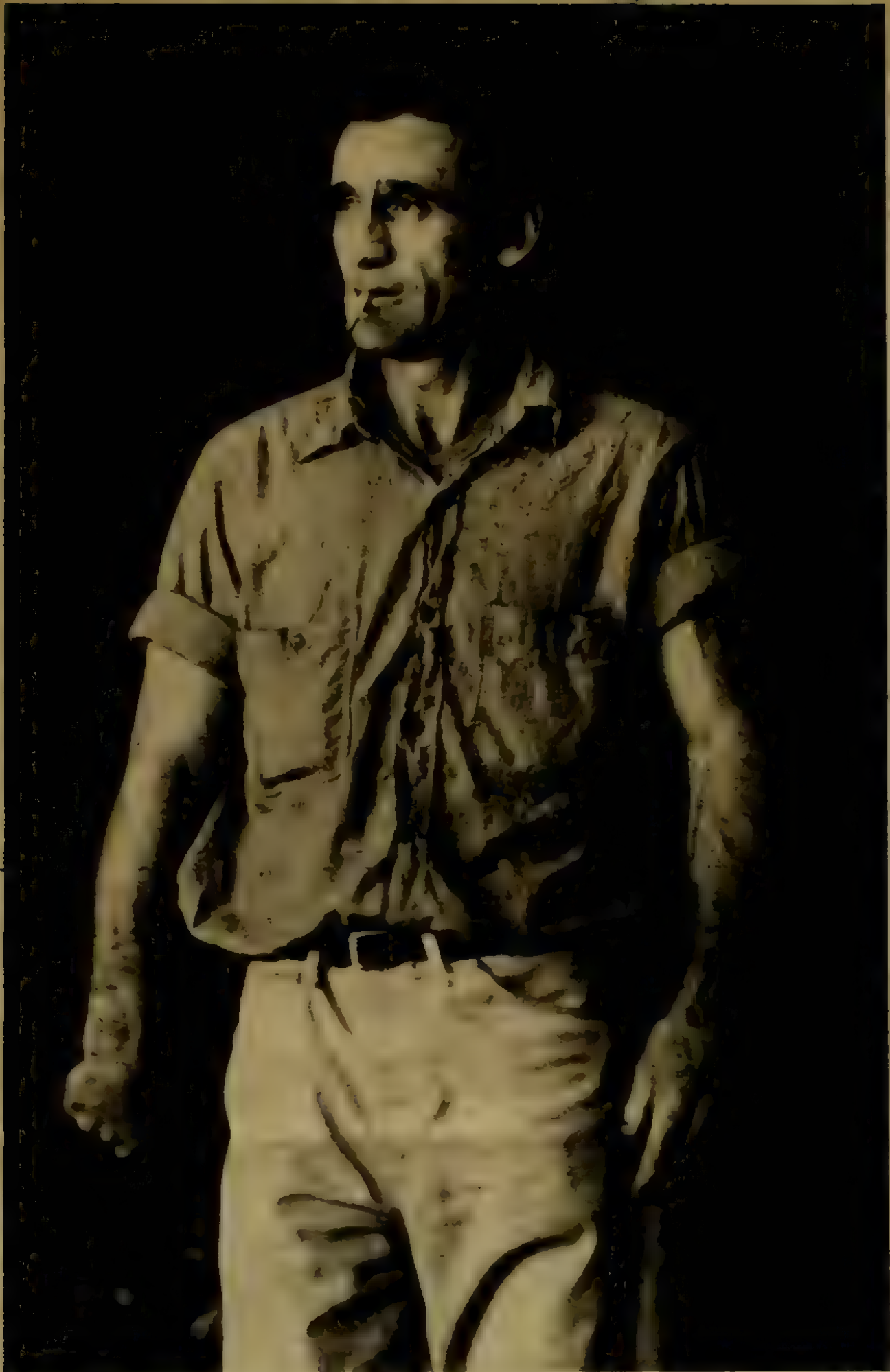
As Bulkley envisions it, each work station will have an easily understandable list of instructions telling the worker what he should do there. A person can come in, decide what it is he wants to do, quickly learn how to do it, work as many days as he wishes, and take off to go surfing, or whatever. Ideally, there would be bunk beds and a cafeteria.

"The point of it," says Bulkley, "is that this would be a fluid, *human* company, with a simple set of values. The workers would be free souls. You know that if you go to a place and ask them for a job as a day laborer, you have to pretend that you are marrying into the corporation, that you want to stay with them until you die, rise through the ranks, all that—

"In my company, people would have *fun*. There would be the minimum of machines, and the most human handwork. Anyone who had had a bum trip on LSD could come in and have empathy—there would always be someone there who had had the LSD experience. It's really somewhere for the lost soul to go instead of a hostile place like a psychiatric institution or a monster corporation." There would be permanent workers—mostly in the executive positions—but Bulkley thinks that these people would not be there because of some societal pressure to hold a good job, but because they would enjoy what they are doing. Furthermore, he thinks that the company could sell its product at a competitive price.

Another great function the company would serve would be to finance legal defenses for people who have run afoul of the laws regulating the use of LSD. The way Bulkley describes it, the company would serve as sort of a corporate ACLU, but a swinging one.

But before General Motors, the New York Stock Exchange and assorted social historians begin to worry about the fact that they may be witnessing the *institutionalized* beginning of the end of the American social system—goodbye to the monoliths of welfare capitalism—it is well to remember that Ralph is back at Hughes. And Bulkley came to Los Angeles primarily to visit an outfit called 40-Plus, which specializes in job placements for middle-aged, middle-management aerospace executives and engineers. ✽



(Continued from page 7) turns out to be a bunch of men and women, most of them in their 20s, in white coveralls of the sort airport workers wear, only with sections of American flags sewn all over, mostly the stars against fields of blue but some with red stripes running down the legs. Around the sides is a lot of theater scaffolding with blankets strewn across like curtains and whole rows of uprooted theater seats piled up against the walls and big cubes of metal debris and ropes and girders . . .

One of the blanket curtains edges back and a little figure vaults down from a platform about nine feet up. It glows. It is a guy about five feet tall with some sort of World War I aviator's helmet on . . . glowing with curves and swirls of green and orange Day Glo. His boots, too; he seems to be bouncing over on a pair of fluorescent globes. He stops. He has a small, fine, ascetic face with a big mustache and huge eyes. The eyes narrow and he breaks into a grin. Then he goes into a snuffling giggle and bounds, glowing, over into a corner, in among the debris.

Everybody laughs. I'm the only one who scans the scaffolding for the remains.

"That's the Hermit," somebody says. Three days later I see he has built a cave in the corner.

A bigger glow in the center of the garage. I make out a schoolbus . . . glowing orange, green, ma-

genta, lavender, every fluorescent pastel imaginable in thousands of designs, large and small, roaring together and vibrating off each other as if somebody had given Hieronymus Bosch 40 buckets of Day-Glo paint and a 1939 International Harvester schoolbus and told him to go to it. On the floor by the bus is a 15-foot banner reading ACID TEST GRADUATION, also Day Glo, and two or three of the Flag People are working on it. Bob Dylan's voice is raunching and rheuming and people are moving around, and off to one side is a guy about 40 with a lot of muscles, as you can see because he has no shirt on—just a pair of khakis and some red leather boots—and he seems to be in a kinetic trance, flipping a small sledge hammer up in the air over and over, always managing to catch the handle on the way down with his arms and legs kicking out the whole time and his shoulders rolling and his head bobbing, all in a jerky beat as if somewhere Joe Cuba is playing "Bang Bang," although in fact even Bob Dylan is no longer on, and out of the amplifier, wherever the hell it is, comes some sort of tape with a spectral voice saying:

" . . . The Nowhere Mine . . . we've got bubble gum wrappers . . . we're going to jerk it out from under the world . . . working in the Nowhere Mine . . . this day, every day. . . "

One of the Flag People comes up.

"Hey Mountain Girl! That's wild!"

Mountain Girl is a tall girl, big and beautiful, with dark brown hair falling down to her shoulders, looking like a paint brush half dipped in cadmium yellow from where she dyed it blonde in Mexico, and it is growing out and away. She pivots and shows the circle of stars on the back of her coveralls.

"We got 'em at a uniform store," she says. "Aren't they great! There's this old guy in there, says, 'Now, you ain't gonna cut them flags up for costumes, are you?' And so I told him, 'Naw, we're gonna git some horns and have a parade.' But you see this? This is really why we got 'em."

She points to a button on the coveralls. Everybody leans in to look. A motto is engraved on the button in art nouveau curves: "Can't bust 'em."

"Can't Bust Em!" . . . and about time! After all the times the Pranksters have gotten busted, by the San Mateo County cops, the San Francisco cops, the Mexicale Federale cops, FBI cops, cops, cops, cops. . . .

Mountain Girl is 20. Her name is Carolyn Adams, but I never heard anybody call her anything but Mountain Girl. She is from New York and both her parents are biologists and she is an ex-laboratory technician . . . to be a Prankster is to be an *ex* something . . . but she has picked up a California country

“... He decided it was time to push on even further than LSD, DMT, psilocybin, IT-290 and all the rest of it, on to ... ending the sensory lag ...”



Above: Gretchen Fetchin and Mouse. Opposite page: Neil Cassady, the hero—“Dean Moriarty”—of Jack Kerouac’s “On the Road,” now one of the most colorful of Kesey’s Merry Pranksters, flipping his Excalibur, a six-pound sledge hammer.

accent, saying “git” for get and so forth. And still the babies cry. Mountain Girl turns to Lois.

“What do Indians do to stop a baby from crying?”

“They hold its nose.”

“Yeah?”

“They learn.”

“I’ll try it ... it sounds logical ...” and Mountain Girl goes over and picks up her baby, a four-month-old girl named Sunshine, out of one of those tube-and-net portable cribs from behind the bus and sits down in one of the theater seats ... but instead of the Indian treatment she unbuttons the Can’t Bust ‘Em coveralls and starts feeding her.

One less baby crying.

“... The Nowhere Mine. ... Nothing felt and screamed and cried and I went back to the Nowhere Mine. ...”

The sledge hammer juggler rockets away—

“Who is that?”

“That’s Cassady.”

Neil Cassady. Neil Cassady was the hero, “Dean Moriarty,” of Jack Kerouac’s *On the Road*, a kid who was always racing back and forth across the U. S. by car, chasing, or outrunning, “life,” and here is the same guy, now 40, in the garage, flipping a sledge hammer, rocketing about to his own Joe Cuba and—talking. Cassady never stops talking. But that is a

bad way to put it. Cassady is a monologist, only he doesn’t seem to care whether anyone is listening or not. He just goes off on the monologue, by himself if necessary, although anyone is welcome aboard, he will answer all questions, although not exactly in that order, because we can’t stop here, next rest area 40 miles, you understand, spinning off memories, metaphors, literary, oriental, hip allusions, all punctuated by the unlikely expression, “you understand—”

Kesey arrives.

Ken Kesey was always amused but also annoyed and sometimes hurt, by the way everybody thought he was great so long as his fantasy coincided with theirs. But every time he pushed on further—and he always pushed on further—they would look startled, then confused, then resentful and then bitter, regarding him as a threat and somehow evil. Fantasy was a word Kesey got to using more and more for all sorts of plans, ventures, ambitions. It was a good word. It was ironic and it wasn’t. It referred to everything from getting hold of a new pickup truck—“that’s our fantasy for this weekend”—to some scary stuff out on the ragged, raggedy edge. Like in Mexico last August, when he was a fugitive from the FBI, the Federales and half the cops in California, and he

decided it was time to push on even further than LSD, DMT, psilocybin, IT-290 and all the rest of it, on to ... ending the sensory lag, whatever name you want to give it, and took some acid and he stood out on the beach in Manzanillo in an electrical storm hurling his hand toward the skies to see if the lightning would break out where he pointed—*Now!*—we’ve got to close the gap between the flash and the eye, and *make it*, the most incredible re-entry in the history of man’s whole orbiting consciousness, the re-entry into ... *Now* ... until he fell to the beach holding his throat and gagging as if he were choking on sand. ...

The first fantasy he pushed on beyond was simply the old “diamond in the rough” fantasy on Perry Lane, at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. Perry Lane was a picturesque little street lined with old trees and old cottages and had been Stanford’s little bohemian quarter ever since the days of Thorstein Veblen. Kesey graduated from the University of Oregon in 1957 in speech and drama, went to Hollywood for a while with an idea of acting or writing, then came to Stanford on a creative writing fellowship in 1958. He was immediately invited into the Perry Lane set because he was such a great diamond in the rough. He had Jack London hip hick written all over him. His (Continued on page 17)



"... Everybody took on a name for his role in the film of life. Kesey was Swashbuckler. Babbs was Intrepid Traveler. Paula Sundstrom was Gretchin Fetchin, the Slime Queen..."



Above: Stewart Brand, a Merry Prankster and key figure in many of the stylistic innovations of the LSD life, such as the silver disc stuck to his forehead. It reflects light, picks up rainbows of color. Opposite page: One of the LSD arts: Face painting.

(Continued from page 15) family was one of those families that had fought the land, wild, sodden Oregon, etc., and he was a very rugged, soft-spoken guy with a lot of Oregon still in his accent. He had even been a wrestling champion in the 174-pound class at Oregon and was named the outstanding wrestler in the Northwest. He had a huge neck with the sternocleido-mastoid muscles rising up out of his open-neck shirts like a couple of dock ropes. He looked a little like Paul Newman the movie actor, only he was more muscular, had thicker skin and tight blond curls that boiled up all around his head. His wife Faye, his high school sweetheart, was even more soft-spoken. She hardly spoke at all. She was pretty and extremely sweet, practically a madonna of hill country beatitude, and somehow it was . . . perfect . . . to have this couple on hand to *learn* as the Perry Lane sophisticates talked about life and the arts.

Perry Lane was a typical provincial bohemia in 1958. Everybody sat around shaking their heads over America's tailfin, housing-development civilization and Christ, in Europe, so what if the plumbing didn't work, they had mastered the art of living. Occasionally somebody would suggest an orgy or a three-day wine binge, but the model was always that old Zorba-the-Greek romanticism of sandals and simplicity and back to first principles. Periodically they

would take pilgrimages 40 miles north to San Francisco's North Beach to see how it was actually done.

The Kesey diamond-in-the-rough fantasy did not last very long. For one thing, Kesey met a young graduate student in psychology in Perry Lane, Vik Lovell. Lovell told him about some experiments the Veterans' Hospital in Menlo Park was running with "psychomimetic" drugs, drugs that brought on temporary states resembling psychoses. They were paying volunteers \$75 a day. Kesey volunteered and they would put him in a bed in a white room and give him a series of capsules without saying what they were. One would be nothing, a placebo. One would be Ditran, which always brought on a terrible experience. Kesey could always tell that one coming on, because the hairs on the blanket he was under would suddenly look like a field of hideously diseased thorns and he would put his finger down his throat and retch. But one of them—well, the first thing he knew about it was a squirrel dropped an acorn outside only it was tremendously loud and sounded like it was not outside but right in the room with him and not actually a sound, either, but a great suffusing presence, visual, a great impacting of . . . *blue* . . . all around him and suddenly he was in a realm of consciousness that he had never dreamed of before and it was not a dream but part of his awareness . . . yes, that

little capsule, sliding blissfully down the gullet, was LSD. Lovell had been going through the tests, too. They had never heard of LSD before. As far as they knew, they were off on a fantastic flight *nobody* had ever been on before. In a sense they were right. LSD was a drug created in the laboratory and used only in the clinics. This was late 1959 and early 1960, shortly before Timothy Leary had his first experience with hallucinogens, sacred mushrooms in Mexico, and two years before the term psychedelic began to make its way into the hip lexicon.

But already it was time to push on beyond another fantasy, the fantasy of the Menlo Park clinicians. The clinicians' fantasy was that the volunteers were laboratory animals that had to be dealt with objectively, quantitatively. It was well known that people who volunteered for drug experiments tended to be unstable, anyway. So the doctors would come in white smocks, with the clipboards, taking blood pressures and heart rates and having them try to solve simple problems in logic and mathematics, such as adding up columns of figures, and having them judge time and distances, although they did have them talk into tape recorders, too. But the doctors were so . . . *out of it*. They never took LSD themselves and had absolutely no . . . *comprehension*, and it couldn't all be put (Continued on page 18)

"... Kesey was always included with Philip Roth and a couple of others as one of the young novelists who might go all the way. Then he was arrested twice for possession of marijuana ..."



Above: Kesey, in a borrowed apartment, planning the Halloween celebration. He is wearing red boots he bought while a fugitive in Mexico. Opposite page: Kesey, wearing Pranksters flag coveralls, talks to a member of the Oakland Hell's Angels at the Halloween party. The Angel wore a shirt and tie because it was Halloween.

(Continued from page 17) into words anyway.

Sometimes you wanted to paint it huge—Lovell is under LSD in the clinic and he starts drawing a huge Buddha on the wall. It somehow encompasses the whole—White Smock comes in and doesn't even look at it, he just starts asking the old questions on the clip board, so Lovell suddenly butts in:

"What do you think of my Buddha?"

White Smock looks at it a moment and says, "It looks very feminine. Now see how rapidly you can add up this column of figures here. . . ."

Very feminine. Deliver us from the cliches that have even locked up even these so-called experimenters' brains like accordion fences in the fur store window—and Kesey was having the same problem with his boys. One of them was a young guy with a lie-down crewcut and the straightest face, the straightest, blandest, most lineless awfulest face ever made, and he would come in and open his eyes wide once as if to make sure this muscular hulk on the bed were still rational and then get this smug tone in his voice which poured out into the room like absorbent cotton choked in chalk dust from beaten erasers.

"Now when I say, 'Go,' you tell me when you think a minute is up by saying, 'Now.' Have you got that?"

Yeah, he had that. Kesey was soaring on LSD

and his sense of time was wasted, and thousands of thoughts per second were rapping around between synapses, fractions of a second, so what the hell is a minute—but then one thought stuck in there, held . . . ma-li-cious, de-li-cious. He remembered that his pulse had been running 75 beats a minute every time they took it, so when Dr. Fog says, 'Go,' Kesey slyly slides his slithering finger onto his pulse and counts it up to 75 and says:

"Now!"

Dr. Smog looks at his stop watch. "Amazing!" he says, and walks out of the room.

You said it, boy, but like a lot of other people, you don't even know. They were amazed over on Perry Lane, too. Suddenly Kesey—well, he was soft-spoken, all right, but he came on with a lot of force. Gradually the whole Perry Lane thing was gravitating around Kesey. Some of the oldtimers left. An' I don't reckon we give much of a damn anymore about the art of living in France, either, boys, every frog ought to have a little paunch, like Henry Miller said, and go to bed every night with pajamas with collars and piping on them—just take a letter for me down to Morris Orchids, Laredo, Texas, boys, tell him about enough peyote cactus to mulch all the mouldering widows' graves in poor placid Palo Alto. Yes. They found out they could send off to a place called Morris

Orchids in Laredo and get peyote, and one of the new games of Perry Lane got to be seeing who was going to go down to the railroad station and pick up the shipment, since possession of peyote, though not LSD, was already illegal in California. Perry Lane, Perry Lane.

Kesey and Lovell get to talking a lot about the mental patients they run into at Menlo Park and Lovell gives Kesey an idea: Kesey can get a job as a night attendant on a psychiatric ward at Menlo Park. He can make some money, and since there isn't much doing on a ward at night, he can work on his novel. He can also learn something about the ward, the patients, psychiatry, all of it, which will be more material. Kesey was working on a novel called *Zoo*, about North Beach. He had been greatly encouraged in the Stanford writing program by Malcolm Cowley. Cowley had told him he may or may not be that rare thing, a novelistic genius, but he should go ahead on the assumption that he was and swing from the heels. After several weeks on the ward, Kesey put *Zoo* aside and never published it, although he eventually finished it. He was already wrapped up in another novel—about a mental ward. He wrote a lot of it on the ward while the patients were sleeping. The novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, was about a roustabout named McMurphy, radiant with animal health,



who cons his way out of a short jail stretch into what he figures will be the softer life of a state mental hospital. He comes onto the ward with his tight reddish-blond Kesey-like curls tumbling out from under his cap and a lot of high good humor booming out of his powerful frame and starts infusing the abject, beaten-down men on the ward with some self-respect and a taste for living. The tyrant who runs the ward, Big Nurse, hates him for diminishing her hold over the place. Many of the men hate him for forcing them to struggle to be men again. Finally, Big Nurse finishes him off by having him lobotomized. But this crucifixion inspired the novel's counter-protagonist, an Indian patient called Chief Broom, to rise up and break out of the hospital and back into sanity, which is a vision of himself as a free man with a will to fight.

It was *McMurphy* who captivated the critics as they pronounced Kesey one of the country's most promising new novelists. The critics said: "A smashing achievement" (Mark Schorer), "A great new American novelist" (Jack Kerouac), "Powerful poetic realism" (*Life*), "An amazing first novel" (*Boston Traveler*), "This is a first novel of special worth" (*New York Herald Tribune*), "His storytelling is so effective, his style so impetuous, his grasp of characters so certain, that the reader is swept along . . . His is a large, robust talent, and he has written a large,

robust book" (*Saturday Review*). But from the point of view of craft, Kesey's great inspiration was Chief Broom. The novel is told through his eyes. This enables Kesey both to present a schizophrenic state the way the schizophrenic himself, Chief Broom, feels it and to report the hero *McMurphy's* impact on the other inmates. Chief Broom is a great *tour de force* and a convincing one. The character came to Kesey from out of nowhere while he was under peyote. He was miles, miles under all that good vegetation from Morris Orchards and having visions of faces, faces he had never seen before, and all of a sudden . . . Chief Broom. He knew nothing about Indians and had never met an Indian, but here came a full-blown Indian solution to the novel's most difficult technical problem. He wrote several passages in the book under peyote and LSD. He even had someone give him a shock treatment, clandestinely, so he could write a passage in which Chief Broom comes back from "the shock shop."

Kesey would write like mad under the drugs and after he came out of it he could see that a lot of it was junk. But certain things, certain striking passages, like the opening chapter, not to mention Chief Broom—well, he couldn't have come up with it without the drugs. All of this became a very important part of the Kesey legend to the acid heads.

They often make claims for LSD's creative potential, but very little in the way of impressive art or writing is ever produced. Of course, very little is produced with or without the drugs. But acid heads are forever bedeviled by the square suspicion, in their own minds, that their whole life style is only what the squares say it is, a retreat from life, a coping out so they won't have to face the fact that they couldn't make it in the straight world. Yeah? Well here is Kesey. Drugs heightened this head's creativity, he used them from the very start, he made it in the straight world, he made it very big, and then he turned his back on straight success for something more important, the infinite, daily, always imminent creativity of the acid life. . . .

So far Kesey's fantasy coincided just great with the good, locked-in, brandy-after-dinner literary world's fantasy for a young fella like him. Namely, Celebrated First Novelist from the West. So far they found him just great. So it was already time to push on—Further.

In 1963 Kesey completed a second novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion*. By this time he had moved to La Honda, California. His home became a gathering place for an assortment of persons, some intellectuals, some not, held together chiefly by the strength of Kesey's personality and (Continued on page 21)



"... It is as if somebody had given Hieronymous Bosch 40 buckets of Day-Glo paint and a 1939 International Harvester schoolbus and told him to go to it ..."



Page Browning, his girl friend Doris Delay and The Bus.

(Continued from page 19) their interest in LSD. In 1964 they bought a 1939 International Harvester schoolbus, painted it in wild designs in Day-Glo colors and headed out for New York, where *Sometimes a Great Notion* was about to be published. But the destination sign read, "Further."

This wild-looking thing with wild-looking people on it was great for stirring up consternation and vague befuddling resentment among the citizens. But there would also be people who would look up out of their poor work-a-daddy lives in some town, some old guy, somebody's stenographer, and see this bus, and register . . . delight, or just pure open-invitation wonder. Either way, the Intrepid Travelers figured, there was hope for these people. They weren't totally turned off. The bus also had great possibilities for altering the usual order of things. For example, there were the cops. The cops would see this nutball bus and right away they would know something here is . . . wrong. It has to be wrong. But what is it? At this point, 1964, not even the California police were on to LSD.

The Bus. The Merry Pranksters bought this 1939 International Harvester schoolbus in 1964, painted it in intricate Day Glo designs, have driven it from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico. Their motto: "You're either on the bus or off the bus."

They didn't know anything about it. A guy could be zonked out of his skull on LSD and unless he were behaving in a grossly nutty way, the cops couldn't tell a thing.

One time the Pranksters were in the bus going through the woods and a forest fire had started. There was smoke beginning to pour out of the woods, but what the highway patrolman was bugged about was this freaking bus. Everybody on the bus had taken acid and they were zonked. The cop yanks the bus over to the side and he starts going through a kind of traffic safety inspection of the big gross bus, while more and more of the smoke is billowing out of the woods. Man, the license plate is on wrong and there's no light over the license plate and this turn signal looks bad and how about the brakes, let's see that hand brake there. Cassady is driving and he is already into a long monologue for the guy, only he is throwing in all kinds of sirs: "Well, yes sir, this is a Hammond bi-valve serrated brake, you understand, sir, had it put on in a truck ro-de-o in Springfield, Oregon, had to back through a slalom course of baby's bottles and yellow nappies, in the existential culmination of Oregon, lots of outhouse freaks up there, you understand, sir, a punctual sort of a state, sir, yes, sir, and holds to 28,000 pounds, 28,000 pounds, you just look right here, sir, tested by a pure-blooded Shell Station

attendant in Springfield, Oregon, winter of '62, his gumball boots never froze, you understand, sir, 28,000 pounds hold, right here—" Whereupon he yanks back on the hand brake handle as if it's attached to something, which it isn't, it is just dangling there, and jams his foot on the regular brake, and the bus shudders as if the handbrake has a hell of a bite, but the cop is thoroughly befuddled now, anyway, because Cassady's monologue has confused him, for one thing, and what the hell are these . . . people doing. By this time everybody is off the bus rolling in the brown grass by the shoulder, laughing, giggling, yahooping, zonked to the skies on acid, because, mon, the woods are burning, the whole world is on fire, and a Cassady monologue on automotive safety is rising up from out of his throat like weenie smoke, as if the great god Speed were frying in his innards, and the cop, representative of the people of California in this total freaking situation, is all hung up on a hand brake that doesn't exist in the first place—And the cop, all he can see is a bunch of crazies in screaming orange and green costumes, masks, boys and girls, men and women, 12 or 14 of them, lying in the grass and making hideously crazy sounds—christ almighty, why the hell does he have to contend with . . . so he wheels around and says, "What are you, uh—show people?"

"That's right, officer," (Continued on page 23)



*Kesey addresses
"Acid Test
Graduation"
inside the garage
on Harriet
Street. Kesey
presented
his ideas on
moving the
psychedelic
movement
"beyond LSD."*

"... How can you give a traffic ticket to a bunch of people rolling around in the brown grass wearing Day-Glo masks, practically Greek masques, only with Rat phosphorescent elan? ..."



The Anonymous Artists of America, one of the communal groups in the LSD life, live on top of a mountain near Palo Alto, came down to perform at the celebration in the Warehouse. The singer (center) has a cast on her arm covered in Day-Glo designs.

(Continued from page 21) Kesey says, "we're show people. It's been a long row to hoe, I can tell you, and it's gonna be a long row to hoe, but that's the business."

"Well," says the cop, "you fix up those things and ..." he starts backing off toward his car, cutting one last look at the crazies. "... and watch it next time ..." And he guns on off.

That was it! How can you give a traffic ticket to a bunch of people rolling in the brown grass wearing Day-Glo masks, practically Greek masques, only with Rat phosphorescent elan, giggling, keening in their costumes and private world while the god Speed sizzles like a short-order french fry in the gut of some guy who doesn't stop talking even to breathe—A traffic ticket? The Pranksters felt more immune than ever. There was no more reason for them to remain in isolation while the ovoid eyes of La Honda supurated. They could go through the face of America muddling people's minds, but it's a momentary high, and the bus would be gone, and all the Fab foam in their heads would settle back down into their brain pans.

So the Day-Glo Hieronymus Bosch bus pulled out of La Honda, heading for New York City, by way of the Southwest and Louisiana, equipped with a refrigerator, a stove, a sink, bunk racks, blankets and

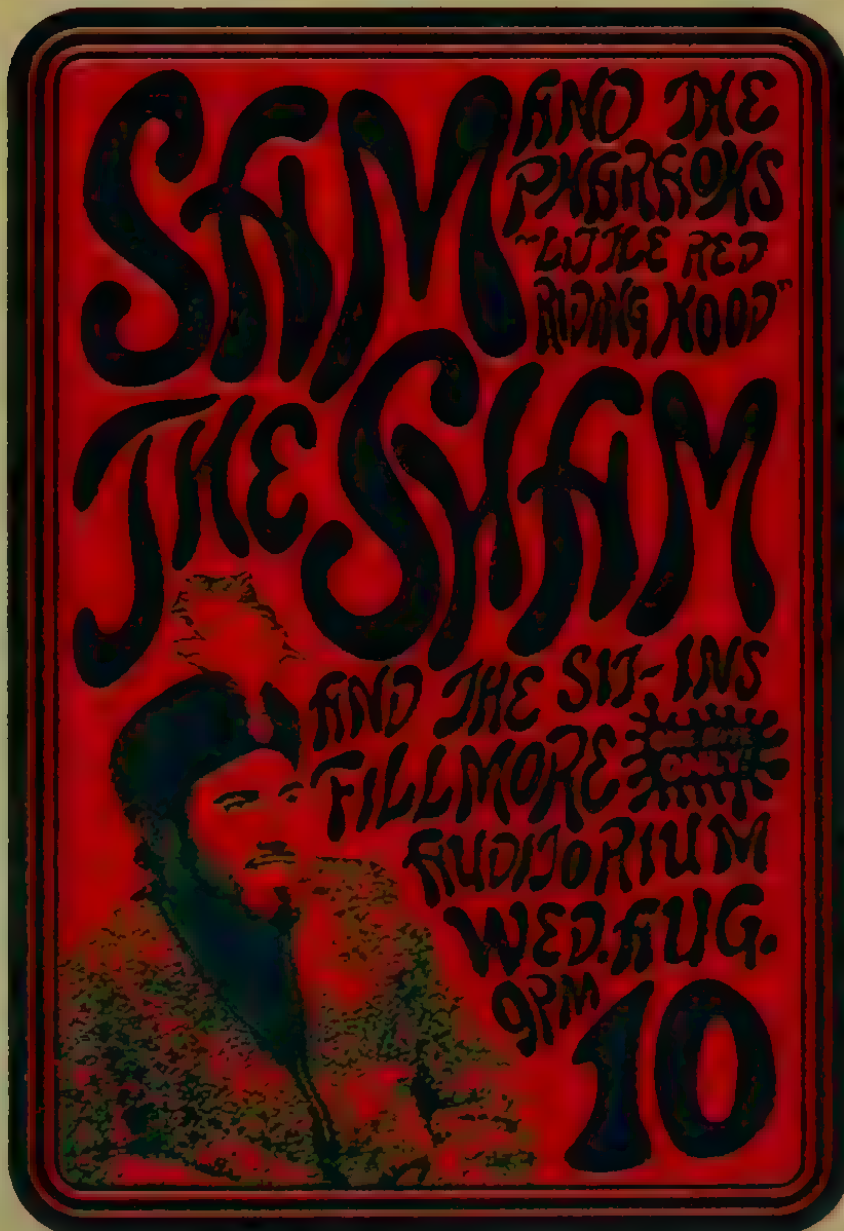
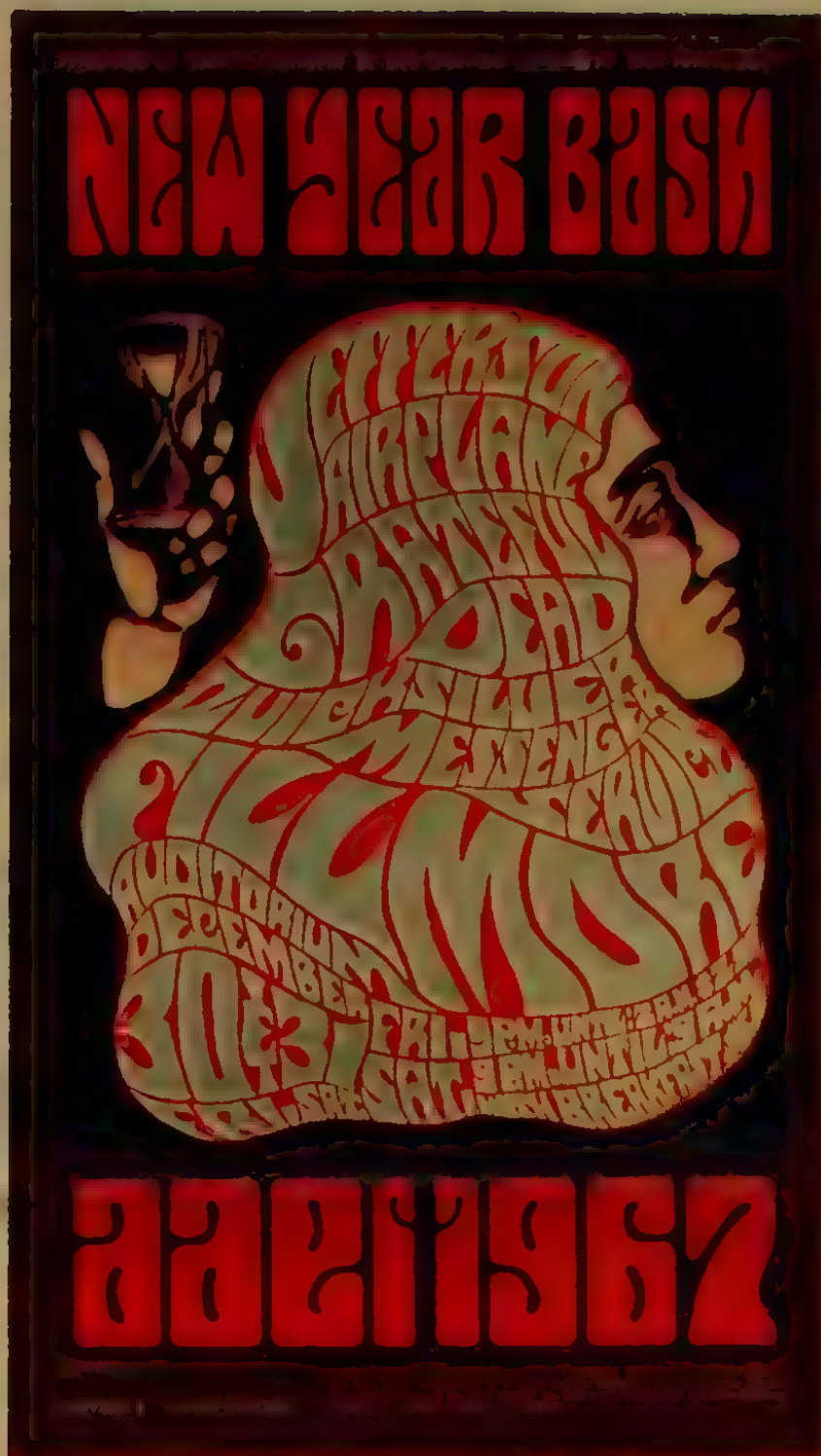
enough acid, speed and grass to blow up the state of Oklahoma. Later there would be Electric Kool Aid, an LSD punch for everyone. The bus was to be a rolling art form. They had miles of movie film on board and cameras and microphones and amplifiers and speakers and tapes. They were going to record all of life as they ran into it in the first true candid epic of America. Neil Cassidy was at the wheel, and he was given the name Speed Limit. Everybody took on a name for his role in the film of life. Kesey was Swashbuckler. Babbs was Intrepid Traveler. Paula Sundstrom was Gretchen Fetchin, the Slime Queen. She got her name when she took the first LSD of her life and dove into a pond along the way and surfaced euphoric, euphorically garlanded in long greasy garlands of pond slime, the happiest slime freak in the West. Mike Hagen was Mal Function. He did most of the camera work for the movie. George Walker was Hardly Visible and another girl was Rita Zita Valdez. Another friend of Kesey's was Highly Charged, and another guy was Sometimes Missing, and Kesey's brother Charlie was just Brother Charlie. A good looking, sharely blonde became Sensuous X, some intellectual English teacher divorcee from Greenwich Village, New York, became Clara Fie, and Kesey's wife, Faye, became Betsy Flagg. Someone else's wife became Blanket Hag. Steve Lambrecht was Zonker, Sandy

Lehmann-Haupt was Dismount, Page Browning was Des Prado. There were a few whose real names seemed to have escaped altogether, such as Generally Famished, Laughing Cavalier, Stark Naked and Anonymous, a 16-year-old girl they picked up on the way back. Stark Naked was one of the casualties of the trip. What was happening was that now the La Honda life, which had been nestled in the great outdoors, was crammed into a bus, freaking across the face of America. The little currents of this or that, competition, freakiness or whatever, became intensified. Stark Naked started freaking out more and more during the trip and finally took to wearing nothing but a blanket. One day they reached Texas and pulled up to the house of one of Kesey's friends, Larry McMurtry, and Stark Naked saw McMurtry's little boy in the front yard and thought it was her little boy and leapt from the bus stark naked and gathered him up, while McMurtry said, "Ma'am, ma'am, just a minute, ma'am." Stark Naked had to be left behind to be attended to.

That this or a couple of other freak-outs in the experience of the Pranksters had anything to do with that old goofy baboon, Dope, was something that didn't cross the minds of the Pranksters, or at least it didn't make much of an impression. The trip, in fact, the whole deal, was a risk-all, (Continued on page 26)

[illegible]

TICKETS **Red FERNCHICK** City Lights Bookstore The Parkside Shop **Movieville** Betty Le (Drama Square) The Town Square (Lido Park) & 500 City College **MOVIEVILL** Campus Square, Student Square, Shakespeare & Co. **WILL GALLIST** Victoria's **CAMPUS** The Town Square **WORLD FAME** Square, Bookstore



Bill Graham Presents

in San Francisco

Posters On the Scene

Posters like the ones reproduced on these pages can be found all over the Bay Area—advertising the “light shows” which have become San Francisco’s newest hippy scene. The shows are rock ‘n’ roll concerts combined with mixed media—colored lights and slide projections producing a swirling, surreal effect. A young entrepreneur named Bill Graham has been presenting the shows for capacity crowds at the Fillmore Auditorium, in San Francisco’s Haight-Ashbury district. Wes Wilson, who designs the posters, had never before tried his hand at art, but now his work is so popular that the posters are usually torn down by collectors almost as soon as they are put up. Wilson’s lettering technique reflects the art nouveau style of the Thirties, but has a uniquely modern quality as well—as much a product of the Sixties as the events the posters announce. About 75 different examples of Wilson’s poster art are now on sale in New York for \$1.25 each at a shop called Stuff & Nonsense, 227 10th Avenue.



TICKETS

SAN FRANCISCO: City Lights Bookstore, The Psychedelic Shop, Mandika, Belly Lo (Union Square), The Town Squire (1318 Polk), S. F. State College, BERKELEY: Campus Records, Discount Records, Shakespeare & Co. MILL VALLEY: Valerie Ann's, SAUSALITO: The Tides Bookstore, MENLO PARK: Regier's Bookstore

1967, Wes Wilson

"... They drive on through the South and up over the mountains in Virginia. Cassady, at the wheel, is stoned on acid. Plenty of acid is flowing. Kesey is on top of the bus ..."



Tableau during lull in Pranksters' Halloween celebration in the Warehouse.

(Continued from page 23) .. plunge into the unknown, and it was assumed merely that more and more of what was already inside a person would come out and expand, gloriously or otherwise.

All in all, the trip was panning out as the greatest freaking trip anybody had ever taken. Cassady was barreling across the U.S. with his cowboy hat on. The citizens along the way were suitably startled, outraged, delighted by the bus. Hagen pressed on with the film, hour after hour in the bouncing innards of the bus, and everybody was popping down acid and speed (amphetamines) and smoking grass as if it said once before each meal and upon retiring. There were moments in the history of the film that broke everybody on the bus up. One was when they reached Phoenix, Arizona. This was during the 1964 election excitement and they were in Barry Goldwater's home town, so they put a streamer on the bus reading: "A Vote for Barry Is a Vote for Fun." And they put American flags up on the bus and Cassady drove the bus backwards down the main drag of Phoenix while Hagen recorded it on film and the flags flew backward in the wind stream. Other moments they liked were when the cops would stop the bus here and there, mainly to see what in the hell was going on. As soon as the cops came up, the Pranksters would get out and come up to the cops and stick these big stick

microphones into their faces, recording everything the cops said, and aim the movie cameras at them, filming the whole thing, and the cops never would go into their usual bad-schoolmaster speeches but would make it all brief and mumbly and go away.

The fact that everybody was high on acid half the time made it seem like a great secret life. The befuddled citizens could only see the outward manifestation of the incredible stuff going on inside their skulls. Under acid they were sure they were all having the same inner experience.

They hit New Orleans and then they roar on, and it is hot as hell one day, the summer in Louisiana, and everybody is high and they see a beach. What they don't know is, it is a segregated Negro beach. Zonk is burning up. So he dives in and swims out a ways, high on acid, and pretty soon he sees he is surrounded by Negro men, treading water around him and giving him rotten looks. One of them has a gold tooth. He can see it flashing in the sun. He says to Zonk, "Boy, what you doing here? You know what we going to do? We going to cut you up. We going to take you up on that beach and wail with you and cut you up." Zonk is very nonplussed, partly because the whole day has turned orange on him, because of the acid—orange water, orange Negroes, except for the gold tooth flashing at him. Finally,

the Negro says, "Well, I guess there's just a lot of trash in this water," and he looks all around and laughs. Zonk swims back to shore. By this time a big crowd of Negroes has gathered around the bus. Rock 'n' roll music is blasting off the amplifiers on the bus. Zonk gets on the bus. It seems like thousands of Negroes are dancing around the bus, doing rock 'n' roll dances. Everything is orange and then it starts turning brown. Zonk starts getting the feeling that he is inside an enormous intestine and it is going into peristaltic contractions. He can feel the whole trip turning into a horrible bumper. Luckily for Zonk, the white cops turn up at that point and break up the crowd and tell the white crazies to drive on.

They drive on through the South and up over the mountains in Virginia. They cross the Blue Ridge mountains and Cassady, at the wheel, is stoned on acid. Plenty of acid is flowing. Kesey is up on top of the bus stoned on acid and Cassady is weaving down the mountain trying to see if he can make it all the way down this steep, winding mountain without hitting the brakes at all. Kesey can see the road rippling and writhing out in front of them like someone rippling a whip and the bus is careen around the curves, but has this complete faith in tuned in completely in



Ecstatic dancing. Dancing on the acid scene is to rock and roll but features much more leaping, turning and upward flinging of the arms than standard discotheque dancing.

thing that has to do with driving, and that Cassady does not have to think anymore.

They made it to New York in July. The local press and some of the hippy press gave it a go, but nobody really comprehended what the hell was going on, except that it was a party. It was a party, all right. But in July of 1964 not even the hip world in New York was quite ready for the phenomenon of a bunch of people roaring across the continental U.S.A. in a bus covered with swirling Day-Glo mandalas aiming movie cameras and microphones at every freaking thing in this whole freaking country while Neil Cassady wheeled the bus around the high curves like Super Hud and the U. S. nation streamed across the windshield like one of those goddamned Cinemascope landscape cameras that winds up your optic nerves like the rubber band in a toy airplane and let us now be popping more speed and acid and smoking grass as if it were all just coming out of Cosmo the Pranksters' god's own local-option gumball machines—

Cosmo!
Further. ✱

This is the first article of a detailed examination of the LSD life by Tom Wolfe. The second will appear next week.

Wow!
KNOCKOUT COLORS COME TO THE TABLE

Wow!

the new
2-ply
paper napkins
by Scott



CASTILIAN CORAL



MONTEREY BLUE



GRANADA GREEN



AZTEC GOLD

SCOTT  MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

New York / World Journal Tribune / January 29, 1967 27

Cheetah—The Now Club

by John Gruen

It has been estimated that the discretionary, or leisure income of U. S. teenagers is over \$12-billion per year. That, obviously, is why the youth market is cleaning up.

American youth spends money like water—and he spends it on himself. Their parents just keep turning on that golden faucet, pouring out that silver juice. The mamas and the papas of teenyboppers-U.S.A. seem nothing if not berserk over the youth explosion. But affluence, youth—well, it's infectious, so let 'em enjoy it while they're young, and after all, it keeps us young and dancing, too.

Everybody keeps young and dancing at Cheetah—one of the most interesting phenomena of today's youth-quake. Opening night at Cheetah, almost eight months ago, the governor of Illinois couldn't get in. Even Ethel and Bob Scull and other celebrities had trouble. Hundreds were turned away, and in the pouring rain, yet. But that was the grown-up contingent invited to "experience" Cheetah, the "now" club, "where something different is going on all the time!"

On that rainy spring night, 4,000 wild grown-ups Bugalooed where only teenyboppers and their mates would BugaBoo and Bang-Bang from here-on-in. Because Cheetah is for kids. The Cheetah generation is aged 16 to 25.

Pepsi is Cheetah's speed, and hot-dogs. There is no liquor anywhere in sight—a unique departure for a nightclub. And yet, Cheetah is a money-maker. In New York, Cheetah is located at Broadway and 53rd Street, once the site of the Riviera Ballroom. Its capacity is 1,200. At paid admissions of \$3 on weeknights and \$4 on weekends, Cheetah takes in an average of \$30,000 per week. Not bad, when one considers the initial investment of \$150,000, all of which has been recouped.

No liquor is served at Cheetah, although the club has a liquor license, because the management simply decided that it would be too much trouble checking the birth certificates of 1,200 teenagers. But the kids don't mind; they're there to move, to drown in sound, to go with the lights. And here's where they can wear the miniskirts, the psychedelic make-up, the sizzling ties, the ruffled shirts, the sparkling rings, the wide, svelte belts, the silver boots, the works. And when they're not dancing there's a little movie theater showing avant-garde films, or a color TV and Scopitone lounge, or a reading room stacked with the latest foreign magazines. And, by the way, no cover, no minimum, no tipping at Cheetah.

There are two big bands going—one White, one Negro—and they go all the time, because the music operates the lights. That's one of the thrills of Cheetah, the action of the lights—a \$50,000 gimmick based on light and sound frequencies—each color a different frequency, and 3,000 rainbow-colored light-bulbs going off and on.

Cheetah is an operation invented at the right moment for the right reasons for the right people—a howling success. It is the nightclub of tomorrow. The Howard Johnson's of New Bohemia. The Playboy Club of the rock-and-roll generation.

They're building Cheetahs like crazy. They've built one in Chicago, Los Angeles and Union, New Jersey. Cheetah in Chicago opened last October on

West Lawrence Avenue, where the Aragon Ballroom once stood. This one holds 2,000 people, and has two floors. The main floor is devoted to dancing and has two bands rotating on a stage that is an integral part of the dance floor. Again the sound-light system is the big attraction, and there are kinetic visuals bouncing off panels placed tent-like around the dance floor.

A few weeks ago Cheetah Chicago was bombed. The blast occurred while the club was closed, and no one has a clue as to why anyone should want to bomb it. Management insists it was not directed at Cheetah, but at a neighboring building. As it was, Cheetah was not badly damaged and it opened the following day without further incident.

Cheetah Los Angeles, due to open in March, rises in Pacific Ocean Park on Santa Monica Boulevard. It, too, was once an Aragon Ballroom, but they've remodeled the interior into the shape of a triangle.

The triangle is completely mirrored, causing an infinity of reflections. The action there promises to be the giddiest, once the lights and dancing get going. The capacity of Cheetah Los Angeles is 1,500.

What promises to be the most spectacular Cheetah to date will also open in March in Union, New Jersey. This time, the site for this Cheetah blast-off is The Flagship on Route 22. Instead of the usual 3,000 flashing bulbs, Cheetah Flagship will have 6,000 bulbs. The stage is placed directly under the lights creating the illusion of arrow-like colors darting out from the two bands onto the dance floor and bouncing off aluminum-covered walls.

All Cheetahs charge the same entrance fee, and all are equipped with small movie, TV and reading lounges, as well as boutiques. And Cheetahs will soon be built in London, Mexico City and Tokyo, with plans for Cheetah upon Cheetah to rise in all major cities of the world.

The Cheetah industry is on the move! And this is only the beginning. Cheetah products are being readied for the ever widening youth explosion. The biggest deal of all has just been signed, and it's a first-of-its-kind ever. The Cheetah line of furniture. Furniture! The David Murray furniture company signed a \$3-million contract to design a Mod furniture line named Cheetah. Sample rooms will shortly open in major department stores and, of course, there will be a big promotional send-off at every Cheetah in operation.

Contracts are also pouring in for—are you ready?—Cheetah dresses, Cheetah suits, Cheetah dolls, Cheetah make-up, Cheetah handbags, Cheetah skimmers, Cheetah head-scarves, Cheetah perfume, Cheetah toys, Cheetah sun-glasses, Cheetah records, Cheetah socks, Cheetah—it's bound to happen—birthpills.

How did it get started? Who thought it up?

Somebody called Olivier Coquelin thought it up.

“... Cheetah is an operation invented at the right moment for the right reasons for the right people... It is the nightclub of tomorrow...”

A night-club genius, dashing, dynamic and French. He's smart, and loaded with friends, rich friends, royalty and society-type friends who back his ideas with solid, beautiful cash to make it all happen. Coquelin developed Le Club—the country's first discotheque. Since then, he's masterminded Ondine and, in fashionable Southampton, L. I., L'Oursin. A private travel organization, Le Cercle d'Or, is yet another Coquelin special. It brings together “vitaly interesting people to enjoy the beautiful life—like a skiing party in Italy, the bullfights in Seville, the Carnival in Rio or a Shish-kebab lunch in the Middle East.”

Coquelin's background paved the way. An uncle has an interest in some of the major hotels in Paris, including George V and the Meurice, and his mother's family has a monopoly on the corks that stopple French champagne and other wines.

Before invading Manhattan, he was manager of Miami's Racquet Club, operated the St. Tropez on Fire Island and the Ski Club in Sugarbush, Vt. It was in Sugarbush that he met Borden Stevenson, second eldest son of the late Adlai, and it was this friendship which blossomed into a million-dollar enterprise, Cheetah, “where it's happening!”

Borden Stevenson, deeply ensconced in the worlds of high finance and business investment, is a conservative type. His office is conservative, as are his clothes. Nothing Cheetah about him at all. But he likes to invest “creatively.” “The time was right,” he says, “and I trust Olivier. He has a nose for these things. But I'm the financial partner. Mine is the business point of view. For me, Cheetah is an investment, nothing more. I think it's an excellent investment. It's bound to make money.”

Coquelin is the creative brains, Stevenson the creative money. A 50-50 deal was set up between them, with Stevenson putting up the initial cash investment of \$150,000 for Cheetah, New York. Stevenson has recouped his investment, but has laid out more money to build the new Cheetahs.

With Cheetah products about to hit the market, more Cheetahs opening, and a group of Cheetah boutiques being franchised, the moneys should be rolling in in staggering quantities.

American parents love the Cheetah. They condone it with a sigh of relief: “I don't have to worry about a thing when I know the kids are having themselves a ball there,” said one delighted parent. “It's really operated for them, not against them,” said another. “And it's a great place to let off steam.”

Kids stand in line to get into Cheetah. Week after week, day after day, radio commercials with a smooth rock beat keep telling them: “Cheetah Is It, Baby! Cheetah Is Where It's Happening!” So from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. on weeknights and from 3 p.m. to 3 a.m. on Sundays thousands of young, restless bodies jump, gyrate and jiggle, their eyes glazed by the ecstasy of those half-innocent, half-erotic body movements, prodded on by the music, by the lights, by their own sense of escape into a world they surely made.

Olivier Coquelin watches it all, amazed by the latent power and violence, and by the wondrous sexuality that ultimately permeates the whole scene. “They are so free!” he says. “They can do anything. They are not afraid. And there's no guilt.”

L.A. WEEKLY A



RETURN ENGAGEMENT USA, 1983

Alan Rudolph, the Altman-esque director of *Welcome To L.A.* and *Remember My Name*, has surfaced with a documentary this time, covering last year's so-called

"Great Debate" between Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy. The result is fascinating and fun. The debates don't appear to have been much — the issues are too deep, too wracked with suffering on both sides, to be settled in an evening of glib chit-chat — so Rudolph focuses on the personal interactions of the two men offstage. Scenes from the debate are used to lay bare the rather dire conflicts that would otherwise remain hidden. In the process, the Leary-Liddy conflict becomes a genuine confrontation, a real contrast in values that stays with you. Does Rudolph play favorites? Amazingly, no. One would assume he'd favor Leary — that the good doc would be portrayed as God's Wise Fool, while Liddy would remain a Watergate ogre — but something much more interesting happens. Leary comes across as an earnest, good-hearted but mortal fool, running for re-election to an innocence he lost years ago. When cornered in an argument, he blabbermouths in circles, smiling all the while (innocence must be around here someplace!). Liddy, on the other hand, emerges as an enormously intelligent, complex man — a monster whose opinions on just about anything are still too brutal and too ferociously cold-blooded, but whose honesty and depth of feeling are too compelling to dismiss. (FXF)

Four Star, 7:30 p.m.

Leary on Leary

Dr. Timothy Leary sits in the stuffed chair centered in the band room at the Inn of the Beginning. He is between shows and being besieged by questions and comments from all sides. He is obviously used to it. It seems most people change character when they are around somebody famous, and start asking questions like, "What is happiness?" or say the most profound thing they can think of. Leary is patient, sometimes amused, and looking like he would really like to have a few moments of solitude. He periodically disappears for a quick walk around the premises.

On stage he works without spotlights. He moves quickly around, stands legs spread apart, or disappears behind a podium to talk about a slide. His timing and presence are well refined, and he is very comfortable in front of an audience. Drawing on both his **professorial** command and stand-up-comic showmanship, he weaves his way through philosophical, religious, and scientific concepts chuckling each time he feels he has destroyed another myth.

The slide projector starts with and repeatedly returns to a pair of very red lips slightly puckered. The slides are sometimes relevant to his talk, sometimes not. He talks about changing and growing. He, we all are doing it. He scoffs at the ten commandments and Jehovah, a man-like, emotional god. He dwells on Adam and Eve long enough to liken the apple to dope. He talks about the conception process in humans and breaks up the audience with his "conception of his con-



ception," identifying himself with the male sperm that passed the chromosome scan test and was chosen by the egg.

He describes Darwin, deeming natural selection or "survival of the fittest" as a terrible way to run a society. Mainly his message seems to be that we have the ability to take control of our lives and he still promotes "better thinking through chemistry." He focuses his disapproval on Judeo-Christian dogma in general and the Pope in particular, and moves on to the future.


He sees man stepping off the planet as being both

desirable and necessary, suggesting that we either send those that want to fight each other up there or let "us" go up there and leave them to fight it out down here. From space he moves to computers. They are part of man's use of intelligence to free himself and he is all for them.

The talk seemed over in a minute and left you with the feeling that you had just spanned a universe of ideas, that everything you heard sounded reasonable and interesting, that you had negotiated much of it already and found something missing, and somehow it was still missing.

Joseph Leary

150 SONOMA COUNTY
STUMP



VOL. X • ISSUE 2 • July 23-30, 1981

Look who's dropped back

By David Lazarus

BERKELEY — It was lunch at Larry Blake's. Timothy Leary, the "drug guru," ordered a hot pork sandwich and beer. Turn on, tune in, chow down.

Leary, now 63, was in town Monday for a benefit appearance at the Julia Morgan Theater (which will be broadcast Friday on KPFA) and to push his new autobiography, *Flashbacks*, which he calls the "definitive history of the Baby Boom Generation."

He is in the midst of a whirlwind promotion tour. Though his lined face looks a little weary, his green eyes and mischievous smile still radiate the amiability that helped make Leary the national symbol of drug advocacy in the sixties.

But sometimes the tour moves faster than he does. It was not until this interview that Leary learned he was appearing at the Julia Morgan. "I'm speaking?" he said in surprise to his driver. "I thought it was a book-signing."

"No, you're speaking."

"Well, we'll have to think of something to say then."

Flashbacks tells Leary's story from when he was but a tiny sperm to his stint at West Point, doctoral work at UC Berkeley, a teaching post at Harvard, a new role as rebel drug professor, then Beatnik, prisoner and finally author. It is his first contribution to mainstream literature.

The Berkeley Voice: Your book reads like a who's who of the sixties. Where do you fit in amid all that?

Leary: The real story of *Flashbacks* is the Baby Boom Generation, who were hitting high school and college in the sixties, and who developed the culture of self-development in the seventies. I skirted the Me Generation there, didn't I? And now it's the generation ready to take over. So I feel I was part of a large group of thoughtful people who recognized that tremendous cultural changes were happening and who cheered it on, encouraged it. It was going to happen anyway, whether we were there or not.

Voice: You describe yourself in the book as a "naïve drug professor" around whom transpires circumstances beyond your control. Do you still feel that way about yourself?

Leary: Oh absolutely. I think the

Alice in Wonderland posture is the only way to keep yourself young. Yeah, I use the word naïve, but of course I really mean openminded or fresh, basically innocent. Good old Celtic traits, huh?

Voice: Back then, your slogan was "run on, tune in, drop out." In *Flashbacks*, you've changed it to "turn on, tune in, take charge."

Leary: That's addressed to the Baby Boomers. In 1988, you'll be between the ages of 24 and 42. There's no need for your generation to protest or dissent or march because you're it. In 10 years, Tip O'Neil and Ronnie Reagan will be tooling around in their wheelchairs, if they're still around.

Voice: There's a heavy overtone of conspiracy throughout your book and descriptions of the F.B.I. plotting against you. One could say you sound almost paranoid.

Leary: Well, I don't believe in conspiracy theories — the Trilateral Commission or people getting together in a room with cigars and plotting — but I feel there are ancient, genetic and historical forces that are at play, and everyone certainly knows what side you're on. There's also this tradition that I try to bring alive in my book of people who are individualists, pagans and outsiders, people who are always irreverent to the system. So that there's a conspiracy of people like Allen Ginsberg, Ken Kesey, William Burroughs, Baba Ram Dass — an enormous conspiracy. Probably 20 million of us belong to this conspiracy of thumbing our noses at authority.

Voice: You still thumb your nose at authority?

Leary: Certainly, yes. Daily, hourly.

Voice: You do a lot of name-dropping in your book about people who you say have tried LSD, from Cary Grant to Jack Nicholson to Stanley Kubrick. You even allege that Mickey Mantle took speed. Do these people know you wrote about their drug use?

Leary: Listen, when it comes to name-dropping, for every name I let thud, there were 99 famous people with whom I have shared illegal drugs I didn't mention. The reason I mentioned those that I did was because they had already discussed it themselves.

Voice: You refer in *Flashbacks* to four distinct generations, The Old-Timer Generation, the Permissive Parent Generation, The Baby Boom

Generation and the Whiz-Kid Generation of today. Who are the Whiz-Kids?

Leary: Those born after '64. The Whiz-Kids are quantitatively less in numbers, but selectively they are the kids of the Baby Boomers. They are the Spielberg Generation, the *E.T.* Generation, the War Games Generation. Those two kids in War Games are the classic, mythic archetypes of the Whiz-Kid Generation.

Voice: You call yourself in the book a "cheerleader for the sixties." Who are the cheerleaders for the eighties?

Leary: Spielberg... Wozniak... Jobs...

Voice: Those are pretty commercial people you're talking about.

Leary: Well, the eighties are definitely commercial. Everyone born after 1964 is going to be a millionaire.

Voice: Your book has come out in 1983. Does that make you commercial?

Leary: I hope so. Wow, this is my first attempt at a so-called commercial book. Up to this point I have been preaching to the choir or writing very specialized works out of duty and obligation — psychological and philosophical books. This is my first attempt at a mainline book.

Voice: Who's going to play you in the movie version?

Leary: Well, who do you suggest?

Voice: You tell me.

Leary: Here's the way I see the movie: a clean-cut, idealistic young American goes to Harvard and starts experimnts, even takes a mysterious mushroom in his pursuit of truth justice and the American way. That's obviously Christopher Reeve, right? But as soon as he takes the mushroom, he turns into Richard Pryor. Now is that a movie? Who's going to say no to that? My wife read an article about Richard Gere, which called him a grenade who's pin is bout to be pulled. She said, "Richard Gere is the man to play you." He's a friend of mine, by the way.

Voice: Sounds like you're fitting right in with the Hollywood crowd down in Los Angeles.

Leary: Well, there are probably hundreds of different sets of crowds in Hollywood, but I believe that communication taking place.

Voice: Your last two roles in the field of communications were as a disc jockey and stand-up comic, but you only touch on that in a single

K in...

paragraph in your book.

Leary: I wanted the book to stop at 1970, when I went to jail, but my publisher wouldn't let me. So I did a few hundred pages more to get us up to 1976. I will probably write a sequel which starts in 1976 and brings it up to date.

Voice: How did it go as a stand-up comic? You didn't get the greatest reviews.

Leary: I got a fabulous review from the Chronicle. Yeah, I got mixed reviews, but I'm used to mixed reviews. That was a George Plimpton thing I was doing. I'd still like to play center field for the Dodgers or the Giants. I had never any intention of becoming a tenured Harvard professor or a tenured disc jockey or a permanent nightclub lecturer.

Voice: Yet the lecture circuit has been good to you.

Leary: Lately I've been debating G. Gordon Liddy and I made a movie with Cheech and Chong — *Nice Dreams*. Did you see it?

Voice: No.

Leary: Well, don't.

Voice: You first met Liddy when he arrested you in 1965. Now you are making the lecture circuit with him, debating the right to free speech and rights of the individual. Why?

Leary: Well, individualism versus the power of the state has always been the most important issue of human society. This debate has been going on for several thousand years. The Athenians fought it out at Marathon. Liddy and I fight it out every time we appear together.

Voice: Why you and Liddy?

Leary: Well, he's a very articulate, intelligent and charismatic spokesperson for the authoritarian point of view. He's a total authoritarian personality, a Mickey Spillane type — you know, guns, girls, shoot up Commies.

Voice: A lot of people think of Liddy as a psychotic.

Leary: Well, you can't call people you disagree with a psychotic. That's the Soviet way. He's an individualist. He's a risk-taker. The interesting thing about Gordon, and the dangerous thing about Gordon, is that a lot of people that hate him are charmed by him face-to-face. I've never heard of anyone who sat down and talked with Liddy or heard him lecture call him a psychotic. If Liddy's psychotic, what's Kissinger? What's Reagan? I would certainly defend Liddy's sanity,

LSD GURU Timothy Leary is in town on a publicity tour of his new autobiography *Flashbacks*.

ty, and at the same time I would deplore his philosophy.

Voice: Let's talk about drugs for a little bit.

Leary: Ahhhhh.

Voice: I think we're obliged to.

Leary: Ain't it the truth.

Voice: Your book reads like a Hunter S. Thompson novel in many respects — Fear and Loathing in Harvard... Fear and Loathing in jail... Fear and Loathing in Europe...

Leary: There's no Fear and Loathing in my book.

Voice: Come on, there's plenty of fear and there's plenty of loathing.

Leary: Well, okay. There's elements of Hunter Thompson in my book, a kind of playful irreverence which I'm proud to share with him.

Voice: Do you still espouse the use of psychedelics to explore inner space?

Leary: Well, I don't espouse it, I'm realistic about it. The fastest way to move through inner space is with chemicals. I'm saying that if you want to access new dimensions of your brains, drugs are obviously the way to do it. In the future, we're going to see a third generation of drugs that are stronger, more precise and extremely safe.

Voice: What sort of drugs?

Leary: Drugs like LSD that last for only 20 minutes. Drugs that activate just one sensory system, like

the ears. Drugs which activate the empathetic, euphoric, loving circuits of the brain, which we all have and rarely use. It's not so much a question of drugs anyway. Drugs are simply means to ends, aren't they? And for many people, drugs are not the means that they want to get to the ends they desire. Rather than talk about drugs, I'd like to talk about end-states like higher euphoria, higher intelligence, hypersensitivity, better memory, accelerated learning, better aphrodisiacs.

Voice: Aside from better drugs, what else does the future have in store for us?

Leary: The future is the Baby Boomers taking over in 1988. I'm an optimist. I basically feel we're in the golden age of humanity. We'll be going platinum in '88. As for me, I'll be doing some work in television, possibly a little series.

After lunch, Timothy Leary walked down Telegraph to Cody's Books for a little unscheduled book signing. A handful of people came up and spoke to him.

"You changed my life," said one. "And I really liked your book."

"Thank you," said Leary, flashing a big grin.

Another held up the book and examined the shiny silver cover. "When's it coming out in paperback?" he asked.

Leary smiled and shook his head.

I'll take the high road

Galen Strawson

TIMOTHY LEARY

Flashbacks

395pp. Heinemann. £9.95.

0434 409758

Timothy Leary, born an Irish Catholic New Englander in 1920, is today a great big bouncing baby, a self-made neotenic neuronaut who publishes articles on "exo-psychology, neurologic, sociobiology, neuro-politics, Gaia theory, re-juvenilization, neuro-geography, neo-LaMarckianism, personal evolution and development, biocomputer theory, experimental dying, neuro-ecology, migratory demographics, and the liberating advantages of word processors and video games". This month he attains his Grand Climacteric. Like any other juvenile, he is unutterably fascinated and delighted by himself.

Timmy Leary loves to tumble with the girls. They have silky thighs and saucy breasts, and they love to tumble with him. Sometimes they are wise and beautiful too, like Leary's present wife Barbara. Leary says that he finds this hard to describe, but that Barbara is, in his "scientific estimation ... the sexiest, smartest, funniest woman" in Hollywood. Sex has been good to Leary, but he's not as adaptable as some, and so when he's in prison (forty jails on four continents), he just lifts off on a "celibacy-high", and writes and writes and writes - in between the escape plans, escapes, prison politics, handball, Danish pastries, sunbathing, tennis and yoga.

Timmy loves to pile his beakers high. He loves to list and count and classify. Socrates was a "juvenilization" agent, and so is Leary. Socrates had his system, Leary has his. Consider "The Four Generations Inhabiting America", "The Eight Levels of Consciousness", "The Eight Technologies of God", "The Twenty-Four Stages of Evolution". Check yourself out on Timothy Leary's Evolution Quotient, or "EQ".

E.Q. Timothy Leary 53 homes/50 years = 1.06
E.Q. Average American 10 homes/40 years = 0.25
E.Q. Aunt Mae 01 homes/81 years = 0.01

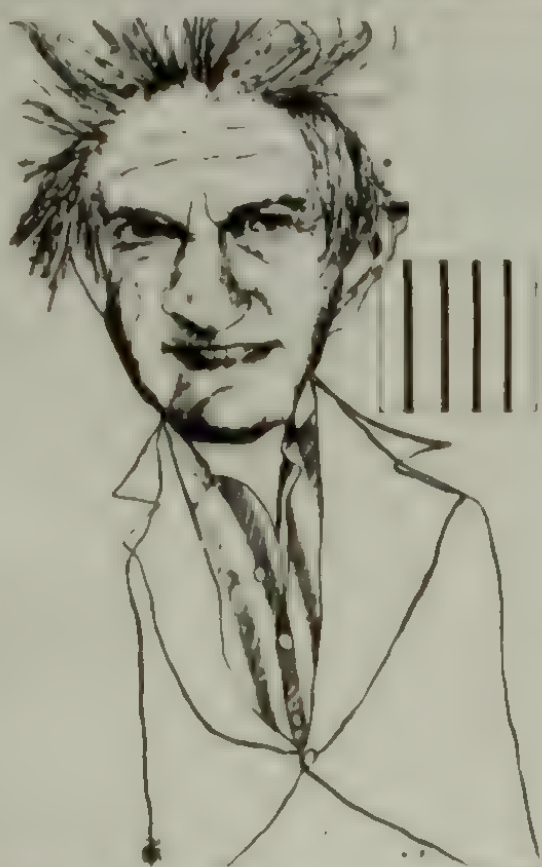
Anyone scoring less than 0.1 (a home a decade) is still bogged down in the protozoic ooze with Aunt Mae. Even the Average American is as *Australopithecus africanus* next to Leary the Eugenic, *Homo Sapientissimus*, Multiple-Reality Man. "I had blasted beyond the gravitational pull of the past and into a post-terrestrial relativistic lifestyle".

Sometimes he makes his overarching systems sound as disposable as paper knickers - "a week later, while editing my newest complete system of philosophy, I was ordered to report to the custody department" - but certain themes recur, if you're prepared to listen out for them. I haven't kept up. I haven't read *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* (1973), *Neurologic* (1973), *Starseed* (1973), *The Curse of the Oval Room* (1974), *Terra II* (1974), *What Does Woman Want?* (1976), *Communication with Higher Intelligence* (1977), *Exo-Psychology* (1977), *Neuropolitics* (1977), *Intelligence Agents* (1979), *The Game of Life* (1979), or *Changing My Mind - Among Others* (1982). (I have to report that the Bodleian Library has not kept up either - although they do have a copy of Leary's acclaimed textbook *The Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality*, 1957, the most recent edition of which appeared only last year.) But Leary is clearly fond of his Twenty-Four Stages, first presented in 1964, and these *Flashbacks* give us no reason to think that he has abandoned them. Some are familiar: toddling (4), walking-running (5), climbing (6). But the future of the human race is, like, elsewhere - though Leary is tentative about the details. There'll be electronic-psychedelic reality invention at level 17; unicellular consciousness and passive enjoyment of DNA-knowledge up at 18; inter-species linkage, participation in Gaia intelligence (21); nuclear particle awareness, ability to "think" like nuclear/atomic particles (22); and Out-Of-Body linkage with other O-O-B entities (24).

Leary is not mad - after all, this sort of stuff is really pretty routine in California, and it can't all be put down to LSD. Leary may think you can fix a broken-down life like a broken-down car; but that's a view he shares with

millions of his compatriots. Old Europe may shudder, but there it is. He is a charmin', selfish, Utopian optimist, rubber-bumpered with impact-resistant naïveté and powered by a good supply of strictly short-range intellectual zip. And, when he's not white-rabbling on about multiple realities, his story is extremely readable.

Best of all are the descriptions of his various confinements. The first was at West Point in 1940-1, where he was court-martialled after a drinking incident. Surprisingly, he was acquitted, but the West Point "Honor Committee", an "officially sanctioned clique", had already "silenced" him - no one was to communicate



with him in any way. Leary endured this for nine months, while the Honor Committee devised a new plan to get rid of him. "I would be demented out."

At every formation cadet officers swarmed around me, examining my grooming with microscopic care. I was written up for "untrimmed hairs in nostrils". A shaving cut was cited as "careless injury to government property". Without notice my assignment in ranks was changed, and for lining up in the old slot I was gipped for "incorrect formation".

But Leary won out in the end. In summer camp the silencing system began to crack, as the new first-year "plebes" arrived. The Honor Committee was forced to do a deal - to make a public statement of Leary's innocence in return for his departure. He left a hero.

After "permanently damaging" his brain reading *Ulysses*, Leary went on to the University of Alabama, chose to read psychology, and did well despite changing his major to girls. Copulation with coeds was grounds for expulsion, and Leary was duly expelled in 1942, losing his draft deferment. He became an army psychologist, and in 1944 married Marianne, his first wife, who committed suicide in 1955. After the war he acquired a PhD in psychology from Berkeley, and rose to be the successful and disillusioned Director of Psychological Research at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland, California, in 1959. Chance meetings then led to a post at the Harvard Center for Personality Research in January 1960, where Richard Alpert was already Assistant Professor. By now Leary was into "existential transaction", and he "got off to a fast start on the Harvard academic track".

But then - summer of 1960 - hallucinatory mushrooms in Mexico. Very interesting. Back in Harvard, Leary read William James on nitrous oxide, Aldous Huxley on mescaline and LSD. The idea of controlled examination of altered states of consciousness was understandably attractive to the serious psychologist in Leary, and an on the whole admirably carefully devised programme of psilocybin-based research was soon instituted. Volunteers were plentiful; academic jealousies were aroused. Huxley came. Koestler had a go, and hated it ("pressure-cooker mysticism"). The project was carried into the churches and the prisons. It was clean-cut and respectable, despite the canonical weirdos who had begun to stop by - Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, William Burroughs, Neal Cassady, Jack Kerouac.

But then Michael Hollingshead arrived, in the spring of 1962, with 10,000 doses of LSD

which he had originally obtained with the intention of studying its effects on the web-spinning of spiders. He had mixed it with sugar, and - so the story goes - licked the spoon. He had lost interest in the spiders.

Hollingshead heaped the spoon for Leary, and the medicine went down. His acid years began. A psychedelic summer camp in Mexico; an "honorable dissociation" from Harvard, where pressure was rising; plans to change the world; and a new drug research project, IFIF - The International Foundation for Internal Freedom. In 1963 a large country estate in Millbrook, New York, was loaned to Leary, Alpert, and Ralph Metzner so that they could pursue their researches in comfort. But the level of psychedelic gunk was rising fast. The Eight Technologies of God were in the air. *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* was rewritten as *The Psychedelic Experience*. There were famous people everywhere.

In the winter of 1964-5 Leary married a model called Nanette and took off to India, a country to which he reacted with extreme vulgarity. He returned with a broken marriage. The beautiful Rosemary moved into Millbrook and the research went on, acquiring multicoloured inverted commas in the process. Disappointingly, *Flashbacks* contains little description of the nature of life on LSD, no serious attempt to give either a theoretical or a phenomenological account of what "multiple realities" might be, or might be like. Nor is any real sense of the great beauty of certain hallucinatory states conveyed.

In 1965 Leary was caught with a minute quantity of marijuana on the Mexico border. Later he was caught again, with two "roaches" - cardboard filters from marijuana cigarettes. He spent quite a lot of the next ten years appealing, on bail, on trial, in prison, or on the run. During this time the American legal system, in all its manifestations, apparently behaved quite disgracefully. But prison didn't begin in earnest until 1970, and in between times Leary was able to ingest a great deal more LSD, cheerlead the "Summer of Love", about which he has very little to say, fraternize with the hip aristocracy, and encouraged everyone to turn, tune and drop on, in and out respectively.

In 1970 he finally got ten years for the two cardboard "roaches" - an idiotic sentence. But by September he had been sprung from prison by the left-wing militant Weathermen. Headline news. He was on the run for two years and four months - out through Canada as a bald businessman, on to Paris, Algeria with the Black Panthers, Switzerland, Austria and Afghanistan. Recaptured in January 1973,

he was retried for escaping from prison, sentenced to up to twenty-five years and despatched to the deepest, darkest dungeon of the meanest, nastiest, ugliest prison of them all - 4-A in Folsom Prison. Charles Manson was down there too, mainly for his own protection, smiling sweetly and reading the Bible in the lotus position. But Leary soon rose up again from that dark place, and entered mainstream "slammer" society on the "main line", where he was a great success, and thrived mightily.

He continued to intrigue the FBI, though, who then spent two years shunting him round the prison system trying to pump him on the Weathermen and related issues. By the summer of 1976 the FBI were friendly enough with Leary to let him go, although he claims he told them almost nothing. The legal status of his release is not made clear, but the whole episode clearly left Leary feeling quite affectionate and protective towards the police. They treated him like he was someone really important.

Flashbacks ends with an embarrassing epilogue. Leary tells us about his new wife and about what all his old friends are doing now. The vigour of his accounts of prison life, from West Point to the Metropolitan Correction Center in San Diego, is suddenly and sadly dissipated. He has written six books and over fifty articles since he's been out, but somehow it isn't the same. Still, he's researching into Life Extension - "Few subjects are of greater personal interest to me at this moment than this" - and Space Migration, and he has certainly achieved one thing - Rejuvenilization.

And although Timothy Leary isn't in charge, the future is really bright:

If I were in charge of evolutionary matters on this planet, I would, at this precise moment, flood the place with advanced humans wired to take over peacefully and initiate the necessary changes.

And behold! This is exactly what DNA seems to have done. Just when the situation looked hopeless, here came 76 million post-War Americans - 40 million more than we expected - fresh, confident, programmed for innovation.

Clearly, it is all about to be beautiful.

UFO Reality: a critical look at the evidence, by Jenny Randles, was published earlier this month (240pp, Robert Hale, 1983, 0 7104 1080 X). Jenny Randles is investigation director for the British UFO Research Organization (BUFORA), coordinator of investigations for the Association for the Scientific Study of Anomalous Phenomena (ASSAP) and author of two previous books on UFOs. This book, will undoubtedly be required reading for the House of Lords All Party Study Group on UFOs.

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Shoe Store Press published this b.b.ing

Keynes

'Edwin Drood'

It is possible that Dickens may have known a book by a young American, Fitzhugh Ludlow, called *The Hashish Eater* (1857), dealing with his own experiences of the drug. I myself know it only by hearsay, but quote a passage from Van Wyck Brooks's *Times of Melville and Whitman* which makes Ludlow sound ex-

E. M. Forster

'Cohar'

Next, and repeatedly, your readers are told of the "ruthless competition" I report to reign between the Soharis. I cannot locate such a phrase anywhere; but it is true that I characterize the market-place as the scene of "speculation, shrewdness and cutthroat business dealings" (page 59). Elsewhere in the text, however, I dwell extensively on the exquisite politeness which Soharis cultivate in all their interpersonal relations, and the importance of "beautiful manners" in the Sohari concept of honour. The opening paragraph of Chapter 14 on "The Operation of the Market" should resolve whatever contradiction the observant reader may have sensed between behaviour in

The York Plays

'Brave New World'

In Dilys Powell's article (November 18), Philip Guedalla was referred to as having been "chairman of the British Council"; this should have read "Chairman of the film committee of the British Council".

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People



Alpert and Leary talking up higher education at Harvard

Those two Harvard boys from the fraternal order of *lambda sigma delta* returned to the old campus last week for the first time since being ousted 20 years ago for involving students in their experiments with mind-altering drugs. **Timothy Leary**, 62, the pop promoter of LSD in the '60s, and **Richard Alpert**, 49, now known as Baba Ram Dass, showed up in

sassination. In a new memoir, his disillusioned onetime adviser **Muhammed Hassanein Heikal** contends that Sadat had a humble-beginnings complex that caused him to live inordinately lavishly. The author says that Sadat popped a couple of vodkas daily despite his Islamic faith's liquor prohibition. The Egyptian government last month banned import of the book. Anwar's widow **Jehan Sadat**, 49, has not commented publicly on Heikal's charges, but she will provide a portrait of her husband in her own just finished memoir.

■ *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan* just might salvage what remained of the jungle lord's reputation after **John and Bo Derek** turned *Tarzan* into a howler in 1981. This time out, when *Tarzan*, played by Newcomer **Christopher Lambert**, 25, discovers that he is the Earl of Greystoke, he doffs his loin-cloth and high-tails it to England. When his adoptive dad Silverbeard also turns up . . . Oh heck, *Tarzan* is a howler no matter how you cut it. At least this version puts him in some decent clothes.

■ *The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Expos team that day, The score stood 4 to 2, two innings more to play. With Nolan Ryan on the mound, the Astros led the game, The Expos' Little struck out fast and Blackwell did the same. Three thousand five hundred eight good men had fallen*



Ryan delivering, and celebrating, the pitch that gave him the record

to Ryan's smoke, And he stood ready to wrap himself in Walter Johnson's cloak. A strikeout more and Ryan'd be enshrined in baseball heaven, Taking the record that Johnson held since 1927. Now came Brad Mills, his bat in hand, ready for his fate. He stared down Ryan and took his stance; the pitch whipped 'cross the plate. On Ryan's second, Mills took aim; he swung, but the ball got through. Nineteen thousand fans held their breath; the count turned 1 and 2. Now Casey choked when his

time came, but Ryan kept his nerve. He cocked his arm and then let loose, not a fastball but a curve! Now the air hangs silent as Mills declines to swing, "Strike three!" the umpire cries; "Huzzah!" the fans all sing. Oh somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright. The bells still ring in Houston; Montreal is dark with blight. There is no joy, says Mills, this was not his day: "If I had a choice, I would have chosen to make history some other way."

—By E. Graydon Carter



Sadat at her home in Cairo

a rented hall thick with students, many of whom were on mother's milk when the pair achieved their notoriety. Harvard, said Leary, is still "the main line of American transcendental thinking."

■ As controversial as Egyptian President **Anwar Sadat** was alive, he has become no less so a year and a half after his as-



Lambert and dear old dad in their monkey suits in London



A last touch of magic before the lights come up: a model gets ready for the Bill Blass show



Claude Montana sends the Luftwaffe off to high camp

Living

The Theater of Fashion

Suiting up or standing pat, high style holds center stage

“WhatisthiswaitaminuteIdon’tget-itexplainthisome.”

Shock. Amazement. And a nice side order of *hauteur*. Disorientation at first: Where’s the runway? How about the front-row seat? No music? No lights? And . . . no . . . models?

Peak chic by Ferré

Then it all begins to settle in. Videotape, what do you mean, videotape? Is *this* the show? *This* is the show?

Disbelief edges closer to disdain. No models. Mannequins. Metal mannequins with plastic hips. And no heads! Unbelievable. Now try it again, slower.

“What is this? Wait a minute, I don’t get it. Explain this to me.”

And so it was done. One of the world’s greatest designers took one of the world’s fashion press by her unyielding arm and steered her through his fall collection, explaining. Pity the poor woman. She looked as if she had just been concussed by a cinder block from the *Twilight Zone*. Pity the poor designer. He was paying the price for doing something different.

“Different.” “New.”

And—deliver us—“directional.” All these concepts are greatly honored in the world of fashion, even when they may not be recognized. Show clothes that are funny, disrespectful and touched by madness, as

Vivienne Westwood did, and you risk not being taken seriously. But show without a show, as Giorgio Armani did with his mannequins and video, and you risk being taken no way at all. You may default on your lifetime role in that seasonal display of glamour, giddiness and social scrambling that travels from country to country like a medicine show offering cures for which there are no known diseases.

All this world’s a ready-to-wear runway. From early March, in Milan, through late March in Paris and ending just last week in New York City, the fashion corps turns up for the yearly ritual of checking out what’s new for fall. The action they see, and, indeed, of which they become part, has the trappings of drama, the slow-motion choreography of a dream, the bleary musicality of an after-hours

club at dawn. It also has the conviviality of a carnival, the commercialism of an appliance convention, the congenial corruption of a sideshow. The theater of fashion.

At no event since the woolliest days of the Living Theater has the audience been such an integral part of the action. That is one reason why everyone—even the poor marginals there at the back of the room, even the desperate ones who have paid a scalper \$40 or \$50 for a Saint Laurent or a

Karl Lagerfeld turns on his plumbing



NEWSMAKERS

The man who did some mean Carter and Nixon imitations got a bit of his own back recently when a couple of wild and crazy guys, several Blues Brothers and a Conehead took on **Dan Aykroyd** in an MTV-sponsored look-alike contest. "Hey, these are good-looking guys," remarked the real thing, who has two new films coming up, "Doctor Detroit," opening this week, and "Trading Places," with **Eddie Murphy**, to be released next month. Aykroyd is planning to regroup the Blues Brothers Band in part as a way to finance the **John Belushi** Memorial Fund, a program that provides scholarships for theater students and supports a number of drug-abuse organizations. "It's fun to remind people of John," said Aykroyd. "It brings a smile to people's faces when they remember how he made us laugh."

More than 1,200 students tuned in when **Timothy Leary** dropped by last week for his first appearance at Harvard since 1963, when he and fellow psychology Prof. **Richard Alpert** were fired for turning on some of the university's finest minds. David Clarence McClelland, the psychology professor who, as the head of the Center for Research in Personality, backed their dismissal, was also on hand to welcome back his ex-colleagues. Latter-day transcendentalist Leary, whose aptly titled autobiography, "Flashbacks," is due out this month, compared himself with another Harvard



Bernard Gotfryd—Newsweek

Aykroyd surrounded by look-alikes: Will the real Conehead please stand up?

colleagues, friends and fans who gathered last week for a tribute to him by the Film Society of Lincoln Center. In return, a star cast of former leading ladies, including **Jean Simmons**, **Maggie Smith** and **Maureen Stapleton**, played

Ryan at the mound: The Express came through

Alpert and Leary: A nostalgic trip



Robert R. McElroy—Newsweek

Olivier, Plowright and son Richard: A king's tribute

© Federico Diaz

The Express made a few forced stops along the way, but last week **Nolan Ryan** finally came through: with a curve ball to Montreal Expos pinch hitter Brad Mills, the Houston Astros pitcher broke the career strikeout record **Walter Johnson** set in 1927. Although he began the season with 3,494 strikeouts—only 14 short of the record—Ryan had to call a timeout because of an infection, then made a slow start in his first games back. "I'm relieved I got it over with," he said. "I never realized 15 strikeouts would takesuchalongtime." But the fireballer may need to throw some more smoke: **Steve Carlton** of the Philadelphia Phillies is just 21 strikeouts away from Ryan's new record.

ELOISE SALHOLZ



Rick Friedman—Black Star

expellee, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and praised the university for being in "the big league of chemical psychedelic experimentation." Alpert, who changed his name to Ram Dass in honor of an Indian mystic, cheerfully admitted that he, like Leary, still takes drugs. The two then joined a crowd of students for a nostalgic repast of strictly down-to-earth mushrooms.

The performance was one of the most moving of **Laurence Olivier's** extraordinary career. "My heart is indeed so full that it is bound, if I am not very careful, to overflow," said Olivier, playing himself before the 2,500

their hearts out for the ailing 75-year-old actor. "I fell hopelessly in love with him," admitted Simmons, who was Ophelia to Olivier's screen Hamlet, "but all I got was, 'Get thee to a nunnery.'" The next day Lord Olivier, who recently added King Lear to his film repertoire, proceeded with his wife, actress **Joan Plowright**, to the White House for a dinner and screening of the upcoming TV version of Shakespeare's tragedy.





Martha Swope

Burns and company on deck: America's first great musical just keeps rolling along

Can't Help Lovin' That Show

Show Boat is being billed as "the first great American musical," and that seems fair enough. It certainly appears to be the first musical to combine a serious, powerful theme with the charm and genius of Broadway at its best. The serious theme, of course, involves the question of race in the United States, and it's interesting that "*Show Boat*" should be revived on Broadway at the same time that Gershwin's "*Porgy and Bess*" is in revival at Radio City Music Hall. The "*Show Boat*" production is by the Houston Grand Opera, and "*Porgy*" is based on that company's 1976 production. Houston seems to have taken on the task of restoring such landmark American lyric works to

their original state, for which it deserves our gratitude and support. For "*Porgy*," Houston restored the full text with recitatives; for "*Show Boat*," the original 1927 orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett have been researched and restored. All this is well and good. But just how good is this revival of "*Show Boat*?"

Well, damn good would be a bit too strong and pretty good a bit too weak. Let's just say this "*Show Boat*" is pretty damn good. The great thing about it is that it is "*Show Boat*," and if you've never seen it, of course you must or have your passport revoked. On the other hand, the Houston production is somehow greater than the

sum of its parts, the parts being the individual performances. The great, eternal fun of "*Show Boat*" is the confrontation of romance and reality in Edna Ferber's novel, masterfully adapted by the young Oscar Hammerstein II and projected in the wonderful music by Jerome Kern. So when dashing, handsome riverboat gambler Gaylord Ravenal meets virginal young Magnolia Hawks and they intertwine their voices in "Only Make Believe," your ear lobes should quiver with romantic fervor. Ron Raines and Sheryl Woods are pleasant players and OK singers, but they don't heat up those lobes.

Buck and Wing: Similarly, Lonette McKee is beautiful and smoky-voiced as Julie, the ill-fated, racially mixed star of the showboat Cotton Blossom. But when she hops up on the piano, à la Helen Morgan (the original Julie), to sing "Bill," she doesn't really break your heart. Paige O'Hara and Paul Keith as comics Ellie and Frank are not exactly laugh riots. Donald O'Connor as Cap'n Andy, master of the Cotton Blossom, is . . . well, he's adorable, with his friendly round tummy, his still-youthful bumbletude and his itch to break into a buck and wing at any moment. But Avril Gentles as his virago wife, Parthy Ann, is so irritating that you wish Cap'n Andy would toss her into "Ol' Man River." That great song, with its rolling undertow of fatality, is well sung by Bruce Hubbard as Joe, and Karla Burns is a powerhouse of good spirits as his woman Queenie. These two, with McKee and Woods, turn "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" into an interracial anthem. But there's no one with the size, power and personality of Morgan or Paul Robeson, whose overwhelming singing of "Ol' Man River" in the 1936 film is an eternal moment of genius. This "*Show Boat*," under Michael Kahn's direction, has been mounted with a kind of taste and dignity that doesn't allow a real incandescence of emotion to leap forth from its lavish texture.

JACK KROLL

TRANSITION

BORN: To Jordan's American-born Queen Noor, 32, and King Hussein, 48, their third child and first daughter; in Amman, April 24. The royal couple named the baby—Hussein's 11th—Imam, Arabic for faith.

DIED: Turner Catledge, 82, courtly former executive editor of The New York Times; in New Orleans, April 27. Raised in the cotton-ginning town of Philadelphia, Miss., Catledge lasted three weeks on his first big newspaper job but quickly earned a reputation at his next stop—The Commercial Appeal in Memphis, Tenn.—for his touch typing and repertory of hymns. His knowledge of the devastating 1927 Mississippi River flood so impressed Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, who oversaw the relief effort from Memphis, that the future president wrote to New York Times publisher

Adolph Ochs suggesting that he hire the young reporter. After two years at the Baltimore Sun, Catledge joined the Times. During 17 years as managing and then executive editor he deftly handled bickering factions at the newspaper, beefed up its international coverage and bravely attempted to make the stodgy paper more readable by adding news analysis, expanding society and women's sections and instructing reporters to write shorter sentences. A man of gentle wit and Southern drawl, he left behind a collection of "Catledgisms," such as "When in doubt, do it."

Lincoln White, 77, State Department press officer who became known as the "spokesman of the cold war"; of Parkinson's disease, in Arkansas, April 27. From the revolt in Algiers to the Bay of Pigs, White doled

out the official line on crisis after crisis. When questions from reporters got too tough, the Tennessean would simply drawl, "Gentlemen, it's snowing like hell in Bethesda," and end the press conference.

Suzanne LaFollette, 89, feisty scribe of the right and early feminist; in Stanford, Calif., April 23. As a maverick in a family of liberal politicians and founding editor of such conservative journals as the National Review and The Freeman, LaFollette helped fan anticommunist flames in the 1950s.

Muddy Waters, 68, top blues guitarist; of heart failure, in Chicago, April 30. Waters's raw Delta blues inspired a generation of British and American rock bands, including the Rolling Stones, who took their name from one of his early songs.

Leary Lectures at Harvard For First Time in 20 Years

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 24 (AP) — For the first time since his dismissal from Harvard 20 years ago for experimenting with mind-altering drugs, Timothy Leary returned today to praise the university as the "big league of chemical psychedelic experimentation."

"Since the day we were canned, I never have felt any rancor against Harvard," Mr. Leary told a full house at Memorial Hall. "Harvard is the main line of American transcendental thinking."

Mr. Leary, a former lecturer, appeared with Richard Alpert, 49 years old, an assistant clinical psychology professor who was dismissed with him in May 1963. The university contended that they broke an agreement against using undergraduates in drug experiments.

"The problem, was, of course, the world wasn't ready for us," Mr. Leary said.

No Regrets for One

"I think they were," Mr. Alpert interjected. "Not for one moment

do I wish I was not thrown out of Harvard."

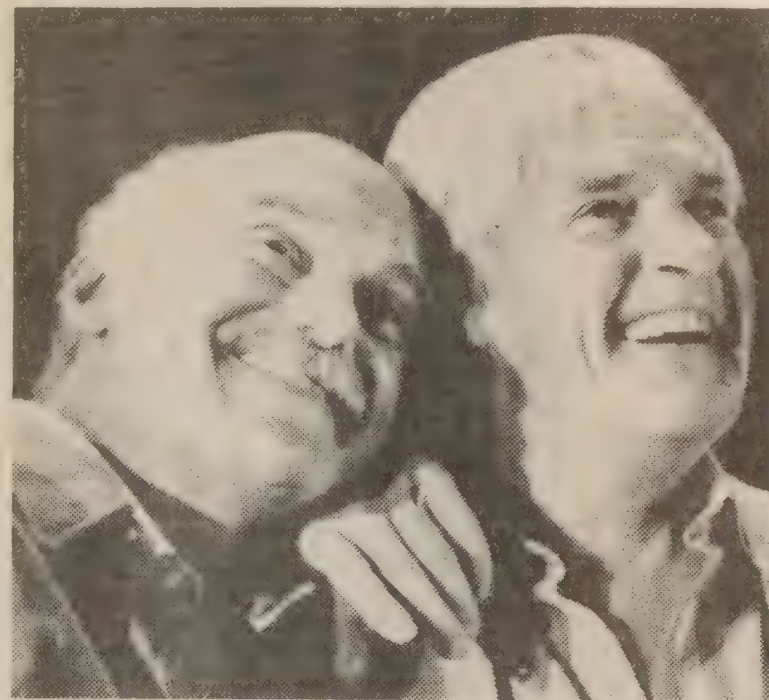
Both men were introduced by Dr. David Clarence McClelland, a psychology professor who headed the Center for Research in Personality where they did research. He said in 1962 that he feared the permanent effects of their experiments.

Mr. Leary, 62, contended that Harvard had always attracted scholars interested in drugs and the mind, and had always been in the "mainstream tradition of far-out, Sufi, gnostic, Harvard experimentation."

He also asserted that in the 1950's the Central Intelligence Agency placed ads in the campus newspaper to recruit Harvard students to participate in experiments with mind-altering drugs.

Student Promoted Lecture

Joseph A. Kasof, a Harvard graduate student in sociology, said he promoted the lecture because of his interest in psychedelic drugs. He hired the hall and security force and paid for advertising at a total



United Press International

Richard Alpert, left, and Timothy Leary at Harvard University.

cost of about \$2,300, he said.

Tickets were \$3, and crowds of students stood outside in the rain asking for extras.

Mr. Kasof said that the speakers agreed to appear for no fee but that he planned to split any profits with them.

Colleges Turning More to Scholarships Based on Merit

Continued From Page A1

are scrambling to keep their freshman classes filled and, in the case of the most selective schools, to continue to attract the cream of the crop.

"Merit" or "no-need" scholarships are seen as a means of both attracting students and helping middle-class students find it difficult to pay for college.

ity of applicants and of those who came," she said. "They brought in much more diversity in terms of extracurricular activity and leadership."

One of the largest merit scholarship programs is that of the University of Denver, which offers 700 a year worth more than \$3 million. The university also provides \$4 million in need-based aid. Melvin E. Clark, director of financial aid, said the scholarships were intended to "improve the mix of the student body by attracting intellectual students as well as plodders."

Benjamin Sandler, director of financial aid at Washington University in St. Louis, said that for the last 10 years his institution had awarded 10 percent of its aid on the basis of merit and 90 percent on the basis of need.

"This stability is not an accident," he said. "It is the result of a specific policy that recognizes the legitimate value of honorary scholarships yet also believes that need ought to be the primary concern."

Financial aid administrators differ on how far the trend is likely to

proaching the point where top scholars, like top high school athletes, will expect to be courted with discounts on their tuition.

Another possibility is that as more and more colleges offer more and more merit scholarships, the competitive advantage of offering them will be lost. Indeed, the net result could be substantially increased costs with few benefits.

"It's scary," said Clark. "If we don't do it, we're in trouble."

A local's look at Laurel Canyon

The friendliest folks up there are dogs and Jerry Brown

Roy Hayes

Special to the Mercury News

LAUREL CANYON

THE tour bus does not go by my place in Laurel Canyon; these streets are too narrow for that. Many of the streets, mine among them, lead-end into mountainsides or at guard rails on high cliffs. Yet if the celebrity buses could get through we could probably have caravans of them every weekend, because the middle-classish neighborhood here I live is plagued with recognizable names and faces.

Los Angeles is a city of mountains and canyons and alleys, and its mountaintops and canyons are among the more desirable places to live. How Laurel Canyon, a relatively modest area, became so celebrity-ridden is not entirely clear. I suspect that some of the people moved here when they were just people, and only later (and perhaps incidentally) became celebrities. With others I think it is a case of the newer celebrities being richer and more cautious with money than the bigwigs of old, buying here rather than in Malibu or Bel Air because the price of property seems to increase exponentially as you move farther west.

Until the second war, Laurel Canyon was thought of as a wilderness area, and a number of people had summer cottages in it. Two notable exceptions were Tom Mix and Harry Houdini, who maintained their regular homes in the canyon. Mix had a log cabin; Houdini, a castle. Both places were across the street from each other, and both eventually burned down. The castle went in the Great Canyon Fire of 1957. Mix's old cabin, recently a crash pad for dopers and empty-headed souls, burned down just this year.

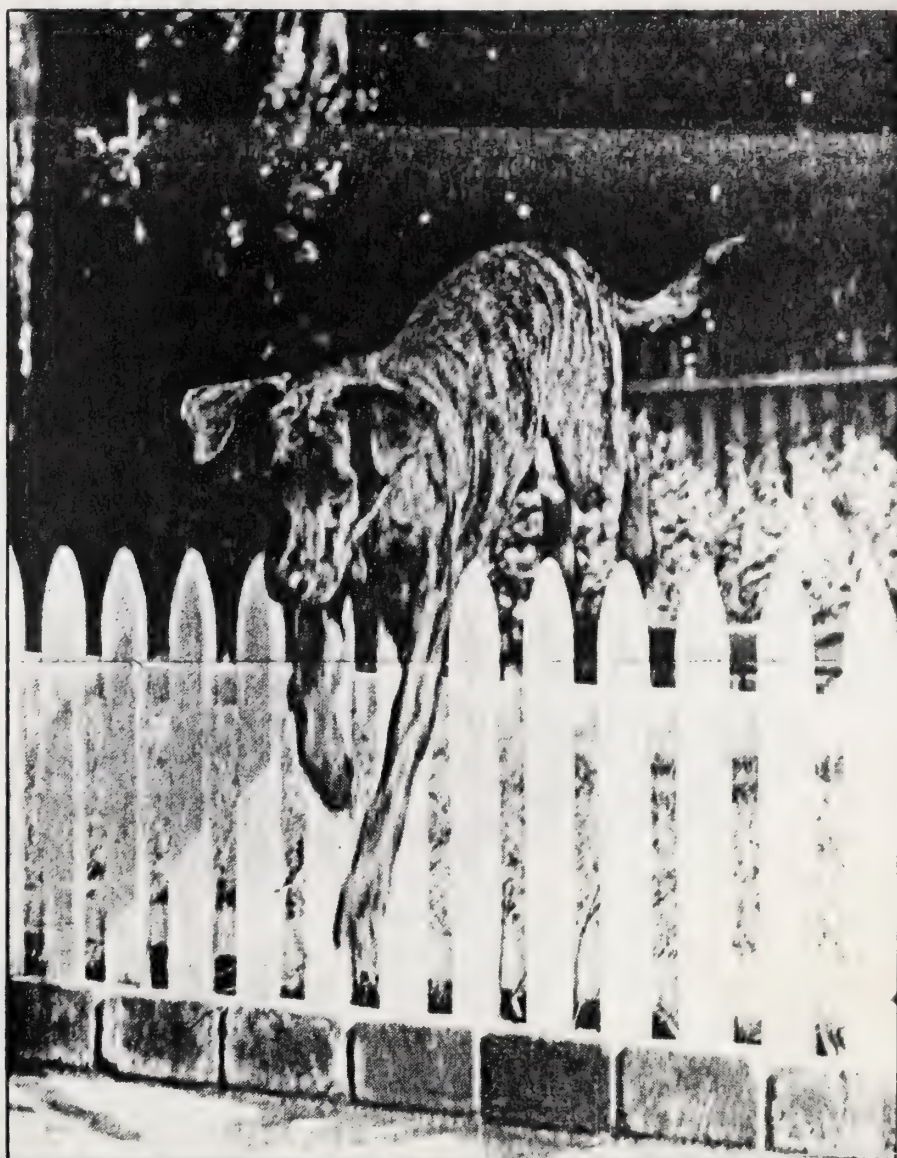
Nowadays Frank Zappa lives somewhere up here, and so does Robin Williams — or so I have been led to believe. Jerry Brown lives just around the corner from me, and Barbara and Timothy Leary are a few doors down from Brown. Actually, for about eight years, Brown lived in an apartment in Sacramento but maintained his home as a voting residence here in Laurel Canyon. You could always tell when he was in town, for there would be a very serious looking car at the bottom of his long, uphill driveway, and one or two plainclothes California State Police officers in the car standing next to it. Now, only an occasional squirrel can be seen at the foot of his drive.

We used to see Jerry every election, when the polls were in the house across from us. He is a very approachable guy, as I suspect even you or I would be if we had been driven about in an inexpensive, blue Plymouth for eight years. Sometimes he has been seen running up on Mulholland Drive, where I used to run, although I have not caught him at it. My neighbor three doors down says he once saw Brown running on Mulholland with Tom Hayden. Whether you can mow any political hay from that is a question I could not answer.

Glenn Campbell has a place about 45 seconds from me by car, and I can throw a rock from my terrace and hit Robert Bloch, that sardonic writer of macabre novels, on the roof. A famous hyperkinetic rock and roll couple once lived near Bob and Ellie Bloch, but have since moved out, for which everyone around is thankful. Sometime after they were divorced — or perhaps while they were going through the pangs of getting divorced — the rock and roll husband one night shot out the windshield of the rock and roll wife's automobile. I was not at home that night, but I am told by neighbors that the noise was quite impressive and the automobile a terrible mess. They have gone away from the neighborhood and from each other, the wife keeping the husband's last name, and working regularly. The husband also kept his own last name, but has not been heard from very much this past year or so.

One of the Candolis used to live down by the Blochs, also. I don't recall which he was — Pete or Conte — but he warmed up his lip on the weekends, and it was very pleasant hearing the thin pure notes of his horn reverberating through the canyons. Al Stewart's manager lives across from me, but Stewart never warms up his vocal chords there. I suppose he does that in Bel Air, where he lives.

Marvin Mitchelson, a lawyer who sometimes seeks to divorce people who have not yet gotten around to being married, used to live near here too. I can see what used to be his A-frame from my windows. Mitchelson drove a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, and the two times I saw him he drove it badly,



Roy Hayes — Special to the Mercury News

Timothy Leary's dog dropping over in Laurel Canyon

ostentatiously even, down the middle of the road, which is not wise when you must negotiate narrow canyon streets on a daily basis. There is hardly enough room for two cars to go by on these roads. A car wallowing along the middle stripe makes oncoming cars lurch for the curb. Mitchelson finally moved away, and frankly I'm happy he did. I don't know how well I would have weathered a third encounter with him.

Barbara and Timothy Leary I have not seen, but I can vouch that their dog is among the most intelligent, personable and lively people in Laurel Canyon. Six days a week I walk, run, and limp the mountainous four-mile round trip from my place to Mulholland Drive and back,

Certainly he knows more people than I, though I suspect we're about equal in our dog acquaintances. We go past the Mulholland Club, then downhill and begin returning back uphill again, then down again and finally up the last and steepest slope to my place. By the time we get back to where I live I am ready to die, but the Leary dog is all teeth and saliva to go another four miles. I walk in circles to cool down, my heart banging heavily in my chest, not at all pleased with the thought that the dog can outwalk me, but comforting myself with the knowledge that I am at least marginally more conversant in Spanish than he.

I had hoped to show you some pictures of the people who live in my neighborhood, but so far on my walks I have not seen Timothy Leary, nor have I seen Jerry Brown lately, nor for that matter Glenn Campbell, near whose gate I pass on my way to Mulholland. I thought to photograph Jerry Brown's

often taking with me a Spanish lesson on a cassette tape machine. As I near the Learys' house, their dog comes bounding at me, and I must turn off the Spanish and pocket the instruction manual, for the dog is suddenly all over me like cheap cologne.

The dog is young, and enthusiastic as only young dogs can be. He jumps at me then makes a lunatic run at someone's yard, tearing crazily through a garden, then he comes at me again. For the remainder of the walk the dog stays with me, barking and running and telling the world he's on his way and look out, pal, it's going to be a heck of a day. He has a lot of friends in the canyon, both dog-friends and human-friends.

of his place from the street, but even with a couple of California State Police officers or tree squirrels in it, the drive is really nothing more than a boring strip of asphalt. I managed to photograph Timothy Leary's dog, however, and thought perhaps you might like to have it to look at while you wait for the tour bus to arrive.

HOW TO GET THERE — The part of Laurel Canyon you want to visit is on the Hollywood side (not the Valley, sorry Frank and Moon Unit Zappa), between Sunset Boulevard and Mulholland Drive. Go north from Sunset on Laurel Canyon Boulevard, turning left onto Kirkwood at the Country Store. Many of the houses here are old vacation cabins, and look it. There is some celebrity watching to be done here, but it is mostly of the struggling young rock 'n' rollers/actors and actresses crowd.

Roy Hayes — a novelist — is also an

Liddy and Leary 'Return' on film

By ARCHER
WINSTEN

THE conjunction of G. Gordon Liddy, the jailbird of Watergate break-in, fame, and Timothy Leary, the ex-Harvard advocate of drug therapies for youth with a slogan of "tune in, turn on, and drop out," is found at the Embassy 72d St. in *Return Engagement*. It's a documentary of one of their many debates, this one in a Los Angeles theater, with added footage from Liddy on a motorcycle with Hells Angels, Liddy with Esalen converts, Liddy on a firing range, and both men with their wives at lunch.

The man in the street is

given an opportunity to state his impression of the men, and some students have their own opinions.

Carole Hemingway steps in as moderator of the debate, and director Alan Rudolph keeps the picture varied and in movement.

Surprisingly, to those who have followed both careers in their most superficial aspects, the men emerge as civilized, intelligent people, albeit diametrically opposed in their life philosophies.

Liddy is the man of action and rigid principle, ready and able to kill in defense of his country.

Leary is the philosopher who sees life in terms of freedom for the individual to live, learn and

expand knowledge and feelings, with the assistance of drugs used wisely.

Their contentions are not without humor, and needless to say, neither one convinces the other to the point of conversion. Still, they don't come to blows, or anywhere near them. One can understand why the lectures have been near the top of the list in popularity. A lively intelligence is given full play by both men, becoming both a revelation to the uninformed, and as entertainment to the general public willing to listen to both sides of an argument.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT. An Island Pictures release. Produced by Carolyn Pfeiffer. Directed by Alan Rudolph. Cast: G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST

April 15th issue of Booklist's feature, "UPFRONT."

"UPFRONT is comprised of reviews of books that the BOOKLIST staff predicts will be in demand in libraries and for which it is likely that libraries will place multi-copy orders.

Librarians and others engaged in media selection depend of BOOKLIST reviews for their reliability, consistency and fairness. They know that each review is a recommendation for purchase."

Leary, Timothy. Flashbacks: an autobiography. 1983.
[416p.] illus. Tarcher; dist. by Houghton, \$15.95
(0-87477-177-3). Galley. May.

"Up ahead, I saw to my astonishment that Miss Egg, far from being a passive, dumb glob with round heels waiting to be knocked up by some first-to-arrive, breathless, sweaty, muscular sperm, was a luminescent sun, radiating amused intelligence, surrounded by magnetic fields bristling with phosphorescent radar scanners and laser-defenses." And so begins this whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor and, later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s. Hundreds--thousands--of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period--Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more. Whatever reputation Leary has rightfully or wrongfully been tagged with, he offers here an important historical document and a well-considered apologia for the use of mind-expanding drugs. To include 32 black-and-white photos. Notes; no index. AM. 150'.092 (B) Leary, Timothy Francis//Psychologists--U.S.--Biography [CIP] 82-16915

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United Press International

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MAY 10, 1982

TIME

BUDGET BREAKDOWN
**"We Have Tried
 The Carrot..."**



Show Business

Gold in the Gift of Gab

Despite recession, lecturers are in demand and in the money

Vegas is hurting, and Broadway is no longer booming. Hollywood is nervous, and book publishers are crying recession. But recession has a soft and silky silver lining for some people in the entertainment business: those who make money on the lecture circuit. Fees are up as much as 30% over last year, and audiences are not only willing but eager to pay and listen. "The lecture business is better in a recession," says Robert Keedick, president of the Keedick Lecture Bureau Inc. "People are concerned, and they want to find out what's going on. And lectures are also cheaper than going to a nightclub."

Long gone are the days when a celebrity spoke for fun and a free lunch. Hardly anyone with a reputation steps onto a platform now for less than \$1,500. A big name, like Henry Kissinger or Gerald Ford, can demand \$15,000; a bigger or at least a more commercial name, like Walter Cronkite or Radio Commentator Paul Harvey, can ask for a piece of the moon—or as much of it as \$20,000 can buy. "I'm astounded by the fees people offer for lectures," says Economist Milton Friedman, who asks for, and receives, an astounding \$15,000. "I find it hard to believe I'm worth what I'm paid."

Colleges provide a lucrative market, with fees underwritten by student activity funds, indulgent alumni and the sale of tickets (usually from \$1 to \$10). Less issue oriented than they were a decade ago, students want to be entertained while they are being informed. When they do listen to issues, today's college students usually prefer the liberal side. "They don't want to listen to people in the Administration," says Joe Cosby, who heads Conference Speakers International, one of the five biggest lecture bureaus. "What they love

to hear is someone saying to the Administration, 'You've got it wrong.'"

Business groups have a similar bias—on the conservative side. "They want to hear from Republicans," says Cosby, "except when Democrats are in office; then they still want to hear from Republicans, but they'll listen to Democrats first. When Democrats are out of office, they wish they would just blow away."

With so much gold for gab available, competition is rough, and lecture bureaus, which take anywhere from 30% to 40% of their clients' fees, move swiftly. A couple of TV talk show appearances or a best-seller can double a \$2,000 fee in just a few months. Easy up, easy down, however. The sun is now setting on such onetime stars as Abbie Hoffman, Jody Powell and Gloria Steinem. Perhaps the most provocative current act, and the oddest, couples G. Gordon Liddy, the Watergate tough guy, and Timothy Leary, the apostle of LSD (who was busted in 1966 by then New York State Prosecutor Liddy). Splitting an \$8,000 fee, the two debate the power of the state (Liddy) vs. the freedom of the individual (Leary). "I'm grateful to Tim for drawing out his constituency so that I can convince them of my point of view," says Liddy. Responds Leary: "I think I'm doing a great public service by luring Liddy onto a platform and pressing him to say publicly what Haig, Reagan and Kissinger think privately." Other popular combinations: John Dean and Bob Woodward, who share between \$6,000 and \$9,500; Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt Jr. and former Senator Sam Ervin, chairman of the Watergate committee, who divide \$3,500 to \$5,500.

Not all speakers even pretend to seriousness, however. Jerry Mathers, 33, who played Beaver in *Leave It to Beaver*, a se-

ries of the '50s and '60s, gets \$4,000 mining a deep vein of nostalgia in the TV generation. Audiences yell "Beaver! Beaver!" before he arrives onstage and seem dreamily content to let him recount his rather uneventful life since the series faded from the screen. "My appearances have the same atmosphere as a high school reunion," he says. It looks more like a boarding-school reunion when *The Official Preppy Handbook* Editor Lisa Birnbach (\$4,000) appears. "Sometimes," she says, "there are so many pink button-down shirts out there that I have to wear sunglasses."

There are other hazards on the circuit. Anyone who has made the rounds can tell stories of the host who forgot to meet the plane or reserve a hotel room. "Sometimes they put you up in the cheapest motels because they are trying to save money, and frequently you have to eat dormitory food," complains Dr. Alvin Poussaint, a Harvard psychiatrist (\$1,500), who lost ten pounds doing a series of 19 lectures in one month last year. If they have enough clout, speakers can minimize such dangers by specifying what they need ahead of time. Clare Boothe Luce (\$5,000 to \$8,000), for instance, requires a queen-size bed and windows that open.

Audiences are not usually so successful in pressing their demands. Hunter Thompson (\$3,000), the leading—and only—exponent of Gonzo Journalism, filled an auditorium at the College of Marin, outside San Francisco. The only problem was that Thompson did not appear for 40 minutes and then showed up drunk, waving a bottle of Wild Turkey. Refusing to give a speech, he answered questions instead, and when he was done, many in the room asked for refunds. The college refused. Thompson's performance, it maintained, represented Gonzo Journalism at its very best. And lecture-fee gouging at its very worst.

—By Gerald Clarke.
 Reported by Adam Zagorin/New York

Sunday Tempo

An unrepentant Leary clings to his old values

By Robert Cross

BACK IN THE 1960s, he was known as the Pied Piper of LSD, the man who, more than anyone else, would blow minds right off the planet.

Timothy Leary came across as mystical. Pictures in the media made his eyes seem almost manically detached, his smile mocking, his hair flowing, his shirts and slacks formless.

Everyone knew his story: Leary was the Harvard psychologist who turned on colleagues and graduate students with a synthesis of the psychedelic mushrooms of Mexico and, later on, that little derivative of ergot fungus known as LSD. All in the name of science, you understand.

In 1963, Harvard fired him, and Timothy Leary, the "Turn on, Tune in, Drop out" man, was a glamorous outcast, a psychedelic scientist with scores of local, state and federal law enforcement agents twisting themselves into knots in their efforts to arrest him.

LEARY BECAME the center of a drug scene. He was convicted of marijuana possession—then a serious felony—in Texas and California, served some time and then, in 1970, escaped from a California prison with the aid of people from the radical Weather Underground. After nearly three years of exile in Algeria, Switzerland and, briefly, Afghanistan, he was brought back to the United States by federal authorities. FBI agents kept him in a series of prisons while they pumped him [unsuccessfully, he insists] for information concerning the radical fugitives who had helped him flee. In the mid-'70s, after a series of legal maneuvers that blur the exact date, Leary was released.

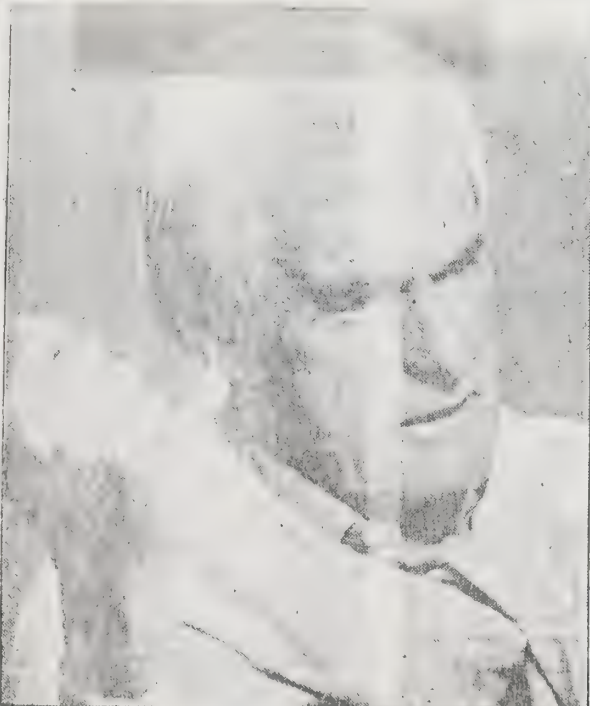
He was a philosopher recognized in his own time. An estate in Millbrook, N.Y., underwritten by wealthy followers, became his salon. Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters of "Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test" fame visited him. When John and Yoko bedded down publicly in a Montreal hotel to demonstrate for peace, Leary was there. He knew Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, William Burroughs, Eldridge Cleaver and a wide assortment of shrinks, scientists, gurus, county prosecutors, federal agents and prison guards.

Strangers might expect Leary, by now, to be a sort of charismatic zombie with a visionary stare, a mystic saint with wild mane and a sneer for the Establishment, a self-righteous, arrogant, zonked-out, aging hippie. He is expected to be floating on a carpet of macabre chemicals, emerging from a hashish mist, gliding from a past filled with paisley tents, hookahs and mantras.

Not quite. Picture, instead, a former lecturer in clinical psychology who has reached the age of 62 and has managed to sustain a certain intellectual cool.

THAT'S HE WITH the light-blue sweater tied, preppy-style, around the shoulders of a sport shirt, the kind that men his age receive on Father's Day from tykes who call them "gramps." His hair is the

Continued on page 6



Tribune photo by Ron Bailey

Timothy Leary: Still "one of the rowdies."

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Continued on page 6

Timothy Leary: Unrepentant and still clinging to his old values

Continued from first Tempo page
the smooth silver helmet commonly seen at faculty meetings. His blue eyes look as if they know a really good joke.

Among the half-dozen books Leary has written since his long scrape with the law is an autobiography called "Flashbacks," (Tarcher, \$15.95), and that, too, is surprisingly accessible. One needn't be conversant with clinical psychology. "The Tibetan Book of the Dead" or the I Ching to grasp Leary's version of his role in recent American history.

LEARY OF LATE has been schmoozing around Hollywood, making friends with members of the motion-picture colony, appearing in a Cheech and Chong opus. His motives, as always, go beyond mere dabbling, even though it might appear that Leary is just out for a good time.

"There's a long tradition in Hollywood of having eccentric writers and intellectual troublemakers around," Leary points out. "Aldous Huxley, Chris Isherwood, Thomas Mann, Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner—they all checked in."

So there's old Tim at the movie-circuit parties now, and he's still cast as "one of the rowdies." The rowdies, one is given to understand, come into a social gathering and find that no-smoking signs have been posted at the door and that the refreshments run toward cocaine, pot, champagne and health food. Leary—ever the iconoclast—will not do drugs publicly. He thinks champagne is too vinegary and would rather sip a martini. Whenever he and the other rowdies want to smoke one of their filter-tip cigarettes, they must huddle in a group off in a corner somewhere, giggling at their hellbent transgression.

In short, Leary clings to some old values. "I'm red-white-and-blue American," he insists. For example, he goes to Dodge games and eats hotdogs. His 9-year-old stepson, Zachary, wife Barbara's boy, is a Little Leaguer, and Leary is the "team father."

LEARY'S FATHER WAS a rakehell, booze loving Army dentist from Springfield, Mass., who caused him to be conceived, Timothy imagines, the night of Jan. 17, 1920. "On the preceding day, alcohol had become an illegal drug," Leary writes in "Flashbacks," striking the first of many portentous notes.

Leary believes that when the baby-boomers who were born after 1946 start winning high office, they will feel more tolerant toward mind-bending chemicals and legislate repeal of their own. Some members of the Permissive Parent generation (Leary's generation) will be cheering. Those in the Old Timer generation, born shortly after 1900, will either be dead or so defiantly alive that they'll be cheering too.

Finally, the Whiz-Kid generation, born after 1965, will be making new computer programs (thus expanding minds electrically) and launching the space stations where pioneers of the future will float in self-contained communities. Leary has drawn up a chart about this.

"I make this prediction with confidence and serenity," he declares. "The young ones are ready to turn on the higher circuits of their brains, tune in to the awesome strength of their numbers, and take charge of evolution."

NONE WILL HAVE to take the sort of old-fashioned linear route imposed on Leary, who had started a family and gathered academic credentials in the precincts of the

University of California at Berkeley before getting a job at Harvard in 1960.

He arrived on the campus with his children, Jack and Susan, suffering a sense of loss and pangs of guilt from the unexpected suicide of his wife, Marianne, back in California. Marianne, it seemed, had not been able to cope with a post-Hiroshima sense of paranoia, or she found the fast pace of liberal politics in Cold War America too much, or she feared her husband's magnetism, which drew unwanted women friends into the family orbit. She hadn't explained exactly why she wanted out, but clearly she did.

Leary, 39, was considered, in 1960, to be a potential faculty star. His papers, including "The Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality," were well known darts thrown at the "monastic" Freudians.

During a fateful summer vacation in Mexico that year, Leary and his new Harvard friend Dick Alpert, an assistant professor, ingested hallucinogenic mushrooms. "I learned that the brain is an underutilized biocomputer, containing billions of unaccessed neurons," Leary reports.

Excited by their discovery, Leary and Alpert returned that fall to institute a study program, turning on graduate students and other subjects with a mushroom-derived drug called psilocybin. It wasn't long before friends were introducing them to the more powerful and even more interesting LSD. And soon after that, events began spinning out of control.

"Was I a drug messiah? Was I the leader of a drug culture?"

LEARY guesses not.

"I'm associated with drugs, but I have nothing to do with heroin, cocaine, PCB, valium, that whole list. I take a drink now and then, but I've never even been associated with advocating booze. My god, most male members of my Irish Catholic family went down the tubes under alcohol."

"I've always been involved with this very small group of plant derivatives—marijuana, LSD, psilocybin. What we were saying about LSD was based on our results with pure LSD, administered for thoughtful purposes in very benign, protective surroundings. I was first interviewed about LSD at a time when 7 million young people were using impure LSD—God knows what they were taking—without any preparation. What I was talking about was something quite different, and it took time for people to catch on to that."

G. Gordon Liddy, then an assistant prosecutor in Dutchess County, N.Y., certainly hadn't caught on. In the summer of 1967, he staged a massive raid on Leary's and Alpert's

Millbrook headquarters. To Liddy's discerning eye, the denizens looked like anything but serious researchers. There was Leary with a flower in his hair, and all manner of crazies were running around, playing Beatles records at full volume, making love—not war—all over the sprawling mansion.

In "Will," Liddy's best-selling memoir, the stoical mastermind of Watergate recalls that his darkest suspicions about the Millbrook scene were well-founded: "The word was that at Leary's lair the panties were dropping as fast as the acid. . . . We hadn't cleared more than 10 steps before my worst fears were realized. . . . Leary was wearing a Hathaway shirt. Period. Since the stairs were steep, and we were craning our necks upward as Leary bounced downward, our first view of the good doctor was, to say the least, revealing."

Recalling the episode, the good doctor hoots. "That's cop poetry," he says. "I love it. 'Leary's lair,' the sexual fantasies."

LEARY MAINTAINS that Liddy actually had broken into his bedroom ("I have 24 witnesses") and that the substance troopers found on the premises ("obviously a high-grade brand of marijuana," Liddy surmised) was innocent peat moss.

Billions of brain cells have been expanded since those days. Liddy and Leary are now good friends. They have formed a two-man debating society, visiting campuses and arguing their radically different viewpoints.

"I am fond of Liddy," Leary says. "I disagree with him 100 percent. He's a totally authoritarian personality. But he's an individualist. He's intelligent, ruthlessly honest."

For his part, Liddy has been quoted as saying, just as affectionately, "(Leary) hasn't changed his ideas one bit. He's putting forth the same ideas to another generation, and God forbid he should succeed. . . . These ideas are very dangerous."

It's true that Leary still takes drugs, including some of the old favorites and a few newcomers to the lineup—such as "neuro-transmitters" as Adam, XTC, ketamine and Intellex.

"I TAKE LEGAL and nonlegal and illegal drugs in the privacy of my own home or in quiet, secluded places as part of a life plan of growth and healthy entertainment," he says.

But he does seem reluctant to advocate such experimentation, and his eyes really light up futuristically only when he talks about the mind-twisters and brain expanders of this new age—the space hardware that



Leary in '68. "What I was talking about was something different, and it took time for people to catch on to that."

will liberate people from the damp, heavy crust of Earth; the computers that will zap the cerebral cortex in the privacy of our own homes. He is working with some psychologists even now on the design of educational computer programs.

"Many intellectuals and moralists denounce video games," he says before reluctantly shunning another beer and ordering a Sanka instead.

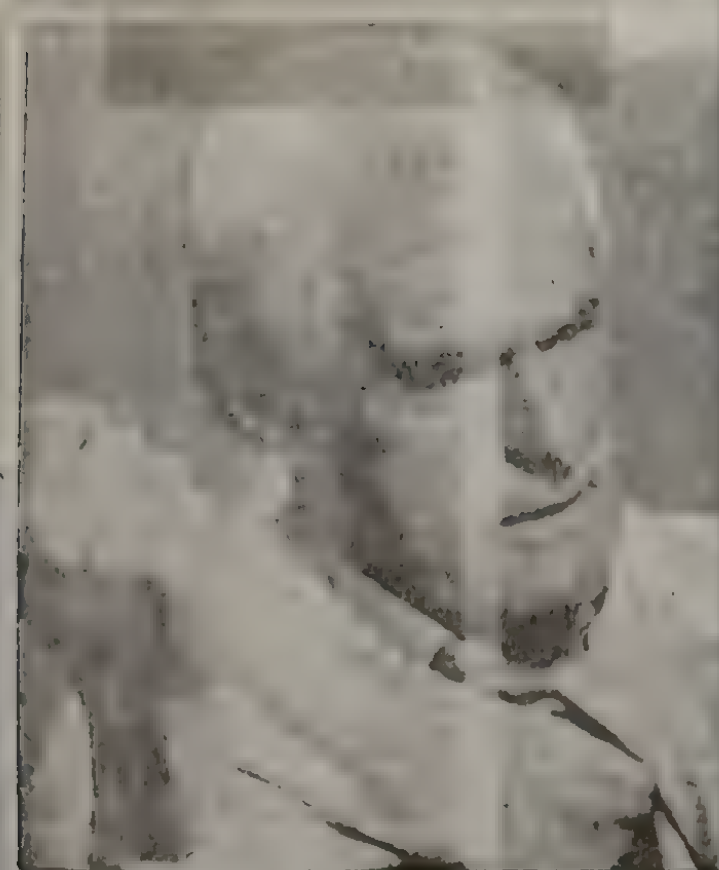
"I know the same criticism was prevalent when Gutenberg made the personal book available. I'm sure critics warned that when people had their own personal books, kids would be sitting around ruining their eyes reading, instead of getting out there

learning how to swordfight and plow.

I've got a 9-year-old stepson, a 10-year-old grandson and an 11-year-old granddaughter who are teaching me video games. I've come to the conclusion that the video arcades are . . . the epic story. I'm very very high on them."

And before he departs for his hotel, Leary reveals that he has been pushing—almost from the time he wore his last pair of handcuffs—a concept he labels Space Migration, Intelligence Increase and Life Extension.

In street parlance, as Liddy probably knows already, the handle for this dangerous idea is S.M.I.L.E.



Timothy Leary. Still "one of the rowdies."

From

FLASHBACKS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY **TIMOTHY LEARY**

My most vivid memory of my grandfather dates to a wintry evening when he found me sitting on the floor of his study reading *Life on the Mississippi*. He questioned me about my reading. When I told him I read eight to ten books a week, he asked what I had learned. Then he motioned me to follow him into his bedroom, a forbidden sanctum to which only the maid was allowed entry. He undressed with such prudish skill that I never caught a glimpse of his body while he put on a long nightgown.

"Nine children, six grandchildren," he mumbled, "all hell-raising illiterates. You're the only one who reads."

He lifted his frail body onto the bed and motioned me over.

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"You're the youngest and the last so I'll give you the best piece of advice I can." He raised himself to a sitting position. "Never do anything like anyone else, boy. Do you understand?"

"I'm not sure, sir."

"Find your own way. Be the only one of a kind. Now do you understand?"

Fifty-two years and countless adventures, curiosities, battles, heartaches, quests, crazinesses, enemies, caresses, destinies, ecstasies, surrenders, compulsions, comrades, and victories later, it's obvious that Tim Leary took his grandfather's advice. Heroic to some, almost diabolic to others, Dr. Timothy Leary has never been any less than one of a kind.

FLASHBACKS is an extraordinary story of an extraordinary life.

"Gorgeous storytelling."

Kirkus Reviews

"An important historical document."

American Library Association Booklist

"[An] irreverent, readable memoir."

Publishers Weekly

J. P. Tarcher, Inc. 9110 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

FLASHBACKS

Whatever one's feelings are about Timothy Leary, his societal impact has been undeniable. A symbol of change and self-discovery for an entire generation, Leary's story is a history of our times. Whether in the world of politics, education, psychology, or music, Leary was *where* it was happening, *when* it was happening, knew *how* and *why* it was happening, and more than likely was the one it was happening to. He held the cultural pulse of America right in his hands.



"Someday in a more enlightened age, Tim Leary may be remembered as the Galileo of the twentieth century. Meanwhile, as FLASHBACKS jauntily demonstrates, we can have a lot more fun with our neuronaut than the Italians had with their astronomer."

Tom Robbins

"Not only a glittering panorama of the '60s, but an essential history of the beginnings of the new human race."

William Burroughs

"Timothy Leary takes us on a haunting and nostalgic 'trip' back into the sixties, where *everything* was important, where even garbage cans glowed and winked and breathed. He's brought enormous intelligence and compassion to a breathtaking vision."

Carolyn See

"FLASHBACKS is filled with good stories, celebrities, zaniness, and solid information about the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s and the man who was its chief proponent."

Andrew Weil

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FLASHBACKS

"[A] whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor, and later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s."*

"The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility."**

"Hundreds—thousands—of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period: Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more."*

"These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty."**

"In alternating sections on his life in the public spotlight of the '60s and '70s and his earlier years as the troublesome offspring of Irish-Catholic professionals in Springfield, Massachusetts, he describes his early success as a clinical psychologist, his experiments with psychedelic drugs at Harvard, and the 'establishment' opposition that led to his public role as a 'cheerleader for change.'***

"There are glamorous days of high living and travel...prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor... The blow-by-blow description of the [prison] escape has the tension of detective fiction."***

* American Library Association *Booklist*

** *Kirkus Reviews*

*** *Publishers Weekly*



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FLASHBACKS

FLASHBACKS is a veritable Who's Who of the 1960s and 1970s: Kerouac and Koestler, John and Yoko, the Kennedys, Charles Manson, G. Gordon Liddy, Eldridge Cleaver, along with Afghani generals, Hindu gurus, Folsom Prison bikers, CIA agents, and Hollywood celebrities.

FLASHBACKS is the story of one of the most daring, charismatic, and controversial figures of the twentieth century, told with wit, charm, humor, intelligence, and love.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, FLASHBACK.



FLASHBACKS

An Autobiography

By Timothy Leary

Published by J. P. Tarcher, Inc.

9110 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

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(213) 273-3274.

J. P. Tarcher, Inc. 9110 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069

2 Reporter 4/14

FILM REVIEWS

Return Engagement

Four Star Theatre, April 14, 7:30 p.m.

Talk about strange bedfellows. G. Gordon Liddy, mastermind of the bungled Watergate burglary and Dr. Timothy Leary, '60s LSD guru, are chronicled in this 90-minute documentary as they tour on the lucrative college lecture circuit. Director Alan Rudolph has captured a curious part of Americana as the Liddy/Leary act plays in "Great Debate" staging before a throng of 1,500 theatregoers at the Wilshire Ebell.

Liddy chitchats about "the code" he has lived by, while Leary lights out about the future being with video games. Presented through a series of 19 sequences, including one deliciously droll white wine/Hollywood/literati party, where the two mingle with the easy aplomb of those of "celebrity" status, "Return" is a dryly ironic film. Both Liddy and Leary seem somewhat bemused, realizing they are now seemingly dependent on each other for the bulk of their income, as they argue and niggle about drugs, Watergate and morality. As an observer in the film exclaims, "You two sound like an old married couple." —Duane Byrge

'RETURN ENGAGEMENT' L.A. Times

United States, 1983

Today at 7 p.m. at the Four Star

Film maker Alan Rudolph's curious piece of Americana documents eight days in the lives of G. Gordon Liddy of Watergate infamy and Timothy Leary, the former Harvard professor and LSD guru, who are on the road on a paid lecture circuit together. The unlikely duo are depicted in public and private sequences, which reveal as much about the society that spawned them as the men themselves. In addition, Rudolph is too much of a dramatic artist not to expose the devastating similarities between these two very glib, middle-aged, middle-class men. This is an entertaining, well-edited film, except it makes one very queasy because it gives such a large and rather frightening show biz forum to Liddy, who is as articulate and intelligent as he is unrepentant.

—LINDA GROSS

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST

April 15th issue of Booklist's feature, "UPFRONT."

"UPFRONT is comprised of reviews of books that the BOOKLIST staff predicts will be in demand in libraries and for which it is likely that libraries will place multi-copy orders.

Librarians and others engaged in media selection depend of BOOKLIST reviews for their reliability, consistency and fairness. They know that each review is a recommendation for purchase."

Leary, Timothy. Flashbacks: an autobiography. 1983.
[416p.] illus. Tarcher; dist. by Houghton, \$15.95
(0-87477-177-3). Galley. May.

"Up ahead, I saw to my astonishment that Miss Egg, far from being a passive, dumb glob with round heels waiting to be knocked up by some first-to-arrive, breathless, sweaty, muscular sperm, was a luminescent sun, radiating amused intelligence, surrounded by magnetic fields bristling with phosphorescent radar scanners and laser-defenses." And so begins this whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor and, later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s. Hundreds--thousands--of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period--Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more. Whatever reputation Leary has rightfully or wrongfully been tagged with, he offers here an important historical document and a well-considered apologia for the use of mind-expanding drugs. To include 32 black-and-white photos. Notes; no index.
AM. 150'.092 (B) Leary, Timothy Francis//Psychologists--U.S.--Biography [CIP] 82-16915

L.A. WEEKLY A



RETURN ENGAGEMENT USA, 1983

Alan Rudolph, the Altman-esque director of *Welcome To L.A.* and *Remember My Name*, has surfaced with a documentary this time, covering last year's so-called

"Great Debate" between Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy. The result is fascinating and fun. The debates don't appear to have been much — the issues are too deep, too wracked with suffering on both sides, to be settled in an evening of glib chit-chat — so Rudolph focuses on the personal interactions of the two men offstage. Scenes from the debate are used to lay bare the rather dire conflicts that would otherwise remain hidden. In the process, the Leary-Liddy conflict becomes a genuine confrontation, a real contrast in values that stays with you. Does Rudolph play favorites? Amazingly, no. One would assume he'd favor Leary — that the good doc would be portrayed as God's Wise Fool, while Liddy would remain a Watergate ogre — but something much more interesting happens. Leary comes across as an earnest, good-hearted but mortal fool, running for re-election to an innocence he lost years ago. When cornered in an argument, he blabbermouths in circles, smiling all the while (innocence must be around here someplace!). Liddy, on the other hand, emerges as an enormously intelligent, complex man — a monster whose opinions on just about anything are still too brutal and too ferociously cold-blooded, but whose honesty and depth of feeling are too compelling to dismiss. (FXF)

Four Star, 7:30 p.m.

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May 2, 1983

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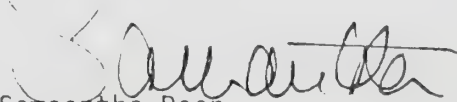
Dear Kim,

We've really hit the jackpot here! Both TIME and NEWSWEEK carried a photo and in the case of TIME (People Section) a lead item and, in the case of NEWSWEEK, an extremely prominent break mentioning FLASHBACKS.

I had a most enjoyable meeting with Tim last week and look forward to working with him in New York, June 6th, 7th and 8th.

All the best.

Very sincerely,


Samantha Dean

SD/scc
Enclosures

cc: Timothy Leary
J.P. Tarcher

Warren Cowan
Linda Dozoretz
Stephanie Martin
Mark Gelfond
Kathie Berlin

NEWSMAKERS

The man who did some mean Carter and Nixon imitations got a bit of his own back recently when a couple of wild and crazy guys, several Blues Brothers and a Conehead took on **Dan Aykroyd** in an MTV-sponsored look-alike contest. "Hey, these are good-looking guys," remarked the real thing, who has two new films coming up, "Doctor Detroit," opening this week, and "Trading Places," with **Eddie Murphy**, to be released next month. Aykroyd is planning to regroup the Blues Brothers Band in part as a way to finance the **John Belushi** Memorial Fund, a program that provides scholarships for theater students and supports a number of drug-abuse organizations. "It's fun to remind people of John," said Aykroyd. "It brings a smile to people's faces when they remember how he made us laugh."



Bernard Gottfried—NEWSWEEK

Aykroyd surrounded by look-alikes: Will the real Conehead please stand up?

More than 1,200 students tuned in when **Timothy Leary** dropped by last week for his first appearance at Harvard since 1963, when he and fellow psychology Prof. **Richard Alpert** were fired for turning on some of the university's finest minds. David Clarence McClelland, the psychology professor who, as the head of the Center for Research in Personality, backed their dismissal, was also on hand to welcome back his ex-colleagues. Latter-day transcendentalist Leary, whose aptly titled autobiography, "Flashbacks," is due out this month, compared himself with another Harvard

colleagues, friends and fans who gathered last week for a tribute to him by the Film Society of Lincoln Center. In return, a star cast of former leading ladies, including **Jean Simmons**, **Maggie Smith** and **Maureen Stapleton**, played

Ryan at the mound: The Express came through

Alpert and Leary: A nostalgic trip



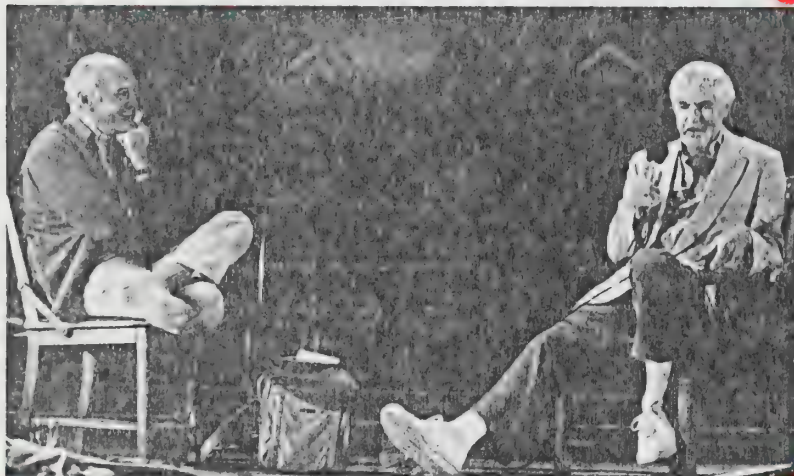
Robert R. McElroy—NEWSWEEK

The Express made a few forced stops along the way, but last week **Nolan Ryan** finally came through: with a curve ball to Montreal Expos pinch hitter Brad Mills, the Houston Astros pitcher broke the career strikeout record **Walter Johnson** set in 1927. Although he began the season with 3,494 strikeouts—only 14 short of the record—Ryan had to call a timeout because of an infection, then made a slow start in his first games back. "I'm relieved I got it over with," he said. "I never realized 15 strikeouts would take such a long time." But the fireballer may need to throw some more smoke: **Steve Carlton** of the Philadelphia Phillies is just 21 strikeouts away from Ryan's new record.

ELOISE SALHOLZ

Olivier, Plowright and son Richard: A king's tribute

© Federico Diaz

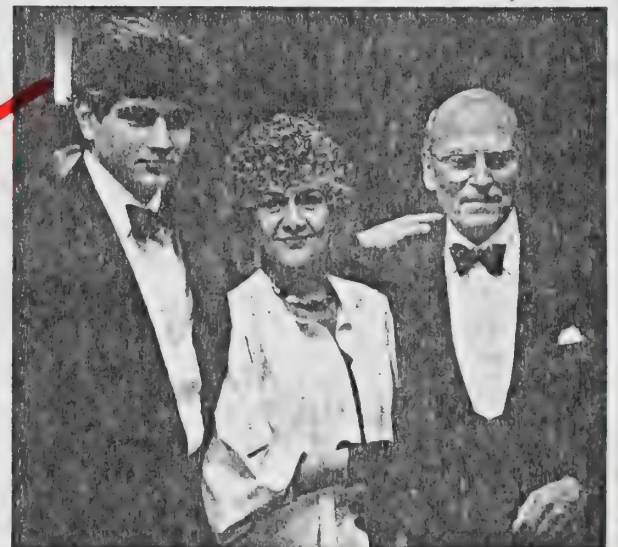


Rick Friedman—Black Star

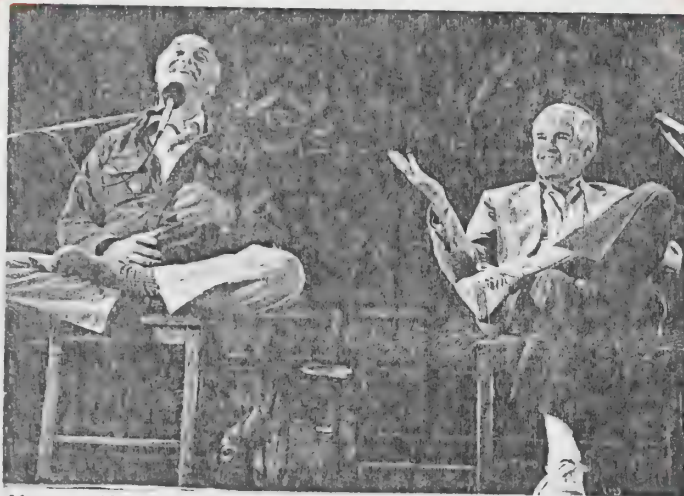
expellee, **Ralph Waldo Emerson**, and praised the university for being in "the big league of chemical psychedelic experimentation." Alpert, who changed his name to **Ram Dass** in honor of an Indian mystic, cheerfully admitted that he, like Leary, still takes drugs. The two then joined a crowd of students for a nostalgic repast of strictly down-to-earth mushrooms.

The performance was one of the most moving of **Laurence Olivier**'s extraordinary career. "My heart is indeed so full that it is bound, if I am not very careful, to overflow," said Olivier, playing himself before the 2,500

their hearts out for the ailing 75-year-old actor. "I fell hopelessly in love with him," admitted Simmons, who was Ophelia to Olivier's screen Hamlet, "but all I got was, 'Get thee to a nunnery'." The next day Lord Olivier, who recently added **King Lear** to his film repertoire, proceeded with his wife, actress **Joan Plowright**, to the White House for a dinner and screening of the upcoming TV version of Shakespeare's tragedy.



People



Alpert and Leary talking up higher education at Harvard

Those two Harvard boys from the fraternal order of *lambda sigma delta* returned to the old campus last week for the first time since being ousted 20 years ago for involving students in their experiments with mind-altering drugs. **Timothy Leary**, 62, the pop promoter of LSD in the '60s, and **Richard Alpert**, 49, now known as Baba Ram Dass, showed up in

sassination. In a new memoir, his disillusioned onetime adviser **Muhammed Hassanein Heikal** contends that Sadat had a humble-beginnings complex that caused him to live inordinately lavishly. The author says that Sadat popped a couple of vodkas daily despite his Islamic faith's liquor prohibition. The Egyptian government last month banned import of the book. Anwar's widow **Jehan Sadat**, 49, has not commented publicly on Heikal's charges, but she will provide a portrait of her husband in her own just finished memoir.

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan just might salvage what remained of the jungle lord's reputation after **John and Bo Derek** turned *Tarzan* into a howler in 1981. This time out, when *Tarzan*, played by Newcomer **Christopher Lambert**, 25, discovers that he is the Earl of Greystoke, he doffs his loin-cloth and hightails it to England. When his adoptive dad Silverbeard also turns up ... Oh heck, *Tarzan* is a howler no matter how you cut it. At least this version puts him in some decent clothes.

*The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Expos team that day. The score stood 4 to 2, two innings more to play. With **Nolan Ryan** on the mound, the Astros led the game. The Expos' Little struck out fast and Blackwell did the same. Three thousand five hundred eight good men had fallen*



Ryan delivering, and celebrating, the pitch that gave him the record

*to Ryan's smoke,
And he stood ready to wrap
himself in **Walter Johnson's**
cloak.
A strikeout more and Ryan'd
be enshrined in baseball
heaven.
Taking the record that Johnson
held since 1927.
Now came **Brad Mills**, his bat in
hand, ready for his fate.
He stared down Ryan and took
his stance; the pitch
whipped 'cross the plate.
On Ryan's second, Mills took
aim; he swung, but the ball
got through.
Nineteen thousand fans held
their breath; the count
turned 1 and 2.
Now Casey choked when his*

*time came, but Ryan kept
his nerve.
He cocked his arm and then let
loose, not a fastball but a
curve!
Now the air hangs silent
as Mills declines to swing,
"Strike three!" the umpire cries;
"Huzzah!" the fans all sing.
Oh somewhere in this favored
land the sun is shining
bright.
The bells still ring in Houston;
Montreal is dark with
blight.
There is no joy, says Mills,
this was not his day:
"If I had a choice, I would have
chosen to make history
some other way."*

—By E. Graydon Carter



Sadat at her home in Cairo

a rented hall thick with students, many of whom were on mother's milk when the pair achieved their notoriety. Harvard, said Leary, is still "the main line of American transcendental thinking."

As controversial as Egyptian President **Anwar Sadat** was alive, he has become no less so a year and a half after his as-



Lambert and dear old dad in their monkey suits in London

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LINDA DOZORETZ

Senior Vice-President

May 11, 1983

Ms. Kim Freilich
J. P. TARCHER, INC.
9110 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Dear Kim:

We're in Bob Osborne's "Rambling Reporter" in THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER today with a story about Tim's autobiography.

Enclosed is a copy for your files.

Sincerely,

Linda Dozoretz

LD/ml

Enclosure

cc: Jeremy Tarcher
Timothy Leary
Warren Cowan
Dale Olson
Samantha Dean
Alan Schwartz

Rambling Reporter

(Robert Osborne)

Scratch that idea of an NBC sequel to "Rage of Angels." The peacock wanted it for the February '84 sweeps but it got swept away — but definitely — when Jaclyn Smith (or her agents) insisted on close to \$1 million to reprise her "Rage" role, and shot down the flight. ... Paramount's "The Keep" may now get pushed back to Christmas, after a June 3 date then an August promise, due to those special effects problems on the Scott Glenn starrer, complicated by the death of s.e. expert Wally Veevers. ... The spotlight this week has been so heavy on that fun couple at New York's Lunt-Fontanne, has anyone mentioned Sergio Franchi and Eileen Barnett have taken over a few doors away in "Nine"? Speaking of "Private Lives," one caller from New York told me, "The intermissions were marvelous. It's only the other parts in-between that were tough to sit through." ... Tom Selleck's next one, "Lassiter," starts Monday in London at Twickenham. ... Robert Hays is in Tahiti, lucky guy, vacationing after a promotion visit to Australia. Once he gets Stateside, it's back to work, doing postproduction dubbing on Orion's "Scandalous." ... Paul Gregory was set to do his first-&-only TV talk appearance since the S.F. accident, on "With Richard Hogue," taping today, but had to back out since Janet Gaynor is back in the hospital for back surgery. ... That's Robert Ellis Miller, not Robert Ellis, who directed "Reuben, Reuben," and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," etc. ... Timothy Leary plans to name names (meaning many Hollywoodians) who were early exponents of his LSD philosophies, in that Leary autobiography due out next month. How not to win friends.

Paris Match has bought the serialization rights to Pat Stacy's book on John Wayne ("Duke, a Love Story: An Intimate Memoir of John Wayne's Last Years," written with Beverly Linet); Woman's Day bought the first serialization rights for the United States, beginning May 17, with the National Enquirer getting the second go-round. Then "Duke" goes out via the N.Y. Times syndicate. And it'll be a busy few months for Pat, now Mrs. Richard Donahue of Marina del Rey, kicking off May 26 — which would have been J.W.'s 76th birthday — at Amen Ward's in Newport Beach, a favorite shopping spot for Wayne during his Stacy days. Then she's off to Houston, the bookseller's convention in Dallas, her home state of

intended to write this book with Beverly," she says. "But I'm devoting the next months to helping Athenaeum (the publishers) sell it, then I'll make my own plans. Richard's been tremendously supportive, and the Duke's friends have been incredible." (Check the quotes on the jacket.) "I'm not living in the past, but it hasn't been easy reliving the past."

Clarifying a thickening plot: The interoffice memo from Fred de Cordova says it all. "The Tonight Show" has no desire to engage in a publicity hassle about the booking and unbooking of Jack Paar on our program. It's also possible that Mr. Paar has been misquoted in some of the articles appearing in various papers throughout the country, but it may be of mutual benefit if the facts are stated. When Mr. Paar agreed to appear on 'The Tonight Show' on May 17 (that date was his selection), he was asked if he had made any other commitments. He said that he had agreed to appear on a morning news show the week prior to that date, but nothing else had been scheduled. On that basis, the booking was made. Merv Griffin announced that Mr. Paar had been booked on the Griffin Show ... he verified (to us) the taping but said he did ask Mr. Griffin to make sure that the appearance followed his commitment to 'The Tonight Show' and that Griffin agreed. The (Phil) 'Donahue Show' called our office for information about Mr. Paar, and that phone call was our first knowledge that Paar had been booked on the Donahue program, to appear May 9 — no mention had been made to us. We phoned Mr. Paar who, contrary to a printed statement, accepted our call and said he had not felt the Donahue program was a conflict with 'The Tonight Show.' It was then suggested that a longer period between the Donahue program and the 'Tonight Show' appearance might be better for all concerned, at which time Mr. Paar said, 'Let's forget all about it.' What may be more important in this area is Paar's printed statement that he had 'told everybody from the beginning, including Johnny Carson's minions' about the other commitments when, in fact, no one at the 'Tonight Show' had any knowledge whatsoever of any other book, except the previously agreed upon 'Morning Show' the prior week. Finally, Mr. Carson is anxious for Mr. Paar to know that he has no 'minions' but he does have bunions."

(Robert Osborne appears nightly.

FILM REVIEW

Dance of the Dwarfs

What's a nice girl like Deborah Raffin doing in the wilds of a South American jungle, subject to all the perils of Pauline in a more innocent age? She's being a lady anthropologist, that's what, starring in a movie misleadingly titled "Dance of the Dwarfs," simply because it happens to be based on Geoffrey Household's novel of the same name. Actually, she's in search of a lost tribe of pygmies, but what she finds, deep in a swamp known locally as the Killing Place, is a slaving pack of king-sized monsters with faces that even a mother monster would have smothered at birth. And they don't dance.

The script, by Gregory King, Larry Johnson and Michael Viner, follows a classic format. To reach the jungle outpost of her mentor, Raffin must fly, albeit reluctantly, with barnstorming pilot Peter Fonda, a whiskey-drinking, womanizing hellraiser whose foul language earned the film its original R rating (which producer Viner understandably appealed; many a PG has used worse). Forced to land in a jungle clearing, Fonda continues his ungentlemanly ways as the two slash through the underbrush to the safety of the outpost. But its safety, we soon learn, is merely relative. A high wall surrounds it, with massive gates, and the caretaker warns them that they must never venture out at night. It's a little like the native village in "King Kong."

Circumstances inevitably have it that both find themselves outside the gates come the witching hour, Fonda tinkering on his helicopter, Raffin in-

explicitly drugged by a black man (John Amos) after he advised her to leave the Killing Place. With darkness, as anticipated breaks loose; drolling creature eyes glowing like fiery coals, of the ooze and make for their three-nailed claws sla-

DANCE OF THE DWARFS (Dove Inc.)

Producer M
Exec producer Pen
Director G
Screenplay Gregory King, La
Cinematographer M
Editor I
Music I

Panavision/Technicolor

Cast: Peter Fonda, Deborah Raffin, John F. Fonda

Running time — 93 minutes
MPAA Rating: PG

they go. Fortunately, by the time Fonda has not only forgiven her for shooting up his whiskey but has even developed a fondness for her. Will he and his battered mentor reach the Killing Place in time? What do you think? In any case I should add, however, the film's end carries a surprise that doesn't change anything, but does give the film an added frisson.

Under Gus Trikonis's spirit, all of this plays a lot better than it sounds. By accenting the backgrounds, he has made the budget look like a couple of million dollars — notably aided by Butler's agile and resourceful work. Whatever money was spared, is right up there on the screen. And while Fonda and Raffin are likely to displace Bogart and Lombard as the classic odd couple, they make their dissensions and their rapprochement creditably and believably. "Dance of the Dwarfs" is not only a silk purse, but it's no sissy either. It should do very nicely with the action-adventure audience it's clearly aimed. — Arthur

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STAGE REVIEW

Private Lives

Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, opening

NEW YORK — As ill-fated as the teamings on the screen, the revival of Noel Coward's "Private Lives" starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, in an appointing novelty act rendered safe by a limited run and a packed star combination.

If these legendary lovers reunited for self-exploitation on stage, it is unfortunate that it wasn't more tastefully selected only is "Private Lives" poor to Taylor's limited abilities as actress, the script as present but makes a mockery of a romance that, for whatever reasons, many years important eno-

ROGERS & COWAN, INC.

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LINDA DOZORETZ

Senior Vice President

May 19, 1983

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BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Ms. Kim Freilich
J. P. TARCHER, INC.
9110 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Dear Kim:

Here's another tearsheet of the Marilyn Beck story about FLASHBACKS,
this time from the NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.

Sincerely,

Linda
Linda Dozoretz
LD/ml
Enclosure

cc: Jeremy Tarcher
Timothy Leary
Alan Schwartz
Warren Cowan
Samantha Dean

Quinn not tickled pink about playing Great White Way

HOLLYWOOD—Anthony Quinn has very strong reservations about bringing "Zorba" to Broadway.

Though producers of the show, which begins its L.A. Music Center run Friday night, maintain they have already made plans to take the musical onto the Great White Way in October, Quinn insists, "I'll decide when and if we go to Broadway. It's an option in my contract." He also says that Broadway is not his favorite place to play.

It's been 18 years since he's trod those boards, and he admits, "I have a great fear of performing there again, because Manhattan is so secular and insidious that it robs you of real creativity."

"I don't happen to think New York and Los Angeles are the bookends that represent the end all of America. I love playing Chicago, Denver, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans. . . . Touring with 'Zorba' has been difficult because of my second career—painting and sculpting. It's meant having to carry a studio with me from place to place. But I love touring because every town means another exciting new opening, different reviews, a great variety of experiences."

He admits that the "Zorba" tour (which got under way Jan. 25 and has him scheduled for post-~~A~~-stands in San Francisco, Houston and New Orleans) has become a bit much for his wife, Jolanda. "She wants me to settle down in New York so the family can be together. One of our sons is studying in New York, but our two other

boys are attending school in Italy. Maybe I will agree by the end of the summer to play Broadway. But it will be strictly up to me, and not my wife. She has always cared for the house, while I take care of my career. I'm Latin in that respect."

THE BEST LAID PLANS: Science fiction writer Ray Bradbury is saddened—and surprised—by the pathetic critical and commercial response to "Something Wicked This Way Comes." He says of Disney's adaptation of the story, which he worked for 23 years to bring to the screen, "I love it. It's really special, and I know people who've gone to see it feel the same way. I just don't understand why so few are seeing it, why it opened up strong, then fell off so drastically in attendance the second week."

While Bradbury broods about "Wicked," he's proceeding with his screenplay for "Nemo," a \$20 million animated feature based on the comic strip of the early 1900s. The film will feature over-

800,000 drawings and will be produced by Gary Kurtz ("Dark Crystal") with Japanese financing, Ray reports.

STAR WARS: Helen Reddy's embittered ex-mate, Jeff Wald, has slapped her attorney, Gary Olsen, with a \$5 million defamation of character suit for the People magazine quote that "Hell hath no fury like a husband who lost his meal ticket."

FROM THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT: Lorimar Productions is reportedly trying to interest Jacqueline Onassis in signing with the firm—for a fortune, natch—as star-interviewer of a "Barbara Walters-type" show. Well, it doesn't hurt to try.

Veteran movie villain Christopher Lee has been signed to play the late Shah of Iran in "Sadat," the Operation Prime Time TV drama which has Lou Gossett Jr. handling the title role.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS: If Marilyn Monroe had slept with all the men who have listed her as a bedmate in texts written since her death, she never would have had time to make a film.

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**MARILYN
BECK**

~~ROGERS~~ & COWAN, INC.

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May 17, 1983

Ms. Kim Freilich
J.P. TARCHER, INC.
9110 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Dear Kim:

We're in another column with Tim and FLASHBACKS.

Enclosed is a copy of Marilyn Beck's nationally-syndicated column which ran today with the story we gave her from the book.

Sincerely,

Linda

Linda Dozoretz

LD/ml

Enclosure

cc: Jeremy Tarcher
Timothy Leary
Alan Schwartz
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ANTHONY QUINN

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A bitter parting: It was quite a scene at Dick Zanuck's and David Brown's 20th Century-Fox production offices last week. While the producers (in absentia) were having their staff pack up their possessions, studio workers clambered about surveying the space that already has been assigned to producer Keith Barrish.

Zanuck and Brown had planned to remain at 20th until the official termination of their contract in August. But that was before the Fox fathers read an article in which Zanuck voiced his disenchantment with the studio — and ordered him and his partner to leave the lot by Friday at the latest.

The whole scene sounds like a replay of the drama that took place in the early '70s, when Zanuck was abruptly ousted as Fox president — and was given 24 hours to vacate his offices.

At least this time he and David do not have to worry about having an immediate place to resettle. Warner



HELEN REDDY

Bros., with whom they have made a new production deal, already has rented them Manhattan office space on 57th Street, where Brown will set up headquarters. Warners also has leased them a building on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills, where Zanuck will conduct business each morning — before he heads across town to Burbank Studios, where Zanuck-Brown productions will take over one of the luxury office cottages.

From the inside looking out: Lorrimer Productions reportedly is trying to interest Jacqueline Onassis in signing with the firm — for a fortune, of course — as star-interviewer of a "Barbara Walters-type" show. Well, it doesn't hurt to try.

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Marilyn Beck's column appears Monday through Friday in the Daily News.

Leary, Timothy
FLASHBACKS: *An*
Autobiography
Tarcher—dist. by
Houghton Mifflin \$15.95
5/30 SBN: 87477-177-3

KIRKUS
REVIEW

"You've been a hopelessly non-adjusted mad Celt since the day you were born. Drugs helped settle you down. They were a challenging research tool to play with." So said psychologist buddy Frank Barron to Timothy Leary—then in Folsom prison awaiting trial for the sensational Weatherman-aided escape from jail that took him and Rosemary across four continents. The scene comes late in the book. Rosemary has already left, and been replaced by Joanna; she will exit, and Barbara will enter. The succession of schools, women, cities, drugs, politics, prisons, and philosophies that unfold as Leary narrates his life are, if nothing else, testimony to the man's remarkable ebullience, resilience, irrepressibility. The Irish charm and Irish weakness were there in his father, the West Pointer and boozier who exited when the money ran out. Mother was also Irish Catholic and well-born but devout, and doomed to be disappointed by Tim—who was constantly expelled from schools and colleges, and even suffered The Silence at West Point. These tellings have a poignancy underneath the bravura that makes Leary seem more likable than usual, and less nutty. There are glamorous days of high living and travel, encounters with Huxley and Koestler, prodigious outpourings of books and articles. But the prisons are also real, and Leary describes the dark times with wry humor. (About a Minnesota jail: "The hole was clean as a whistle. A metal bunk. A Muriel Humphrey mattress. A beautifully painted (gray) washbasin and toilet. Minimalist design.") The blow-by-blow description of the escape has the tension of detective fiction. Was it worth it after all? Yes, if you're Leary. Today he's fit, happily married, writing, talking, even debating old enemies like Gordon Liddy and making up with Eldridge Cleaver and Ram Dass (Richard Alpert). Gorgeous story-telling—along with the blarney that makes Leary his own best disciple.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST

April 15th issue of Booklist's feature, "UPFRONT."

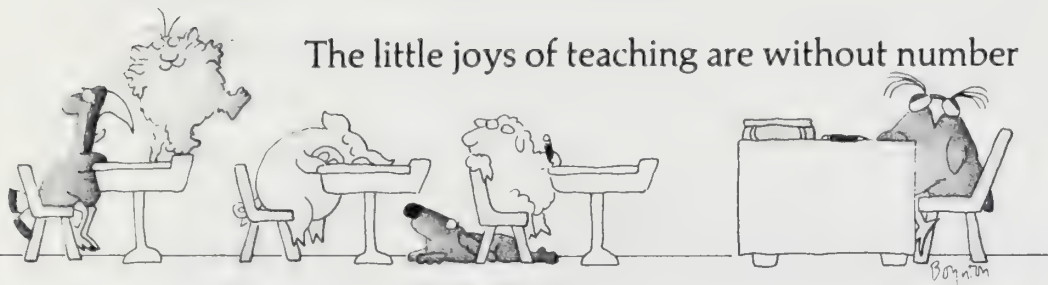
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Leary, Timothy. Flashbacks: an autobiography. 1983.
[416p.] illus. Tarcher; dist. by Houghton, \$15.95
(0-87477-177-3). Galley. May.

"Up ahead, I saw to my astonishment that Miss Egg, far from being a passive, dumb glob with round heels waiting to be knocked up by some first-to-arrive, breathless, sweaty, muscular sperm, was a luminescent sun, radiating amused intelligence, surrounded by magnetic fields bristling with phosphorescent radar scanners and laser-defenses." And so begins this whirlwind tour of the life of Timothy Leary, age 62, who, as Harvard psychology professor and, later, free-lance LSD evangelist, was at the vortex of the drug revolution of the 1960s. Hundreds--thousands--of hits later, the good doctor's brain, happily, is not deep-fried but is quite capable of providing a witty, wholly engaging account of the people and events of that important period--Allen Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, Richard Alpert, William Burroughs, Marshall McLuhan, Aldous Huxley, and many more. Whatever reputation Leary has rightfully or wrongfully been tagged with, he offers here an important historical document and a well-considered apologia for the use of mind-expanding drugs. To include 32 black-and-white photos. Notes; no index. AM. 150'.092 (B) Leary, Timothy Francis//Psychologists--U.S.--Biography [CIP] 82-16915

The little joys of teaching are without number



"Timothy Leary takes us on a haunting and nostalgic "trip" back into the Sixties, where everything was ^{even} important; where, garbage cans glowed and winked and breathed. He's brought enormous intelligence and compassion to a breathtaking vision."

Carolyn See

OK?

OK!

≡ Good Luck! ≡

G. GORDON LIDDY

14th March 1983

J.P. Tarcher, Inc.,
9110 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California
90069

Attn: Kim Freilich

Dear Miss Freilich:

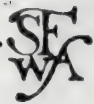
Thank you for sending me the uncorrected galley proof of Dr. Timothy Leary's autobiography, FLASHBACKS. In promoting it, I'd be happy to have you use all or any portion of the following comment:

Not just reading, but a thorough study of Timothy Leary's autobiography, FLASHBACKS, is a condition precedent to an understanding of America in sixties. Take it from someone who arrested the man twice, has never agreed with him but, damn it, just can't help liking him personally.

I wish you and Tim great success.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "G. Gordon Liddy", with a long, sweeping horizontal stroke extending to the right.



SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS OF AMERICA, INC.

NORMAN SPINRAD, ~~PRESIDENT~~

45 Perry Street, No. 16
New York, NY 10014
(212) 255-7484

March 17, 1983

Dear Kim Freilich:

A quote for Tim Leary's FLASH BACKS:

"Timothy' Leary's FLASH BACKS ~~is~~ is probably the most important autobiography of the second half ~~xxx~~ of the twentieth century. At last we have the definitive inside story of the massive cultural, psychological, and esthetic transformation of the 1960s told by one of the active principals, if not the central figure of this revolution. Miraculously, the book reads like a skillfully-crafted novel rather than a self-justification. If this story were not entirely true, one would swear that Philip K. Dick had written it. In one sense, Leary ~~spared~~ spares no one, most especially not himself, yet in another, he spares everyone, for there is not an iota of hate, bitterness or literary revenge in the entire books.

By so doing, Leary also answers one of the great unanswered questions of that whole age. No, Timothy Leary neither snatched nor burned out. FLASH BACKS brims with clarity, lucidity, forgiveness, humor, and sanity. If this is what comes out the end of several hundred psychedelic trips, then the Timothy Leary who wrote this book is the best possible vindication of the Timothy Leary who lived it.

Kudos are due as well to J.P. Tarcher for having the courage to publish this book at a time when the true history of the counterculture is still quite deliberately hidden under a veil of lies and silence by the literary powers that be. I predict that this courage will pay off richly on the balance sheet. If Timothy Leary wants yet another ~~xxx~~ career, this time as a novelist, he can have it.

And what a movie FLASH BACKS would and probably will make!"

P.O. Box 1347
Amangansett, NY 11930

March 21, 1983

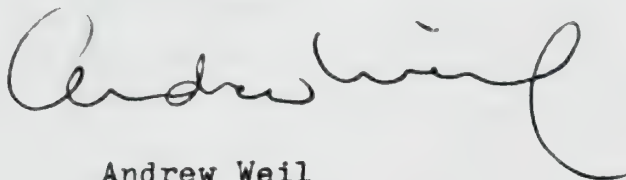
Kim Freilich
J.P. Tarcher, Inc.
9110 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Dear Kim Freilich:

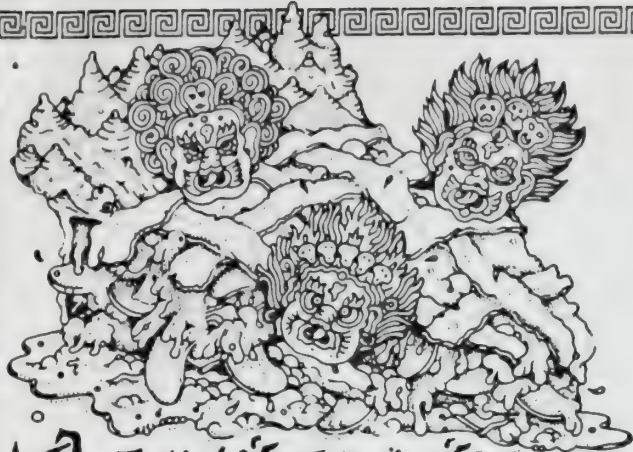
Here is a quote for you to use in your promotion of
FLASH BACKS by Timothy Leary:

I wish the people who think LSD turned Tim Leary's brain to jelly could hear him lecture these days. He is as bright, witty, provocative, and good-humored as when I first met him at Harvard more than twenty years ago. Those qualities come through in this volume of reminiscences about his adventurous career as a central cultural figure of our times. FLASH BACKS is filled with good stories, celebrities, zaniness, and solid information about the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s and the man who was its chief proponent.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Andrew Weil". The signature is fluid and extends to the right with a long, sweeping tail.

Andrew Weil



TIBETAN PEACH PIE INC.

BOX 338 • LACONNER, WA. 98257

22 March 83

Someday, in a more enlightened age, Tim Leary may be remembered as the Galileo of the 20th century. Meanwhile, as FLASHBACKS jauntily demonstrates, we can have a lot more fun with our neuronaut than the Italians had with their ~~astronomer~~ astronomer.

--Tom Robbins

*Even if you're just the words
Say life is a journey
And the journey is a journey*

Tripping & Stumbling

Reviewed by David Harris

The reviewer, student body president of Stanford in 1967, is a journalist and author of *"Dreams Die Hard: Three Men's Journey Through the Sixties."*

"Flashbacks," Timothy Leary's autobiography, is a story that might have been great reading in the hands of a different author. Just how the eventual champion of "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" got from West Point cadet in 1941 to international psychedelic fugitive in 1971 has the makings of a first-class new age saga. As it is, Leary's autobiographical effort is spotty: too loose in some spots, too tight in others, afflicted with the sappy flavor congenital

continue his exploration in 1963 is an adequate historical marker for the beginnings of what would be called "the psychedelic revolution" in the popular press. During the following decade, millions of Americans would sample hallucinogens, and Leary, more than any other person, was held up as the symbol of that turn of mind. He appeared on hundreds of college campuses, advocating the use of psychedelics in general and LSD in particular, as means of achieving a higher state of consciousness.

Eventually run out of Millbrook by Assistant District Attorney G. Gordon Liddy, Leary ended up camping in teepees near the Pacific Ocean in California. Along the way, he collected marijuana charges in Texas and California. The California charges led to his imprisonment in 1970.

As written, the most interesting part of Leary's story begins with his arrival at a California prison in 1970. Less than a year later, he escaped and was whisked to Seattle by the Weather Underground. From there, it was Paris and then Algiers, where he became the houseguest of Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panther government in exile. Fleeing Cleaver, Leary and his wife went to Switzerland and lived with a gun runner until fleeing to Austria, then Afghanistan. He was eventually brought back from Kabul in chains and greeted by a throng of press photographers at the Los Angeles airport.

Three years in prison followed, terminated by his becoming what several newspapers at the time called a "federal informant." According to Leary, he was interrogated by FBI agents looking for information about the Weather Underground and the Black Panthers. He claims not to have told them anything they didn't already know. He was paroled in 1976. Since then, he has earned his living writing books and giving lectures. He still takes "psychoactive" drugs and is into space migration.

What is missing from "Flashbacks" is critical intelligence. Leary is a good enough storyteller to have made his autobiography work, had he the perspective the material demands. Instead, he somewhat disingenuously pictures himself as a simple recipient of events, as though it all just happened to him. It quite naturally may have seemed that way at the time, but that still reduces the drama to action and the action to melodrama.

Consequently, "Flashbacks" reads short on credibility and long on license. Leary remembers 25-year-old conversations verbatim and his story thins at all the points where it demands a voice other than that of the idiosyncratic raconteur. That Timothy Leary's life has been both full and unique is apparent; that it has been a considered life has yet to be demonstrated.

Book World

FLASHBACKS:

An Autobiography.

By Timothy Leary.

(Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, 396 pp. \$15.95)

to memories put on paper too often or with too much haste, or both. "Flashbacks," unfortunately, reads somewhat as if Leary wrote it because he was short of money.

Starting with his arrival at Harvard University's Center for Personality Research in 1960 as an early advocate of transactional psychology, Leary tells bits and pieces of his previous life in flashbacks salted through his Harvard years. At Harvard, he and Richard Alpert pioneered experimentation with psychedelic drugs as a means of inducing mystical or transcendental experiences. When their experiments began, both were part of a life Leary describes as that of "a successful robot—respected, clean cut, and, in that inert culture, unusually creative."

Fifteen years later, Alpert had changed his name to Baba Ram Dass and Leary had escaped from a California prison. Though Leary complains early in his book, "hardly a day in my life has gone by without someone . . . grabbing my hand with that intense look and pouring out a resume of their first psychedelic experience," he fills much of his account of his Harvard years doing its authorly equivalent.

The reader is treated to a long series of psilocybin, LSD, peyote or mushroom bouts with the likes of Arthur Koestler, Allen Ginsberg, Charlie Mingus, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs and Otto Preminger. He also discusses the subject with Abraham Maslow, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Aldous Huxley and others. By 1963, Leary had become too controversial for Harvard and went free-lance with his exploration of what he calls "the neurological frontier."

Leary's arrival in Millbrook, N.Y., to

„Ich bin ein Geschichten-Erzähler“

SPIEGEL-Reporter Fritz Rumler über den Wanderpropheten Timothy Leary

Er wirkt immer so, als sei er gerade auf dem Wege von der Hollywood-Schaukel zum Tennisplatz – eine Geliebte hinter sich, einen schon Geschlagenen vor sich; vergnügter Sinne stets, locker, propper, mit elastischen Beinen in federndem Schuhwerk.

Tritt er vor seine Gemeinde, zu Vorträgen oder Workshops, tänzelt und hopst er wie ein Las-Vegas-Entertainer übers Podium: Jokes zwischen den Jackettkronen, bizarre Geschichten im Kaschmir-Ärmel, und ab und an reckt er den Propheten-Finger.

Drei Dinge braucht der Mensch zum Glück, verheißt er – „Space Migration“ (Auswanderung ins All), „Intelligence Increase“ (Intelligenz-Steigerung) und „Life Extension“ (Lebens-Verlängerung). Aus den Anfangsbuchstaben der Trias formiert sich das erlösende Motto: „S.M.I.L.E.“

Leary war da, der Altvater der psychedelischen Blumenkinder, der LSD-Prophet und Drogen-Papst der hochfliegenden 60er Jahre, der Mann, den Richard Nixon, gerade der, einst zu den „gefährlichsten Menschen der Vereinigten Staaten“ zählte. Timothy Leary war da, nicht Bob Hope.

Während zweier September-Wochen tingelte er, von Adepten verhimmelt, von einer Anti-Drogenliga getriezt, durch deutsche Metropolen, hielt hof im hochsauerländischen Willingen bei einer internationalen Konferenz über „Neue Dimensionen des Lebens“ und spielte dabei beides, Bob Hope wie Timothy Leary.

Überraschendes Comeback eines Dinosauriers: Im heimischen Kalifornien, dem Peenemünde saisonaler Psycho-Neuheiten, hat es Leary, 62, seit zwei, drei Jahren geschafft, aus dem Diluvium der 60er aufzutauchen und in den Medien und Köpfen wieder präsent zu sein, mit „S.M.I.L.E.“, seinem neuen Familien-Programm.

Wo war er geblieben, all die Zeit, in der die Welt sich so zum Jammertal veränderte? Ein Haschisch-Delikt hatte den einstigen Harvard-Dozenten 1970 ins Gefängnis gebracht; nach dem Ausbruch irrte er, ein Dr. Kimble der Psychedelik, zweieinhalb Jahre durch die halbe Welt, lernte an die 40 Gefängnisse kennen, und seit 1978, nach vier Jahren US-Knast, ist er wieder ein freier Mann.

Das Gefängnis sei in seinem Beruf „die Gefahr Nummer eins“, berichtet Leary. Seine großen Vorbilder Gandhi, Jesus, Sokrates, Laotse hätten immer Schergen hinter sich gehabt; „Alchimisten des Geistes“, „Gelehrte des Bewußtseins“ lebten riskant.

Manch einer, der eine große Zukunft vor sich sieht, schaut vielleicht nur in die

verkehrte Richtung. King Leary ist ungebrochen der Ansicht, daß die psychedelische Bewegung, der er präsierte, die „wichtigste Bewegung des 20. Jahrhunderts“ bleiben werde.

Tatsächlich haben die von ihm gepriesenen und von ihm satt genossenen Halluzinogene, bewußtseinsweiternde Mittelchen wie Haschisch, LSD, Peyote, Mescaline, bestimmte Äcker tief umgepflügt, in Malerei wie Musik, im Film wie im Leben; manch ein Erdenkloß ließ sich so in ein „schwereloses Verzükkungs-Vehikel“ (Leary) transformieren.

Ohne die Tropfen des Dr. Hofmann aus Basel, dem LSD, hätte ein Großteil

kundung des DNS-Codes vor allem, jenes „kosmischen Zell-Textes“ (Leary), der alle Vererbungs-Informationen birgt und „die Vorschau auf die Zukunft“.

Läßt man sich von einem LSD-Illuminierten berichten, was auf einem Trip so alles los ist, stellt sich ein merkwürdiger Parallel-Katalog zusammen: Zeit- und Raum-Reisen werden notiert, All-Erfahrungen, Eindringen ins eigene Zellgewebe und in Nerven-Schaltkreise, Durchleben der Evolution von der Amöbe bis zum Angestellten.

Kein Wunder, daß ein so Erleuchteter auf die Großtaten der Alles-ist-machbar-Epoche abfährt und den Sinn des Lebens



Leary in Deutschland*: „Exakt das katholische Ding“

der grassierenden spirituellen Bewegungen nicht den Initial-Kick bekommen, ob es nun zum Ruhe-Sanft auf fernöstlichen Diwanen führte oder zur Seelenfliegerei indianischer Schamanen.

Das Verführerische am LSD war der Nescafé-Effekt. Ekstasen und Erleuchtungen, die sich alte Kulturen durch jahrelange Kasteiung und mühselige Exerzitien erstrampeln, lieferte LSD per „Einschmeißen“ – ex und hopp in die Achterbahn.

Leary, die Nase stets im Wind, haut nun mit seinem „S.M.I.L.E.“-Programm, so bizarr es auch wirkt, auf einen anderen Nerv. Er kopuliert LSD-Erfahrungen mit Novitäten des Wissenschaftlichen Zeitalters, mit Weltraumfahrt, Hirnforschung, Computertechnik, Er-

und den Zweck des Menschen nicht mehr im Irgendwo, sondern im DNS-Code sucht: Da liegt des Pudels Kern, das Existenz-Geheimnis, die mögliche Mutation.

Er sehe sich somit als „PR-Agent für DNS“, sagt Leary, „und mein Produkt ist Lebens-Verlängerung“, die Pille dafür werde es bald geben. Und weil der Evolutions-Plan vorsehe, daß der Mensch über den Angestellten hinauswache, sei die nächste Stufe, nach Wasser- und Erleben, folgerichtig der Sprung ins All – in „Weltraumkolo-hien“, die sich jeder nach eigenem Gusto einrichten könne.

Wen Leary verschießert, sich selber oder die Welt, ist nicht immer ganz klar. „Ich bin ein keltischer Geschichten-Erzähler“, sagt er, ein Ire von Geblüt. Leute von diesem Stamme lieben das

* Beim Hamburger „Literatrubel“.

Fabulieren, das Spiel mit der Sprache, die Clownerie. Als er noch ein irisch-katholischer Chorknabe in West Point war, hatte sich ihm eine Frohbotschaft tief eingeprägt: „Mein Reich ist nicht von dieser Welt.“

Auf einem Trip war er mal die Ahnen-Galerie zurückgeklettert. Wilde, bärtige Burschen traten ihm da vors Auge, schwertschwingende Nimrode, die weder Gott noch Gattin fürchteten und es mit rothaarigen Irinnen trieben, wo es gerade ging, auf Heu und auf Stroh und auf „feuchtem Dschungelboden“.

Leary ist zum fünften Mal verheiratet, ein Bildnis der schönen Barbara trägt er bei sich. Fünf Frauen innerhalb von 45 Jahren, das sei doch nicht viel, sagt Leary voll Heiterkeit. Tief im Herzen ist dieser amerikanische Eulenspiegel ein Puritaner geblieben.

Kaum ein Erlebnis seines Deutschland-Trips hat ihn so bewegt wie eine Bums-Show auf der Reeperbahn; er sah so was zum erstenmal. Rätselvoll schien ihm die öffentliche Standfestigkeit des ausführenden Künstlers, und die zu wiederholten Malen.

Nicht nur bei Frauen, die sich daran gewöhnt haben, ihre „Sexualität wegzumeditieren“ (Szene-Jargon), fand der ambulante Prophet starken Anklang; auch Psychiater und Psychotherapeuten unter seinen Gästen, Fachkollegen mithin, zeigten sich fasziniert.

Das unorthodoxe, interdisziplinäre Denken des „S.M.I.L.E.“-Meisters vor allem beeindruckte die Knechte deutsch-konservativer Institute. Als LSD-Illuminaten verstanden sie auch Learys gelegentliches selbstvergessenes Verstummen – Minderung des Kurzzeitgedächtnisses – tiefer; in diesen Pausen sandte er ihnen Botschaften zu.

Es ist etwas Sektenhaftes um die LSD-Bruderschaft, eine schwer definierbare Aura aus ewig lächelnder Passivität, geheimem Wissen und schwach verschlei-erter Egozentrik. Und als Mysterien-Priester made in USA wird Timothy Leary wohl in die Weltgeschichte eingehen, in die der Kuriositäten.

Auswanderung ins All, Intelligenz-Steigerung, Lebens-Verlängerung, die ganze „S.M.I.L.E.“-Trinität – in populärwissenschaftlicher Form trivialisiert Leary nur, was andere Sekten-Priester, und Amerika ist ihr Land, in immer neuen Bemalungen verabreichen: uralte religiöse Sehnsüchte.

Als katholischer Chorknabe hatte Leary ja die biblischen Verheißungen vernommen, die vom ewigen Leben, von der Allwissenheit, von der Auffahrt in den Himmel, wo man dann zur Rechten Gottes sitzt, der Über-Intelligenz, und auf den blauen Planeten hinunterblickt als auf etwas Gottverlassenes.

Eine solche Interpretation seines Programms hört sich Leary listig-geduldig an. „Richtig“, sagt er, „S.M.I.L.E.“ ist exakt das katholische Ding.“

BÜCHER

Um Kopf und Kelch

Christian Beutler: „Statua. Die Entstehung der nachantiken Statue und der europäischen Individualismus“. Prestel, München. 296 Seiten/ 39,50 Mark.

Für sein Altenteil im Odenwald wünschte sich Einhard, vormaliger Berater und Biograph Karls des Großen, allerhöchsten Segen. Er entsandte deswegen im Jahr 826 zwielichtige Mittelsmänner nach Rom, die ihm dort grab-schänderisch die Reste zweier frühchristlicher Märtyrer besorgten: des Exorzisten Petrus und seines Gefährten Marcellinus.

Diese Heiligen brachten solches Prestige mit sich und taten prompt derartige Wunder, daß Einhard für sie in Seligenstadt eine neue Kirche baute. Davor ließ er ihnen vollplastische Standbilder errichten, die ersten oder so ziemlich die ersten nachantiken Statuen im Abendland. War das so?

Der unglaublichste Teil der Geschichte, der dreiste Reliquienraub, ist zuverlässig verbürgt. Drahtzieher Einhard selber hat ihn stolz für die Nachwelt aufgeschrieben. Den Rest will der in Hamburg lehrende Kunsthistoriker Christian Beutler mit Indizien absichern.



Seligenstädter Statue
Lange Indizienkette

Zentrales Beweisstück ist ein steiner-nes Bildwerk, das bis zu seiner Entdek-kung 1870/71 in der Außenwand eines damals abgebrochenen Seligenstädter Klostergebäudes eingemauert gewesen war. Genauer: Es waren zwei Statuen-fragmente, Kopf und Körper. Zusam-men ergaben sie die gut einen Meter hohe Figur eines Geistlichen, der mit Hilfe eines Tuches ein geräumiges Gefäß in beiden Händen hält. Das in Seligenstadt aufbewahrte Werk ist überwiegend ins 13. Jahrhundert datiert worden.

Beutler nun schließt, so aus stilisti-schen Diskrepanzen, aus der Tracht der Figur und der Form des (Kelch-)Gefä-ßes, erstens, der Fund müsse deutlich älter sein. Außerdem aber teilt er ihn zwei verschiedenen ursprünglichen Figu-ren zu: denen der beiden Kirchen-Patro-ne. Denn mit Kelch wurde in Seligenstadt der heilige Marcellinus dargestellt, Petrus hingegen als Jüngling mit Tonsur – eine freilich erst seit Ende des 17. Jahrhunderts nachweisbare Bildtradi-tion.

Nach Beutler wären also eine Marcellinus-Statue, deren Torso, und eine Pe-trus-Figur, deren Kopf erhalten blieb, für Einhard angefertigt worden und hät-ten vor seiner Basilika gestanden, bis sie wohl im Dreißigjährigen Krieg demoliert und später durch barocke Standbilder derselben Heiligen ersetzt wurden.

Diese These hat viele einleuchtende Beobachtungen für sich. Der Forscher stützt sie auch durch ausgiebige Quellen-zitate und macht damit plausibel: Wenn irgendwem im fränkischen Reich, dann war dem gebildeten „doctor artium“ Einhard ein solcher Auftrag zuzutrauen, der einen Rückgriff auf antike Muster und eine für lange Zeit ungewöhnliche Hochschätzung des Individuums bedeu-tete. Auf den Übergang zwischen Alter-tum und Mittelalter fällt ein möglicher-weise erhellendes Schlaglicht.

Nur ist die Indizienkette lang und aus lauter Wahrscheinlichkeiten geknüpft, die sich eben nicht zum strikten Beweis ergänzen. Ob die Seligenstädter Bruch-stücke zusammen mit – sehr verschiede-nen – Skulpturen im friaulischen Cividale und im graubündischen Münstair wirk-lich einen nachantiken Neubeginn der Gattung markieren, darüber hat Beutler das erste, bestimmt noch nicht das letzte Wort gesagt.

Asche vom Messias

Pierre Restany: „Yves Klein“. Schirmer/Mosel, München. 252 Seiten/ 148 Mark.

Im Schock-Reportagefilm „Mondo Ca-lifornia“ des italienischen Regisseurs Jaco-petti war dem französischen Künstler Yves Klein ein Auftritt eigener Art vor-behalten: Er dirigierte weibliche Aktmo-delle, ihre mit blauer Farbe bestrichenen Körper als „Anthropometrien“ auf Lein-wände abzubringen. Naiv überzeugt, diese Aktion müsse den feierlichen Höhepunkt des Films bilden, fuhr Klein



News-Press photo by Len Wood

Chip Bell (left) and Joe Hudoklin display the rapid interplay that brought them a national championship in freestyle disc throwing.

Frisbee stars throw caution to the winds

By Woody Behrens
News-Press Sports Writer

Joe Hudoklin grew up in the public school system of New York City. He didn't particularly care for the chaos of the city schools, so he found his way to what is generally referred to as alternative education. Hudoklin knew something about alternative education.

"I was pretty heavily into, well, mind expansion, I guess you could say," Hudoklin said recently.

One of his favorite haunts in the big city was a park in Greenwich Village. It was there Hudoklin got his first exposure to a pastime that might not make him the next Timothy Leary, but has gotten him at least a small degree of fame and fortune, along with some very important peace of mind.

Hudoklin's pastime is freestyle disc playing. In generic terms, that's playing around with a Frisbee, although with Hudoklin and his partner Chip Bell, the reigning Freestyle Players Association champions, that is a dangerous simplification.

Hudoklin, 24, and Bell, 21, recently teamed with another Santa Barbaran, Mark Regalbutti, 23, to win the FPA Co-op title, involving three-man teams, at Victoria, Tex. Bell also brought back a title in the Mixed Pairs division.

Frisbee players? Hardly.

"What we do," Bell explained, "is high technology and state of the art."

It wasn't always that way. Hudoklin remembers first getting interested in freestyle playing when he saw a group cavorting in the heart of New York, quickly firing the disc back and forth.

"That's called speed flow," he related. "That kind of got my attention. And when they started making some trick catches, it really looked like something fun. It appealed to me as something I could do as an outlet for creativity."

Hudoklin got into the sport with some friends, and soon found it fit well with his developing personality.

"Freestyle is a totally creative thing," he observed. "It's a way to express yourself mentally and physically without constant competition like with a contact sport. When you've played for awhile, you can reach a state of concentration where you're not even really thinking. It's just the creative process taking over."

Bell, a former San Marcos High student, took a

See Page F-11, Col. 1

15 1983

BURRELLE'S



News-Press photo by Len Wood

Because of heavy wear and tear, serious disc throwers protect themselves by wearing artificial fingernails.

CREATIVITY WITH A DISC

Continued from Page F-10
different route to the partnership they now share. A serious volleyball player, he was all set for a tryout with the San Marcos varsity when he tore up an ankle.

"That was a Sunday, and the tryouts were supposed to be on Monday," Bell remembers. "So it was no volleyball."

It was about that time, though, that Bell started getting more and more interested in freestyle. By 1982, he hooked up with the transplanted New Yorker, and a productive partnership was born.

Teamwork is essential in freestyle disc playing. The players perform to music, utilizing a variety of moves both individually and with their partner or partners. Freestyle Players Association judging is based on three main elements: Difficulty, presentation and execution.

Judging is an imperfect science, of course, but within the given framework, artistic expression, variety, use

of elements like the wind or even trees and bushes, and originality are all taken into consideration.

Because execution is the most clear-cut of the judging criteria, Bell and Hudoklin feel they are often at a slight disadvantage.

"Usually the team with the highest execution (score) wins," Bell explained. "The most important thing is to make the catch."

But Bell and Hudoklin, both adventurous sorts, often take risks few other players will attempt. High-tech, state-of-the-art play, if you will.

"We go for it from the start," Bell declared. "Our co-ops (a rapid form of interplay where the players and disc are in close proximity) are a lot more daring than most other teams'. I think we're more exciting to watch."

Often the judges do too. Bell and Hudoklin have competed together in more than a half-dozen tournaments and have been consistent winners.

While the success is nice, and the artistic outlet a real joy, prancing and dancing with a disc is by no means a lucrative sport.

"We want to be freestyle players first, but I guess you could say we're both unemployed waiters," Hudoklin conceded with a shrug.

Last year, the pair started a program of self-promotion. They would contact local schools, offering a program of entertainment and information about their sport. They even got a few takers.

"I'd call the activity director and just kind of tell him what we do," Bell explained. "I'd try to sell ourselves and what we do. We were getting about \$100 usually and talking to people at the championships, I found out that's pretty cheap. Some guys back east were doing the same thing and charging like \$500!"

Both have also put together some spare change working promotional events for companies like Wham-O, the best known disc manufacturer, and recently put on a demonstration for Sunkist when that company sponsored a professional surfing event in Huntington Beach, a tournament won, incidentally, by area surfers Tom Curren and Kim Mearig.

"Basically we hustle any way we can," Bell admitted. "We're starting to get a few calls now and I guess if we keep winning tournaments things will get better."

And they do intend to keep winning tournaments.



News-Press photo by Len Wood

Chip Bell won a pair of titles at the Freestyle Players Association Championships by doing tricks with a disc that few people would do on purpose.

SEP 16 1983

BURRELLE'S

Bells Pond diner makes 'horrifying' movie debut

WEST TAGHKANIC — Thrill-lovers who view "Alone in the Dark" at the Sunset Drive-In this weekend may be especially surprised at the opening scene.

It features the Bells Pond Diner, which is just down Rte. 9 from the drive-in.

This uncanny coincidence is not so uncanny when you discover that the show's executive producer, Benni Korzen, has had a summer home for 10 years on old Rte. 82 in West Taghkanic.

He was familiar with the area and chose the Bells Pond Diner because it "spells out diner with a capital D," he said.

The opening scene of the movie is "kind of a dream," he explained, and the old, rundown diner with its classical elements of location and looks suited his purpose exactly.

"Alone in the Dark" is a spoof on horror movies that, in the end, will "make the audience laugh at themselves for being scared out of their wits," Mr. Korzen said.

The film is about four violent psychos in a state mental hospital who escape during a blackout and set out to kill the hospital's new assistant director.

Most of the movie was filmed

in and around New York City, but the diner in the opening scene plays a crucial part in setting the nightmarish mood, Mr. Kozen said.

He secured use of the diner through Milton Meisner Realty and Carl Black, a Glenco Mills restoration contractor.

The actual filming was done about 1½ years ago in mid-December with three feet of snow on the ground.

The preparations and wiring took days, Mr. Kozen said, especially since the diner had not been in use for a while. Ten trucks and 30 people traveled from New York for the job. Filming for the few minutes of opening footage started at about 5 a.m. and did not finish until noon. "We had to shoot it at the perfect moment," he said.

Another interesting feature of the film is that Mr. Korzen's wife, Annie, plays the role of a doctor's assistant.

Though she usually plays comedy roles, Mr. Korzen noted that in this spoof she plays a straight, serious part. He describes the doctor as a looney caricature, a kind of cross between R.D. Lang and Timothy Leary who is always "off into deep space."

His wife's straight role is designed to counterbalance that caricature, he explained. Mrs. Korzen has acted in a number of commercials and soap operas, including a recent segment of "Ryan's Hope." She stars in "Rent Control," a feature comedy opening next month in New York.

Mr. Korzen is a free-lance



In the movies

The Bells Pond Diner is featured in the opening scenes of the movie "Alone in the Dark," which opens tonight at Sunset Drive-In Theater in West Taghkanic.(eh)

movie producer who does mainly comedies. He grew up in Copenhagen, Denmark, and worked for CBS News as a production manager.

That job led him to New York City at age 24, where he began free-lance work. He has produced about a dozen films.

His wife went to Bard College, and Mr. Korzen met her through another Bard student, the brother of a man with whom he traveled to Europe.

Through his wife, he became familiar with the area, and they have had a house in West Taghkanic for 10 years.

He refused to give further details of the diner's role in the film, claiming it would take away the "shock value."

"Alone in the Dark" opens tonight at the Sunset. (ev)

InfoWorld

The Newsweekly for Microcomputer Users

IBM PC Faire was a study in contrasts



IBM's Don Estridge says the firm hasn't figured out the home-computer market.

By John Markoff, IW Staff

SAN FRANCISCO, CA—Was it a case of the man in the gray flannel suit colliding head on with a phalanx of computer nerds?

The First Annual IBM PC Faire, which filled San Francisco's cavernous Brooks Hall, as well as its Civic Center, from August 26 to 28, ended up being more like a mature and sedate brother of the wild and woolly West Coast Computer Faire.

The stage was set earlier this year when computer giant IBM decided to lend its blessings to Jim Warren, the foremost impresario of grass-roots computer exhibitions. The results were—well—predictable.

For one thing, Warren, who recently sold the Computer Faires to book publisher Prentice-Hall, broke with tradition and traded in his roller skates (on which he has toured previous shows) for coat and tie, albeit a corduroy coat.

Still, the First Annual IBM PC Faire was a study in contrasts.

On the one hand, there was Philip D.

("Don") Estridge, vice-president of the Systems Products Division of IBM, admitting during the plenary session that Big Blue still hasn't figured out what personal computers can be used for in the home.

And, on the other hand, there was Dr. Timothy Leary, former high priest of the Acid Generation, tuning in and

See PC Faire, page 6

PC Faire

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turning on to personal computers in association with the XOR Corporation of Minnetonka, Minnesota.

In between, there was "Captain Crunch" John Draper, author of the EasyWriter word-processing program, who was really tuned in, cruising the floor with full beard and walkie-talkie headset.

The Faire has to be considered a personal victory for Warren, who was angered earlier this summer when East Coast promoter Jerry Milden held a competing exhibition, PC '83, in San Francisco.

In contrast to Milden's event, which failed to fill even Brooks Hall with ex-

hibitors, the First Annual IBM PC Faire seemed almost as large as a full-blown West Coast Computer Faire, with overflow exhibits jamming the second floor of the Civic Center.

Emphasizing the magnitude of IBM's presence in the personal-computing industry, Portia Isaacson and Egil Juliussen of the market-research firm Future Computing predicted IBM would surpass Apple as number 1 in personal-computer sales in 1983. Before a packed auditorium, they theorized that it was only a matter of time before IBM set its sights on taking a major chunk of the home-computer market as well.

The Faire organizers also managed to gain the endorsement of the city of San Francisco. Mayor Dianne Fein-

stein declared August 22-28 "Personal Computer Week."

Both Estridge and Microsoft chairman Bill Gates spoke before packed halls of showgoers.

Estridge said that upon surveying the show he realized that "the product [the IBM Personal Computer] doesn't belong to us anymore."

He promised the audience, however, that future personal computers from IBM would be compatible with the Personal Computer.

"I don't know how I'd be able to drive into my driveway at home if I had to tell my neighbors that their software didn't work anymore," he said.

Much of Estridge's speech appeared to be a pre-introduction of the long-rumored home version of the

IBM PC, the Peanut.

During his talk, Estridge continually struggled with the problem of what personal computers could do in the home, paraphrasing Apple Computer chairman Steve Jobs by asking, "What can a PC do for me?"

Although IBM had a high-profile booth at center court at the Faire, the company itself really didn't have much new to show, despite a spate of rumors that indicated it was intending to introduce the Peanut there.

Instead the firm left innovation to a raft of smaller companies that are vying for various niches in the IBM PC market.

Innovations

There was no shortage of innovation. Among the gems scattered around the floor were PC-Write, a \$10 "freeware" word processor from former Microsoft programmer Bob Wallace, who recently set up the Quicksoft company in Seattle, Washington.

Robert Jones of Amber Systems in Cupertino, California, was displaying his Virtual Screen Interface, a programmers' software library that provides window management for the IBM PC in the C Language.

Raytronics, a peripheral manufacturer in San Diego, California, displayed what it claims is the first megabyte board for the IBM PC that uses 256K RAM chips. The board uses a bank-switching scheme to allow the PC to address a full megabyte of memory.

The price for a million bytes of RAM? At the show, Raytronics was offering a special introductory offer of \$1839.

Sigma Designs of Santa Clara, California, introduced the Graphics Dazzler board for the IBM PC, which uses the NEC 7220 display-controller chip to address 1024 x 1024 x 4 pixels. The NEC chip also permits the display to zoom in on any area of the display memory.

Intel, the manufacturer of the 8088 microprocessor used in the IBM PC, also made an appearance at the show and spent the weekend giving the press background information on its new generation of VLSI (very large scale integration) chips.

Screaming through

One Intel demonstration featured an 8086-based microcomputer plotting a Bessel function, with and without the 8087 math coprocessor. The plot took over 17 minutes without the 8087. With it, the system screamed through in just 41 seconds.

On the lighter side, off in a corner of the Brooks Hall exhibition area, chiropractor Randy Johnson was giving showgoers spinal checkups and advising them how to handle the back problems that can develop from sitting in front of a computer for long periods of time.

Johnson said he was disappointed because the new show owner, Prentice-Hall, had decided not to let him return next year, saying that his exhibition didn't fit in well with the purpose of the show.

Although the show was labeled "IBM PC Faire," IBM was not the only hardware company exhibiting its computers. Notably, Victor Technol-

See PC Faire, page 7

PC Faire

continued from page 6

ogy, which makes the Victor 9000, was there in its art-deco-style booth. Since the Victor uses the same 8088 central processor as the PC does and runs much of the same software, company officials saw the show as a chance to approach many potential customers.

An interesting panel discussion was devoted to Concurrent CP/M. Industry luminaries Seymour Rubinstein (MicroPro International), Dash Chang (Chang Labs) and Gordon Eubanks (Digital Research) explained the benefits of multitasking and software integration. In addition to his talk, Chang also presented a paper that addressed the issues involved in understanding such terms as "integrated software" and "concurrency." In it he said that "ideas like concurrency in operating systems should become standard."

Rubinstein's talk was informative, even though it focused exclusively on what his company was doing. Commenting on the recent popularity of the mouse pointing device, Rubinstein joked that "a mouse is an instrument for people with three arms."

(Paul Freiburger, David Needle and Scott Mace contributed to this report.) ■

OCT 3 1983

BURRELLE'S

'Baby boomers' hold the key to world salvation

By ALEX ASHLOCK
Of the Press Staff

SPOKANE — By no stretch of the imagination is Timothy Leary dead.

And he is hardly outside looking in.

Leary, who was the high priest of the 1960s drug culture, epitomizes the opposite of the lyrics the Moody Blues penned about him years ago.

The 62-year-old former Harvard professor is very much alive and very much at the forefront of the counter culture he helped create with his LSD experiments back in the '60s.

Timothy Leary has adapted to the computer age.

He proved it during a recent lecture at Spokane Falls Community College.

Leary rambled through a free-form two-hour lecture, trading ideas with a vivacious, capacity audience in the college's Music Building.

Leary displayed his boundless wit and intelligence; if his brain has been addled by years of drug use, it's not obvious.

And it was drugs that most of the youthful audience wanted to hear about. "I suppose I'll have to talk about them," Leary said. And the crowd hooted. "Drugs are here to stay. They're not good; they're not bad. They are."

It is obvious that Leary is determined to leave the flower-power days of the '60s behind. He is obsessed with the future.

Today he lectures about the "evolution of intelligence."

"I'm here to increase your level of intelligence," Leary told the blue-jeaned crowd. "I'm here to stir things up. I'm here to make you think. I'm here to offer you pure mainline hope."

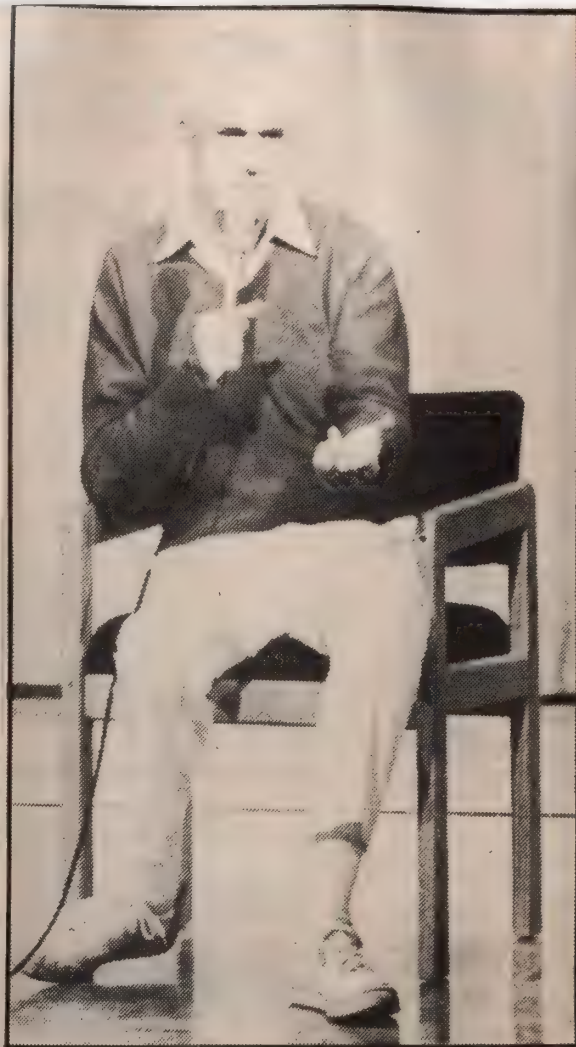
When Leary really got going, the words were released in a smooth flow, like notes from a brilliant jazz musician.

Although he still enjoys an occasional dose of LSD, he does not advocate the drug culture. "It's the ones who misuse drugs that give those who use drugs responsibly a bad name," he said. "Ninety-nine percent of the recreational drug users in America use drugs responsibly." More hoots.

These days he's preaching hope, self reliance, self determination — "the Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, Thoreau way of life." And he's aiming his message at the "baby boom" generation, some 76 million strong, born between 1946 and 1964.

He's predicting great things for that generation, once they take over political control of the country.

"Nothing is going to happen until you (the baby boomers) take over," he told the crowd. "You have moved through culture like an avalanche. You are the first post-Hiroshima generation. You are the first generation that knows we can't play games with the nukes. You are the first generation that knows there cannot be another world war.



Timothy Leary: controlling evolution

"You are the Dr. Spock generation. You were brought up to be individuals. You have time on your side."

Leary earns his living lecturing, writing (this tour is to promote his book, "Flashbacks"), and advising small computer companies on mind-expanding games.

He has evolved and he knows computers are the key.

"This is the information and knowledge age," he said. "Your brains are perfect. You have 100 billion computers in your brains; it's the programming that's screwed up."

"The personal computer is the key. We can now use our evolutionary equipment (the brain). We are riding the crest of an evolutionary wave. We are not victims of evolution anymore. We can control it."

Leary is working with the computer companies on "artificial intelligence" programs for home computers — "to stimulate you, to be there to challenge you."

Leary told the audience to avoid "terminal adulthood." "Look up the word 'adult' in your dictionaries," he said. "Adult is the past participle of the verb 'to grow.' An adult is someone who has finished growing."

By no stretch of that definition is Timothy Leary an adult.

OCT 13 1983
BURRELLE'S

'60s guru speaks at Geneva colleges

By RONNY FRISHMAN

He came without the love beads and shoulder-length hair he sported in the 1960s, but his message was the same one he delivered during that turbulent decade — "thumb your nose at authority" and assert your individuality.

Dr. Timothy Leary, the psychologist who was thrown out of Harvard University for his controversial drug experiments and went on to become a guru for many during the hippie era of the '60s and '70s, was met by an overflow crowd last night at Hobart and William Smith Colleges' Albright Auditorium. Sponsored by the colleges' Lecture Artist Series, he was on campus to talk about the "Evolution of Intelligence."

Dressed in a tweed jacket, blue sweater and white sneakers, Leary, 63, met with reporters before his talk and briefly discussed his life since the '60s, when he advised young people to "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

"My goal remains the same as my intentions have been for the last 20 years," he said, "to do everything in my power to stir up irreverence for authority, to promote growth of personal individuality and to activate ambitions in students to go far beyond the past into the future and take over, and increase their intelligence in many directions."

Echoing the rhetoric of the '60s, Leary mocked the "Establishment," calling the Bible and 90 percent of what the public hears from the media "disinformation." He told reporters "intelligence is power" and he urged students to "get off your knees, get off your butts and think for yourselves."

There's a new theory that evolution comes in waves and change no longer has to take 5 billion years, he explained. Humans can use "brain power" to accelerate these changes, he said, and increase intelligence.

Leary gave students some "practical techniques" on how to evolve.

"At all costs, avoid terminal adulthood. . . Join the Army, join a bank, join the system. You're free. Learn all the systems you want to."

And, he added: "Take your fair share of the money and run."

Since evolution and genetic change seem to come at times of migration, Leary advised: "If you find yourself, bored, depressed, in a

rut — move! . . . Move to where you'll find people to stimulate you."

However, the most important concept of evolution is generation, Leary said, and he singled out the post-World War II baby boom generation — the 76 million born between 1946 and 1964 — as a group that is different "qualitatively" from any before.

"I can't stress to you enough how different you are," he said. "It's so built into you, you're not even aware of the difference."

"You shared the basic confidence that you knew you'd change the sexual mores, knew you'd stop the (Vietnam) war. My God, you changed society."

"You've got this country ready to be taken over, but you're going to do it differently."

Leary predicted the "crudity of the '60s will be gone" and the baby-boom generation, which is coming of age politically, will be non-partisan and realistic, rather than conservative or liberal.

Leary, who earns a living lecturing and consulting for a computer software company, recently released his autobiography, *Flashbacks*, which he said is a good, comprehensive history of the '60s and '70s.

Still a regular user of drugs, he said he'll take "any drug that will get me where I want to go."

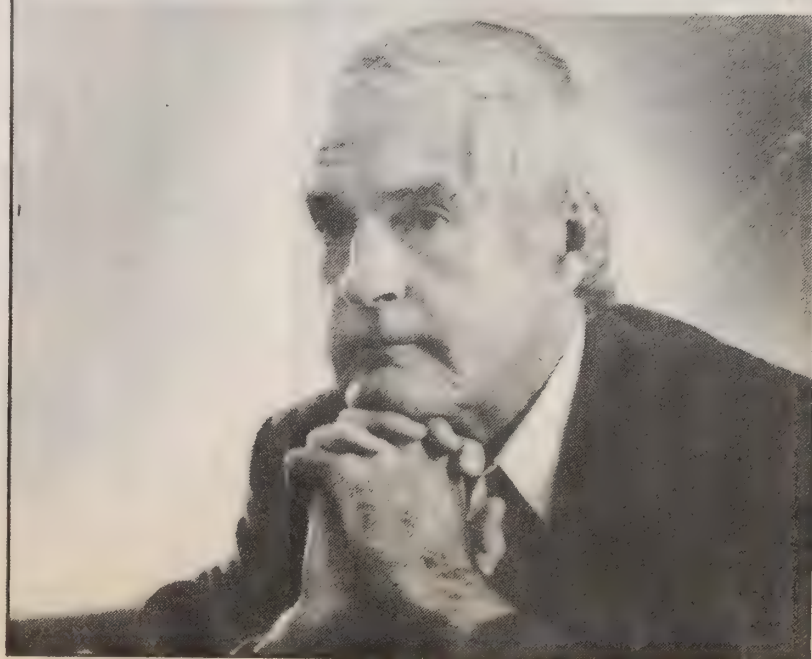
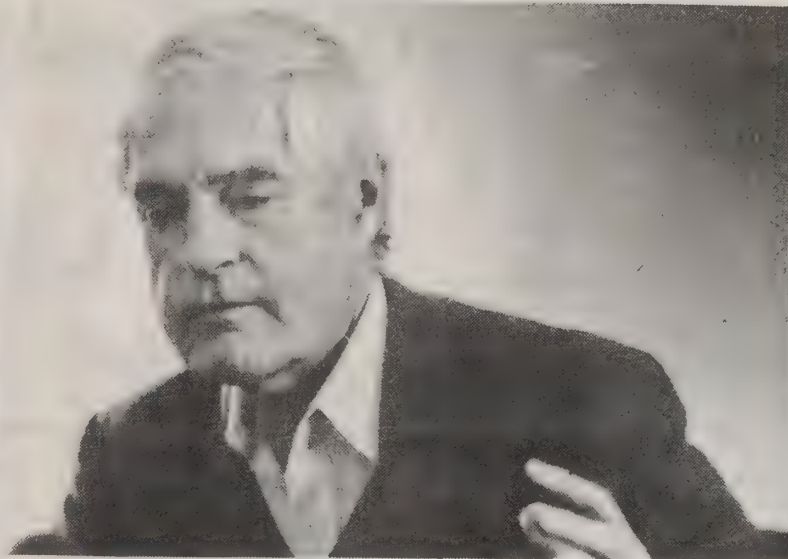
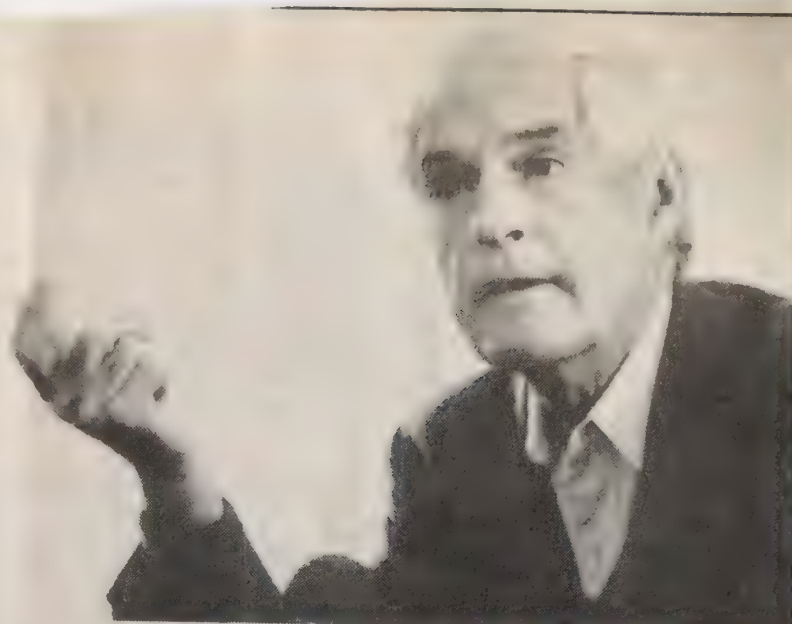
He and his wife have experimented with some "new generation" drugs, such as LSD that lasts a half-hour, and others that are aphrodisiacs and enhance the senses.

Although he said he would "encourage anyone to do anything to expand his intelligence," Leary said he is "very much against the misuse of drugs."

"My basic attitude toward drugs is like my attitude toward guns, cars and airplanes — they should only be used by mature, trained people who know what they're doing."

Despite his continued interest in mind-expanding drugs, Leary said home computers have changed him more than anything else in the past year. And the capacity to use personal computers to multiply intelligence is going to change the species, he predicted.

"Personal computers are going to make dope seem like Girl Scout cookies," he remarked.



The master speaks

Dr. Timothy Leary brought his message of freedom — unchanged in 20 years — to reporters before his appearance at Hobart and William Smith Colleges yesterday in Geneva. (Times photos by Art Foxall)



Timothy Leary
...baby-boomers have the country in their hands."

New tune

Leary preaches 'take over' rather than 'drop out'

By David Cannella
 Southeast Valley Bureau

TEMPE — Timothy Leary, the psychologist and drug advocate who told America to "turn on, tune in and drop out" in the 1960s, was at Arizona State University on Tuesday with some new advice.

"Now I tell 'em to turn on, tune in and take over," Leary said at a press conference in the Memorial Union a few hours before he was to give a lecture. "I tell 'em to take charge."

Leary, who will be 63 this month, said he has faith in today's college students. He said they, and others who make up the "baby-boom generation," finally are reaching the age where they can make decisions about running the nation.

"The '80s is their time to take over," he said. "For the baby-boomers, it is the first time they have power.

They have the country in their hands."

Leary drew widespread attention when, as a psychology professor at Harvard University in the 1960s, he advocated use of the hallucinogenic drug LSD. He said he still feels drugs have a place in society and that the government has no business telling people they can't use them.

"We should put scientists in charge of all such matters," he said. "They should decide what's safe. Keep the police and the politicians out of it. The war on drugs is a joke."

It's a person's individual right to use whatever drug they choose, said Leary, who spent nearly four years in prison on drug-related offenses.

"The body is the first frontier of freedom" he said.

Leary said he feels today's college student is "not as

— Leary, B2

Leary

Continued from B1

conservative as the conservatives think."

Although many are opting for business school and traditional corporate jobs after graduation, students are not "selling out," he said.

"They have a healthy, realistic appraisal of life," he said, noting that they still have a responsibility to question authority.

Racial division is one of society's most pressing problems, Leary said, noting, "It is something we have yet to solve."

He spends most of his time giving college lectures, about 30 a year, and developing software programs on personal intelligence for a computer company. He recently completed an autobiography, *Flash Backs*, and

is the subject of an upcoming documentary film in which he stars with Watergate figure G. Gordon Liddy. He and Liddy often debate on college campuses.

Leary said he has no apologies for his life, which has led him to prison and underground as a fugitive for several years. He said he does, however, have a few regrets.

"Looking back, half the time I was right and half the time I was wrong," he said. "You learn."

"My main regret is with my family. My family suffered because of some of the things I believed in. It's on a personal level that you always feel the deepest sorrow and regret."

His book primarily details the past but does have suggestions for the future, he said. His lecture also is titled *Flash Backs*.

"But part of it is fast forward," he said. "I tell them (students) that they have to look forward and change things."

SEP 15 1983

BURRELLE'S

YOU ASKED US

By Robin Adams Sloan

Q. Has Princess Stephanie of Monaco emerged from the seclusion into which she went after her mother's untimely death? — J.M.

A. Stephanie is still somewhat awkward and shy in public, but she has been getting back into the swim of things. Usually, however, she only appears with her family at "official" charity events. Recently, she turned up before 1,100 invitees at Monaco's 31st Red Cross benefit ball. She looked fit, tanned and beautiful — outfitted in a Marc Bohan robe-and-cape creation topped by intertwined strings of pearls. Stephanie stuck close by her older brother, Albert, who danced with her through the night.

Q. Doesn't Ryan O'Neal's latest movie parallel life in that it's about a father's longtime battle with a rebellious son? — D.V.

A. Hardly. The movie doesn't have much to do with Ryan's current and much publicized problems with son Griffin and his drug difficulties. Ryan's latest flick is Irreconcilable Differences, about a formerly married couple — he an egotistic film director; she a distracted novelist — who are sued for "divorce" by an unhappy daughter. Shelley Long of TV's Cheers plays the mother; Drew Barrymore plays the tot who wants a courtship

change her parental custody setup and find a better pair of guardians. Actress Long says the new movie does provide its characters the chance to ask: "Is this me?"

Q. Ever since the breakup of her much-publicized romance with Hugh Hefner, we haven't heard much about Barbi Benton. How is she doing these days? — H.V.

A. Just fine, thank you, thanks to Barbi's choice of a rich husband. She's married to wealthy Hollywood businessman George Gradow. The couple seems to spend most of their time together tossing parties at their several expensive homes in Hollywood and elsewhere. Barbi and George appear to be vying for some sort of award as Hollywood's current Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Barbi is keeping up her terrific shape, though. Her latest exercise fad is long-distance running. Benton recently completed her first 26-plus mile run and plans to run in the New York City Marathon in October.

Q. We hear ballet Dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov was involved in a nasty, and embarrassing incident at a party in Texas. What was it about? — A.R.


A. After putting on a terrific show in San Antonio not long ago, Baryshnikov and a group of dancers were invited to an ultra swanky post-performance party. Mikhail dislikes these sorts of things, so he arrived late, with entourage. Before an astonished group of guests, one overly avid female fan of the dancer tried — in presumed good nature — to shove Baryshnikov into a swimming pool fully clothed. He resisted and wound up holding the woman in a headlock. Finally both broke free, dry and in reasonably good humor. Seems for all his flash, Baryshnikov didn't care to splashdance.

Q. I know doctors have always been coveted dates, even for the rich and famous, and it seems to me that more than ever actresses are dating MDs. But how are these relationships faring? — T.C.

A. Well, it seems this year isn't a good one for medics and movie stars: first Audrey Hepburn divorced Dr. Andrea Dotti, then French sexpot Edwige Fenech and Dr. Stefano Spittoni called it off. Even though Joan Kennedy is not an actress, she split with her once intended Dr. Gerry Aronoff. But not all these love pairs are being surgically removed: Victoria Principal, Mary Tyler Moore and Maud "Octopussy" Adams all seem happy with their physicians, but the verdict is still out on Sophia Loren and her long time "good friend," Dr. Etienne-Emile Baulieu — she and hubby Carlo Ponti have reportedly quietly resumed again.

Q. What's this about Cary Grant tripping out on LSD back in the swinging '60s? Anything to it? — C.L.

A. Can't say for sure, considering my source. Timothy Leary, the former guru of the LSD fad, recently was overheard at a Hollywood party talking about his new book, Flashbacks. And among those flashbacks, Leary and his wife Barbara assert, is one in which Leary "turns on" a number of Hollywood personalities. One of the latter, Leary maintains, was Cary Grant. I'll have to keep you posted on this one.



FLASH DANCE

The Life And Times Of Timothy Leary

By MICHAEL SAUTER

Timothy Leary's dead...

*Oh, no, he's on the outside looking in
Timothy Leary's dead...*

*No...No...No
He's on the outside looking in.*

He flies so high

He flies so low

*He knows exactly which way he's going
to go*

Timothy Leary, Timothy Leary

From "Legend of a Mind"
Ray Thomas/Moody Blues

Reports of his demise are greatly exaggerated. Timothy Leary is alive and well and living in the '80s—but he's looking toward the future, still certain that the best is yet to come. As for the past—well, he's been there already. Oh, has he been there! And now it's all on paper, in his just-published autobiography *Flashbacks* (Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, \$15.95).

No titters about the title, please. This book is a must-read, an entertaining, illuminating guided tour of the '60s, chock full of people, places, philosophies and psychedelia. Though first and

foremost a personal memoir, it also serves as a social document; though it often reads like a cinematic novel, it also provides food for more scholarly thought, with extensive footnotes, dates and data filling in between anecdotes and adventures.

The book is a who's who, a what-was-what, and a how-it-all-connected that does a lot to explain what those turbulent, roaring '60s were all about. And with it, Timothy Leary has taken care of taking stock, at least for the time being.

But what a long strange trip it's been so far: the first experiments with hallucinogens as a Harvard psychology professor during the early '60s...the further on and off campus adventures in mind expansion that branded him an intellectual maverick...the alternative lifestyles, communal living, spiritual pilgrimages, meetings with other remarkable men and women...the sex, drug and rock revolutions that spearheaded the violent social-political changes of the '60s...the odyssey of imprisonment and exile that followed.

As one reads this book, how it all does flash back—the sights, the sounds, the sensations. And it becomes clear that Leary was considerably more than just

another float in the kaleidoscopic parade. With his friends, colleagues, family and lovers, he was out on the cutting edge of the new frontier, exploring it at depths that JFK may or may not have imagined when he first coined the phrase. Riding an accompanying wave of new pop culture, Leary became one of the era's most recognizable galvanizing, polarizing personalities. To many including himself—he was a dedicated scientist-philosopher, a psychedelic pioneer, a "cheerleader for change". To others he was a crackpot, dilettante, drug culture founding father, modern day Pied Piper leading our youth astray, even the devil incarnate. The media dubbed him Saint Tim and Impressario Religioso; he was often quoted but almost as often misunderstood, in the thunder of the moment.

Once caught in the vortex, the good doctor, of course, let it happen. As no less an expert than Marshal McLuhan once advised Leary, the best way to get your message across was to get yourself across. That concept made a big and lasting impression and remains a cornerstone of Leary's style and philosophy today. And back then it served as Leary's impetus, thrusting him across a broad

spectrum of historical highlights.

He was at the great, *original* San Francisco Love-In, at Altamont with The Stones; with John and Yoko at their Montreal Bed-In (His was one of the voices on "Give Peace A Chance"). At various times he found himself among Andy Warhol and his New York crowd, and Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, threatened by Hell's Angels, rescued by Weather Underground, pursued by all manner of CIA, FBI, and FDA agents. Along the way he interacted with Aldous Huxley, Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassidy, Carlos Castaneda, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, Eldridge Cleaver, Ted Kennedy, G. Gordon Liddy and Charles Manson. He spent time in jail on a drug rap, spent more time in foreign exile after escaping from jail, and then spent three more years in prison after being extradited back home.

He wasn't a free man again until 1976. The climate, indeed the country, had changed a lot by then. But Leary had no trouble fitting in. He hit the college lecture circuit, did a talk show here and there, immersed himself in the writing of books, and in various radio, TV and movie projects. For all that he has somehow remained out of the greater limelight. But his autobiography—and an upcoming documentary about his recent debates with old nemesis Gordon Liddy—may turn out to be the catalyst that puts him once more in the public eye.

That public eye will find him pretty much as he was when he left it—a little older and wiser, but, despite the whiter hair and several new wrinkles, not really the worse for wear. He's still outspoken and outrageous after all these years; maybe mellowed out by a few degrees, but still merrily magnetic, a spellbinder whose ideas spill forth, free form but always fully formed, always connected.

To the uninitiated ear it may sound like he's singing a different tune these days. But essentially his song has remained the same; it just has a new arrangement. His subject is not drugs—ultimately, it never was—but rather, evolution, growth, discovery. He is still cheerleading for change. We only have an hour together, and he has a lot to say. We begin—where else—at the Age of Aquarius.

"America experienced a quantum jump in intelligence in the '60s," he says.

"The real meaning of the '60s won't be known until the Baby Boom takes over in the late '80s. Around 1988, that post-war generation is going to look around, see its enormous numbers. It will be like an apple orchard or flower garden blossoming all at once—they're going to look around and say 'We're it!'"

Many of the flashbacks in *Flashbacks* deal with Leary's growing up and out during the '20s, '30s, and '40s. They are not there just to fill in the portrait of the doctor as a young man, but also to put a perspective on previous generations.

"It is impossible (for new generations) to imagine how innocent, naive and *dumb* people were in the '20s and '30s," he says. "So sheltered, so parochial, chauvinistic, prejudiced, biased..."

"Television has tremendously sophisticated the Baby Boom generation. By the age of seven the average kid had seen more reality, dialed into more perspectives than the most widely traveled philosopher in the past. But we could sit here and list a hundred other factors that have contributed to this generation's relative enlightenment: Freudian psychology, Einstein and relativity, tremendous advances in communication, increased skepticism of the old economic systems, the expansion and deepening of intelligence..."

"Probably the most profound change is in attitudes toward self—personal

hand; 90 percent of those under 20 *like* computers."

What does it all mean? Where is it all taking us? Leary thinks he knows.

"I'm a scientific optimist," he says. "And I feel that America now represents the Golden Age of Civilization. Of course, the conservatives say 'We're going to hell! It was much better under Teddy Roosevelt!' Doom and gloom—there's a lot of money to be made on it. In spite of the naysayers, I believe this is a golden age. There are an enormous number of problems, but the fact that we're aware of them and trying to do something about them is the difference. A hundred years ago (He gestures to imply a drop in the bucket of time) it wasn't like this. But we're in a golden age—right now—and in 1988 we're going to go platinum."

Leary says that he has put all his faith, all his "stock" in the new generation, though he knows that there is still a resilient conservatism, a reactionary backlash that will continue to attract new recruits. They used to call it The Establishment. Leary prefers the term "system."

"Throughout human history, people in control have comprised systems. In this country there is big labor, big business, the Pentagon, the Democratic and Republican parties, the National Football League...the function of a

"We're in a golden age—right now—and in 1988 we're going to go platinum."

growth, personal lifestyle, the ability to write your own script, as opposed to being passive, helpless victims of some system. The number one corollary to all that is the increased self confidence of women—in their attitude toward marriage and other roles. Women no longer see themselves as Cinderella or Snow White...

"Age is the key. Young people are almost a different species, in their attitudes toward ERA, race, war, pollution, drugs...Gallup polls show that 75 percent of people over fifty don't like computers. They don't *like* them! What it means is that they don't like change, they don't like innovation. On the other

bureaucracy is to protect itself, increase its power at the expense of the common good. These systems are like hives of insects. They can sense when a bee from another hive comes in. Instinctively, they remove anything that threatens the well being of that system..."

"Fortunately, most of (the Baby Boom) generation is skeptical about systems. Sure a lot of them have copped out to the system, but the blind allegiance, the insectoid dependence doesn't exist. Basically, this is an irreverent generation."

Of course Leary—all 62 earlier generation years of him—has always be-

continued on page 62

Timothy Leary

continued from page 53

longed to what he calls "a long tradition of irreverence for authority, disrespect for the system." At the beginning of each of his book's 41 chapters, he pays his respects to other members of the club with thumbnail biographies of the likes of Socrates, Dante, Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Joyce, Margaret Fuller—each an eye opener, a boat rocker, a radical voice of change.

"Humanity has a division of labor to play different parts," says Leary. "I'm a dissenter—Celtic, Irish, Druid outcast—and I'm playing my role for the entire human adventure. We're all cooperating in this evolutionary movement—the Gordon Liddys, the narcotics agents, the FBI all play their part too."

In doing so they have caused Leary a great deal of pain along the way. Yet he philosophically harbors no bitterness, no anger. Indeed he can now partake in an ongoing series of slightly show bizzy debates with Gordon Liddy (who as a local cop once conducted a midnight raid on Leary's upstate house and arrested its occupants) and come away saying—convincingly—that they like each other, even while deploring each other's beliefs.

"I'm basically a humanist," he explains. "I believe that human nature is wonderful. The human brain is a perfect instrument if only we learn how to program it."

"I believe that the aim of evolution is

law—but they couldn't control the jokes that people told each other in bars, in the privacy of their own home."

So if your memory of the Leary of the '60s is an image of a smiling face, it isn't because he was in a constant state of drug induced bliss. It was just his theory of positive image projection in action—courtesy of a bit of free advice from the ever helpful Mr. McLuhan. "The key to your work is advertising," McLuhan told him. "Whenever you are photographed, smile. Wave reassuringly. Radiate courage." Leary has merely taken McLuhan's advice several steps further.

"I totally accept McLuhan's philosophy that we're moving from the Industrial Age into a communication-information civilization. Brain power as opposed to fire power, money power, land power, man power. So, I have trained myself in many modes of communication."

He spent a month as an L.A. disc jockey ("in the George Plimpton sense; I wouldn't want to get up that early every morning"). He has taken small parts in a few movies. He has even taken his standard college lecture out on the comedy circuit. All of it, Leary says, has been for the "valuable experience." He's acquainting and availing himself of all the ways to convey a message—today and in the future.

"My central interest today is in personal computers, and the design of

research the rest of the time.

"The future is going to come in many human packages. There are many wonderful surprises ahead. We've just got to keep questioning our attitudes tolerating change."

In the old days, Leary had a famous motto: "Turn on, tune in, drop out." It was widely misconstrued to mean "get stoned and abandon all constructive activity." But what Leary says he really meant was "become sensitive to the many and various levels of consciousness and the specific triggers that engage them...interact harmoniously with the world around you...(effect) an active, selective, graceful process of detachment...choice, and change." Leary says that the LSD, the mescaline, the magic mushrooms and the rest were, first and foremost, a means of implementing that growth and change. The tuning in, then, was the real goal, more so than the turning on.

But now Leary has an updated version of his battle cry, for the next generation: "Turn on to the higher circuits of your brain, Tune in to the awesome strength of your numbers, Take charge of evolution."

And are Mr. and Mrs. Middle America ready for this message? Probably not. Were they ready for any of Leary's pronouncements in the '60s?

The good doctor, of course, is undaunted. He is too dazzled by the possibilities, too excited by visions of brave new worlds. He is confident that the rest of the world will catch up with him eventually.

But for all his talk of new methods and means, the ends to which he's striving have remained constant. As he puts it in the epilogue of *Flashbacks*: "My dedication to certain concepts has never wavered. I have relentlessly and faithfully pursued self-exploration and innovation...I have reprogrammed myself and encouraged others to resist, challenge, question, indeed do anything to escape the assembly line that would carry us...to the obsolete past."

Timothy Leary tells me: "I'm saying today as I've said for twenty years—Don't trust the system. Believe in yourself. Don't let 'em scare you."

And with that the cheerleader for change is off to an improbable lunch with Andy Warhol and G. Gordon Liddy.

If only Lennon were here to see this. Imagine. ♪

"Don't trust the system. Believe in yourself. Don't let 'em scare you."

intelligence, the goal of human life is to increase your intelligence, and that an intelligent person should avoid generating hostility, should send out positive signals. With Liddy (in their debates) I rib him unmercifully. I get him laughing. I nail him so much that he has to grin. That's the way to deal with reactionary or anti-evolutionary principles. Make 'em laugh.

"I use satire and irreverence as a technique—Mark Twain was my real hero. Humor is the means of evolution; the way we evolve is to laugh at ourselves. Dictatorships throughout history have controlled the press, the vote, the

educational video games. I'm convinced that in the next ten years, textbooks will be replaced by video presentation. Chemistry and physics can best be taught not with words but in terms of electron movements on a screen. A video game like Asteroids can show what happens when electrons meet. Watch out!" he says, envisioning it. "Don't let hydrogen hit oxygen or you're going to get wet!"

"It doesn't do any good to have great ideas if you can't communicate," he continues. "I think that if Buddha were alive today, he would have a talk show part of the time and be doing DNA

From latest Gnostica (No. 51) —
predicted in your 1967 Playboy
Interview.

Male Multiple Orgasm

by T. D. Lingo,
Adventure Trails Research
and Development Laboratories

A male can experience from 50 to 100 to 200 separate, complete, uninhibited peaks within a continuous orgasm on one erection lasting a half hour.

Male and female organs are the same behavior triggered by the same mechanism within the brain. A man merely adds ejaculation. Further, the ejaculate is not the primary cause of the pleasure response. In 1966, William Masters and Virginia Johnson verified the female multiple orgasm. The question then became: "why not in males?"

Since 1957, our work has centered on ways to release the vastly dormant human brain. We discovered the routine male multiple orgasm by accident. We aimed for the head and hit the groin. Our staff has evolved a method of brain self-control by which individuals self-circuit into the bulk of their passive frontal lobes. This "frontal lobes experience" is the nirvana/satori/moksha/born-again phenomenon reported by mystics in all religions throughout history. It is erotic in the extreme. It can be predicted and replicated. It can be multiplied by all humans.

Slightly more than 200 study subjects have gone through this program. Of these, twenty-four have achieved the frontal lobes experience. Of the twenty-four, nineteen have reported multiple orgasms, some before the brain breakthrough, and all after it. Of the nineteen, nine (eight males and one female) have been studied, to gather their subjective reports, to analyze their similarities and differences, to hypothesize the principle involved and to design a program to replicate their behavior.

Sufficient subjective data was gathered to develop confidence in the validity of this study. The next step was to find ways to measure individuals objectively under rigidly controlled laboratory conditions that are still within the relaxed flow of nature. (This effort is progressing.) One step involved building a wind-generated electric system in this wilderness to operate an electro encephalograph and

prostate measuring instrument. Medical personnel are to be used to show prostatic contractions are the proof of true male orgasm. This hard datum is expected to verify our subjective reports.

The erotic component of the transcendent experience has been censored out of popular American literature because of its Puritan values.

Counteracting the Puritan ethic, the Eastern mystic verified by neurology, which said the human brain is vastly dormant, that within its twelve million neurons, huge "silent areas" exist which have no function. In addition, 120 billion glial cells sit there unused.

This information raises many questions. What if our new research discovers sexual intercourse has a vital communication function? What if copulation can be shown to be the way to cosmic communication? Tantric yoga has been saying this for millenniums.

Now, careful scientific investigation has by accident discovered how this erotic component of daily behavior also cleanses the brain. Consciousness can now be computed into advanced problem-solving intelligence and species-telepathy for consensus action.

We have found how the self-flushing brain automatically computes more consciousness into more problem solutions which accelerate the advance of an individual's evolutionary growth. Once an estimated 51 percent of the individual's personal inhibitors are cleared, the brain clicks into a chain reaction. When this frontal lobes experience happens, people exclaim:

"The front of my head is a balloon filling up to the stars."

"I see God. I understand the universe and my place in it. We are all one."

"A cosmic orgasm."

The orgasm is both a means and end; it is a means to achieve nirvana and, once the breakthrough is passed, remaining in the transcendent state is an end in itself. Since understanding and communi-

cation is so overwhelming on the macro plane, it took a while for test subjects to remember to report the relatively minor side effect on the micro plane: multiple orgasm.

The main point we discovered is that the male's multiple orgasm is a secondary goal of personal growth. The theory of male multiple orgasm is related directly to survival of the fittest. The fittest man demonstrates multiple orgasm as a direct function of his automatic drive to self-circuit forward into dormant brain tissue. The multiple orgasm occurs weeks and months before the frontal lobes experience, as well as forever after. The theory thus states: any person who intuitively feels the genetic drive to grow toward whole brain power and who pursues a systematic program to release inhibitors will achieve multiple orgasm automatically. This ability is innate in all brains.

The hypothesis of the male multiple orgasm is that any person (females too) who pursues a systematic procedure of backward self-therapy and forward self-circuiting achieves multiple orgasm automatically as an advanced behavior prior to the frontal lobes experience.

The study began in our children's program from 1957 to 1967. These subjects were high-IQ, high-creative, minority, juvenile delinquents, ages 10 to 15. Since we were more concerned with helping the kids fight the system which was butchering them into conformity, we didn't notice the children grew into adolescents and the adolescents grew into young adults. With so many other problems on our hands, we didn't notice what the boys had in their hands.

The kids were playing with their erections. In the meantime, we were fighting with the bureaucrats who were trying to close our school on any pretext—and contributing to the delinquency of delinquents would have been dandy.

We lost. The school was closed. Sex reared its head while we adults ostriched ours. The children went back to their

continued on page 117

cities to grow up. One after another, they popped their frontal lobes. Those reports, dutifully, came in.

Suddenly, we were thrown into the same swamp as our "enemy," the public school teacher, who cannot understand the lack of inhibition in a runaway genius. Such a teacher covers self-ignorance and forces the natural-genius back to the approved level of conformist behavior, and a neural death.

With the kids to lead us we (adults) got serious about their reports describing their swarms of swoons. This resulted, in 1967, in a scientifically designed Young Adult Program. Here we found the relationship between brain dormancy release, the frontal lobes experience and post-thought residue orgasmic evacuation was triangulated. A correlation was found between the quality of problem solving and the quantity of neural re-balancing spasms. Those test subjects who were successful in learning to tap into their frontal lobes immediately reported a minimum of six continuous climaxes and a maximum of 500. "I lost count after that. The hell with the numbers. My whole body felt like a cock," one person said. The subjectively estimated time spans were from 1 minute to 1 hour to "all afternoon."

Release of the passive frontal lobes increases the quantity of neurons computing in the brain. This, in turn, increases the quantity of intellectual thought production generated in the left hemisphere and the quantity of artistic creative production generated in the right hemisphere. Consider a thought as being a vegetable soup: As thought production increases, post-thought residues increase. Potato peels, corn husks and cereal straws need to be thrown into the toilet. Post-thought residues need to be excreted. As post-thought residues increase, multiple orgasm increases. It's that simple.

Not only do the multiple orgasms happen as a direct function of increased thought production, thought production also alters states of consciousness, perception, understanding and communication. Measurable telepathy (paper and pencil tests) also results between two soulmates.

The multiple orgasm accelerates as primary (pro-Life) creative production accelerates. The primary creative production accelerates as multiple orgasm accelerates. It is like a comet chasing its tail.

Once enough of this reportage, from our children's program and from our

adult's program, came in, we felt confident to invent a technique by which any self-motivated person should be able to master the new turn-on.

But, first, let us define what a male multiple orgasm is not. It is not the "extended" orgasm currently touted in the popular sex literature. It is not extending the tease time prior to the final two stages of emission (seminal fluid filling the prostatic urethra) and ejaculation (contractions). It is not delay, stop-start, control or brinkmanship. It is not "mini-orgasms" as prelude to the big-O. It is not slowing down, thinking of fixing the car's spare tire or choking the semen sphincter. It is full, free, uninhibited, explosive coming, again and again and again.

In conclusion, let us arrive at a procedure. Specifically, how does a male "come" twice or more on one erection?

First it starts with attitude. Humble yourself. Multiple orgasm is a part of the brain revolution now becoming a rising tide across the planet. As the facts of brain dormancy release become more acceptable, as did the word "consciousness" from 1965 on, so too will the facts of female multiple orgasm become less taboo and more automatic. As is the brain so is consciousness and orgasm—a gift of life/God/genetics. It comes not upon temper tantrum demand or jock training. It comes as a cosmic gift. You know it the first time. And you will know it even better the second time.

Do not compete with yourself. Go with the flow. Do not thrust for "goal." Do not drive for "success." Do not "use" your partner. Share this transcending experience together as an act of maturing love. Humble yourselves. Start by going out at night and laying back and looking at the stars and seeing them for the first time.

Here is the adult method:

1. Identify a complex problem you feel is blocking your emotional growth into your dormant brain. Write out the problem. Break the problem down into step-by-step units which can be solved realistically one at a time. Write out your step-by-step solution for each unit. Do each unit one at a time.

2. Observe that each step of your problem solution is followed by a feeling of emotional elation. You can double the feeling by an act of will. Feel overwhelmed by your own power to believe in your own truth, beauty and goodness. Observe how your chain-reacting elation is accompanied by a desire for sex. More elation and more thought residues lead to

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more erections. More erections cause more orgasms, unless you have been brainwashed. If so, this becomes your first problem.

3. Have an orgasm, either with a soul-mate or alone.

4. As your orgasm approaches the peak of its ego-motivated climax, consciously will the thought: "Do as you will. I (ego) demand nothing. I do not subtly demand that you be a better orgasm. I accept you as you are, a gift of reality."

5. At that moment, temporarily, you transcend your ego. This is the crux of the multiple orgasm. It becomes automatic only in the egoless state. You are beyond space and time. You are beyond cultural conditioning. You rise above, threshold, unconscious cultural and parental your inhibitions.

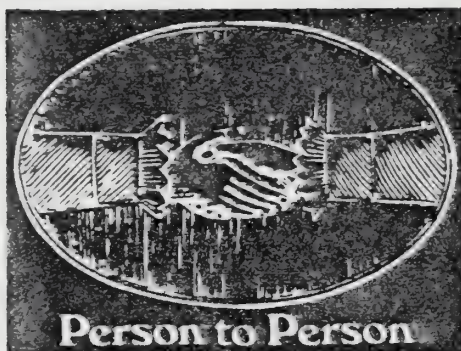
6. Once you are egoless, your brain mechanism clicks free for a moment showing how advanced problem-solving intelligence can help solve the problem of you.

7. When you hit your first peak, do NOT relax into your cultural/parental conditioning. This is the moment where—paradox of paradoxes!—your egoless will-power pushes you over the line of ego into the cosmic flow; into an automatic second spasm; third spasm; fourth. Don't push it, but don't forbid it. Just allow it to happen as a free gift of reality. It is as subtle as being in a dream and trusting everything that is about to happen as being pro-life.

8. After your first multiple orgasm happens, the next one comes easier. Your newly opened neural pathways are now memorized. Consciousness now flows into these new pathways. It's called the learning process.

9. As repetition and reinforcement open still more neural pathways, backward into child inhibitors and forward into dormant tissues, post-orgasm problem-solving will increase in quantity and quality. The multiples will come with a vengeance, like a Rocky Mountain ice mass breaking in the Spring avalanche.

10. When you hit 10 peaks, self-confidence will retire the ego permanently during each sexual release and allow the automatic cleansing mechanism to become operative for the remainder of your life. ☐



This isn't a "lonely hearts club"—but it is a very personal opportunity to meet someone who shares your special interests in areas of the occult. Many people feel isolated because of their interests, not easily finding others to talk about esoteric subjects. Some would be reluctant to advertise openly these interests, out of concern about the kind of person that might read their ad. This service is a trial. We publish your 25-word ad for \$6.25 (25¢ per word), assigning you a key number in place of address or phone number, assuring you of privacy and anonymity. We will forward replies to you, and you then will have the option of answering directly. In placing your ad, we suggest listing your age, sex, marital status (to avoid any confusion), occult interests and what you are looking for.

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IL, 51-25-M Present hermetic order dissolving to become spiritual cherokees. I will be moving to a warmer climate before the next winter arrives. I seek a teacher or dedicated group of individuals whose major concern is mental/psychic/spiritual perfection. Groups with too many hangups (money, unwavering beliefs, closed-mindedness) as the major concern need not apply. Will travel anywhere in the world to learn.

IA, 51-30-F Female, 30. Aries/Taurus. Seeks gentlemanly Wizard, financially secure, balanced, dependable. To come and help a potential Tarot instructor, Lady Shamman move to a lovely townhouse with a stone fireplace, share expenses and life, provide transportation (I do not drive). If all goes well, I hope we can share the expense (considerable) of moving to Spokane this Summer (late). Prefer Man into Astro-Cartography, Chiropiractices, Tarot, Organic gardening, Dion Fortune, "Ravi Dass and Apama's Marriage and Family Book," "Quadriga," Cannabis, Flutes, dancing. Must relocate here. Send a photo.

PA, 51-21-F Female Scorpio, single, 21, no children, a solitary witch studying many occult subjects, seeks sharing knowledge, experiences—everything, with studious strong/gentle, magickal, poetic, celestial males desiring honest and enlightening correspondence. No smokers, drinkers or dopers need answer.

OH, 51-45-F OHIO: Pagan lady would like to make contact with single gentleman, 45-55, with occult interests, studies, lifestyle, for correspondence, friendship, possible lifemate. Please send recent photo with introduction.

SC, 51-30-M Male, 30, single, no children, intelligent, loving, educated. Vasectomized, more practical than mystic, Aquarian, average body. Interested in meditation and sex magick. Seeking woman (marriage possible) with mutual interest in reaching enlightenment.

OH, 51-22-M Male, single, 22, interested in yoga, tantra, and magic. Seeks a woman around his age who would be willing to share and explore his interests with him.

OR, 51-32-M Single male, 32, with following occult interests: polytheism, Druidism, Wicca and astronomy. Am looking for a compatible woman who should be family-oriented with roots in the Northwest.

MN, 51-29-M Single, 29, male. Have just rediscovered Tantra. Interested in Kabbalah, Middle Pillar exercises, and sympathetic magick. Am novice in astrology. Seeking female, 18-45, slender, of similar interests and at the point of beginning REAL Tantric lessons with a person at the same level of beginning.

NY, 51-31-F Monogamous, initiated couple interested in exchanging ideas, knowledge of Wicca and/or Thelema. Establishing serious, working coven—possible goal. Gentle, sensitive people with a good sense of themselves are sought. Couples or singles.

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Reprinted from

THE HINDUSTAN TIMES

New Delhi, Saturday, March 29, 1975

'Awaken Kundalini, become a genius'

By D. K. Vyas

Mr. Gopi Krishna, a yogi from Kashmir, believes that the awakening of 'Kundalini' (the divine power that lies dormant in every human being at the base of the spinal chord in the form of a coiled serpent) through yoga or other suitable disciplines produces a "scientifically measurable biochemical essence that is responsible for the phenomenon of genius as well as for the process of evolution in man."

Mr. Gopi Krishna participated in the recent three-day seminar in Delhi on "Yoga, Science and Man."

He says: "This evolution is towards a transcendental state of consciousness which has characterised the Buddha, Christ, Vyasa, Shankaracharya and all great luminaries of mankind."

"I am trying to show through empirical research that this condition of consciousness is the ultimate target of human evolution."

Born in 1903 in Kashmir, Mr. Gopi Krishna says, "Science has entirely ignored the spiritual side of man and devoted all its attention to the physical and organic fields."

In his opinion, lust for power and status is the basic cause of the present disorder in society. He stresses the need for following the ancient dictum of "simple living and high thinking."

Mr. Gopi Krishna has published four books so far based on his spiritual experiences.

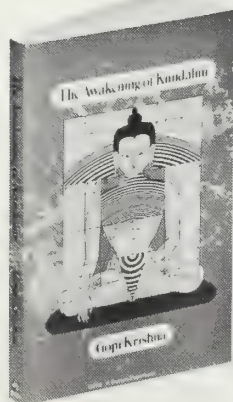
Under his guidance, the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences has undertaken research work on 'Kundalini.'

According to him, the research will bring to light three cardinal issues about which the world is at present completely in the dark. The first is the discovery that the reproductive system also acts as the evolutionary mechanism; the second is that the religious impulse is based on inherent evolutionary tendencies in the psyche and the third is that there is a predetermined target for the evolution of man and the whole race is being irresistibly drawn towards it.



Gopi Krishna

The Awakening of Kundalini



This is Gopi Krishna's latest book, published as a high-quality, yet inexpensive, paperback. It provides the reader with unimpeachable advice and essential information for the effective practice of meditation.

For those who are not practicing meditation, the book is by far the most lucid yet published on Kundalini and how this Intelligent Power operates in the human body to bring about the transformation of consciousness and Enlightenment absolutely necessary for those who would lead others to spiritual goals. \$3.25 at bookstores, or from the Foundation.

AN APPEAL

This is a very fascinating field of inquiry, and I would particularly like to draw the attention of this distinguished gathering to the central significance of the phenomenon of 'Kundalini,' which has been at the very heart of the mystical tradition, not only in India but, if the texts are interpreted from that point of view, all over the world.

A great deal of very interesting work is waiting to be done on the Kundalini, the psychic or spiritual energy which is said to reside in every human body at the base of spine and which can, under certain circumstances, be aroused so as to irrigate and irradiate consciousness as it mounts up the spine to the brain.

The All-India Institute of Medical Sciences is undertaking a special project for the study of the Kundalini, in which we want the cooperation and collaboration of all yogis and scientists.

The project revolves particularly around the books on Kundalini by Pandit Gopi Krishna, who is happily present amongst us today. These books are arousing keen interest, not only in India but throughout the world. They present the stunning hypothesis that the next step in human evolution will not be a physical development but a development in consciousness.

It is now well established that we are only using a fraction of the capacities of the human brain; this has been widely accepted by neuro-surgeons and scientists. Now it is possible that the next step in human development could be the activation of those areas of the human brain which are at present unused or unknown.

Could it perhaps be that it is the development of Kundalini which will trigger off the new mutation in consciousness, which would stimulate, irrigate and irradiate those areas of the brain that are at present areas of darkness? This is a fascinating hypothesis. We have this psycho-spiritual energy called Kundalini, which has been written about in all the mystical literature of the world. Can science understand this, study this and perhaps come out with something which could have a revolutionary effect upon the future of human race? Here is a truly exciting challenge to scientists the world over.

Dr. Karan Singh
Minister of Health
& Family Planning

Taken from his inaugural address at
The Seminar on Yoga, Science
and Man
New Delhi, March 14, 1975

About Occult Powers and Kundalini

The world has been so carried away by erroneous descriptions of higher consciousness that it has completely shut out the fact that the most outstanding examples of transhuman consciousness are the great mystics and founders of religions.

Both in their mental stature and mode of life, these individuals evidenced certain extraordinary characteristics that are absolutely beyond the territory of altered states of consciousness induced by drugs, biofeedback, hypnosis, or autosuggestive meditation techniques.

All these methods, though popular today, produce only ordinary men and women. Some may be prone to visionary experiences, clairvoyant insights, or even to creative flashes, but ordinary all the same. None are even remotely comparable to these outstanding figures of the past.

Claims Made

Many individuals today claim to have achieved the highest state of consciousness, but it would take pages to list their names. We can begin with familiar writers such as Ram Dass [he has often claimed to have reached Samadhi, both with drugs and without] and John Lilly [who says the same in the introduction to his book, *Center of the Cyclone*].

Then there are dozens of gurus, such as Muktananda, Shri Chimoy, Satya Sai Baba and many, many more, who all claim to be in the state of Super Consciousness or Cosmic Consciousness. All of these advocate different techniques, but none discusses the biological aspects or the evolutionary processes.

The validity of psychic phenomena is widely admitted even by some scientists, though no one is able to assign a plausible reason for it. Some scientists are even prepared to accept the credibility of bizarre phenomena, like that produced by Uri Geller and others.

Dr. Andrija Puharich ascribes some of Geller's extraordinary

feats to the mental influence of extraterrestrial beings. Equally fantastic explanations are often given for the weird occurrences witnessed at mediumistic séances.

Simple Explanation

There is perhaps no realm of knowledge that provides such a vast field for the exercise of the phantasmic faculty in man as the occult and the paranormal.

But it is not readily accepted that the power behind the ex-



traordinary performances of spiritual geniuses and the force behind psychic phenomena are both the outflow of a springhead of intelligent energy, present in the human organism. This explanation, though simple and rational, free of any fantastic overtones, is shunned by many scientists.

What I am asserting, with a full sense of responsibility, and based on my own experience, is that there is a marvelous potential present in the human body that is drawing mankind toward a sublime state of consciousness inconceivable for even the most intelligent mind that has not experienced it.

Irrefutable Evidence

The appearance of all extraordinary prophets and mystics—most of whom were credited with psychic faculties—and the existence of outstanding mediums and sensitives, are historical facts that provide irrefutable evidence that the human brain has a capacity for extraordinary manifestations.

The issue remaining to be explored and authenticated, then,

is the existence of the potential, *present in the human organism*, to create this extraordinary condition of the brain. And for this purpose, scientific investigation into the phenomenon of Kundalini can provide the necessary avenue.

That man is evolving toward a state of awareness in which the reality behind the universe can become perceptible is entirely beyond the dreams of our most far-seeing intellects. But this investigation will establish in full—corroborated by hundreds of ancient esoteric books from India, China, and elsewhere—that the activity of the human reproductive mechanism can be reversed; and the precious energy, instead of flowing downward and outward, can stream inward and upward.

This reversal, true for both men and women, causes an amazing transformation in the cerebrospinal system, leading to an explosion in consciousness. It is difficult to describe adequately the sense of infinitude and immortality brought about by such a transformation.

Rebuilding the Brain

Let us suppose that the reproductive apparatus, by reacting upon itself—using its own concentrated vital energy—is able to enhance its activity many times more than what exists in normal men and women. This highly increased aggregate of genital secretions and essences, then, is used to rebuild the nervous system and the brain.

It is the same when these vital organs are built up in a fetus in the womb, as the elementary particles of nature are drawn from every part of the body, according to biological laws not yet understood.

But now the reproductive system is employed as a transfer center, where these life-energies are transformed into an even more volatile or radiant energy that streams upward into the brain, producing para-

normal states of consciousness and psychic activity.

With this enormous flow of the most powerful nerve energy into the brain, continually for years and years, the horizon of the mind can be extended to a degree that is entirely beyond the capacity of a normal brain. This transformation is built on the copiously produced ambrosia of the reproductive mechanism, working day and night.

Superconsciousness

Just as we cannot fully understand the process by which the organic resources in the body of a pregnant woman converge to form an embryo, so it is impossible to comprehend all the processes involved when the reproductive system recoils on itself to produce the embryo of superconsciousness in the brain. The vital energy of the body converges toward this transformation.

The great and rare spiritual geniuses of the past were the products of this biological transformation, either from birth or sometime during their lifetimes. It exists even today in imperfect and abortive forms in the mediums and psychics whose inexplicable performances cause bewilderment among observers.

Both of these manifestations have occurred and continue to occur through the natural products of this metamorphosis—the action of an awakened Kundalini—even though knowledge of the mechanism is entirely absent, or is saturated with ancient superstitions and misconceptions.

What is of paramount importance now is that the possibilities implicit in Kundalini should become widely known. This is slowly coming to pass, thanks to dedicated efforts of those eager to help in the birth of a new world.

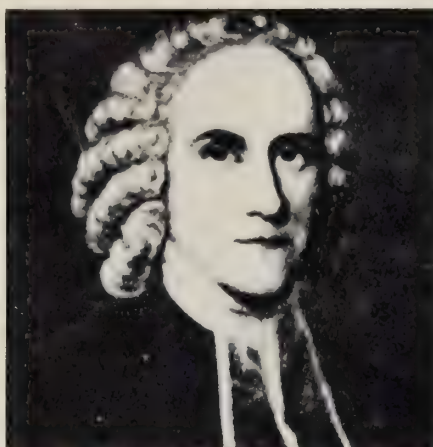
Excerpted from Chapter I, of The Awakening of Kundalini, by Gopi Krishna, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

“... Ordinary people in America, people from out of the masses, were breaking off from conventional society, from family . . .”

pitched battles with police, *on the barricades*, as it were. But by 8:30 P.M. they were back home, obediently washing their hands before dinner with Mom & Dad & Buddy & Sis & the Maiden Aunt. When they left home for good, it was likely to be via the only admissible ticket: marriage. Unmarried sons of 38 and 39 would be still sitting around the same old table, morosely munching the gnocchi.

Meanwhile, ordinary people in America, anonymous people from out of the masses—known today, as Jean-François Revel observes, as “the middle classes”—were breaking off from conventional society, from family, neighborhood, and community, and creating worlds of their own. This had no parallel in history, certainly considering the scale of it. The hippies were merely the most flamboyant example. The New Left students of the late 1960s were another. The New Lefters lived in communes much like the hippies’ but with a slightly different emphasis. Dope, sex, nudity, costumes, and vocabulary became symbols of defiance of bourgeois life. The costumery tended to be semi-military: non-com officers’ shirts, combat boots, commando berets—worn in combination with blue jeans or a turtleneck jersey, however, to show that one wasn’t a uniform freak.

Nor was the new life confined to the young. The 1960s saw the spread of various forms of age segregation. Old people began living in retirement villages. Some went into a life as esoteric and wild in its way as the psychedelic. For example, the trailer caravanners. The caravanners were (and are) mainly retired couples who started off their Golden Years by doing the usual thing. They went to their children, Buddy & Sis, and gingerly suggested that now that Dad had retired, he and Mom might move in with one of them. They got the old “Uhh . . . sure” . . . plus a death-ray look. So the two old crocks departed and went out to buy what is the only form of prefabricated housing that has ever caught on in America: the house trailer, or mobile home. Usually the old pair would try to make the trailer look like a real house. They’d park it on a plot in a trailer park and put it up on blocks and put some latticework around the bottom to hide the axles and the wheel housings and put little awnings above the windows and a big one out over the door to create the impression of a breezeway. By and by, however, they would discover that there were people their age who actually moved off of dead



Enthusiast: *New Englander Jonathan Edwards preached the new light in the eighteenth century.*

center in trailers and went out into the world and *rolled*. At this point they would join a trailer caravan. And when the trailer caravans got rolling, you had a chance to see some of the most amazing sights of the modern American landscape . . . such as thirty, forty, fifty Airstream trailers, the ones that are silver and have rounded corners and ends and look like silver bullets . . . thirty, forty, fifty of these silver bullets in a line, in a caravan, hauling down the highway in the late afternoon with the sun at a low angle and exploding off the silver surfaces of the Airstreams until the whole convoy looks like some gigantic and improbable string of jewelry, each jewel ablaze with a highlight, rolling over the face of the earth—the million-volt billion-horsepower bijoux of America!

The caravanners might start off taking the ordinary tourist routes of the West, but they would soon get a taste for adventure and head for the badlands, through the glacier forests of the northwest and down through western Mexico, not fat green chile relleno red jacaranda blossom mariachi band caballero sombrero Tourist Mexico, but *western* Mexico, where the terrain is all skulls and bones and junk frito and hard-cheese mestizos hunkered down at the crossroads, glowering, and cows and armadillos by the side of the road on their backs with their bellies bloated and all four feet up in the air. The caravanners would get deeper and deeper into a life of sheer *trailer*ing. They would become experts at this twentieth-century nomad life. They would begin to look back on Buddy & Sis as sad conventional sorts whom they had left behind, poor turkeys who knew nothing of the initiations and rites of passage of trailer

ing. The mighty million-volt rites! Every

now and then the caravan would have to seek out a trailer camp for a rest in the rush across the face of western America, and in these camps you’d have to plug a power line from your trailer into the utility poles the camps provide, so as to be able to use the appliances in the trailer when your car engine wasn’t generating electricity. In some of the older camps these poles were tricky to use. If you didn’t plug your line in in just the right manner, with the right prong up and the right one down, you stood to get a hell of a shock, a feedback of what felt like about two thousand volts. So about dusk, you might see the veterans sitting outside their trailers in aluminum-and-vinyl folding chairs, pretending to be just chewing the fat at sunset but in fact nudging one another and keeping everyone on the alert for what is about to happen, when the rookie—the rheumy-eyed gray-haired old Dad who, with Mom, has just joined the caravan—plugs into the malicious Troll Pole for the first time.

Old Dad tries to plug in, and of course he gets it wrong, tries to put the wrong prong in on top and the wrong one on the bottom, and—*bowwwwwwww!*—he gets a thunderbolt jolt like Armageddon itself and does an inverted one-and-a-half gainer and lands on his back—and the veterans, men and women, just absolutely crack up, bawl, cry, laugh until they’re turning inside out. And only after the last whoops and snorts have died down does it dawn on you that this poor wet rookie who plugged in wrong and has just done this involuntary Olympic diving maneuver and landed on his spine with his fingers smoking . . . is an old party 72 years old. But that’s also the beauty of it! They always survive! They’re initiates! hierophants of the caravan who have moved off of dead center! Various deadly rheumatoid symptoms disappear, as if by magic! The Gerontoid Cowboys ride! deep into a new land and a new life they’ve created for themselves!

Lemon Sessions

It was remarkable enough that ordinary folks now had enough money to take it and run off and alter the circumstances of their lives and create new roles for themselves, such as Trailer Sailor. But, simultaneously, still others decided to go . . . *all the way*. They plunged straight toward what has become the alchemical dream of the Me Decade.

“... Encounter sessions were often wild events. Such aggression! such sobs! tears! hysteria, recriminations, revelations . . .”

The old alchemical dream was changing base metals into gold. The new alchemical dream is: changing one's personality—remaking, remodeling, elevating, and polishing one's very *self*. . . and observing, studying, and doting on it. *Me!* This had always been an aristocratic luxury, confined throughout most of history to the life of the courts, since only the very wealthiest classes had the free time and the surplus income to dwell upon this sweetest and vainest of pastimes. It smacked so much of vanity, in fact, that the noble folk involved in it always took care to call it quite something else.

Much of the satisfaction well-born people got from what is known historically as the “chivalric tradition” was precisely that: dwelling upon *Me* and every delicious nuance of my conduct and personality. At Versailles, Louis XIV founded a school for daughters of impoverished noblemen called L'Ecole Saint-Cyr. At the time most schools for girls were in convents. Louis had quite something else in mind, a secular school that would develop womenfolk suitable for the superior *race guerrière* that he believed himself to be creating in France. Saint-Cyr was the forerunner for what was known up until a few years ago as *the finishing school*. And what was *the finishing school*? Why, a school in which the personality was to be shaped and buffed like a piece of high-class psychological cabinetry. For centuries most of upper-class college education in France and England has been fashioned in the same manner: with an eye toward sculpting the personality as carefully as the intellectual faculties.

At Yale the students on the outside have wondered for 80 years what went on inside the fabled secret senior societies, such as Skull & Bones. On Thursday nights one would see secret society members walking silently and single-file, in black flannel suits, white shirts, and black knit ties with gold pins on them, toward their great Greek Revival temple on High Street, a building whose mystery was doubled by the fact that it had no windows. What in the name of God or Mammon went on in those 30-odd Thursday nights during the senior years of these happy few? What went on was . . . *lemon sessions!*—

regularly scheduled series of the lemon sessions just like the ones that occurred informally in girls' finishing schools.

In the girls' schools these lemon sessions tended to take place at random on nights when a dozen girls or so might end up in someone's dormitory room.

One girl would become “it,” and the others would light into her personality, pulling it to pieces to analyze every defect . . . her spitefulness, her awkwardness, her bad breath, embarrassing clothes, ridiculous laugh, her suck-up fawning, latent lesbianism, or whatever. The poor creature might be reduced to tears. She might blurt out the most terrible confessions, hatreds, and primordial fears. But, it was presumed, she would be the stronger for it afterwards. She would be on her way toward a new personality. Likewise, in the secret societies, they held lemon sessions for boys. Is masturbation your problem? Out with the truth, you ridiculous weenie! And Thursday night after Thursday night the awful truths would out, as he who was it stood up before them and answered the most horrible questions. Yes! I do it! I whack whack whack it! I'm *afraid* of women! I'm afraid of *you*! And I get my shirts at Rosenberg's instead of Press! (Oh, you dreary turkey, you wet smack, you little shit!) . . . But out of the fire and the heap of ashes would come a better man, a brother of good blood and bone, a Bones man, for the American *race guerrière*. And what was more . . . they loved it. No matter how dreary the soap opera, the star was *Me*.

By the mid-1960s this service, this luxury, had become available for one and all, i.e., the middle classes. Lemon Session Central was the Esalen Institute, a lodge perched on a cliff overlooking the Pacific in Big Sur, California. Esalen's speciality was lube jobs for the personality. Businessmen, businesswomen, housewives—anyone who could afford it, and by now many could—paid \$220 a week to come to Esalen to learn about themselves and loosen themselves up and wiggle their fannies a bit, in keeping with methods developed by William C. Schutz and Frederick Perls. Fritz Perls, as he was known, was a remarkable figure, a psychologist who had a gray beard and went about in a blue terry-cloth jumpsuit and looked like a great blue grizzled father bear. His lemon sessions sprang not out of the manly virtues and cold showers Protestant prep school tradition of Yale but out of psychoanalysis. His sessions were a variety of the “marathon encounter.”* He put the various candidates for personality change in groups, and they met

*The real “marathons,” in which the group stayed in the same room for 24 hours or longer, were developed by George R. Bach and Frederick Stoller of Los Angeles.

in close quarters day after day. They were encouraged to bare their own souls and to strip away one another's defensive facades. Everyone was to face his own emotions squarely for the first time.

Encounter sessions, particularly of the Schutz variety, were often wild events. Such aggression! such sobs! tears! moans, hysteria, vile recriminations, shocking revelations, such explosions of hostility between husbands and wives, such mudballs of profanity from previously mousey mommies and work-addaddies, such red-mad attacks! Only physical assault was prohibited. The encounter session became a standard approach in many other movements, such as Scientology, Arica, the Mel Lyman movement, Synanon, Daytop Village, and Primal Scream. Synanon had started out as a drug rehabilitation program, but by the late 1960s the organization was recruiting “lay members,” a lay member being someone who had never been addicted to heroin . . . but was ready for the lemon-session life.

Outsiders, hearing of these sessions, wondered what on earth their appeal was. Yet the appeal was simple enough. It is summed up in the notion: “Let's talk about *Me*.” No matter whether you managed to renovate your personality through encounter sessions or not, you had finally focused your attention and your energies on the most fascinating subject on earth: *Me*. Not only that, you also put *Me* up onstage before a live audience. The popular “est” movement has managed to do that with great refinement. Just imagine *Me and My Hemorrhoids*. . . moving an entire hall to the most profound outpouring of emotion! Just imagine . . . *my life* becoming a drama with universal significance . . . analyzed, like Hamlet's, for what it signifies for the rest of mankind . . .

The encounter session—although it was not called that—was also a staple practice in psychedelic communes and, for that matter, in New Left communes. In fact, the analysis of the self, and of one another, was unceasing. But in these groups, and at Esalen and in movements such as Arica, there were two common assumptions that distinguished them from the aristocratic lemon sessions and personality *finishings* of yore. The first was: I, with the help of my brothers and sisters, must strip away all the shams and excess baggage of society and my upbringing in order to find the Real Me. Scientology uses the word “clear” to identify the state that one must strive for. But just what is that state? And what will the Real Me be like? It is at this

point that the new movements tend to take on a religious or spiritual atmosphere. In one form or another they arrive at an axiom first propounded by the Gnostic Christians some 1,800 years ago: namely, that at the apex of every human soul there exists a spark of the light of God. In most mortals that spark is "asleep" (the Gnostics' word), all but smothered by the facades and general falseness of society. But those souls who are clear can find that spark within themselves and unite their souls with God. And with that conviction comes the second assumption: There is an *other order* that actually reigns supreme in the world. Like the light of God itself, this *other order* is invisible to most mortals. But he who has dug himself out from under the junk heap of civilization can discover it.

And with that . . . the Me movements were about to turn *righteous*.

Young Faith, Aging Groupies

By the early 1970s so many of the *Me* movements had reached this Gnostic religious stage, they now amounted to a new religious wave. Synanon, Arica, and the Scientology movement had become religions. The much-publicized psychedelic or hippie communes of the 1960s, although no longer big items in the press, were spreading widely and becoming more and more frankly religious. The huge Steve Gaskin commune in the Tennessee scrublands was a prime example. A *New York Times* survey concluded that there were at least two thousand communes in the United States by 1970, barely five years after the idea first caught on in California. Both the Esalen-style and Primal Therapy or "Primal Scream" encounter movements were becoming progressively less psychoanalytical and more mystical in their approach.

The Oriental "meditation" religions—which had existed in the United States mainly in the form of rather intellectual and bohemian zen and yoga circles—experienced a spectacular boom. Groups such as the Hare Krishna, the Sufi, and the Maharaj Ji communes began to discover that they could enroll thousands of new members and (in some cases) make small fortunes in real estate to finance the expansion. Many members of the New Left communes of the 1960s began to turn up in *Me* movements in the 1970s, including two of the celebrated "Chicago Eight"; Rennie Davis became a follower of the Maharaj Ji; Jerry Rubin enrolled in both est and Arica. Barbara Garson—who wrote the great agitprop of the New Left, *MacBird*—would later observe, with considerable bitterness: "My husband Marvin



The First Great Awakening in mid-ecstasy: These frenzied ladies of the eighteenth century, called to repent by an evangelical preacher, begin their "exercises" at a camp meeting.



The Second Great Awakening in mid-tempo: Shaker ceremonies in the nineteenth century required energetic marchings to "shake off evil." The fire spread from New York State to the West.



The Third Great Awakening in mid-fever: Like every other religious wave in America, the twentieth century version starts with a flood of ecstatic experiences. The wave hasn't crested.

“... What the Urban Young People want from religion is a little *Hallelujah!* ... and *talking in tongues!* ... *Praise God!* Precisely ...”

forsook everything (me included) to find peace. For three years he wandered without shoes or money or glasses. Now he is in Israel with some glasses and possibly with some peace.” And not just him, she said, but so many other New Lefters as well: “Some follow a guru, some are into primal scream, some seek a rest from the diaspora—a home in Zion.” It is entirely possible that in the long run historians will regard the entire New Left experience as not so much a political as a religious episode wrapped in semi-military gear and guerrilla talk.

Meanwhile the ESP or “psychic phenomena” movement began to grow very rapidly in the new religious atmosphere. ESP devotees had always believed that there was an *other order* that ran the universe, one that revealed itself occasionally through telepathy, *déjà vu* experiences, psychokinesis, dematerialization, and the like. It was but a small step from there to the assumption that all men possess a *conscious energy* paralleling the world of physical energy and that this mysterious energy can unite the universe (after the fashion of the light of God). A former astronaut, Edgar Mitchell, who has a Doctor of Science degree from M.I.T., founded the Institute for Noetic Sciences in an attempt to channel the work of all the ESP groups. “Noetic” is an adjective derived from the same root as that of “the Noosphere”—the name that Teilhard de Chardin gave his dream of a cosmic union of all souls. Even the Flying Saucer cults began to reveal their essentially religious nature at about this time. The Flying Saucer folk quite literally believed in an *other order*: It was under the command of superior beings from other planets or solar systems who had space ships. A physician named Andrija Puharich wrote a book (*Uri*) in which he published the name of the god of the UFOs: Hoova. He said Hoova had a herald messenger named Spectra, and Hoova’s and Spectra’s agent on earth, the human connection, as it were, was Uri Geller, the famous Israeli psychic and showman. Geller’s powers were also of great interest to people in the ESP movement, and there were many who wished that Puharich and the UFO people would keep their hands off him.

By the early 1970s a quite surprising movement, tagged as the Jesus People, had spread throughout the country. At the outset practically all the Jesus People were young acid heads, i.e., LSD users, who had sworn off drugs (except, occasionally, in “organic form,” meaning marijuana and peyote) but still



Machine slave: Chaplin in *Modern Times*—the way intellectuals liked to see the worker.

wanted the ecstatic spiritualism of the psychedelic or hippie life. This they found in Fundamentalist evangelical holy-rolling Christianity of a sort that ten years before would have seemed utterly impossible to revive in America. The Jesus People, such as the Children of God, the Fresno God Squad, the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, the Sun Myung Moon sect, lived communally and took an ecstatic or “charismatic” (literally: “God-im-bued”) approach to Christianity, after the manner of the Oneida, Shaker, and Mormon communes of the nineteenth century—and, for that matter, after the manner of the early Christians themselves, including the Gnostics.

There was considerable irony here. Ever since the late 1950s both the Catholic Church and the leading Protestant denominations had been aware that young people, particularly in the cities, were drifting away from the faith. At every church conference and convocation and finance committee meeting the cry went up: *We must reach the urban young people.* It became an obsession, this business of “the urban young people.” The key—one and all decided—was to “modernize” and “update” Christianity. So the Catholics gave the nuns outfits that made them look like World War II Wacs. The Protestants set up “beatnik coffee houses” in the church basement for poetry reading and bongo playing. They had the preacher put on a turtleneck sweater and sing “Joe Hill” and “Frankie and Johnny”

during the hootenanny at the Sunday vespers. Both the priests and the preachers carried placards in civil rights marches, gay rights marches, women’s rights marches, prisoners’ rights marches, bondage lovers’ rights marches, or any other marches, so long as they might appear hip to the urban young people.

In fact, all these strenuous gestures merely made the churches look like rather awkward and senile groupies of secular movements. The much-sought-after Urban Young People found the Hip Churchman to be an embarrassment, if they noticed him at all. What finally started attracting young people to Christianity was something the churches had absolutely nothing to do with: namely, the psychedelic or hippie movement. The hippies had suddenly made religion look hip. Very few people went into the hippie life with religious intentions, but many came out of it absolutely *righteous*. The sheer power of the drug LSD is not to be underestimated. It was quite easy for an LSD experience to take the form of a religious vision, particularly if one were among people already so inclined. You would come across someone you had known for years, a pal, only now he was jacked up on LSD and sitting in the middle of the street saying, “I’m in the Pudding at last! I’ve met the Manager!” Without knowing it, many heads were reliving the religious fervor of their grandparents or great-grandparents—the Bible-Belting lectern-pounding Amen ten-finger C-major-chord Sister Martha-at-the-keyboard tent-meeting loblolly pineywoods share-it-Brother believers of the nineteenth century. The hippies were religious and yet incontrovertibly hip at the same time.

Today it is precisely the most rational, intellectual, secularized, modernized, updated, relevant religions—all the brave, forward-looking Ethical Culture, Unitarian and Swedenborgian movements of only yesterday—that are finished, gasping, breathing their last. What the Urban Young People want from religion is a little ... *Hallelujah!* ... and *talking in tongues!* ... *Praise God!* Precisely that! In the most prestigious divinity schools today, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Episcopal, the avant-garde movement—the leading edge—is “charismatic Christianity” ... featuring talking in tongues, ululation, visions, holy rolling and other non-rational, even antirational, practices. Some of the most respectable old-line Protestant congregations, in the most placid subur-

ban settings, have begun to split into the Charismatics and the Easter Christians ("All they care about is being seen in church on Easter"). The Easter Christians still usually control the main Sunday morning service—but the Charismatics take over on Sunday evening and do the holy roll.

This curious development has breathed new life into the existing Fundamentalists, theosophists, and older salvation seekers of all sorts. Ten years ago, if anyone of wealth, power, or renown had publicly "announced for Christ," people would have looked at him as if his nose had been eaten away by weevils. Today it happens regularly . . . Harold Hughes resigns from the U.S. Senate to become an evangelist . . . Jim Irwin the astronaut teams up with a Baptist evangelist in an organization called High Flight . . . singers like Pat Boone and Anita Bryant announce for Jesus . . . Charles Colson, the former hardballer of the Nixon administration, announces for Jesus. . . . The man who is likely to be the next president of the United States, Jimmy Carter, announces for Jesus. O Jesus People.

Only One Life

In 1961 a copy writer named Shirley Polykoff was working for the Foote, Cone & Belding advertising agency on the Clairol hair-dye account when she came up with the line: "If I've only one life, let me live it as a blonde." In a single slogan she had summed up what might be described as the secular side of the Me Decade. "If I've only one life, let me live it as a—." (You have only to fill in the blank.)

This formula accounts for much of the popularity of the Women's Liberation or Feminist movement. "What does a woman want?" Freud said. Perhaps there are women who want to humble men or reduce their power or achieve equality or even superiority for themselves and their sisters. But for every one such woman, there are nine who simply want to *fill in the blank* as they see fit. "If I've only one life, let me live it as . . . a free spirit." (Instead of . . . a house slave; a cleaning woman, a cook, a nursemaid, a stationwagon hacker, and an occasional household sex aid.) But even that may be overstating it, because often the unconscious desire is nothing more than: *Let's talk about Me*. The great unexpected dividend of the Feminist movement has been to elevate an ordinary status—woman, housewife—to the level of drama. One's very existence as *a woman* . . . as *Me* . . . becomes something all the world analyzes, agonizes over, draws cosmic conclusions from, or, in any event, takes seriously. Every woman becomes Emma Bovary.



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Among men the formula becomes: "If I've only one life, let me live it as a . . . Casanova or a Henry the VIII." (Instead of a humdrum workadaddy, eternally faithful, except perhaps for a mean little skulking episode here and there, to a woman who now looks old enough to be your aunt and has atrophied calves, and is an embarrassment to be seen with when you take her on trips.) The right to shuck overripe wives and take on fresh ones was once seen only as the prerogative of kings, and even then it was scandalous. In the 1950s and 1960s it began to be seen as the prerogative of the rich, the powerful, and the celebrated (Nelson Rockefeller, Henry Ford, and Show Business figures), although it retained the odor of scandal. Wife-shucking damaged Adlai Stevenson's chances of becoming president in 1952, and Rockefeller's chances of becoming the Republican presidential nominee in 1964 and 1968. Until the 1970s wife-shucking made it impossible for an astronaut to be chosen to go into space. Today, in the Me Decade, it becomes *normal behavior*, one of the factors that have pushed the divorce rate above 50 percent.

When Eugene McCarthy filled in the blank in the 1970s and shucked his wife, it was hardly noticed. Likewise in the case of several astronauts. When Wayne Hays filled in the blank in 1975, shucked his wife of 38 years, it did not hurt his career in the slightest, although copulating with the girl in the office was still regarded as scandalous. (Elizabeth Ray filled in the blank in another popular fashion: "If I've only one life, let me live it as a . . . Celebrity." As did Arthur Bremer, who kept a diary during his stalking of Nixon and, later, George Wallace . . . with an eye toward a book contract. Which he got.) Some wisacre has remarked, supposedly with levity, that the federal government may in time have to create reservations for women over 35, to take care of the swarms of shucked wives and widows. In fact, women in precisely those categories have begun setting up communes or "extended families" to provide one another support and companionship in a world without workadaddies. ("If I've only one life, let me live it as an anachronism.")

Much of what is now known as "the sexual revolution" has consisted of both women and men filling in the blank this way: "If I've only one life, let me live it as a . . . Swinger." (Instead of a frustrated, bored monogamist.) In "swinging," a husband and wife give each other license to copulate with other people. There are no statistics on the subject that mean anything, but I do know that it pops up in conversation today in the

“...I know of two instances in which couples saw *Scenes From a Marriage* and came home convinced of the ‘need to communicate’...”

most unexpected corners of the country. It is an odd experience to be in De Kalb, Illinois, in the very corn crib of America, and have some conventional-looking housewife (not *housewife*, damn it!) come up to you and ask: “Is there much tripling going on in New York?” “*Trippling?*”

Tripling turns out to be a practice, in De Kalb, anyway, in which a husband and wife invite a third party—male or female, but more often female—over for an evening of whatever, including polymorphous perversity, even the things written of in the one-hand magazines, such as *Pipe* and *Slut*, all the things involving tubes and hoses and tourniquets and cups and double-jointed sail-ors.

One of the satisfactions of this sort of life, quite in addition to the groin spasms, is talk: *Let’s talk about Me*. Sexual adventurers are given to the most relentless and deadly serious talk . . . about *Me!* They quickly succeed in placing themselves onstage in the sexual drama whose outlines were sketched by Freud and then elaborated on by Wil-

helm Reich. Men and women of all sorts, not merely swingers, are given just now to the most earnest sort of talk about the Sexual Me.

A key drama of our own day is Ingmar Bergman’s movie *Scenes From a Marriage*. In it we see a husband and wife who have good jobs and a well-furnished home but who are unable to “communicate”—to cite one of the signature words of the Me Decade. Then they begin to communicate, and thereupon their marriage breaks up and they start divorce proceedings. For the rest of the picture they communicate endlessly, with great candor, but the “relationship”—another signature word—remains doomed. Ironically, the lesson that people seem to draw from this movie has to do with . . . “the need to communicate.” *Scenes From a Marriage* is one of those rare works of art, like *The Sun Also Rises*, that not only succeeds in capturing a certain mental atmosphere in fictional form . . . but also turns around and helps radiate it throughout real life. I personally know of two instances in which couples, after years of

marriage, went to see *Scenes From a Marriage* and came home convinced of the “need to communicate.” The discussions began with one of the two saying: Let’s try to be completely candid for once. You tell me exactly what you don’t like about me, and I’ll do the same for you. At this, the starting point, the whole notion is exciting. We’re going to talk about *Me!* (And I can take it.) I’m going to find out what he (or she) really thinks about me! (Of course, I have my faults, but they’re minor . . . or else exciting.)

She says, “Go ahead. What don’t you like about me?”

But they’re both still under the Bergmanspell. Nevertheless, a certain sixth sense tells him that, in fact, they’re on dangerous ground. So he decides to pick something that doesn’t seem too terrible.

“Well,” he says, “one thing that bothers me is that when we meet people for the first time, you never know what to say. Or else you get nervous and start babbling away, and it’s all so banal, it makes me look bad.”

Consciously she’s still telling herself,

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"I can take it." But what he has just said begins to seep out into her brain like scalding water. What's he talking about?—makes *him* look bad? *He's saying I'm unsophisticated, a social liability, and an embarrassment. All those times we've gone out, he's been ashamed of me!* (And what makes it worse—it's the sort of disease for which there's no cure!) She always knew she was awkward. His crime is: He *noticed!* He's known it, too, all along. He's had *contempt* for me.

Out loud she says, "Well, I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about that."

He detects the petulant note. "Look," he says, "you're the one who said to be candid."

She says, "I know. I *want* you to be." He says, "Well, it's your turn."

"Well," she says, "I'll tell *you* something about when we meet people and when we go places. You never clean yourself properly—you don't know how to wipe yourself. Sometimes we're standing there talking to people, and there's . . . a smell. And I'll tell you something else. People can tell it's you."

And he's still telling *himself*, "I can take it"—but what inna namea Christ is *this?*

He says, "But you've never said anything—about anything like that."

She says, "But I *tried* to. How many times have I told you about your dirty drawers when you were taking them off at night?"

Somehow this really makes him angry . . . All those times . . . and his mind immediately fastens on Haynes Thatcher and his wife, whom he has always wanted to impress . . . from underneath my \$250 suits—I smelled of *shit!* What infuriates him is that this is a humiliation from which there's no recovery. *How often have they sniggered about it later?—or not invited me places? Is it something people say every time my name comes up?* And all at once he is intensely annoyed with his wife, not because she never told him all these years—but simply because she *knows* about his disgrace—and she was the one who *brought him the bad news!*

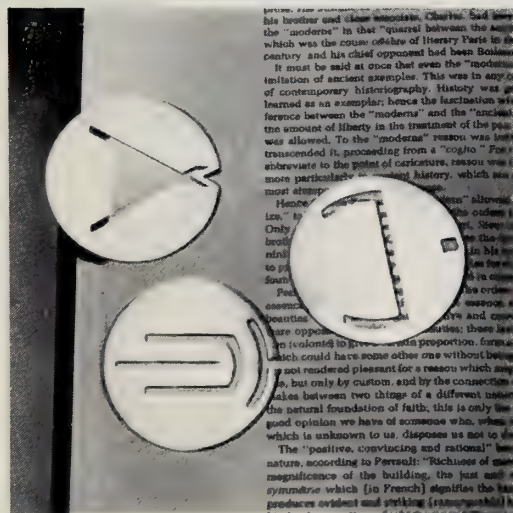
From that moment on they're ready to get the skewers in. It's only a few minutes before they've begun trying to sting each other with confessions about their little affairs, their little slipping around, their little coitus on the sly—"Remember that time I told you my flight from Buffalo was canceled?"—and at that juncture the ranks of those *who can take it* become very thin, indeed. So they communicate with great candor! and break up! and keep on communicating! and then find the relationship hopelessly doomed.

One couple went into group therapy. The other went to a marriage counselor. Both types of therapy are very popular forms, currently, of *Let's talk about Me.*

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“... The secular side of the Me Decade is, ‘If I’ve only one life, let me live it as a — . . .’”

This phase of the breakup always provides a rush of exhilaration—for what more exhilarating topic is there than . . . *Me*? Through group therapy, marriage counseling, and other forms of “psychological consultation,” they can enjoy that same *Me* euphoria that the very rich have enjoyed for years in psychoanalysis. The cost of the new *Me* sessions is only \$10 to \$30 an hour, whereas psychoanalysis runs from \$50 to \$125.* The woman’s exhilaration, however, is soon complicated by the fact that she is (in the typical case) near or beyond the cut-off age of 35 and will have to retire to the reservation.

Well, my dear Mature Moderns . . . Ingmar never promised you a rose garden!

How You Do It, My Boys!

In September of 1969 in London, on King’s Road, in a restaurant called the Alexandria, I happened to have dinner with a group of people that included a young American named Jim Haynes and an Englishwoman named Germaine Greer. Neither name meant anything to me at the time, although I never forgot Germaine Greer. She was a thin, hard-looking woman with a tremendous curly electric hairdo and the most outrageous flannel mouth I had ever heard on a woman. (I was shocked.) After a while she got bored and set fire to her hair with a match. Two waiters ran over and began beating the flames out with napkins. This made a noise like pigeons taking off in the park. Germaine Greer sat there with a sublime smile on her face, as if to say: “How you do it, my boys!”

Jim Haynes and Germaine Greer had just published the first issue of a newspaper that All London was talking about. It was called *Suck*. It was the progenitor of a line of sex newspapers that today includes *Screw* in New York and so many in Los Angeles that it is not uncommon to see fifteen coin-operated newspaper racks in a row on the sidewalk. One will be for the Los Angeles *Times*, a second for the *Herald-Examiner*, and the other thirteen for the sex papers. *Suck* was full of pictures of gaping thighs, moist lips, stiffened giblets, glistening nodules, dirty stories,

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dirty poems, essays on sexual freedom, and a gossip column detailing the sexual habits of people whose names I assumed were fictitious. Then I came to an item that said, “Anyone who is looking for group sex in New York and likes fat girls, contact L— R—,” except that it gave her full name. She was a friend of mine.

Even while Germaine Greer’s hair blazed away, the young American, Jim Haynes, went on with a discourse about the aims of *Suck*. To put it in a few words, the aim was sexual liberation and, through sexual liberation, the liberation of the spirit of man. If you were listening to this speech and had read *Suck*, or even if you hadn’t, you were likely to be watching Jim Haynes’s face for the beginnings of a campy grin, a smirk, a wink, a roll of the eyeballs—something to indicate that he was just having his little joke. But it soon became clear that he was one of those people who exists on a plane quite . . . Beyond Irony. Whatever it had been for him once, sex had now become a religion, and he had developed a theology in which the orgasm had become a form of spiritual ecstasy.

The same curious journey—from sexuality to theology—has become a feature of *swinging* in the United States. At the Sandstone sex farm, in the Santa Monica Mountains, people of all class levels gather for weekends in the nude, and they copulate in the living room, on the lawn, out by the pool, on the tennis courts, with the same open, free, liberated spirit as dogs in the park or baboons in a tree. In conversation, however, the atmosphere is quite different. The air becomes humid with solemnity. Close your eyes, and you think you’re at a nineteenth-century Wesleyan summer encampment and tent-meeting lecture series. It’s the soul that gets a workout here, brethren. And yet, this is not a hypocritical coverup. It is merely an example of how people in even the most secular manifestation of the *Me!* decade—free-lance spread-’em ziggy-zig rutting—are likely to go through the usual stages . . . Let’s talk about *Me* . . . Let’s find the Real *Me* . . . Let’s get rid of all the hypocrisies and impediments and false modesties that obscure the Real *Me* . . . Ah! at the apex of my soul is a spark of the Divine . . . which I perceive in the pure moment of ecstasy (which your textbooks call “the orgasm,” but which I know to be Heaven) . . .

This notion even has a pedigree. Many sects, such as the Left-handed



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“... The curious journey from sexology to
theology has become a feature of swinging...”

Shakti and the Gnostic onanists, have construed the orgasm to be the *kairos*, the magic moment, the divine ecstasy. There is evidence that the early Mormons and the Oneida movement did likewise. In fact, the notion of some sort of divine ecstasy runs throughout the religious history of the past 2,500 years. As Max Weber and Joachim Wach have illustrated in detail, every major modern religion, as well as countless long-gone minor ones, has originated not with a theology or a set of values or a social goal or even a vague hope of a life hereafter. They have all originated, instead, with a small circle of people who have shared some overwhelming ecstasy or seizure, a “vision,” a “trance,” a hallucination; in short, an actual neurological event, a dramatic change in metabolism, something that has seemed to light up the entire central nervous system. The Mohammedan movement (Islam) originated in hallucinations, apparently the result of fasting, meditation, and isolation in the darkness of caves, which can induce sensory deprivation. Some of the same practices were common with many types of Buddhists. The early Hindus and Zoroastrians seem to have been animated by a hallucinogenic drug known as *soma* in India and *haoma* in Persia. The origins of Christianity are replete with “visions.” The early Christians used wine for ecstatic purposes, to the point where the Apostle Paul (whose conversion on the road to Damascus began with a “vision”) complained that it was degenerating into sheer drunkenness at the services. These great draughts of wine survive in minute quantities in the ritual of Communion. The Bacchic orders, the Sufi, Voodooists, Shakers, and many others used feasts (the bacchanals), ecstatic dancing (“the whirling dervishes”), and other forms of frenzy to achieve the *kairos*... the moment... here and now... the feeling... In every case the believers took the feeling of ecstasy to be the sensation of the light of God flooding into their souls. They felt like vessels of the Divine, of the All-in-One. Only *afterward* did they try to interpret the experience in the form of theologies, earthly reforms, moral codes, liturgies.

Nor have these been merely the strange practices of the Orient and the Middle East. Every major religious wave that has developed in America has started out the same way: with a flood of *ecstatic experiences*. The First Great Awakening, as it is known to historians, came in the 1730s and was led by

preachers of “the New Light” such as Jonathan Edwards, Gilbert Tennent, and George Whitefield. They and their followers were known as “enthusiasts” and “come-outers,” terms of derision that referred to the frenzied, holy-rolling, pentecostal shout tempo of their services and to their visions, trances, shrieks, and agonies, that are preserved in great Rabelaisian detail in the writings of their detractors.

The Second Great Awakening came in the period from 1825 to 1850 and took the form of a still wilder hoe-down camp-meeting revivalism, of ceremonies in which people barked, bayed, fell down in fits and swoons, rolled on the ground, talked in tongues, and even added a touch of orgy. The Second Awakening originated in western New York State, where so many evangelical movements caught fire. It became known as “The Burned-Over District.” Many new sects such as Oneida and the Shakers were involved. But so were older ones, such as the evangelical Baptists. The fervor spread throughout the American frontier (and elsewhere) before the Civil War. The most famous sect of the Second Great Awakening was the Mormon movement, founded by a 25-year-old, Joseph Smith, and a small group of youthful comrades. This bunch was regarded as wilder, crazier, more obscene, more of a threat, than the entire lot of hippie communes of the 1960s put together. Smith was shot to death by a lynch mob in Carthage, Illinois, in 1844, which was why the Mormons, now with Brigham Young at the helm, emigrated to Utah. A sect, incidentally, is a religion with no political power. Once the Mormons settled, built, and ruled Utah, Mormonism became a *religion* soon enough... and eventually wound down to the slow, firm beat of respectability...

We are now—in the Me Decade—seeing the upward roll (and not yet the crest, by any means) of the third great religious wave in American history, one that historians will very likely term the Third Great Awakening. Like the others it has begun in a flood of *ecstasy*, achieved through LSD and other psychedelics, orgy, dancing (the New Sufi and the Hare Krishna), meditation, and psychic frenzy (the marathon encounter). This third wave has built up from more diverse and exotic sources than the first two, from therapeutic movements as well as overtly religious movements, from hippies and students of “psi phenomena” and Flying Saucerites as well as charismatic Christians. But other

than that, what will historians say?

The historian Perry Miller credited the First Great Awakening with helping to pave the way for the American Revolution through its assault on the Colonies' religious establishment and, thereby, on British colonial authority generally. The sociologist Thomas O'Dea credited the Second Great Awakening with creating the atmosphere of Christian asceticism (known as "bleak" on the East Coast) that swept through the Midwest and the West during the nineteenth century and made it possible to build communities in the face of great hardship. And the Third Great Awakening? Journalists—historians have not yet tackled the subject—have shown a morbid tendency to regard the various movements in this wave as "fascist." The hippie movement was often attacked as "fascist" in the late 1960s. Over the past several years a barrage of articles has attacked Scientology, the "est" movement, and "the Moonies" (followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon) along the same lines.

Frankly, this tells us nothing except that journalists bring the same conventional Grim Slide concepts to every subject. The word *fascism* derives from the old Roman symbol of power and authority, the *fascis*, a bundle of sticks bound together with thongs (with an axe-head protruding from one end). One by one the sticks would be easy to break. Bound together, they are invincible. Fascist ideology called for binding all classes, all levels, all elements of an entire nation together into a single organization with a single will.

The various movements of the current religious wave attempt very nearly the opposite. They begin with . . . "Let's talk about Me." They begin with the most delicious look inward, with considerable narcissism, in short. When they bind together into religions, it is always with a sense of splitting off from the rest of society. We, the enlightened (lit by the sparks at the apexes of our souls), hereby separate ourselves from the lost souls around us. Like all religions before them, they proselytize—but always on promising the opposite of nationalism: a City of Light that is above it all. There is no ecumenical spirit within this Third Great Awakening. If anything, there is a spirit of schism. The contempt the various seers have for one another is breathtaking. One has only to ask, say, Oscar Ichazo of Arica about Carlos Castañeda or Werner Erhard of est to learn that Castañeda is a fake and Erhard is a shallow sloganeer. It's exhilarating!—to watch the faithful split off from one another to seek ever more perfect and refined crucibles in which to fan the divine spark . . . and to *talk about Me*.

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is likely to pivot upon this unprecedented post-World War II American luxury—in which so many millions of middling folk are in a position to dwell upon the self. At first glance, Shirley Polykoff's slogan—“If I've only one life, let me live it as a blonde.”—seems like merely another example of a superficial and irritating rhetorical trope (*an-tanac-lasis**) that now happens to be fashionable among advertising copy writers. But in fact the notion of “You have only one life to live” challenges one of those assumptions of society that are so deep-rooted and ancient, they have no name—they are simply lived by. In this case: man's age-old belief in serial immortality.

The husband and wife who sacrifice their own ambitions and their material assets in order to provide “a better future” for their children . . . the soldier who risks his life, or perhaps consciously sacrifices it, in battle . . . the man who devotes his life to some struggle for “his people” that cannot possibly be won in his lifetime . . . people (or most of them) who buy life insurance or leave wills . . . and, for that matter, most women on experiencing their first pregnancies are people who conceive of themselves, however unconsciously, as part of a great biological stream. Just as something of their ancestors lives on in them, so will something of them live on in their children . . . or in their people, their race, their community—for childless people, too, conduct their lives and try to arrange their post-mortem affairs with concern for how the great stream is going to flow on. Most people, historically, have *not* lived their lives as if thinking, “I have only one life to live.” Instead they have lived as if they are living their ancestors' lives and their offsprings' lives and perhaps their neighbors' lives as well. They have seen themselves as inseparable from the great tide of chromosomes of which they are created and which they pass on. The mere fact that you were only going to be here a short time and would be dead soon enough did not give you the license to try to climb out of the stream and change the natural order of things. The Chinese, in ancestor worship, have literally worshiped the great tide itself, and not any god or gods. For anyone to renounce the notion of serial immortality, in the West or the East, has been

to defy what seems like a law of Nature. Hence the wicked feeling—the excitement!—of “If I've only one life, let me live it as a——” Fill in the blank, if you dare.

And now many dare it! In *Democracy in America* de Tocqueville (the inevitable and ubiquitous de Tocqueville) saw the American sense of equality itself as disrupting the stream, which he called “time's pattern”: “Not only does democracy make each man forget his ancestors, it hides his descendants from him, and divides him from his contemporaries; it continually turns him back into himself, and threatens, at last, to enclose him entirely in the solitude of his own heart.” A grim prospect to the good Alexis de T.—but what did he know about . . . *Let's talk about Me!*

De Tocqueville's idea of modern man lost “in the solitude of his own heart” has been brought forward into our time in such terminology as *alienation* (Marx), *anomie* (Durkheim), the *mass man* (Ortega y Gasset), and the *lonely crowd* (Riesman). The picture is always of a creature uprooted by industrialism, packed together in cities with people he doesn't know, helpless against massive economic and political shifts—in short, a creature like Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*, a helpless, bewildered, and dispirited slave to the machinery. This victim of modern times has always been a most appealing figure to intellectuals, artists, and architects. The poor devil so obviously needs *us* to be his Engineers of the Soul, to use an idea popular in the Soviet Union in the 1920s. We will pygmalionize this sad lump of clay into an *homo novus*, a New Man, with a new philosophy, a new aesthetics, not to mention new Bauhaus housing and furniture.

But once the dreary little bastards started getting money in the 1940s, they did an astonishing thing—they took their money and ran! They did something only aristocrats (and intellectuals and artists) were supposed to do—they discovered and started doting on *Me!* They've created the greatest age of individualism in American history! All rules are broken! The prophets are out of business! Where the Third Great Awakening will lead—who can presume to say? One only knows that the great religious waves have a momentum all their own. Neither argument nor policies nor acts of the legislature have been any match for them in the past. And this one has the mightiest, holiest roll of all, the beat that goes. . . *Me . . . Me . . . Me . . .*

**This figure of speech consists of repeating a word (or words with the same root) in such a way that the second usage has a different meaning from the first.*



**Ecstasy and
The Real Me:
The Soul
is Divine.**

The Me Decade And the Third Great Awakening

By Tom Wolfe

“... The old alchemical dream was changing base metals to gold. The seventies dream is changing and polishing one’s very *self* . . .”

Gushing Up, Pouring Out

The trainer said, “Take your finger off the repress button.” Everybody was supposed to let go, let all the vile stuff come up and gush out. They even provided vomit bags, like the ones on a 747, in case you literally let it *gush out*! Then the trainer told everybody to think of “the one thing you would most like to eliminate from your life.” And so what does our girl blurt over the microphone? “Hemorrhoids!”

Just so!

That was how she ended up in her present state . . . stretched out on the wall-to-wall carpet of the banquet hall of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles with her eyes closed and her face pressed into the stubble of the carpet, which is a thick commercial weave and feels like clothes-brush bristles against her face and smells a bit *high* from cleaning solvent. That was how she ended up, lying here concentrating on her hemorrhoids.

Eyes shut! deep in her own space! her hemorrhoids! the grisly peanut—

Many others are stretched out on the

carpet all around her; some 249 other souls, in fact. They’re all strewn across the floor of the banquet hall with their eyes closed, just as she is. But Christ, the others are concentrating on things that sound serious and deep when you talk about them. And how they had talked about them! They had all marched right up to the microphone and “shared,” as the trainer called it. What did they want to eliminate from their lives? Why, they took their fingers right off the old repress button and told the whole room. My husband! my wife! my homosexuality! my inability to communicate, my self-

“... For the first time in her life she has permission from everyone to let the feeling gush forth. So she starts moaning: ‘Oooohhh’ ...”

The New Religionists



Sect-tacular leader: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.



Sect-ular charismatics: Rev. Moon.



Religious sect-acle: The Guru Maharaj Ji.

hatred, self-destructiveness, craven fears, puling weaknesses, primordial horrors, premature ejaculation, impotence, frigidity, rigidity, subservience, laziness, alcoholism, major vices, minor vices, grim habits, twisted psyches, tortured souls—and then it had been her turn, and she had said, “Hemorrhoids.”

You can imagine what that sounded like. That broke the place up. The trainer looked like a cocky little bastard up there on the podium with his deep tan, white tennis shirt, and peach-colored sweater, a dynamite color combination, all very casual and spontaneous—after about two hours of trying on different outfits in front of a mirror, *that* kind of casual and spontaneous if her guess was right. And yet she found him attractive. *Commanding* was the word. He probably wondered if she were playing the wisacre, with her “hemorrhoids,” but he rolled with it. Maybe she was being playful. Just looking at him made her feel mischievous. In any event, *hemorrhoids* was what had bubbled up into her brain.

Then the trainer had told them to stack their folding chairs in the back of the banquet hall and lie down on the floor and close their eyes and get deep into their own spaces and concentrate on that one item they wanted to get rid of the most—and really feel it and let the feeling gush out.

So now she's lying here concentrating on her hemorrhoids. The strange thing is... it's no joke after all! She begins to feel her hemorrhoids in all their morbid presence. She can actually *feel* them. The sieges always began with her having the sensation that a peanut was caught in her anal sphincter. That meant a section of swollen varicose vein had pushed its way out of her intestines and was actually coming out of her bottom. It was as hard as a peanut and felt bigger and grislier than a peanut. Well—for God's sake!—in her daily life, even at work, *especially* at work, and she works for a movie distributor, her whole picture of herself was of her... *seductive physical presence*. She was not the most successful businesswoman in Los Angeles, but she was certainly successful enough, and quite in addition to that, she was... *the main sexual presence in the office*. When she walked into the office each morning, everyone, women as well as men, checked her out. She *knew* that. She could feel her sexual presence go through the place like an invisible chemical, like a hormone, a scent, a universal solvent.

The most beautiful moments came

when she would be in her office or in a conference room or at Mr. Chow's taking a meeting—nobody “had” meetings anymore, they “took” them—with two or three men, men she had never met before or barely knew. The overt subject was, inevitably, eternally, “The Deal.” She always said there should be only one credit line up on the screen for any movie: “Deal by...” But the meeting would also have a subplot. The overt plot would be “The Deal.” The subplot would be “The Men Get Turned On by Me.” Pretty soon, even though the conversation had not strayed overtly from “The Deal,” the men would be swaying in unison like dune grass at the beach. And she was the wind, of course. And then one of the men would say something and smile and at the same time reach over and touch her... on top of the hand or on the side of the arm... as if it meant nothing... as if it were just a gesture for emphasis... *but in fact a man is usually deathly afraid of reaching out and touching a woman he doesn't know*... and she knew it meant she had hypnotized him sexually...

Well—for God's sake!—at just that sublime moment, likely as not, the god-damn peanut would be popping out of her tail! As she smiled sublimely at her conquest, she also had to sit in her chair lopsided, with one cheek of her buttocks higher than the other, as if she were about to crepitate, because it hurt to sit squarely on the peanut. If for any reason she had to stand up at that point and walk, she would have to walk as if her hipjoints were rusted out, as if she were 65 years old, because a normal stride pressed the peanut, and the pain would start up, and the bleeding, too, very likely. Or if she couldn't get up and had to sit there for a while and keep her smile and her hot hormonal squinted eyes pinned on the men before her, the peanut would start itching or burning, and she would start double-tracking, as if her mind were a tape deck with two channels going at once. In one she's the sexual princess, the Circe, taking a meeting and clouding men's minds... and in the other she's a poor bitch who wants nothing more in this world than to go down the corridor to the ladies' room and get some Kleenex and some Vaseline and push the peanut back up into her intestines with her finger.

And even if she's able to get away and do that, she will spend the rest of that day and the next, and the next, with a *deep worry* in the back of her brain, the sort of worry that always stays on the edge of your consciousness, no matter



Religious est-hesia: *The Erhard Seminar Training session, at \$250 for the course, allows followers to take their fingers off the repress button.*

how hard you think of something else. She will be wondering at all times what the next bowel movement will be like, how solid and compact the bolus will be, trying to think back and remember if she's had any milk, cream, chocolate, or any other binding substance in the last 24 hours, or any nuts or fibrous vegetables like broccoli. Is she really *in for it* this time—

The Sexual Princess! On the outside she has on her fireproof grin and her Fiorio scarf as if to say she lives in a world of Sevilles and 450SLs and dinner last night at a movie business restaurant on Beverly Boulevard that's so exclusive that Dominick keeps his neon sign (Dominick's) turned off to make the wogs think it's closed, but she (hi, Dominick!) can get a table—but inside her it's all the battle between the bolus and the peanut—

—and is it too late to leave the office and go get some mineral oil and let some of that vile glop roll down her gullet or get a refill on the softener tablets or eat some prunes or drink some coffee or do something else to avoid one of those horrible hard-clay boluses that will come grinding out of her, crushing the peanut and starting not only the bleeding but . . . *the pain!* . . . a horrible humiliating pain that feels like she's getting a paper cut in her anus, like the pain you feel when the edge of a piece of



Est-cutcheon: Jack Rosenfield became Werner Erhard—the real him—and a success.

bond paper slices your finger, plus a horrible hellish purple bloody varicose pressure, but lasting not for an instant, like a paper cut, but for an eternity, prolonged until the tears are rolling down her face as she sits in the cubicle, and she wants to cry out, to scream until it's over, to make the screams of fear, fury, and humiliation obliterate the pain. But someone would hear! No doubt they'd come bursting right into the ladies' room to save her! and feed and water their morbid curiosities! And what could she possibly say? And so she had simply held that feeling in all these years, with her eyes on fire and her

entire pelvic saddle a great purple tub of pain. She had repressed the whole squalid horror of it—the searing peanut—until now. The trainer had said, "Take your finger off the repress button!" Let it gush up and pour out!

And now, as she lies here on the floor of the banquet hall of the Ambassador Hotel with 249 other souls, she knows exactly what he meant. She can feel it *all*, all of the pain, and on top of the pain, all the humiliation, and for the first time in her life she has permission from the Management, from herself and everyone around her to let the feeling gush forth. So she starts moaning.

"Oooooooooooooooooooooooooohhh!"

And when she starts moaning, the most incredible and exhilarating thing begins to happen. A wave of moans spreads through the people lying around her, as if her energy were radiating out like a radar pulse.

"Oooooooooooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

So she lets her moan rise into a keening sound.

And when she begins to keen, the souls near her begin keening, even while the moans are still spreading to the prostrate folks further from her, on the edges of the room.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeooooooooohhhhhhhhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooh!"

So she lets her keening sound rise up

“... The two most popular new figures in the 1976 campaign, Carter and Brown, are absolutely aglow with mystical religious streaks ...”

Political Gurus



Carter: To be Born Again in Washington?



Brown: Zen Jesuit goes to Sacramento.



Colson: Redemption means mix on sin.

into a real scream.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeciaiaiaiaiaiaiaiaia!”
And this rolls out in a wave, too, first through those near her, and then toward the far edges.

“Aiaiaiaiaiaiaiaiaiaieeeeeeeeeeeeeee-
eeeeehhhhhhhheeeeeciaiaia!”

And so she turns it all the way up, into a scream such as she has never allowed herself in her entire life.

“Aiaiaiaiaiaiaiaiaaaaaaa-
AAARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHH!”

And her full scream spreads from soul to soul, over top of the keens and fading moans—

“AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHaiaiaiaiaie-
eeeeeeeeeeooooohheeeeeciaiaiaiaa-
aaaaaa-
AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH-
HHHHHHH!”

—until at last the entire room is consumed in her scream, as if there are no longer 250 separate souls but one noosphere of souls united in some incorporeal way by her scream—

“AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGHHH”

—which is not simply *her* scream any longer . . . but the world’s! Each soul is concentrated on its own burning item—my husband! my wife! my homosexuality! my inability to communicate, my self-hatred, self-destruction, craven fears, puling weaknesses, primordial horrors, premature ejaculation, impotence, frigidity, rigidity, subservience, laziness, alcoholism, major vices, minor vices, grim habits, twisted psyches, tortured souls—and yet each unique item has been raised to a cosmic level and united with every other until there is but one piercing moment of release and liberation at last!—a whole world of anguish set free by—

My hemorrhoids.

“Me and My Hernorrhoids Star at the Ambassador” . . . during a three-day Erhard Seminar Training (est) course in the banquet hall. The truly odd part, however, is yet to come. In her experience lies the explanation of certain grand puzzles of the 1970s, a period that will come to be known as the Me Decade.

The Holy Roll

In 1972 a far-sighted caricaturist did this drawing of Teddy Kennedy entitled “President Kennedy campaigning for re-election in 1980 . . . courting the so-called awakened vote.”

The picture shows Kennedy ostentatiously wearing not only a crucifix but also (if one looks just above the cross) a pendant of The Bleeding Heart of Jesus.

The crucifix is the symbol of Christianity in general, but the Bleeding Heart is the symbol of some of Christianity’s most ecstatic, nonrational, holy-rolling cults. I should point out that the artist’s prediction lacked certain refinements. For one thing, Kennedy may be campaigning to be president in 1980, but he is not terribly likely to be the incumbent. For another, the odd spectacle of politicians using ecstatic, nonrational, holy-rolling religion in presidential campaigning was to appear first not in 1980 but in 1976.

The two most popular new figures in the 1976 campaign, Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown, are men who rose up from state politics . . . absolutely aglow with mystical religious streaks. Carter turned out to be an evangelical Baptist who had recently been “born again” and “saved,” who had “accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior”—i.e., he was of the Missionary lectern-pounding Amen ten-finger C-major chord Sister-Martha-at-the-Yamaha-keyboard lollol pineywoods Baptist faith in which the members of the congregation stand up and “give witness” and “share it, Brother” and “share it, Sister” and “praise God!” during the service.* Jerry Brown turned out to be the Zen Jesuit, a former Jesuit seminarian who went about like a hairshirt Catholic monk, but one who happened to believe also in the Gautama Buddha, and who got off koans in an offhand but confident manner—even on political issues, as to how it is not the right answer that matters but the right question, and so forth.

Newspaper columnists and news-magazine writers continually referred to the two men’s “enigmatic appeal.”

*Carter is not, however, a member of the most downhome and ecstatic Baptist sect, which is a back-country branch known as the Primitive Baptist Church. In the Primitive Baptist churches, men and women sit on different sides of the room, no musical instruments are allowed, and there is a good deal of foot-washing and other rituals drawn from passages in the Bible. The Progressive Primitives, another sect, differ from the Primitives chiefly in that they allow a piano or organ in the church. The Missionary Baptists, Carter’s branch, are a step up, socially (not necessarily divinely), but would not be a safe bet for an ambitious member of an in-town country club. The in-town Baptists, found in communities of 25,000 or more, are too respectable socially to be called a sect and succeed in being almost as tame as the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists.



Hallelujah! The '70s spirituality, which comes out of the drug experiences of the '60s, features talking in tongues, visions, holy rolling—ecstasy.

Which is to say, journalists couldn't explain it. Nevertheless, they tried. They theorized that the war in Vietnam, Watergate, the FBI and CIA scandals, had left the electorate shell-shocked and disillusioned, and that in their despair the citizens were groping no longer for specific remedies but for sheer faith, something, anything (even holy rolling), to believe in. This was in keeping with the current fashion of interpreting all new political phenomena in terms of recent disasters, frustration, protest, the decline of civilization . . . the Grim Slide. But when the *New York Times* and CBS employed a polling organization to try to find out just what great gusher of "frustration" and "protest" Carter had hit, the results were baffling. A Harvard political scientist, William Schneider, concluded for the *Times* that "the Carter protest" was a new kind of protest, "a protest of good feelings." That was a new kind, sure enough: a protest that wasn't a protest.

In fact, both Carter and Brown had stumbled upon a fabulous terrain for which there are no words in current political language. A couple of politicians had finally wandered into the Me Decade.

Him? The New Man?

The saga of the Me Decade begins with one of those facts that is so big and so obvious (like the Big Dipper), no one ever comments on it anymore. Namely: the 30-year boom. Wartime spending in the United States in the 1940s touched off a boom that has continued for more than 30 years; it has pumped money into every class level of the population on a scale without parallel in any country in

history. True, nothing has solved the plight of those at the very bottom, the chronically unemployed of the slums. Nevertheless, in the city of Compton today it is possible for a family of four at the very lowest class level, which is known as "on welfare," to draw an income of \$8,000 a year entirely from public sources. This is more than most British newspaper columnists and Italian factory foremen make, even allowing for differences in living costs. In America, truck drivers, mechanics, factory workers, policemen, firemen, and garbagemen make so much money—\$15,000 to \$20,000 (or more) per year is not uncommon—that the word *proletarian* can no longer be used in this country with a straight face. So one now says *lower middle class*. One can't even call workingmen *blue collar* any longer. They all have on collars like Joe Namath's or Johnny Bench's or Walt Frazier's. They all have on \$35 Superstar Qiana sportshirts with elephant collars and 1940s Airbrush Wallpaper Flowers Buncha Grapes & Seashell designs all over them.

Well, my God, the old utopian socialists of the nineteenth century—such as Saint-Simon, Owen, and Fourier—lived for the day of the liberated workingman. They foresaw a day when industrialism (Saint-Simon coined the word) would give the common man the things he needed in order to realize his potential as a human being: surplus (discretionary) income, political freedom, free time (leisure), and freedom from grinding drudgery. Some of them, notably Owen and Fourier, thought all this might come to pass first in the United States. So they set up communes here: Owen's New Harmony commune in Indiana and 34

Fourier-style "Phalanx" settlements—socialist communes, because the new freedom was supposed to be possible only under socialism. The old boys never dreamed that it would come to pass instead as the result of a go-getter bourgeois business boom such as began in the U.S. in the 1940s. Nor would they have liked it if they had seen it. For one thing, the *homo novus*, the new man, the liberated man, the first common man in the history of the world with the much-dreamed-of combination of money, freedom, and free time—this American workingman—didn't look right. The Joe Namath Johnny Bench Walt Frazier Superstar Qiana Wallpaper sportshirts, for a start.

The American workingman of the post-World War II era was a great disappointment. He didn't look right . . . and he wouldn't . . . *do right!* I can remember what brave plans visionary architects at Yale and Harvard still had for the *common man* in the early 1950s. (They actually used the term "Common Man.") They had brought the utopian socialist dream forward into the twentieth century. They had things figured out for the workingman down to truly minute details, such as lamp switches. The new liberated workingman would live as the Cultivated Ascetic. He would be modeled on the BA-degree Greenwich Village bohemian of the late 1940s—dark wool Hudson Bay shirts, tweed jackets, flannel trousers, briarwood pipes, good books, sandals, and simplicity—except that he would live in a Worker Housing project. All Yale and Harvard architects worshipped Bauhaus principles and had the Bauhaus vision of Worker Housing. The Bauhaus movement absolutely hypnotized

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“... One can’t even call workingmen blue collar any longer. They all have on \$35 Superstar sportshirts with elephant collars . . .”

American architects, once its leaders, such as Walter Gropius and Ludwig Miës van der Rohe, came to the United States from Germany in the 1930s. Worker Housing in America would have pure beige rooms, stripped, freed, purged of all mouldings, cornices, and overhangs—which Gropius regarded as symbolic “crowns” and therefore loathsome. Worker housing would be liberated from all wallpaper, “drapes,” Wilton rugs with flowers on them, lamps with fringed shades and bases that looked like vases or Greek columns. It would be cleansed of all doilies, knick-knacks, mantelpieces, headboards, and radiator covers. Radiator coils would be left bare as honest, abstract sculptural objects.

But somehow the workers, incurable slobes that they were, avoided Worker Housing, better known as “the projects,” as if it had a smell. They were heading out instead to the suburbs—the suburbs!—to places like the San Fernando Valley and Islip, Long Island, and buying houses with clapboard siding and a pitched roof and shingles and gaslight-style front-porch lamps and mailboxes set up on top of lengths of stiffened chain that seemed to defy gravity and all sorts of other unbelievably cute or antique touches, and they

loaded these houses up with “drapes” such as baffle all description and wall-to-wall carpet you could lose a shoe in, and they put barbecue pits and fish ponds with concrete cherubs urinating into them on the lawn out back, and they parked 25-foot-long cars out front and Evinrude cruisers up on tow-trailers in the carport beyond the breeze way.

By the 1960s the common man was also getting quite interested in this business of “realizing his potential as a human being.” But once again he crossed everybody up! Once more he took his money and ran—determined to do-it-himself!*

Plugging In

In 1971 I made a lecture tour of Italy, talking (at the request of my Italian

**Ignored or else held in contempt by working people, Bauhaus design eventually triumphed as a symbol of wealth and privilege, attuned chiefly to the tastes of businessmen’s wives. For example, Miës’s most famous piece of furniture design, the Barcelona chair, now sells for \$1,680 and is available only through one’s decorator. The high price is due in no small part to the chair’s Worker Housing Honest Materials:*

hosts) about “contemporary American life.” Everywhere I went, from Turin to Palermo, Italian students were interested in just one question: Was it really true that young people in America, no older than themselves, actually left home and lived communally according to their own rules and created their own dress styles and vocabulary and had free sex and took dope? They were talking, of course, about the hippie or psychedelic movement that had begun flowering about 1965. What fascinated them the most, however, was the first item on the list: that the hippies *actually left home and lived communally according to their own rules.*

To Italian students this seemed positively amazing. Several of the students I met lived wild enough lives during daylight hours. They were in radical organizations and had fought

stainless steel and leather. No chromed iron is allowed, and customers are refused if they want to have the chair upholstered in material of their own choice. Only leather is allowed, and only six shades of that: Seagram’s Building Lobby Palomino, Monsanto Chemical Company Lobby Antelope, Arco Towers Pecan, Transamerica Building Ebony, Bank of America Building Walnut, and Embarcadero Center Mink.

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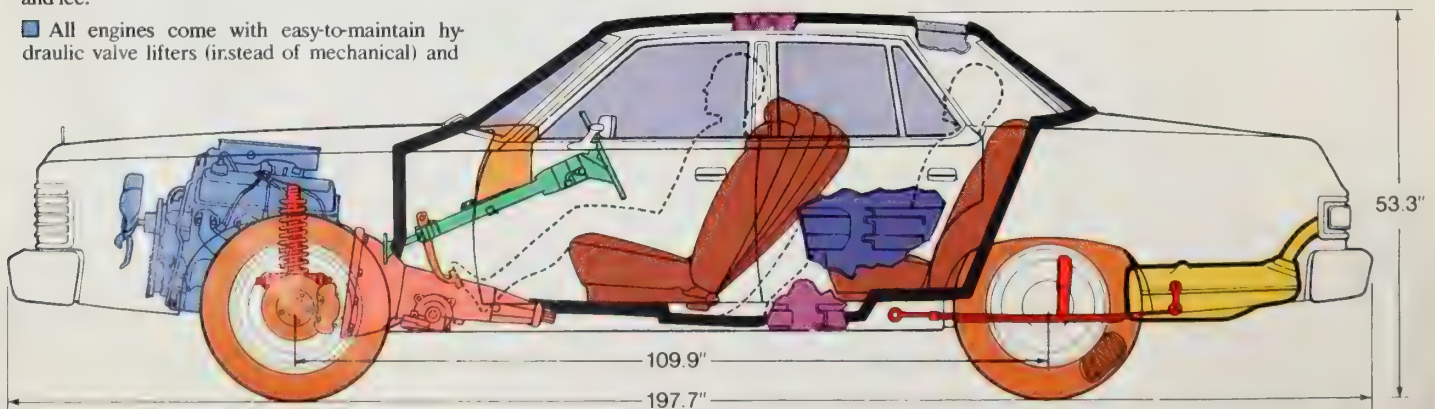
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west view

Publishers vs. writers: war of the words

by FRANCES HALPERN

He's lying on the floor, knees drawn up in the fetal position, yelling he's not going to budge until death overtakes him. He's a writer and he's just been told his manuscript's been rejected.

His final chapter is due and the writer is locked in an office sloshing out paragraphs while an editor pours just enough scotch to keep the scribbler afloat.

He cables from Europe, "Thanks for the advance, it will come in handy refurbishing the apartment, but I won't be able to do the book!"

All three apocryphal? No, fact.

Which is why a group of Los Angeles publishers and editors who perceive of themselves as wide-open, willing-to-listen, wanting-to-cooperate, recently talked about the relationship between themselves and writers. They say they spend their waking hours in holy pilgrimage seeking the fresh story, the beautifully written word and the commercial package to put between two pieces of plain or fancy cardboard, call it a book and ship it to market. And they all agree that most writers are incredibly ignorant about the business of publishing.

Whatever else they are, writers are not an endangered species. Camped like a hostile army outside the walls, they hurl thousands of queries and manuscripts at besieged publishers, a less numerous species, who survive by trying to anticipate the habits of the reading public, a third species far from extinction, but certainly quixotic in its response.

Meanwhile, writers gather round campfires to tell each other horror stories about the enemy behind the wall. Waving cool, canned rejection slips, they complain, "Those lousy, insensitive shoemakers don't recognize a piece of literature when it's rubbed into their eyes." And, "When we do get a contract, it's filled with insidious small print calculated to make them rich and keep us poor. They mangle our prose, allow the printer to get away with hideous mistakes and then bury the book in a warehouse in Minneapolis."

"Publishers are lovers." That's Jeremy Tarcher talking, full trade publisher (22 books a year) who enunciates emotional words in measured sentences. "Oh, fickle lovers to be sure. We see a manuscript that captures our fancy and say, 'Let's do it,' despite the fact that seven out of 10 books lose money, two out of 10 break even or make a little money and one in 10 supports the whole system."

Charles Bloch, the west coast editor of Bantam (360 titles a year, 40% originals) has been working with and developing

writers in the Los Angeles area for years. He calls the editor/writer relationship a negative yin and yang. "I try to avoid the arrogance that comes with making life-and-death career decisions deeply affecting another person and I wish I could dispel the paranoia among writers," Bloch says. "Most writers don't realize that when they create a book it's theirs and the publisher is only buying the right to publish it in a certain form."

Larry Sloan of Price/Stern/Sloan, publisher of humor books (40 titles a year) displayed on thousands of racks across the country, sits at a manuscript-littered desk surrounded by files stuffed with ideas bought and pending. "I empathize with writers. I'm a writer, and yet I am still astonished at an author who sends in an 800-page novel to this house. What can writers be thinking about to know so little about who publishes what?"

Pinnacle, lock-stock-and-barrel from New York, paperback publisher (170 titles a year), has settled into grand offices in Century City. The tall and courtly editor-in-chief, Andrew Ettinger, talks of "the guilt and frustration that goes with wearing the editor's badge." Along with the approximately 400 submissions pouring in every month are pathetic letters and hard-luck stories and a constant stream of poets calling for information about how to get their work published. "Some of these writers really get to me," says Ettinger, pointing to a stack of manuscripts piled in a corner. "They have no return addresses and I hate to just toss them. We keep hoping to hear from their creators so we can send them back."

Wilshire Book Co. (25 paperback titles this year) is located in an industrial park in North Hollywood. Publisher Melvin Powers works in editorial offices adjacent to his warehouse and ships his own books. He is that rare bird who loves phone calls from writers. If the idea is good enough to get a writer invited to Powers' office, he'll find a comfortable couch to plop in and a piano to doodle on. Powers feels, "Writers need positive attitudes toward themselves and publishers. Don't keep thinking it's only junk that we publish. The doors at Wilshire are always open to writers." But Powers adds, "They should have some horse sense about their work, get help from good teachers and not be babes in the woods about contracts."

Publishers agree collectively that writers are needlessly suspicious about not getting a good—or any—reading of their unsolicited manuscripts, at least out here. "We're in business to publish books and editors don't get rewarded for rejections. It's a game of discovery. We need the writers. We all bring manuscripts home to . . . plow through thousands of submissions to find one we can publish."

"Most editors have great compassion for writers," says Bloch. "We understand the emotional commitment they put into their work. I've seen editors really despondent over having to reject a manuscript. The blows on the writers are intense. We're hurting people all the time. We've also had authors who have taken as long as 12 years to deliver a book and other writers who can't bring themselves to finish a book at all because of fear of rejection. The only way to be successful is to accept rejection; it's the mark of the pro."

Tarcher admits, "Sometimes we just don't realize the potential in a book, or have had a bad breakfast that morning. Many bestsellers were rejected by smart editors. Perhaps our reactions have heavy elements of the unconscious. I may reject because I am simply not interested in the subject. And, of course, publishers choose books on a commercial basis. They may think, 'This is not good, but my God, will it sell!'"

Sloan says, "I feel sad when I look at a manuscript and it's terrible. I think, what a waste of time. On the other hand, who the hell knows, maybe it's therapy, good for the writer to get it out of his or her system. We should all be publishing fewer books, but then the result would be fewer published authors."

Evelyn Grippo, Pinnacle editor experienced in the ways of New York, has made it her personal crusade to tell writers there are a variety of reasons for rejection that have nothing to do with the quality of their work. It could be timing, distribution problems, too costly to print, the wrong publisher. "We publishers should not always be cast in the role of the heavy. We're the financial risk-takers. From the signing of the contract to publishing date, which can be a couple of years, we're spending money on the writer, production, design, publicity."

Writers are upset when they receive

form rejections, but they go crazy when they get one of those "you almost made it rejections". Bloch says that on occasion he will do a personal letter to someone who comes close. But the writer must understand that's the end of it. "If we want a rewrite, we'll ask for it."

Powers admits that he can't tell writers the truth because they don't appreciate it. "The author is sensitive about his material and won't agree."

Sloan confesses to getting carried away when he comes across a special talent who needs direction. "It's rare," he says, "but we have nursed writers along who finally produce for us."

"Rejections must be short and general," explains Pinnacle's Ettinger. "We've tried the detailed personal letter describing why a manuscript is rejected and back comes a long letter from the writer, either reviling us for our stupidity, or begging for a chance to rewrite and submit again." Pinnacle will work with an author to solve problems in a potentially great manuscript "that tells a helluva story."

OK, the dream is realized, the contract is signed. Almost inevitably the hostility begins. Grippo doesn't understand why authors are always complaining about their contracts. She says, "The same people who dissect a cookbook recipe with care will not invest the time or energy to study their book contracts. We urge them to take the contracts to agents or lawyers."

"Life is complex," says Tarcher, "and the publishing business is more complex than life. Authors tend to focus entirely on their own books and believe they've written a book that will sell a million copies. I talk with my authors and explain we are working in a crowded market place—40,000 books published a year, 425,000 titles currently available. I understand how an author who's put in years on a book is driven to the point of wanting to kill if the publisher doesn't do his job correctly. The author's book is my shield and my sword when I go into that market place. But publishers are human . . . We lose control over a book that passes through so many hands from concept to placement in the bookstore."

"When a horrendous mistake occurs," continues Tarcher, "let us say in the printing of a book, the author is undoubtedly running around screaming, 'My publisher killed me!' No, actually we died together . . . Publishers and authors have in some cases badly failed each other. So you see, for every writer cursing his publisher, there's a publisher cursing a writer."

Then, reflecting the dream of every publisher, Tarcher says, "I still wake up each morning thinking maybe that book I've been waiting for all week, all month, all my life, will come into the office today."

Halpern is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles. She has contributed to numerous regional and national magazines and is currently at work on a marketing guide for writers.



Hinton 79

INFOWORLD
PALO ALTO, CAL.
BI-WEEKLY 20,000

SEP 19 1983

BURRELLE'S

PC Faire

continued from page 6

ogy, which makes the Victor 9000, was there in its art-deco-style booth. Since the Victor uses the same 8088 central processor as the PC does and runs much of the same software, company officials saw the show as a chance to approach many potential customers.

An interesting panel discussion was devoted to Concurrent CP/M. Industry luminaries Seymour Rubinstein (MicroPro International), Dash Chang (Chang Labs) and Gordon Eubanks (Digital Research) explained the benefits of multitasking and software integration. In addition to his talk, Chang also presented a paper that addressed the issues involved in understanding such terms as "integrated software" and "concurrency." In it he said that "ideas like concurrency in operating systems should become standard."

Rubinstein's talk was informative, even though it focused exclusively on what his company was doing. Commenting on the recent popularity of the mouse pointing device, Rubinstein joked that "a mouse is an instrument for people with three arms."

(Paul Freiburger, David Needle and Scott Mace contributed to this report.) ■

*"It doesn't matter who rides them, it doesn't matter who trains them,
and it certainly doesn't matter who owns them. In the final reckoning, they
will only go as fast and as far as they are bred to go."*

OLIN GENTRY

1975

John Gregory Dunne on a Movie Deal; Alan Furst on Drug Books
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Esquire

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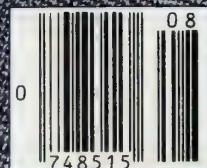
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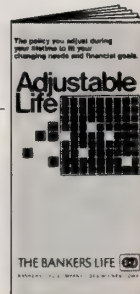
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Viewfinder Data (All modes combined)	23 Items				
Battery-Saving LCD Viewfinder Readout	✓				
Aperture & Shutter Display, Programmed Mode	✓				
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Exposure Compensation in Viewfinder	✓				
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"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken...
and so will my friends."



The Trip Trap

by Alan Furst

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WORKS FOR A BANK. THE OTHER DAY HE GOT SOMETHING HE'S WANTED—AND WORKED HARD TO GET—FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS: A PROMOTION TO THE INTERNATIONAL DIVISION, WHICH HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON. THE BANK'S PRESS-

relations people asked him for a photo so they could send a release to the local papers. That got him hunting around in neglected dresser drawers. He came across a manila envelope: felt strange to him, soft and pliable—definitely not papers. So he opened it up, and there was his old ponytail. A woman friend had cut it off one day—just about the time he finished sculpting a résumé (from very thin material)—and neither had wanted to just throw the thing away; so, hairband and all, they put it in a drawer. He held it up in front of him, he said, stared balefully at it for a moment, and then, in a voice utterly dispassionate and cold, said “Eek.”

My banking friend's confrontation with his past may have been an omen. Recently, three new LSD books have come out on the market: the **Psychedelics Encyclopedia** (first issued in the Seventies), by Peter Stafford, with a foreword by Andrew Weil; **LSD: My Problem Child**, by Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist who discovered LSD; and **Flashbacks**, Timothy Leary's autobiography, which is, of course, largely about drugs. All are published by J.P. Tarcher in Los Angeles and distributed by Houghton Mifflin. Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Are these books *late*—a few last words, informed by distance and objectivity, about a time gone by? Or—*eek*, indeed—are they *early*? Why do I have the queasy feeling that some editorial board meeting out there just heard the words *Sixties renaissance*? Only fourteen years have passed since the Woodstock/Altamont watermark of 1969, which would seem to make the notion of renaissance premature, but in an accelerated culture I suppose anything is possible.

Psychedelics Encyclopedia is one of those information catalogs that tidbit junkies will find irresistible. There's a 1953 photograph of Aldous Huxley. According to the caption, he has ingested four hundred milligrams of mescaline sulfate and is gazing out over Los Angeles from the Hollywood Hills. From

the look on his face—curious fascination, like a Tibetan lama experiencing his first taste of pizza—you can practically hear the “doors of perception” creaking open. There is a discussion of the ancient Greek mysteries practiced at the temple of Eleusis that states that a who's who of the classical world—Aristotle, Sophocles, Plato, Aeschylus, Cicero, Pindar, maybe Homer, and the emperors Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius—all got high. Perhaps they did, but my problem with such statements (and with all pious arguments proving that drug culture is really terribly serious and dignified) is that I am unable to resist the accompanying visuals. All I can see are Plato, Aristotle, and Sophocles standing around the kitchen late at night contemplating with melancholy expressions an empty peanut butter jar. As a *practical* guide the encyclopedia is detailed and specific, describing every form of blast-off and space candy ever eaten anywhere, by anybody—Inca, anthropologist, or swami—so, if you're intending to do some *yagé* or *yohimbe* this weekend, this is probably the book you want to have. Just don't blame me when the Magic Moomba starts eating your toes.

Albert Hofmann's *LSD: My Problem Child* combines factual autobiography with firsthand descriptions of psychedelic experiences. The former is, frankly, not very interesting: “My first years in the Sandoz laboratories were devoted almost exclusively to studying the active principles of Mediterranean squill”—that kind of thing. I have always found blow-by-blow accounts of people's drug trips to be on a par with those conversations wherein you must listen to a friend describing, at very great length and in agonizing detail, what a totally fascinating dream he had last night. There's a *reason*

psychoanalysts are paid a hundred twenty-five bucks an hour to listen to that stuff.

All in all, Hofmann is worth reading to the extent you've ever wondered what a Swiss acid trip might be like. Well, there's bad news, and the bad news is...

Last Friday, April 16, 1943, I was forced to interrupt my work in the laboratory in the middle of the afternoon and proceed home, being affected by a remarkable restlessness, combined with a slight dizziness. At home I lay down and sank into a not unpleasant intoxicated-like condition, characterized by an extremely stimulated imagination. In a dreamlike state, with eyes closed (I found the daylight to be unpleasantly glaring), I perceived an uninterrupted stream of fantastic pictures, extraordinary shapes with intense, kaleidoscopic play of colors. After some two hours this condition faded away.

...it's just exactly what you thought it would be.

By the time I got to Leary my set and setting weren't the greatest. The Stafford and Hofmann books brought back a lot of old stuff I hadn't thought about in years—the breathless, faintly paranoid phone calls of those dear, bygone days: “Robert and Jennifer are definitely coming, we'll drop about nine so we can catch the sunrise, bring the new *Dead* album, maybe some oranges, and a

few hits of niacin just in case.”

In the throes of sextophobia—an irrational dread of the Sixties—I tend to remember the worst of it. All the tie-dyeing and God's-eyes and those movies where the girls in long dresses run across the flowered fields to embrace the boys with the flowing hair. Crazy rhetoric, gaga metaphysics, glib slogans: it was, the Sixties, a real *foolmaker* of a decade. What I expected *Flashbacks* to have in store for me was a good dose of drug foolishness,



plus the new-sci, interplanetary babble that Leary has always been partial to.

But *Flashbacks* wasn't at all what I thought, feared, it would be. It isn't of the Sixties, it's *about* the Sixties, and it isn't sentimental or preachy. It is a fairly straight autobiography, an American adventure story. Whatever you might think of him, Leary has lived a real Harold Robbins novel of a life. His book has naked holy men, New England aristocrats, Marilyn Monroe, Deborah Harry, Mickey Mantle, Merry Pranksters, earnest graduate students, the Black Panther embassy in Algiers, faculty politics, a CIA subplot, a very well-written and exciting prison escape, a Kennedy assassination theory (it had something to do with LSD, *naturellement*), the requisite tripalogues, thirty-six jails, and various sexual encounters. There is Charles Mingus, too big and heavy to fit into the time chamber. There is the gray-haired psychologist from California

IN the Eighties, getting high might be reexamined in the cold, clinical light of the laboratory. No music this time around, and you can leave the incense burner in the attic.

whose LSD trip turned into the wrong end of a safari: "An hour later, while I was sitting on the patio watching the moon, a medium-sized gorilla with the smooth skin of a naked man shuffled in, leapt on a table, beat its chest, bounded to another table, uttered a cry, and swung over the ledge into the shrubbery below." Later, he swings through the trees and climbs a drainpipe—a crowd of professors in hot pursuit.

Of course, to get at all this high-calorie nutrition you must first deal with the foreground presence of Leary himself. If you are a veteran of great-and-famous books this should prove no problem—they are essentially variations on the theme "Why I am neat." If not, you may have to temper justice with mercy to some considerable extent. Leary is a voracious celebrity with a gale-force ego, and a hustler to his very bones, which he admits cheerfully enough. Perhaps that is the LSD speaking—while initial experience tends to prune ego right back to the ground, with time and repetition, use of the drug is equivalent to hurling plant food onto the banks of the Amazon.

A few days after finishing the Leary book, I discovered that the little acid library sitting on the desk had sensitized me to events that I might otherwise have ignored. For instance, TV listings for the week included this: "Dr. Andrew Weil, a Harvard-trained physician and pharmacologist, discusses his book: *Chocolate to Morphine: Understanding Mind-Active Drugs*." The morning paper mentioned that Abbie Hoffman was back on the lecture circuit. And that night they showed *Altered States* on the

ABC *Sunday Night Movie*. That's the one where William Hurt, instead of believing he's a four-foot-high hairy primal man-ape, actually becomes one. Whereupon he goes to the zoo and hits an elephant with a piece of downspout.

Media focus gets my ears up like a German shepherd. After all, media people spend more time than I do finding out what's hot and what's not. They make lists; they have meetings. And once they decide something's hot, it is. Magic. So I

thought: All these books on LSD, talk shows, lectures, what is this? Renaissance? Or nostalgia? But is nostalgia their style? What phantom headline out there are they reaching for? OLD HIPPIES REMEMBER IT ALL! I can't see it. Far easier to imagine JOGGERS TRIPPING IN MARIN!

Acid in the Eighties? Perhaps a theory of reactive decades at work: Fifties boring, Sixties crazy, Seventies introspective; therefore, Eighties weird. Not Sixties nostalgia, Sixties *again*. Do it until you get it right, dummy. Myself, I don't find the Eighties weird, I find it cerebral. Wizard computers, new parts for old bodies, space shuttle journeys. In the Sixties we were promised technological miracles. Well, here they are. If the Sixties was a growth spurt for romantic mysticism, the Eighties is a sudden burst of applied science. Could that be the rationale for a new round of consciousness expansion? Leary the *scientist*, not Leary the guru. In the Eighties, getting high might be reexamined in the cold, clinical light of the laboratory. No music this time around, it will be one big psych conference where we read one another's scholarly papers; you can leave the incense burner in the attic.

And yet there is evidence that some media planner out there has a Sixties redux in mind. I went to a large department store in New York and there I saw a tie-dyed T-shirt. A fifteen-year-old girl was buying it. She looked like the teenager I overheard last month talking to a friend: "Did you know that Paul McCartney was in another band before Wings?" Now the paranoia was really sweeping in hard. My overheated imagination summoned up a key conspirator: the World's Largest Single Retailer. Roaming pensively through some forgotten warehouse, coming upon ten thousand gross of unsold Mao shirts, tapping his index finger against his nose, pensively, pensively.

They can't bring back the Sixties, of course, but they can bring back the style.

That's really what it was, after all the revelations had been revealed—a style. This is the land of the Sorcerer's Apprentice—once the magic spell is laid, momentum takes over and we are swept away into Fashion. I discovered that one day in 1969, standing on a street in a small French town with my landlady, who was in her seventies. A French hippie appeared. This guy had absolutely *everything*, a walking album cover. Elf shoes, floppy hat, long hair, beard and moustache, earring, beads, feathers, huge bell-bottoms, billowing shirt, leather vest, a fringed bag over one shoulder and—so help me, Lord—a flute over the other. I asked my landlady what she thought about that. She gave a French shrug. "It's the style," she said. "They see it on the television." She was right and not just in France.

But even if the Sixties renaissance is no more than a resurgence of style, I worry about my old Sixties friends. Plugging away, paying the mortgage, mowing the lawn, trying to do something—anything—*well*, luxuriating in the conventional because they got on the train a little late. Can they cope? Can they pass the 1984 version of the acid test? I doubt it. They will be out of fashion, unhip, uncool, uncontemporary, and woe unto them. They will be made to stand exposed before their smoking barbecues and bear the taunts of psychoactive youth. The exponents of the theory of karma are about to get an earful of it. They will be the New Stodgies of the New Sixties. Whining, complaining, griping about how good it *used* to be, how *they* pondered the mystical secret of the universe, how *they* sat around the fire all night long, *they* certainly didn't stay inside all day and play computer games.

Leave 'em alone, okay? They've been sufficiently tormented. Saw their magical swoop to the stars come back at them in Moonies' eyes. Saw their language turned into applesauce by the media. Saw their groovy country style—"Let's paint the mailbox!"—turn into rural chic in the hipper suburbs. Privately, they will admit they never expected anything else.

Maybe you publishers, talk shows, trend setters, ought to consider another kind of renaissance. How about Italian? A helluva time—grace, wit, style, intrigue, passionate conviction, flowering of science. And I just happen to know where there's a warehouse chock-full of maroon-velvet doublets.

ALAN FURST's most recent book is *Shadow Trade*, published by Delacorte Press.

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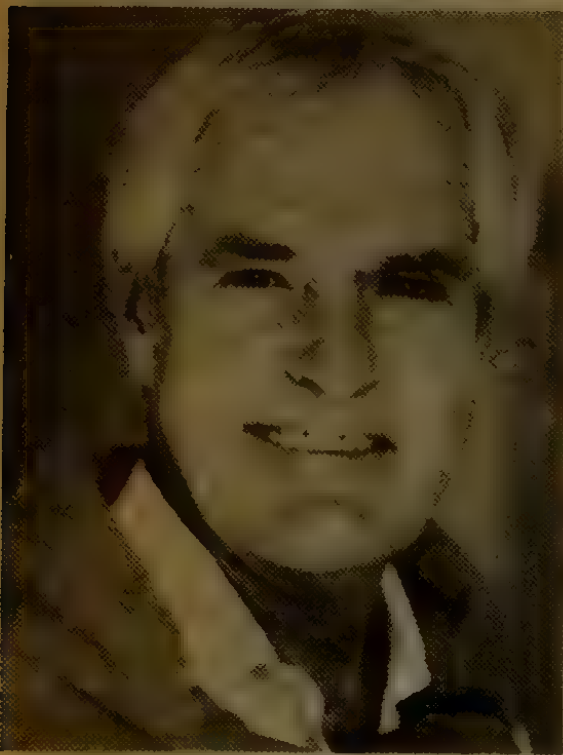
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BOOKS

FLASHBACKS



No, Timothy Leary is not dead, and in his recently published autobiography, **Flashbacks** (J.P. Tarcher, \$15.95) he takes us on a whirlwind tour of his life; a life of adventure and experimentation, of controversy and confinement, of ecstasies and bummers. **Flashbacks** is filled with good stories, celebrities, zaniness and solid information about the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s and the man who was its chief proponent. Most fascinating are Leary's encounters with the people who made the '60s so dynamic: Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, John and Yoko, Aldous Huxley, Richard Alpert, Ken Kesey, Eldridge Cleaver, and many more. Equally intriguing was Leary's friendship with Mary Pinchot Meyer, a Washington D.C. socialite and close friend of the Kennedys, who may have been turning on some of the most powerful people in the country. Mrs. Meyer was shot to death in October of 1964, and Leary seems to imply some connection between her death and the D.C. power drug scene, as well as her connection with the Kennedys.

Above all Timothy Leary comes across as a scientist/philosopher, with his mind and body as both subject and object of his experiments in unlocking human potential. When he discovered, the positive changes brought about by eating the magic mushrooms of Mexico in the summer of 1960, he felt that it was important to bring the study of altered states into the realm of psychological research. The drug experiments at Harvard, started with the best of intentions, eventually gained Leary so much notoriety, that he was forced to leave Harvard, and thus begin his journey outside the sheltered confines of Ivy League academia. This journey took him around the world, in search of a place where he could conduct his research. Later, it would take him in search of political asylum.

"In the twenty-one years since eating mushrooms in a garden in Mexico, I have devoted most of my time and energy to the exploration and classification of the dozens of circuits of the brain and their implications for evolution, past and future. In four hours by the swimming pool in Cuernavaca (his first psychedelic experience) I learned more about the mind, the brain, and its structures than I did in the preceding fifteen as a diligent psychologist."

"I learned that the brain is an underutilized biocomputer, containing billions of unaccessed neurons. I learned that normal consciousness is one drop in an ocean of intelligence. That consciousness and intelligence can be systematically expanded. That the brain can be reprogrammed. That knowledge of how the brain operates is the most pressing scientific issue of our time."

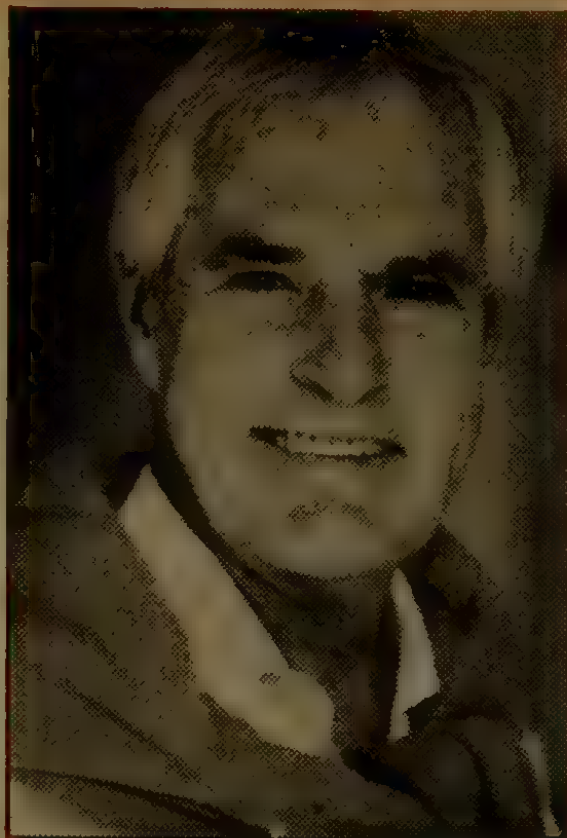
Whatever your feelings about Timothy Leary, his impact on society via the change on our collective nervous system, has been undeniable, and in **Flashbacks** his intelligence and compassion shine through. Read it. It's a good trip.

See ad on back page

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CALENDAR

June - September

- Announcing second world tour of Great Master Darshan Singh. 442-6437
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- July 9 ASTROLOGY WORKSHOP The Planets 1983-1984, Retrograde, Stationary, Direct. Sara Lauren, 449-7606.
- July 17 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- July 23 ASTROLOGY WORKSHOP The Outer Planets 1983-1984. Sara Lauren, 449-7606.
- July 28-31 SPIRITUAL RETREAT Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- August 7 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- August 12 PSYCHIC FAIR Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- August 21 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- Sept 4 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- Sept 9 PSYCHIC FAIR Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- Sept 9 MASTER MANTAK CHIA free public lecture on Taoist Esoteric Yoga. Call 447-0234 for details.
- Sept 10-11 WORKSHOPS WITH MASTER MANTAK CHIA AND GUNTHER WEIL, Taoist Esoteric Yoga. 447-0234 for details.
- Sept 10 HERB WORKSHOP collecting plants, making salves, etc. Sara Lauren, 449-7606.
- Sept 15-18 SPIRITUAL RETREAT Creative Light Center, 666-7215.
- Sept 18 CANDLELIGHT SERVICE Creative Light Center, 666-7215.

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WHAT'S INSIDE?

These categories are general and by no means definitive. They are only a convenience for grouping listings of the same general interest. Many listings could belong in several categories. For instance, many Healing & Bodywork offerings can be found in the SCHLS, and PSYCH categories and vice versa. Therefore, we recommend browsing through all of the categories for listings of your own personal interest.

THE ARTS

(ART) Arts, crafts, music, dance, drama, and cultural interests.

COMMUNITIES & CENTERS

HEALING & BODYWORK

(HEAL) Holistic health, preventative health care, massage, postural integration, acupuncture, acupressure, chiropractic, nutrition, native and oriental medicine, and others. (For schools of healing and bodywork, see SCHLS. For other types of healing, see PSYCH & SPIRIT)

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(MAR) Movement, exercise, Hatha Yoga, Tai Chi, Martial Arts & Sports.

PSYCHOLOGY & GROWTH

(PSYCH) Therapy and licensed counseling, growth workshops, dream analysis, hypnotherapy, habit control, and other psychotherapeutic techniques and growth processes. (For other counseling and growth offerings, see ART, HEAL, SCHLS & SPIRIT.)

SCHOOLS & CERTIFICATION

(SCHLS) Alternative schools; Institutions of higher education fostering personal transformation; Programs for certification in holistic health, massage, etc.

SPIRITUAL PRACTICES & INTUITIVE ARTS

(SPIRIT) Religious and spiritual practices belonging to a specific religious tradition or a derivative teaching.

TIME OUT

(TIME) Retreat centers, camps, hot springs, transformative wilderness adventures, vision quests, odysseys and other enlightenment journeys.

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(TOOLS) Products fostering well-being and stores carrying them.

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DEADLINE for the Fall issue, September 9, 1983

SPECIAL THANKS

NEXUS wishes to thank the staff of Pen To Press Publishing for their production of this Catalog. Susan Rohner and Bruce Pollock—Word Processing and Telecommunications, Barbara Bertram—layout, design and pasteup, Britt Newell—Coordination. Typesetting —The Art Workers and Printing—Boulder Publishing.

Thought for 'Today': It's the schlock that counts

NBC is spending a small fortune on audience research to find out why the "Today" show is losing its audience. I'll give them some hints for free if they'll just promise to make Jane Pauley shut up once in a while.

I watch the early morning shows as carefully as most people, which means I pay more attention to breakfast, and get more nourishment from it. All three shows — "The CBS Morning News," "Today" and "Good Morning America" — suffer by comparison to National Public Radio's "Morning Report." They're not news shows at all, but topical vaudevilles that spin around in the same orbit. How can you separate the weight from the fluff in a zero-gravity environment?

Yet differences do exist. The CBS show, with Diane Sawyer and Bill Kurtis, takes a brisk inventory each morning of what news stories they'd be examining closely if they were going to examine any news stories closely. Sawyer and Kurtis, two attractive, intelligent and experienced people who seem to enjoy each other's professional esteem, sit in front of artfully framed banks of monitors that suggest a connection with the outside world.

"Good Morning America" operates out of a set that looks like the window of a Naugahyde furniture shop in Orange. The proprietor is a hearty and energetic ex-actor, David Hartman. He could sell you a Naugahyde replica of the Brooklyn Bridge. The most popular of the three by far, "GMA" doesn't pretend to be a news show. Instead of going for the jugular, Hartman and the unripened female second bananas who work with him go for the epidermis, which they stroke gently. Soft as its coverage is, though, the show gets frequent spine-stiffeners from Steve Bell in ABC's Washington bureau, and other members of the network's aggressive news operation.

That leaves "Today" — in the lurch. "Today" looks like "Yesterday." The show that started it all 31 years ago has lost most of its style and tone. "Today's" basic set, which depends heavily on artificial flowers for detail, has all the charm of a

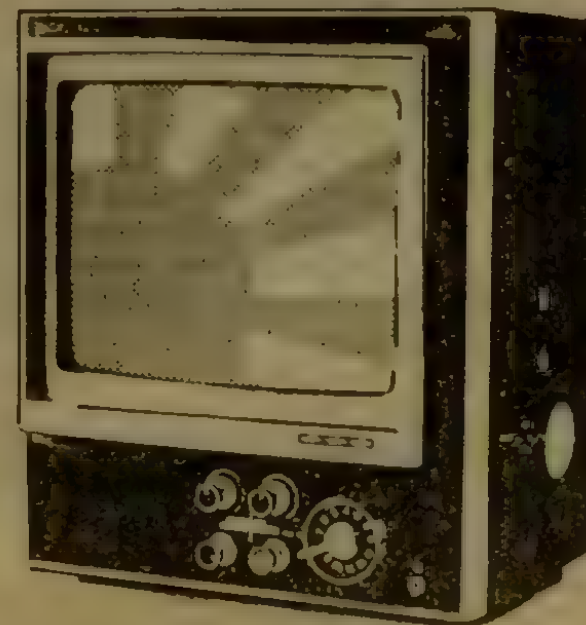


blank wall. It's hard to believe that a human being designed it, let alone on salary.

All three shows report the weather in lockstep, with three men standing in front of three maps at the same time. Of the three, Willard Scott of "Today" has the most character, but it's an antediluvian character, a Rotarian-with-squirting-boutonniere character. You can almost hear the demographics creak as Willard skews them toward the sunset years.

"Today," whose logo suggests a rising sun, suffers from attacks of ineptitude that seem to recur in waves, like malaria. Recently the show juxtaposed the name of two writer guests, Tom Morgan and Frank Conroy, so that the man identified on the bottom of the screen as Frank kept saying he disagreed with Frank, while Tom took repeated issue with Tom. When the show reported that some British scandal sheet had published a photo of Princess Di supposedly pregnant again, and that Buckingham Palace had denied it, Bryant Gumbel joked: "Did they deny the report or the picture?" Puzzled by the joke, the show's news reader, John Palmer, replied lamely: "Well, we don't have the picture in house yet, but we're trying to get it."

Gumbel is a problem. As a former sportscaster turned anchor, he's often accused of being insufficiently serious (as if David Hartman could pass for Alfred



North Whitehead). Gumbel is also black. NBC's high command acknowledges that racial prejudice could be a factor in "Today's" eroding ratings, but insists that it isn't. At a recent meeting of network affiliates in Los Angeles, NBC news chief Reuven Frank said the issue of Gumbel's race had been tested already, "and it didn't show anything." That's gentlemanly nonsense. Race is always an issue in this country. Tom Bradley's blackness didn't show anything either, until the voters voted.

I must confess I don't much like the Bryant Gumbel I see on screen, and I don't think I'm prejudiced, either toward blacks or sportscasters (except for Howard Cosell and Brent Musberger). But I am prejudiced, come to think of it, against Communicators, and certain aspects of Gumbel's style remind me of Musberger, who is hailed in the TV trade as a truly Great Communicator.

Great TV Communicators don't just talk to you. They bond with you, eyeball to eyeball, using some sort of psychic Krazy Glue. One of the hallmarks of Great Communicators — I know this from a TV news audition I once took and flunked — is that they don't move their heads when they talk. Gumbel, if you notice, moves his head so little that it seems fused to his shoulders.

Now, Ted Koppel's head is also

screwed on too tightly to be human. But Koppel really is a remarkable communicator. The difference is that he's a man of substance in a setting that not only values his particular substance but capitalizes on it. My hunch is that Gumbel, off screen, also has substance, plus personal charm and a wit that's only hinted at on camera. But he's not a newsman, and the world wants him to be. The pseudo-serious communicator I see trapped on the tube in the morning works under impossible pressure. "Today" doesn't know what to do with him, because it doesn't know what to make of itself.

But Gumbel has another problem. He works with Jane Pauley. In the years since she replaced Barbara Walters, who was no bargain, Pauley has grown from extremely young, cute and callow to not so young, not so cute and callow. While Sawyer and Kurtis seem news-oriented and Hartman seems entertainment-oriented, Jane Pauley remains Pauley-oriented.

She does all her own reaction shots; no need to cut away to anyone else. Because she's so intent on reacting, she doesn't listen. She cuts in on people when they're making sense, or lets them ramble when they're talking nonsense. Barbara Walters, for all her towering, shaky vanity, can be an effective interviewer. Pauley lets people get away with murder.

Yesterday morning, for instance, Timothy Leary, in the course of flogging his new book, made the outrageously self-serving statement that 60 to 70 million Americans use mind-expanding drugs. Pauley registered girlish surprise. She raised her eyebrows. She said archly: "This must be an underground I haven't been aware of." But she didn't even try to pin down the old mind-blower with a simple question like: Where do you get your figures?

With reporting like that on soft news, it's a relief when "Today" falls back on the really limp stuff, like David Horowitz's recent drone about a spaghetti sauce challenge. The more you watch "Today," the more the show's logo looks like a setting sun. ■

Look back, like self and live on

FLASHBACKS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Timothy Leary
(Tarcher: \$15.95; 395 pp., illustrated)

The drug guru of the 1960s takes us on his own personal magical mystery tour, an improbable journey of psychedelic experiences shared with such luminaries as Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady, Arthur Koestler, William Burroughs, Cary Grant, Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley and Otto Preminger.

Along the way, Leary encounters a remarkable array of friends and enemies. A young county official, G. Gordon Liddy, invades his Upstate New York research colony; Marshall McLuhan counsels him on how to present himself to the media; John Lennon and Yoko Ono help him write a campaign song ("Come Together") for his aborted run as a California gubernatorial candidate; Ted Kennedy badgers him at a Senate drug hearing; Eldridge Cleaver keeps him under house arrest during exile in Algeria.

Unfortunately, Leary is often so consumed by searching within himself that he shortchanges the reader by failing to observe the world around him. He painstakingly reconstructs the evening of his conception, right down to his father's white BVDs and the movement of the egg down his mother's "Fallopian Highway," yet devotes only one page to a pill-popping session with Marilyn Monroe. He dismisses his meeting with Ken Kesey in two lines, and offers us a mere half-page of a Folsom Prison conversation with Charles Manson, the man who confirmed America's worst fears about the evils of LSD.

Each of the 40 chapters in "Flashbacks" begins with a thumbnail biographical sketch of a heretic, free-thinker, martyr or famous drug-user; men and women who defied the scientific, literary and religious communities of their day

and later were judged by history as ahead of their time. The pantheon includes Socrates, Dante, Emerson, William James, Wilhelm Reich, and Leary's fellow LSD pioneers, Frank Barron and Richard Alpert. This device does provide an interesting almanac for the history of ideas.

"Flashbacks" begins on the day Leary's first wife committed suicide, then cross-cuts back and forth through time in

Reviewed by Thomas Ruffen

scattered interludes of the drug years, a repressive Catholic boyhood, Jesuit undergraduate days at Holy Cross, his silenced years at West Point, his introduction to the wonders of psychology at the University of Alabama.

Part II settles into a more satisfying chronological account of drug busts, police harassment, legal battles, prison confinements, escapes, exile, FBI set-ups and ultimate freedom.

For the most part, the book is breezy and entertaining, with only a few lapses

into such unabashed Learyisms as "The sun drenched me with stellar information fresh from the solar oven. Every time I breathed, in came millions of airborne organisms, each squirming with DNA network news."

Leary often has interesting things to say about the necessity of unpopular research, and recounts successes he has had in reducing prison recidivism rates and the suffering of the terminally ill via psycho-active drugs. But for all his researching, eclectic reading, publishing and academic training, the good doctor's insights are strangely empty, his thinking naive and quixotic.

Leary's message is that drugs are the key to solving the world's problems, that euphoria is the road to Utopia. He maintains a simplistic and comfortable middle-class world view, completely out of touch with the harsh realities of a planet beset with hunger, economic woe, political chaos and a continuum of hatred and warfare.

Ruffen is a Vancouver, B.C., radio and television writer.

He's lookin' back and feelin' groovy ✓

Timothy Leary is making news once again; this time he's pushing his just-published autobiography, "Flashbacks." The hippies' hero of the '60s is still living better through chemistry, but quietly now.



With drug busts and prison terms behind him, Leary, now 62, lives in Los Angeles with his family and associates mostly with movie people

By W. Speers
Inquirer Staff Writer

Houston, we got splashdown.

Here comes Timothy Leary

Alone. Hopping through one of those carpeted halls spoking off the runway at Philly airport. White hair. White pants. White socks. White cutoff sneakers. Sky blue sweater. A long fabric bag flung over his shoulder. At 62, an aging white knight oozing Celtic sage.

A swift, chatty, walk. Nope, no more baggage. Hold it. A detour. Leary enters a deserted game room. Inspects each video machine like a lab technician checking his rats. Stopping, a hand on Breakout another on a pinball machine, he declares, the former Einsteinian, the latter Newtonian and the difference profound. But the place's a dive. "Not one game here on Billboard's Top 20."

He's here to pump his just-published autobiography, *Flashbacks*. The second gig on a 10-town, two-week tour. First stop was New York City where he was mugged by Jane Pauley on the "Today" show. Unbeknownst to Dr. Tim, she slotted him in tandem with a former Nixon drug-buster. Then with a mike at his head she demanded he answer for the five million kids he led into pharmaceutical slavery.

Feeling like a designated Hitler forced to explain away six million Jews, Leary retreated to Studio 54 for his publishing party where he hung out with folks such as Richard Todd, quarterback for the New York Jets. Richard, he said, the only famous people to come from the University of Alabama are you, Joe Namath and me.

(A brief aside)

A reasonably swift kid of 20 was quickly asked if she

ever heard of Timothy Leary. "Who?" Timothy Leary. "Norman Lear." Go back to "General Hospital."

Sounds like ... leery.

The contemporaneous media-inspired version goes like this. This here Harvard professor, see, got bounced because he told kids to get high on drugs. This was back in the mid-'60s when all that bad stuff was around like the Beatles, Peter Max and people saying, "Far out."

He'd go, "Turn on, Tune in and Drop Out." And something like five million kids did and were never heard from again. One ran down the street naked, another one jumped out of a window and killed himself and one guy tried to eat the bark off a tree. Newspapers called him "drug guru." An Inquirer news story said he "was badly

(See LEARY on 4-C)

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UPSALA GAZETTE

DRACULA
LIVES,

Vol. 77

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1983 UPSALA COLLEGE, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

No. 2



DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

Dr. Tim Leary to Speak at Upsala

Dr. Timothy Leary, a renown psychologist, who gained wide attention during the 1960's because of his controversial drug experiments at Harvard University, will speak in the chapel on October 13 at 8:00 pm.

Marc Kissel, Lecture Committee Chairperson, has said that "Dr. Leary will speak about life in the 1960's, drugs, and his experiences with them in and outside of Harvard."

Dr. Leary received his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology from the University of California and Los Angeles at Berkely. At this time he became one of the founders and leaders of the new "humanistic" psychology movement, revolutionizing traditional approaches to psychotherapy.

His book *Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality* was cited by the *Annual Review of Psychology* as the "best book on psychotherapy of the year" in 1957 and has since become a classic psychology text.

While lecturing at Harvard, Dr. Leary became Director of The Psychedelic Re-

search Project there in which controlled psychedelic sessions were conducted with over two hundred volunteer subjects.

He also initiated the Concord Prison Project using psilocybin, a drug, in conjunction with other support and therapy in an experiment in prisoner rehabilitation. The prison-return rate was cut by 90%.

Dr. Leary's views tend to be unpredictable and frequently surprising: he believes people should be trained and licensed before taking LSD; that 12 future stages of human evolution can be glimpsed in today's races, that prison is often the best place to do productive work; and that drug use can make a person boring, out of touch, and unemployable.

Recently Dr. Leary co-starred with G. Gordon Liddy in a documentary film, "Return Engagement" which is based on the Leary-Liddy Great Debate. Dr. Leary's autobiography *Flashbacks* was published this summer.

Leary-----

(Continued from Page 1C)

lief in creation, Leary said, is "a rather bizarre comic-book theory." He characterized the eating of the forbidden fruit by Adam and Eve as "the first narcotics bust in history."

The mainstream American news media, Leary said, are working to stifle individual creativity. "I'm convinced that 90 percent of what we get from the TV networks, the daily newspapers, the magazines, is disinformation," he said. "They're not designed to get us to think for ourselves."

Leary seldom touched on the subject of drugs. When pressed on the topic by a reporter, Leary said, "There is no one in this

**Timothy
Leary**



... says
change
is essential

country more against drug abuse than me, because I'm likely to be blamed.

"I'm a really nice guy," he said. "I'm working day and night to make this a better country."

Liddy, Leary's 'Engagement'

FILM NOTES from Pg. 1

memory lane as he recounts the good old days of turning on, tuning out and the resulting police drug raids — one of which Liddy conducted.

The film is a funny, sad document of political opposites brought together by the one thing that transcends political boundaries: money. The two men are among the highest paid speakers on the college lecture circuit and consistently sell out auditoriums — when they appear together.

"This is their meal ticket. Money is the glue that keeps these guys the best of enemies," said Rudolph. "I thought it was sad. Here are two middle-aged, middle class men who need their former headlines to earn their current livelihoods. They can't make a living doing what they were trained to do. Liddy was disbarred, and Leary can't teach anymore. Who would hire him?"

"They do it, too because they love the spotlight. They're moths to the flame of publicity and notoriety," continued Rudolph, who at the beginning of the phone interview said he did not have any opinion about his two subjects.

The director's favorite moment in "Return Engagement" takes place at Chateau Marmont, the Sunset Strip hotel where John Belushi died. Rudolph was so pleased he left the sequence in the film virtually unedited.

In the sequence, Leary, Liddy and their wives are having breakfast on the hotel veranda. Barbara Leary is young, beautiful and smart. She co-produced the Liddy-Leary tour. Mrs. Liddy, who looks about the same age as her husband, is intelligent. She can do calculus in her head, according to her husband.

Up until the breakfast sequence, Rudolph had had problems getting anything out of Mrs. Liddy. "She had said, 'When Gordon shut up (referring to his Watergate silence), so did I.'" To get Mrs. Liddy to open up, Rudolph told Mrs. Leary to ask her about her marriage.

Instead, on camera, Barbara Leary said to Liddy's wife, "Let's talk about Gordon's sex life." Mrs. Leary then began a bitter diatribe that stopped just short of her exploding as she described her husband's extra-marital flirtations.

The irony of the film, Rudolph says, is that people come out of the theater liking Liddy, even though the former Watergate warrior reiterates his beliefs that the end justifies the means, including murder.



DAILY NEWS/Wednesday, April 27, 1983 F-5

endearing

"If I have any regret about the film, it's that I don't hate Liddy anymore," Rudolph added. The most telling thing the director found out about Liddy was that the seemingly unflappable tough guy has an ulcer.

Leary is also likable in the film, his enthusiasm and constant grin making a nice foil to Liddy's grim pronouncements about unquestioning obedience and willpower. The film also suggests that drugs have fried the former Harvard psychologist's brain. At a video arcade, Leary plays Pac-Man as he seriously insists that video games are the wave of the future.

"Leary told me he has taken acid 5,000 times, but he's still mentally alert," Rudolph said without much conviction.

A former disciple of Robert Altman, who produced Rudolph's moody "Welcome to L.A." and "Remember My Name," the director most recently made "Endangered Species," an ecological thriller about cattle mutilations. None of his

films has fared well at the box office.

"I seem to make first run cult movies," he joked. Rudolph would not mind, however, if "Return Engagement" became a big hit on the midnight movie circuit. "More people have seen 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show' than all four of my films combined," he noted.

As for objections that "Return Engagement" furthers the conflicting causes of better living through drugs and fascism, the director believes the same "shot should be taken at Coppola for making 'The Godfather.' If you make a documentary about the Klan or the snail darter, are you furthering their cause?" he asks.

"When Liddy says he'd shoot his son in front of his wife if national security were at stake, it's silly, not admirable. They're both aberrations, minor figures in history sniffing around major events. 'Return Engagement' asks the sort of question like, 'What if Paul Revere's horse had broken a leg? Or, what if G. Gordon Liddy had been a competent burglar?'"

Words Re-Beat the Poetsword

*Poets, come out of your closets,
Open your windows, open your
doors.*

*You have been holed up too long
in your closed worlds.*

*Come down, come down
from your Russian Hills and
your Telegraph Hills,
Your Beacon Hills and
Chapel Hills,
your Brooklyn Heights and
Montparnasses,
down from your foothills and
mountains,*

*out of your teepees and domes.
The trees are still falling
and we'll to the woods no in re...*

*The hour of oming is over,
the time for keening come,
a time for keening and rejoicing
over the coming end
of industrial civilization
which is bad for earth & Man.
Time now to face outward
in the full lotus position
with eyes wide open,
Time now to communicate with
all sentient beings....*

Jerry Kamstra

Taking Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Populist Manifesto" to heart, the directors of the Fifth Annual Santa Cruz Poetry Festival have cajoled over 20 nationally known (and some new, powerful unknown) poets and novelists to come out of their teepees and domes, out of their closets and closed rooms, to communicate with all sentient beings.

Said communication will take place on November 13 and 14 at the Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium and will be lead by Ferlinghetti himself. Also appearing will be the New York poet Imamu Baraka (Leroi Jones), Ishmael Reed, Jerome Rothenberg, Bob Kaufman (the Black Rimbaud), William Everson, Jack Hirshman, Jack Micheline, Wanda Coleman, Gael Rosiere, Maude Meehan, Floyd Salas, Timothy Leary, Travis T. Hipp, Kaye McDonough, Jerry Kamstra, Gregory Corso, Jim



Carroll, Fernando Alegria, and many others. Music and jazz will accompany the poet's keening.

An overwhelmingly popular event during its first four years, each festival has been unique and unforgettable, an exciting extravaganza of entertainment and social commentary drawing thousands of people from all over the San Francisco and Monterey Bay areas—and from LA and points south—to see and hear some of the foremost poets, musicians and novelists in America.

To complement this year's festival, an all-day book fair will take place on Saturday, November 14, with over 150 California publishers gathering in the Civic Auditorium for a *Celebration of The Word*. During the book fair the main stage of the Civic will be open and local poets, publishers, musicians and dancers will perform, creating a

festival atmosphere that will add to the two evening readings.

As an adjunct to the festival, a 120-page program/anthology will be published containing over 200 poems by local poets, plus original unpublished poems by each of the major participants. The anthology will be unique because it will contain full page advertisements by local businesses, each ad incorporating within its layout a poem written either by the businessperson or by a local poet. It is hoped through this medium to create a unique visual document, one which will serve not only as a festival program, but also as a souvenir anthology advertising supplement that will live on long after the festival is over.

The idea behind the program/anthology is to get all poets, businesspeople and artists working together, each supporting the other,

and in turn all of them supporting the festival.

To accomplish our goals within the six weeks remaining before the festival occurs, the directors are soliciting help from all poets, artists, musicians, photographers and businesspeople in Santa Cruz County. If you are a poet, send us your two best poems; if you are an artist or photographer, send us a sketch or photo of your favorite business in Santa Cruz County. If you are a businessperson, send us a yes when our representative comes to you.

Created and sustained and fueled without grants, without government control, without big business aid (only pennies from heaven), the Santa Cruz Poetry Festival is the biggest in the nation. Only in Santa Cruz will 2,000 people fill a hall to hear poets. Harkening back to cities like Venice and Florence, Santa Cruz harbors a particular ambience that sustains this kind of culture.

Taking President Reagan's dictum that private business should support the arts, not government, the directors of the Fifth Annual Santa Cruz Poetry Festival appeal to all of you everywhere: come out of your closets, come out of your rooms.

Send poems, pictures, photographs, money and love to *Poet Tree*, 819-B Riverside Avenue, Santa Cruz 95060. □

UN

AP-LEARY-LIDDY DEBATE

(REND) -- WITH FORMER F-B-I AGENT G. GORDON LIDDY PLAYING THE STRAIGHT MAN TO ONE-TIME DRUG CULT HERO TIMOTHY LEARY, THE TWO FORMER CONVICTS DEBATED "THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE STATE" LAST NIGHT BEFORE A CROWD OF ABOUT TWO-THOUSAND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO.

LIDDY, WHO SPENT MORE THAN FOUR YEARS IN FEDERAL PRISON ON HIS CONVICTION GROWING OUT OF THE WATERGATE CONSPIRACY, CONTENDED THE WORLD HAPPENS TO BE A VERY BAD NEIGHBORHOOD AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS AND ARMIES ARE NECESSARY FOR PROTECTION.

LEARY CALLED THAT ATTITUDE PARANOID AND DEFENDED THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL, SAYING HE DISAGREES WITH A STATE THAT TELLS ITS CITIZENS, "I'M SORRY, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, BUT WE'RE GOING TO PROTECT YOU."

ON THE SUBJECT OF DRUGS, LIDDY SAID HE THOUGHT THE USE OF NARCOTICS FOR RELIEF WAS ILLOGICAL BECAUSE IT IMPLIED GOD LEFT OUT A VITAL INGREDIENT WHEN HE WAS CREATING MAN, "SUCH AS AN INDIVIDUAL SUPPLY OF COCAINE."

LEARY, WHO SERVED HIS PRISON TERM ON A MARIJUANA CONVICTION, REPLIED, "HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF? P-O-T." BUT HE ADDED THAT STUPID PEOPLE USE DRUGS STUPIDLY.

LIDDY, WHO LED THE DRUG RAID AGAINST LEARY, APPEARED THE PART OF THE PROSECUTOR TUESDAY, WEARING A DARK THREE-PIECE SUIT AND TIE. LEARY CHOSE TAN SLACKS AND A PINK SWEATER TO GO BEFORE THE AUDIENCE, WHICH PAID FIVE DOLLARS TO HEAR THE DEBATE. STUDENTS PAID ONE DOLLAR TO GET IN.

1-15
POST

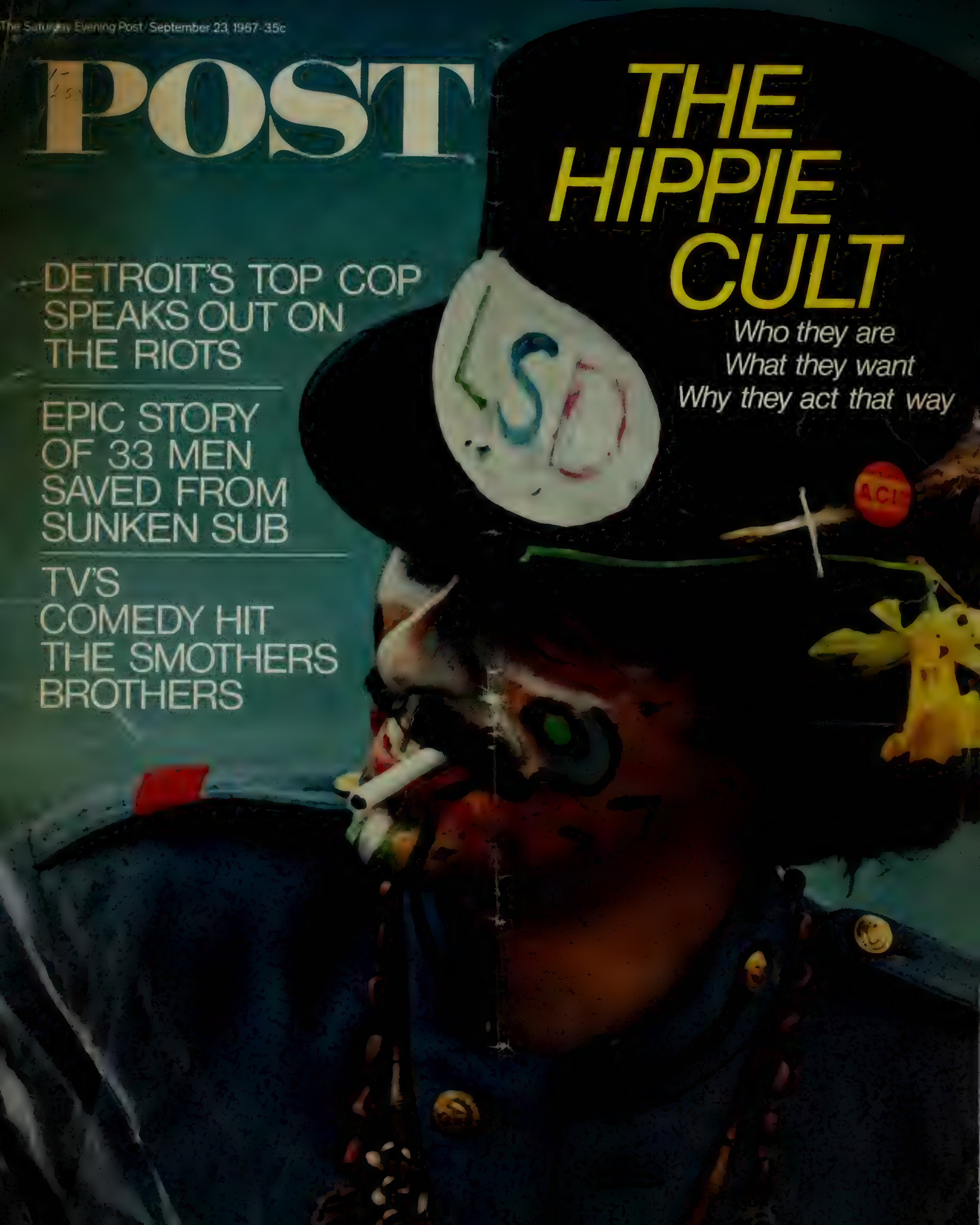
THE HIPPIE CULT

Who they are
What they want
Why they act that way

DETROIT'S TOP COP
SPEAKS OUT ON
THE RIOTS

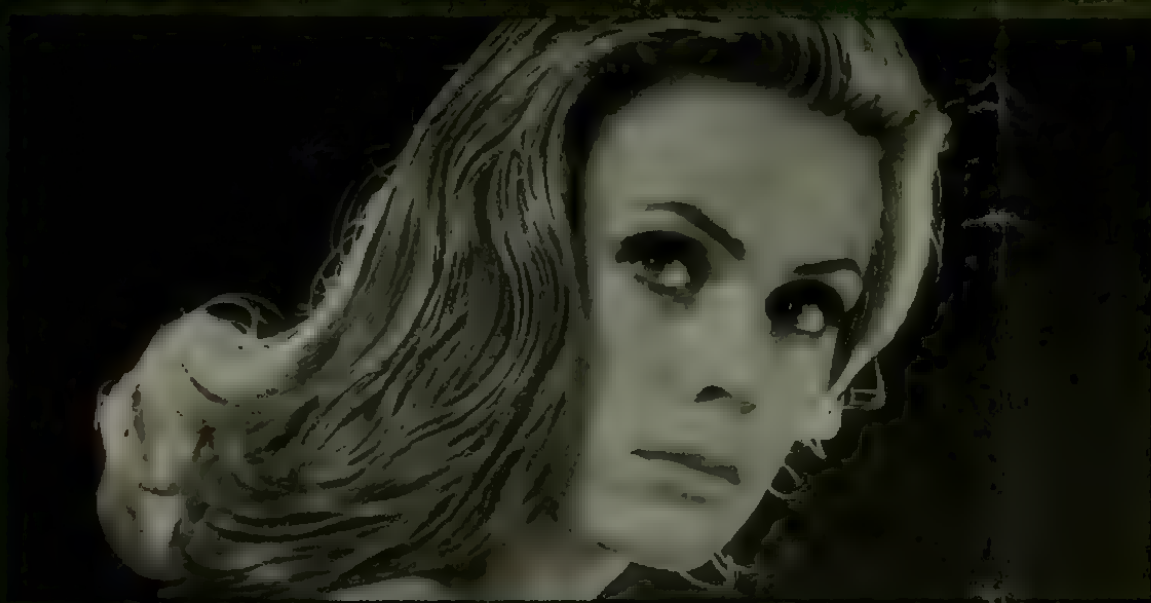
EPIC STORY
OF 33 MEN
SAVED FROM
SUNKEN SUB

TV'S
COMEDY HIT
THE SMOTHERS
BROTHERS



**If the inner you
is still a wonderfully
exciting creature...**

but the outer you looks gray...



**wash gray hair young again with Loving Care[®]
Colors only the gray
without changing your
natural hair color**

The
Saturday
Evening

POST



THE HIPPIE GENERATION

THE HIPPIE GENERATION

By JOAN DIDION

SLOUCHING TOWARDS



*Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand . . .
And what rough beast, its hour come round at
last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born? **

W. B. Yeats

The center was not holding. It was a country of bankruptcy notices and public-auction announcements and commonplace reports of casual killings and misplaced children and abandoned homes and vandals who misspelled even the four-letter words they scrawled. It was a country in which families routinely disappeared, trailing bad checks and repossession papers. Adolescents drifted from city to torn city, sloughing off both the past and the future as snakes shed their skins, children who were never taught and would never now learn the games that had held the society together. People were missing. Children were missing. Parents were missing. Those who were left behind filed desultory missing-persons reports, then moved on themselves.

It was not a country in open revolution. It was not a country under enemy siege. It was the United States of America in the year 1967, and the market was steady and the G.N.P. high, and a great many articulate people seemed to have a sense of high social purpose, and it might have been a year of brave hopes and national promise, but it was not, and more and more people had the uneasy apprehension that it was not. All that seemed clear was that at some point we had aborted ourselves and butchered the job, and because nothing else seemed so relevant I decided to go to San Francisco. San Francisco was where the social hemorrhaging was showing up. San Francisco was where the missing children were gathering and calling themselves "hippies." When I first went to San Francisco, I did not even know what I wanted to find out, and so I just stayed around awhile and made a few friends.

A sign on Haight Street, San Francisco:

*Last Easter Day
My Christopher Robin wandered away.
He called April 10th
But he hasn't called since
He said he was coming home
But he hasn't shown.*

*If you see him on Haight
Please tell him not to wait
I need him now
I don't care how
If he needs the bread
I'll send it ahead.*

BETHLEHEM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED STRESHINSKY

*If there's hope
Please write me a note
If he's still there
Tell him how much I care
Where he's at I need to know
For I really love him so!*

*Deeply,
Marla*

I am looking for somebody called Deadeye (all single names in this story are fictitious; full names are real), and I hear he is on the Street this afternoon doing a little business, so I keep an eye out for him and pretend to read the signs in the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street when a kid, 16, 17, comes in and sits on the floor beside me.

"What are you looking for?" he says.

I say nothing much.

"I been out of my mind for three days," he says.

He tells me he's been shooting crystal, which I pretty much know because he does not bother to keep his sleeves rolled down over the needle tracks. He came up from Los Angeles some number of weeks ago, he doesn't remember what number, and now he'll take off for New York, if he can find a ride. I show him a sign on the wall offering a ride to Chicago. He wonders where Chicago is. I ask where he comes from. "Here," he says. I mean before here. "San Jose, Chula Vista, I dunno," he says. "My mother's in Chula Vista."

A few days later I see him in Golden Gate Park. I ask if he has found a ride to New York. "I hear New York's a bummer," he says.

Deadeye never showed up that day, and somebody says maybe I can find him at his place. It is three o'clock and Deadeye is in bed. Somebody else is asleep on the living-room couch, and a girl is sleeping on the floor beneath a poster of Allen Ginsberg, and there are a couple of girls in pajamas making instant coffee. One of the girls introduces me to the friend on the couch, who extends one arm but does not get up because he is naked. Deadeye and I have a mutual acquaintance, but he does not mention his name in front of the others. "The man you talked to," he says, or "that man I was referring to earlier." The man is a cop.

The room is overheated and the girl on the floor is sick. Deadeye says she has been sleeping for 24 hours. "Lemme ask you something," he says. "You want some grass?" I say I have to be moving on. "You want it," Deadeye says, "it's yours." Deadeye used to be a Hell's Angel around Los Angeles, but that was a few years ago. "Right now," he says, "I'm trying to set up this groovy religious group—'Teen-age Evangelism.'"

Don and Max want to go out to dinner, but Don is on a macrobiotic diet so we end up in Japan-

town. Max is telling me how he lives free of all the old middle-class Freudian hang-ups. "I've had this old lady for a couple of months now, maybe she makes something special for my dinner, and I come in three days late and tell her I've been with some other chick, well, maybe she shouts a little but then I say, 'That's me, baby,' and she laughs and says, 'That's you, Max.'" Max says it works both ways. "I mean, if she comes in and tells me she wants to have Don, maybe, I say, 'OK, baby, it's your trip.'"

Max sees his life as a triumph over "don'ts." The don'ts he had done before he was 21 were peyote, alcohol, mescaline and Methedrine. He was on a Meth trip for three years in New York and Tangier before he found acid. He first tried peyote when he was in an Arkansas boys' school and got down to the Gulf and met "an Indian kid who was doing a don't. Then every weekend I could get loose I'd hitchhike 700 miles to Brownsville, Texas, so I could pop peyote. Peyote went for thirty cents a button down in Brownsville on the street." Max dropped in and out of most of the schools and fashionable clinics in the eastern half of

America, his standard technique for dealing with boredom being to leave. Example: Max was in a hospital in New York, and "the night nurse was a groovy spade, and in the afternoon for therapy there was a chick from Israel who was interesting, but there was nothing much to do in the morning, so I left."

We drink some more green tea and talk about going up to Malakoff Diggins, a park in Nevada County, because some people are starting a commune there and Max thinks it would be a groove to take acid there. He says maybe we could go next week, or the week after, or anyway sometime before his case comes up. Almost everybody I meet in San Francisco has to go to court at some point in the middle future. I never ask why.

I am still interested in how Max got rid of his middle-class Freudian hang-ups, and I ask if he is now completely free.

"Nah," he says. "I got acid."

Max drops a 250- or 350-microgram tab every six or seven days.

Max and Don share a joint in the car, and we go over to North Beach to find out if Otto, who has a

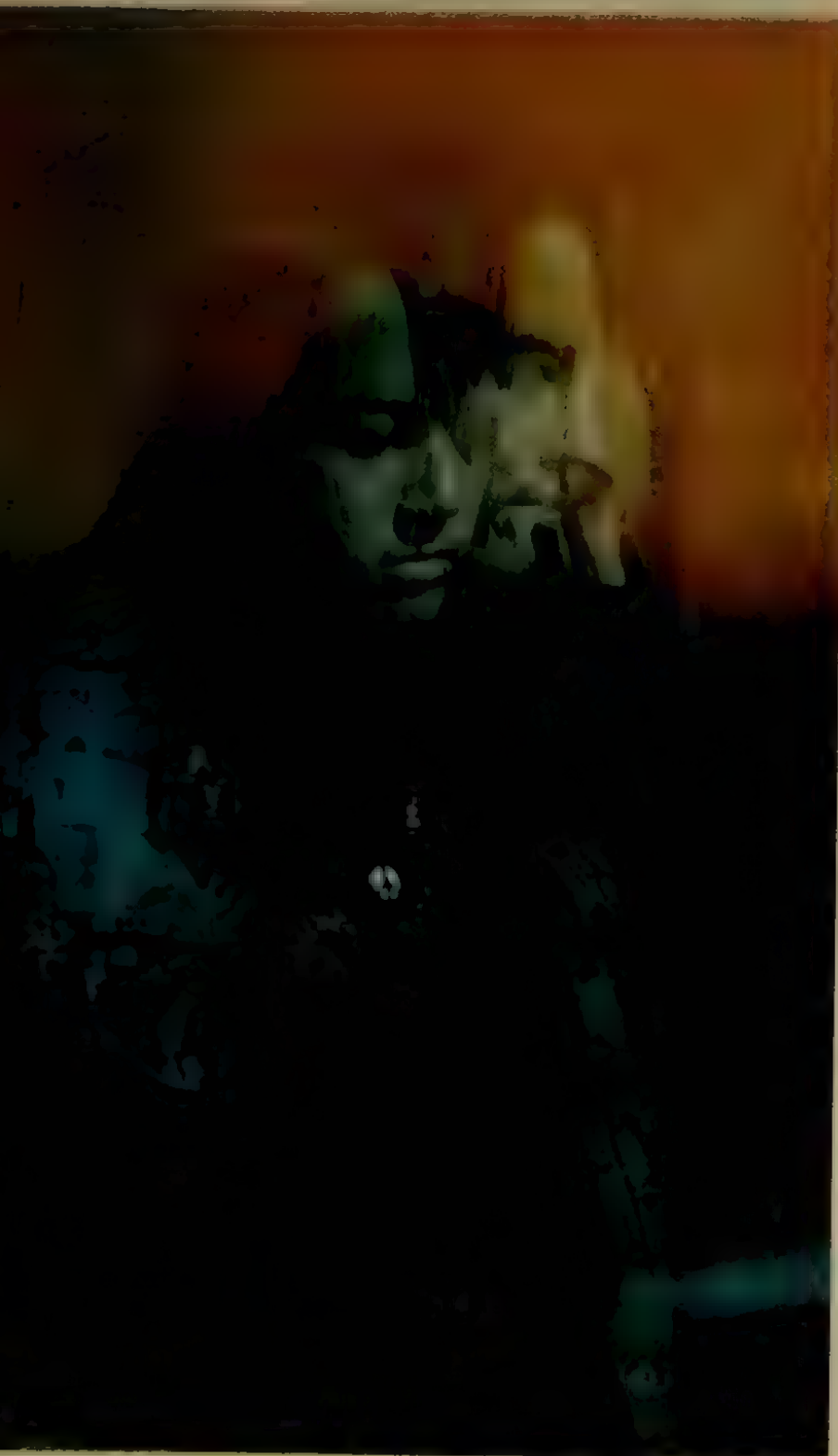


Chester Maydole



In Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco's new Bohemia, a hippy confers with a policeman about traffic problems.

Blinding flashes of light put patron through a simulated drug experience at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco.



temporary job there, wants to go to Malakoff Diggins. Otto is trying to sell something to some electronics engineers. The engineers view our arrival with some interest, maybe, I think, because Max is wearing bells and an Indian headband. Max has a low tolerance for straight engineers and their Freudian hang-ups. "Look at 'em," he says. "They're always yelling 'queer,' and then they come prowling into the Haight-Ashbury trying to get a hippie chick."

We do not get around to asking Otto about Malakoff Diggins because he wants to tell me about a 14-year-old he knows who got busted in the Park the other day. She was just walking through the Park, he says, minding her own, carrying her schoolbooks, when the cops took her in and booked her and gave her a pelvic. "Fourteen years old," Otto says. "A pelvic."

"Coming down from acid," he adds, "that could be a real bad trip."

I call Otto the next afternoon to see if he can reach the 14-year-old. It turns out she is tied up with rehearsals for her junior-high-school play, *The Wizard of Oz*. "Yellow-brick-road time," Otto says. Otto was sick all day. He thinks it was some cocaine somebody gave him.

There are always little girls around rock groups—the same little girls who used to hang around saxophone players, girls who live on the celebrity and

power and sex a band projects when it plays—and there are three of them out here this afternoon in Sausalito where a rock group, the Grateful Dead, rehearses. They are all pretty and two of them still have baby fat and one of them dances by herself with her eyes closed.

I ask a couple of the girls what they do.

"I just kind of come out here a lot," one of the girls says.

"I just sort of know the Dead," the other says.

The one who just sort of knows the Dead starts cutting up a loaf of French bread on the piano bench. The boys take a break, and one of them talks about playing at the Los Angeles Cheetah, which is in the old Aragon Ballroom. "We were up there drinking beer where Lawrence Welk used to sit," he says.

The little girl who was dancing by herself giggles. "Too much," she says softly. Her eyes are still closed.

Somebody said that if I was going to meet some runaways I better pick up a few hamburgers, cola and French fries on the way, so I did, and we are eating them in the Park together, me, Debbie, who is 15, and Jeff, who is 16. Debbie and Jeff ran away 12 days ago, walked out of school one morning with \$100 between them. Because a missing-jvenile is out on Debbie—she was already on probation because her mother had once taken her to the police station and declared her incorrigible—this is only the second time they have been out of a friend's apartment since they got to San Francisco. The first time they went over to the Fairmont Hotel and rode the outside elevator, three times up and three times down. "Wow," Jeff says, and that is all he can think of to say about that. I ask why they ran away.

"My parents said I had to go to church," Debbie says. "And they wouldn't let me dress the way I wanted. In the seventh grade my skirts were longer than anybody's—it got better in the eighth grade, but still."

"Your mother was kind of a bummer," Jeff says to her.

"They didn't like Jeff. They didn't like my girl friends. I had a C average and my father told me I couldn't date until I raised it, and that bugged me a lot too."

"My mother was just a genuine all-American bitch," Jeff says. "She was really troublesome about hair. Also, she didn't like boots. It was really weird."

"Tell about the chores," Debbie says.

"For example, I had chores. If I didn't finish ironing my shirts for the week, I couldn't go out for the weekend. It was weird. Wow."

Debbie giggles and shakes her head. "This year's gonna be wild."

"We're just gonna let it all happen," Jeff says. "Everything's in the future, you can't pre-plan it, you know. First we get jobs, then a place to live. Then, I dunno."

Jeff finishes off the French fries and gives some thought to what kind of job he could get. "I always kinda dug metal shop, welding, stuff like that." Maybe he could work on cars, I say. "But I'm not too mechanically minded," he says. "Anyway, you can't pre-plan."

"I could get a job baby-sitting," Debbie says. "Or in a dime store."

"You're always talking about getting a job in a dime store," Jeff says.

"That's because I worked in a dime store already," Debbie says.

Debbie is buffing her fingernails with the belt to her suede jacket. She is annoyed because she chipped a nail and because I do not have any polish remover in the car. I promise to get her to a

friend's apartment so that she can redo her manicure, but something has been bothering me, and as I fiddle with the ignition, I finally ask it. I ask them to think back to when they were children, to tell me what they had wanted to be when they were grown up, how they had seen the future then.

Jeff throws a cola bottle out the car window. "I can't remember I ever thought about it," he says.

"I remember I wanted to be a veterinarian once," Debbie says. "But now I'm more or less working in the vein of being an artist or a model or a cosmetologist. Or something."

I hear quite a bit about one cop, Officer Arthur Gerrans, whose name has become a synonym for zealotry on the Street. Max is not personally wild about Officer Gerrans because Officer Gerrans took Max in after the Human Be-In last winter, that's the big Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park where 20,000 people got turned on free, or 10,000 did, or some number did, but then Officer Gerrans has busted almost everyone in the District at one time or another. Presumably to forestall a cult of personality, Gerrans was transferred out of the District not long ago, and when I see him it is not at the Park Station but at the Central Station.

We are in an interrogation room, and I am interrogating Gerrans. He is young, blond and wary and I go in slow. I wonder what he thinks the major problems in the Haight area are.

Officer Gerrans thinks it over. "I would say the major problems there," he says finally, "the major problems are narcotics and juveniles. Juveniles and narcotics, those are your major problems."

I write that down.

"Just one moment," Officer Gerrans says, and leaves the room. When he comes back he tells me that I cannot talk to him without permission from Chief Thomas Cahill.

"In the meantime," Officer Gerrans adds, pointing at the notebook in which I have written *major problems, juveniles, narcotics*, "I'll take those notes."

The next day I apply for permission to talk to Officer Gerrans and also to Chief Cahill. A few days later a sergeant returns my call.

"We have finally received clearance from the chief per your request," the sergeant says, "and that is taboo."

I wonder why it is taboo to talk to Officer Gerrans.

Officer Gerrans is involved in court cases coming to trial.

I wonder why it is taboo to talk to Chief Cahill. The chief has pressing police business.

I wonder if I can talk to anyone at all in the police department.

"No," the sergeant says, "not at the particular moment."

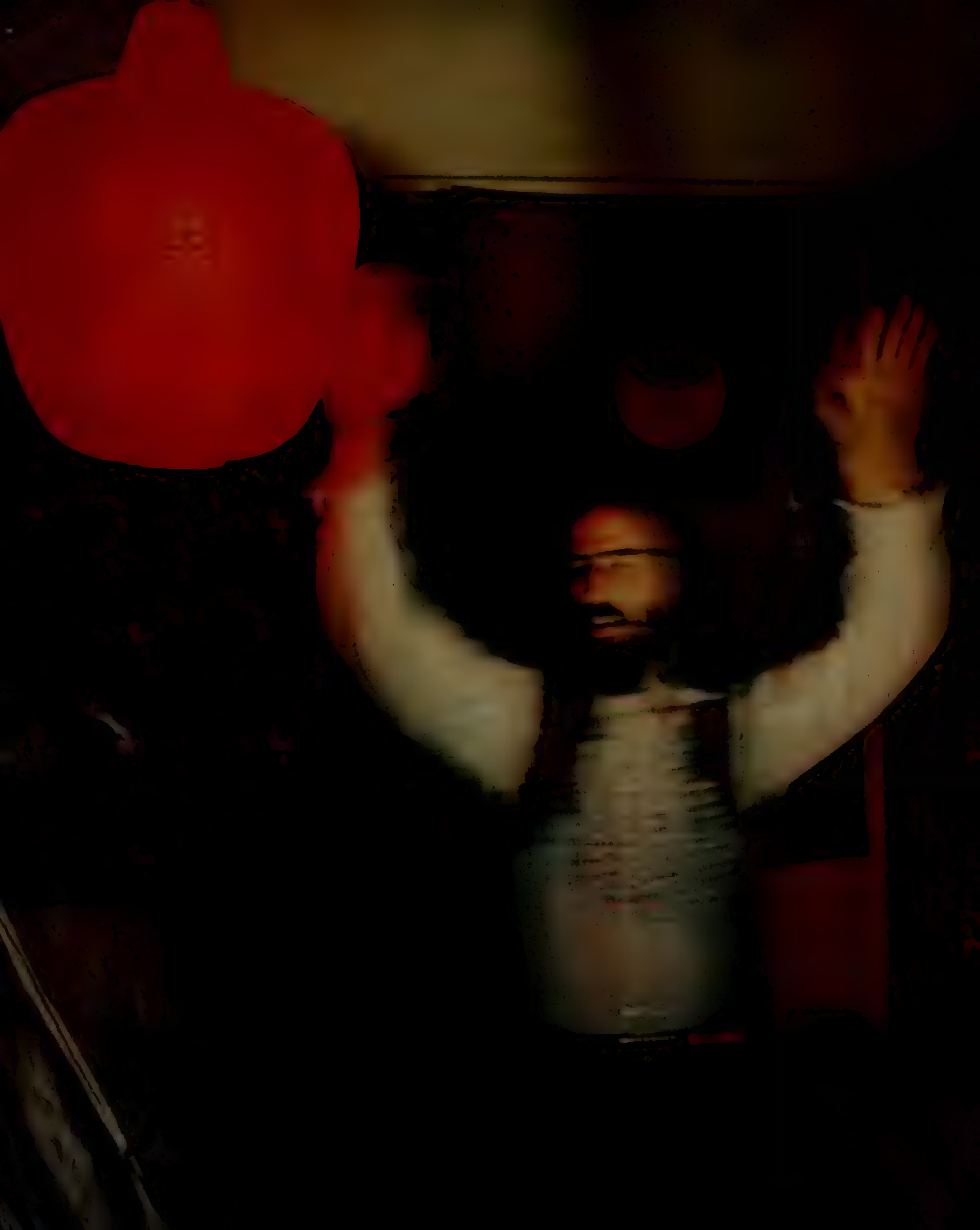
Which was my last official contact with the San Francisco Police Department.

Norris and I are standing around the Panhandle, and Norris is telling me how it is all set up for a friend to take me to Big Sur. I say what I really want to do is spend a few days with Norris and his wife and the rest of the people in their house. Norris says it would be a lot easier if I'd take some acid. I say I'm unstable. Norris says, all right, anyway, *grass*, and he squeezes my hand.

One day Norris asks how old I am. I tell him I am 32. It takes a few minutes, but he rises to it. "Don't worry," he says at last. "There's old hippies too."

It is a pretty nice evening, nothing much is

A hippie affluent enough to afford his own strobe lights exults in the brilliance at his Haight-Ashbury pad.





A multiple exposure portrays the movement of a dancer impelled toward hippie oblivion by the rock rhythm.

happening and Max brings his old lady, Sharon, over to the Warehouse. The Warehouse, which is where Don and a floating number of other people live, is not actually a warehouse but the garage of a condemned hotel. The Warehouse was conceived as total theater, a continual happening, and I always feel good there. Somebody is usually doing something interesting, like working on a light show, and there are a lot of interesting things around, like an old touring car which is used as a bed and a vast American flag fluttering up in the shadows and an overstuffed chair suspended like a swing from the rafters.

One reason I particularly like the Warehouse is that a child named Michael is staying there now. Michael's mother, Sue Ann, is a sweet, wan girl who is always in the kitchen cooking seaweed or baking macrobiotic bread while Michael amuses himself with joss sticks or an old tambourine or an old rocking horse. The first time I ever saw Michael was on that rocking horse, a very blond and pale and dirty child on a rocking horse with no paint. A blue theatrical spotlight was the only light in the Warehouse that afternoon, and there was Michael in it, crooning softly to the wooden horse. Michael is three years old. He is a bright child but does not yet talk.

On this night Michael is trying to light his joss sticks and there are the usual number of people floating through and they all drift in and sit on the bed and pass joints. Sharon is very excited when she arrives. "Don," she cries breathlessly, "we got some STP today." At this time STP, a hallucinogenic drug, is a pretty big deal; remember, nobody yet knew what it was and it was relatively, although just relatively, hard to come by. Sharon is blond and scrubbed and probably 17, but Max is a little vague about that since his court case comes up in a month or so, and he doesn't need statutory rape on top of it. Sharon's parents were living apart when she last saw them. She does not miss school or anything much about her past, except her younger brother. "I want to turn him on," she confided one day. "He's fourteen now, that's the perfect age. I know where he goes to high school and someday I'll just go get him."

Time passes and I lose the thread and when I pick it up again Max seems to be talking about what a beautiful thing it is the way that Sharon washes dishes.

"It is beautiful," she says. "Everything is. You watch that blue detergent blob run on the plate, watch the grease cut—well, it can be a real trip."

Pretty soon now, maybe next month, maybe later, Max and Sharon plan to leave for Africa and India, where they can live off the land. "I got this little trust fund, see," Max says, "which is useful in that it tells cops and border patrols I'm OK, but living off the land is the thing. You can get your high and get your dope in the city, OK, but we gotta get out somewhere and live organically."

"Roots and things," Sharon says, lighting a joss stick for Michael. Michael's mother is still in the kitchen cooking seaweed. "You can eat them."

Maybe eleven o'clock, we move from the Warehouse to the place where Max and Sharon live with a couple named Tom and Barbara. Sharon is pleased to get home ("I hope you got some hash joints fixed in the kitchen," she says to Barbara by way of greeting), and everybody is pleased to show off the apartment, which has a lot of flowers and candles and paisleys. Max and Sharon and Tom and Barbara get pretty high on hash, and everyone dances a little and we do some liquid projections and set up a strobe and take turns getting a high on that. Quite late, somebody called Steve comes in with a pretty, dark girl. They have been to a meeting of people who practice a western yoga, but they do not seem to want to talk about that. They lie on the floor awhile, and then Steve stands up.

"Max," he says, "I want to say one thing."

"It's your trip." Max is edgy.

"I found love on acid. But I lost it. And now I'm finding it again. With nothing but grass."

Max mutters that heaven and hell are both in one's karma.

"That's what bugs me about psychedelic art," Steve says.

"What about psychedelic art?" Max says.

"I haven't seen much psychedelic art."

Max is lying on a bed with Sharon, and Steve leans down. "Groove, baby," he says. "You're a groove."

Steve sits down then and tells me about one summer when he was at a school of design in Rhode Island and took 30 trips, the last ones all bad. I ask why they were bad. "I could tell you it was my neuroses," he says, "but forget it."

A few days later I drop by to see Steve in his apartment. He paces nervously around the room he uses as a studio and shows me some paintings. We do not seem to be getting to the point.

"Maybe you noticed something going on at Max's," he says abruptly.

It seems that the girl he brought, the dark, pretty one, had once been Max's girl. She had followed him to Tangier and now to San Francisco. But Max has Sharon. "So the girl is kind of staying around here," Steve says.

Steve is troubled by a lot of things. He is 23, was raised in Virginia and has the idea that California is the beginning of the end. "I feel it's insane," he says, and his voice drops. "This chick tells me there's no meaning to life, but it doesn't matter, we'll just flow right out. There've been times I felt like packing up and taking off for the East Coast again. At least there I had a target. At least there you expect that it's going to happen." He lights a cigarette for me and his hands shake. "Here you know it's not going to."

"What is supposed to happen?" I ask.

"I don't know. Something. Anything."

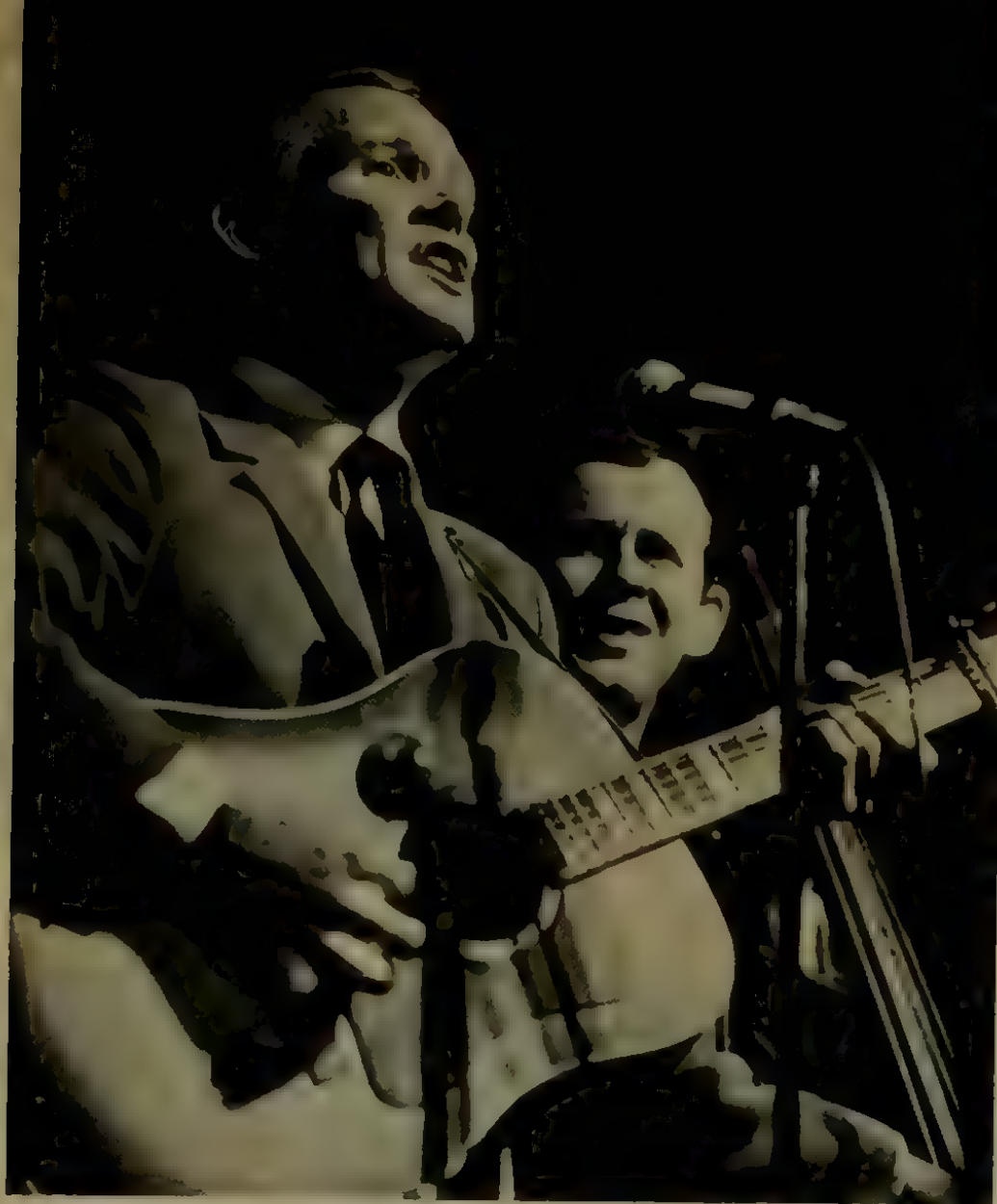
Arthur Lisch is on the telephone in his kitchen,

Drunk on color and noise and dressed in period costumes, a hippie couple drifts lazily through sweet psychedelia.

trying to sell VISTA a program for the District. "We've already got an emergency," he is saying into the telephone, meanwhile trying to disentangle his daughter, age one and a half, from the cord. "We don't get help here, nobody can guarantee what's going to happen. We've got people sleeping in the streets here. We've got people starving to death." He pauses. "All right," he says then, and his voice rises. "So they're doing it by choice. So what?"

By the time he hangs up he has limned what strikes me as a pretty Dickensian picture of life on the edge of Golden Gate Park, but then this is my first exposure to Arthur Lisch's "riot-on-the-street-unless" pitch. Arthur Lisch is a kind of leader of the Diggers, who, in the official District mythology, are supposed to be a group of anonymous good guys with no thought in their





THE BROTHERS SMOTHERS, TOM AND DICK

**'The best way to lick
the Establishment is to join it. Then you've
got to stand up for what you really want!'
—the battle cry of television's most
successful comedy team.**



collective head but to lend a helping hand. The official District mythology also has it that the Diggers have no "leaders," but nonetheless Arthur Lisch is one. Arthur Lisch is also a paid worker for the American Friends' Service Committee, and he lives with his wife, Jane, and their two small children in a railroad flat, which on this particular day lacks organization. For one thing, the telephone keeps ringing. Arthur promises to attend a hearing at city hall. Arthur promises to "send Edward, he's OK." Arthur promises to get a good group, maybe the Loading Zone, to play free for a Jewish benefit. For a second thing, the baby is crying, and she does not stop until Jane appears with a jar of Gerber's Chicken Noodle Dinner. Another confusing element is somebody named Bob, who just sits in the living room and looks at his toes. First he looks at the toes on one

To earn some "bread," a mother and child join fellow hippies as extras in the forthcoming movie, PETULIA.

foot, then at the toes on the other. I make several attempts to include Bob before I realize he is on a bad trip. Moreover, there are two people hacking up what looks like a side of beef on the kitchen floor, the idea being that when it gets hacked up, Jane Lisch can cook it for the daily Digger feed in the park.

Arthur Lisch does not seem to notice any of this. He just keeps talking about cybernated societies and the guaranteed annual wage and riot on the Street, unless.

I call the Lisches a day or so later and ask for Arthur. Jane Lisch says he's next door taking a shower because somebody is coming down from a bad trip in

(continued on page 88)



THE HIPPIE GENERATION

(Continued from page 31)

their bathroom. Besides the freak-out in the bathroom, they are expecting a

psychiatrist in to look at Bob. Also a doctor for Edward, who is not OK at all but has the flu. Jane says maybe I should talk to Chester Anderson. She will not give me his number.

Chester Anderson is a legacy of the Beat Generation, a man in his middle 30's whose peculiar hold on the District derives from his possession of a mimeograph machine, on which he prints communiqués signed "the communication company." It is another tenet of the

official District mythology that the communication company will print anything anybody has to say, but in fact Chester Anderson prints only what he writes himself, agrees with, or considers harmless or dead matter. His statements, which are left in piles and pasted on windows around Haight Street, are regarded with some apprehension in the District and with considerable interest by outsiders, who study them, like China watchers, for subtle shifts in obscure ideologies. An

Anderson communiqué might be as specific as fingering someone who is said to have set up a marijuana bust, or it might be in a more general vein:

Pretty little 16-year-old middle-class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about & gets picked up by a 17-year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again & again, then feeds her 3,000 mikes & raffles off her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street . . . since the night before last. The politics & ethics of ecstasy. Rape is as common as . . . on Haight Street. Kids are starving on the Street. Minds & bodies are being maimed as we watch, a scale model of Vietnam.

Somebody other than Jane Lisch gave me an address for Chester Anderson, 443 Arguello, but 443 Arguello does not exist. I telephone the wife of the man who gave me 443 Arguello and she says it's 742 Arguello.

"But don't go up there," she says. I say I'll telephone.

"There's no number," she says. "I can't give it to you."

"742 Arguello," I say.

"No," she says. "I don't know. And don't go there. And don't use either my name or my husband's name if you do."

She is the wife of a full professor of English at San Francisco State College. I decide to lie low on the question of Chester Anderson for a while.

*Paranoia strikes deep—
Into your life it will creep—*

is a song the Buffalo
Springfield sings.

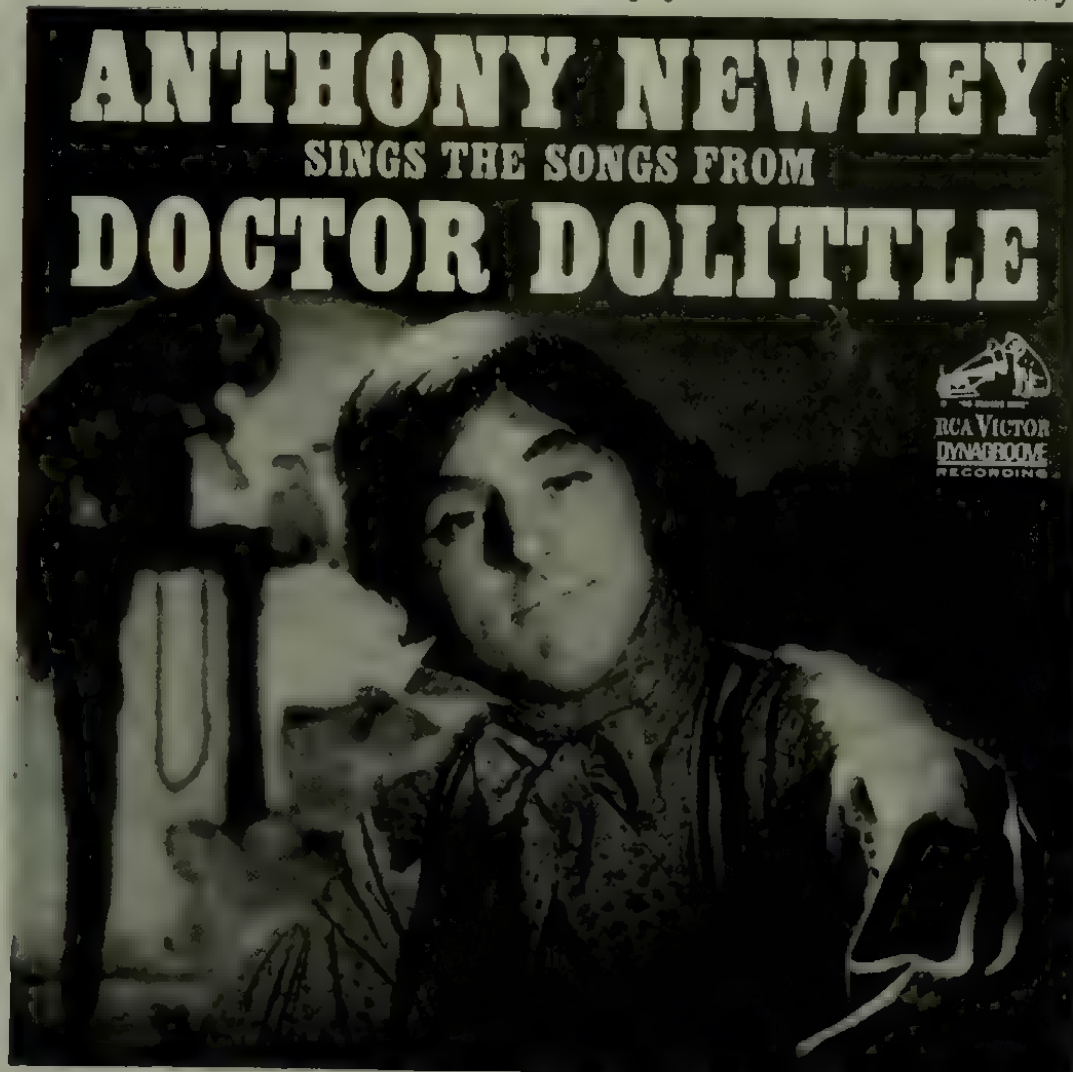
The appeal of Malakoff Diggins has kind of faded out, but Max says why don't I come to his place, just be there, the next time he takes acid. Tom will take it too, probably Sharon, maybe Barbara. We can't do it for six or seven days because Max and Tom are in STP space now. They are not crazy about STP, but it has advantages. "You've still got your forebrain," Tom says. "I could write behind STP, but not behind acid." This is the first time I have heard that Tom writes.

Otto is feeling better because he discovered it wasn't the cocaine that made him sick. It was the chicken pox, which he caught while baby-sitting for Big Brother and the Holding Company one night when they were playing. I go over to see him and meet Vicki, who sings now and then with a group called the Jook Savages and lives at Otto's place. Vicki dropped out of Laguna High "because I had mono," followed the Grateful Dead up to San Francisco one time, and has been here "for a while." Her mother and father are divorced, and she does not see her father, who works for a network in New York. A few months ago he came out to do a documentary on the District and tried to find her, but couldn't. Later he wrote her a letter in care of her mother urging her to go back to school. Vicki guesses maybe she will go back sometime, but she doesn't see much point in it right now.

We are eating a little tempura in Japantown, Chet Helms and I, and he is sharing some of his insights with me. Until a couple of years ago Chet Helms never did much besides hitchhiking, but now he runs the Avalon Ballroom and flies over the Pole to check out the London scene and says things like, "Just

The fun...the charm... the songs of "Doctor Dolittle" sung by Anthony Newley

The new movie "Doctor Dolittle" with Anthony Newley as Matthew Mugg is opening in December—and it's already one of the most talked-about films of recent years. In this new album, Newley sings tunes from "Doctor Dolittle" in the style that is uniquely his own—*Talk to the Animals, Beautiful Things, My Friend the Doctor* and the other songs that make "Doctor Dolittle" a delight. Hear this album soon. It's filled with music, fun, joy and best of all—Newley!



Drawing from "Doctor Dolittle's Circus" Copyright, 1952, by Josephine Lofting. Copyright, 1954, by Hugh Lofting. Reproduced by special arrangement with J. B. Lippincott Co.

The only girl.

She is the only girl in the world. She has found the only boy. Her engagement diamond, too, shines as one apart. Always, it will tell, as only it can, of their love, their life, what they make of them.

A diamond is forever.



Every diamond is a rainbow of colors. It reflects light. But every diamond is different. Ask a trusted jeweler to show you the subtleties of color that affect value—and to explain how cut, clarity and carat weight contribute to both beauty and worth.

for the sake of clarity I'd like to categorize the aspects of primitive religion as I see it." Right now he is talking about Marshall McLuhan and how the printed word is finished, out, over. But then he considers the *East Village Other*, an "underground" biweekly published in New York. "The *EVO* is one of the few papers in America whose books are in the black," he says. "I know that from reading *Barron's*."

A new group is supposed to play today in the Panhandle, a section of Golden Gate Park, but they are having trouble with the amplifier and I sit in the sun listening to a couple of little girls, maybe 17 years old. One of them has a lot of makeup and the other wears Levi's and cowboy boots. The boots do not look like an affectation, they look like she came up off a ranch about two weeks ago. I wonder what she is doing here in the Panhandle, trying to make friends with a city girl who is snubbing her, but I do not wonder long, because she is homely and awkward, and I think of her going all the way through the consolidated union high school out there where she comes from, and nobody ever asking her to go into Reno on Saturday night for a drive-in movie and a beer on the riverbank, so she runs. "I know a thing about dollar bills," she is saying now. "You get one that says '1111' in one corner and '1111' in another, you take it down to Dallas, Texas, and they'll give you fifteen dollars for it."

"Who will?" the city girl asks.
"I don't know."

"There are only three significant pieces of data in the world today," is another thing Chet Helms told me one night. We were at the Avalon and the big strobe was going and so were the colored lights and the Day-Glo painting, and the place was full of high-school kids trying to look turned on. The Avalon sound system projects 126 decibels at 100 feet but to Chet Helms the sound is just there, like the air, and he talks through it. "The first is," he said, "God died last year and was obited by the press. The second is, fifty percent of the population is or will be under twenty-five." A boy shook a tambourine toward us and Chet smiled benevolently at him. "The third," he said, "is that they got twenty billion irresponsible dollars to spend."

Thursday comes, some Thursday, and Max and Tom and Sharon and maybe Barbara are going to take some acid. They want to drop it about three o'clock. Barbara has baked fresh bread, Max has gone to the Park for fresh flowers, and Sharon is busy making a sign for the door which reads, DO NOT DISTURB, RING, KNOCK, OR IN ANY OTHER WAY DISTURB. LOVE. This is not how I would put it to either the health inspector, who is due this week, or any of the several score of narcotics agents in the neighborhood, but I figure the sign is Sharon's trip.

Once the sign is finished Sharon gets restless. "Can I at least play the new record?" she asks Max.

"Tom and Barbara want to save it for when we're high."

"I'm getting bored, just sitting around here."

Max watches her jump up and walk out. "That's what you call pre-acid uptight jitters," he says.

Barbara is not in evidence. Tom keeps walking in and out. "All these innumerable last-minute things you have to do," he mutters.

"It's a tricky thing, acid," Max says after a while. He is turning the stereo on and off. "When a chick takes acid, it's all right if she's alone, but when she's living with somebody this edginess comes out. And if the hour-and-a-half process before you take the acid doesn't go smooth. . . ." He picks up a marijuana butt and studies it, then adds, "They're having a little thing back there with Barbara."

Sharon and Tom walk in.

"You bugged too?" Max asks Sharon.

Sharon does not answer.

Max turns to Tom. "Is she all right?"

"Yeh."

"Can we take acid?" Max is on edge.

"I just don't know what she's going to do."

"What do you want to do?"

"What I want to do depends on what she wants to do." Tom is rolling some joints, first rubbing the papers with a marijuana resin he makes himself. He takes the joints back to the bedroom, and Sharon goes with him.

"Something like this happens every time people take acid," Max says. After a while he brightens and develops a theory around it. "Some people don't like to go out of themselves, that's the trouble. You probably wouldn't. You'd probably like only a quarter of a tab. There's still an ego on a quarter tab, and it wants things. Now if that thing is sex—and your old lady or your old man is off somewhere flashing and doesn't want to be touched—well, you get put down on acid, you can be on a bumner for months."

Sharon drifts in, smiling. "Barbara might take some acid, we're all feeling better, we smoked a joint."

At 3:30 that afternoon Max, Tom and Sharon placed tabs under their tongues and sat down together in the living room to wait for the flash. Barbara stayed in the bedroom, smoking hash. During the next four hours a window banged once in Barbara's room, and about 5:30 some children had a fight on the street. A curtain billowed in the afternoon wind. A cat scratched a beagle in Sharon's lap. Except for the sitar music on the stereo there was no other sound or movement until 7:30, when Max said, "Wow."

I spot Deadeye on Haight Street, and he gets in the car. Until we get off the Street he sits very low and inconspicuous. Deadeye wants me to meet his old lady, but first he wants to talk to me about how he got hip to helping people.

"Here I was, just a tough kid on a motorcycle," he says, "and suddenly I see that young people don't have to walk alone." Deadeye has a clear evangelistic gaze and the reasonable rhetoric of a car salesman. He is society's model product. I try to meet his gaze directly because he once told me he could read character in people's eyes, particularly if he has just dropped acid, which he did about nine o'clock that morning. "They just have to remember one thing," he says. "The Lord's Prayer. And that can help them in more ways than one."

He takes a much-folded letter from his wallet. The letter is from a little girl he helped. "My loving brother," it begins. "I thought I'd write you a

letter since I'm a part of you. Remember that: When you feel happiness, I do, when you feel . . ."

"What I want to do now," Deadeye says, "is set up a house where a person of any age can come, spend a few days, talk over his problems. Any age. People your age, they've got problems too."

I say a house will take money.

"I've found a way to make money," Deadeye says. He hesitates only a few seconds. "I could've made eighty-five dollars on the Street just then. See, in my pocket I had a hundred tabs of acid. I had to come up with twenty dollars by tonight or we're out of the house we're in, so I knew somebody who had acid, and I knew somebody who wanted it, so I made the connection."

"Since the Mafia moved into the LSD racket, the quantity is up and the quality is down. . . ."

"Historian Arnold Toynbee celebrated his 78th birthday Friday night by snapping his fingers and tapping his toes to the Quicksilver Messenger Service. . . ."

are a couple of items from Herb Caen's column one morning as the West declined in the year 1967.

When I was in San Francisco a tab, or a cap, of LSD-25 sold for three to five dollars, depending upon the seller and the district. LSD was slightly cheaper in the Haight-Ashbury than in the Fillmore, where it was used rarely, mainly as a sexual ploy, and sold by pushers of hard drugs, e.g., heroin, or "smack." A great deal of acid was being cut with Methedrine, which is the trade name for an amphetamine, because Methedrine can simulate the flash that low-quality acid lacks. Nobody knows how much LSD is actually in a tab, but the standard trip is supposed to be 250 micrograms. Grass was running \$10 a lid, \$5 a matchbox. Hash was considered "a luxury item." All the amphetamines, or "speed"—Benzedrine, Dexedrine, and particularly Methedrine ("crystal")—were in common use. There was not only more tolerance of speed but there was a general agreement that heroin was now on the scene. Some attributed this to the presence of the Syndicate; others to a general deterioration of the scene, to the incursions of gangs and younger part-time, or "plastic," hippies, who like the amphetamines and the illusions of action and power they give. Where Methedrine is in wide use, heroin tends to be available, because, I was told, "You can get awful damn high shooting crystal, and smack can be used to bring you down."

Deadeye's old lady, Gerry, meets us at the door of their place. She is a big, hearty girl who has always counseled at Girl Scout camps during summer vacations and was "in social welfare" at the University of Washington when she decided that she "just hadn't done enough living" and came to San Francisco. "Actually, the heat was bad in Seattle," she adds.

"The first night I got down here," she says, "I stayed with a gal I met over at the Blue Unicorn. I looked like I'd just arrived, had a knapsack and stuff." After that Gerry stayed at a house the Diggers were running, where she met Deadeye. "Then it took time to get my bearings, so I haven't done much work yet."

I ask Gerry what work she does. "Basically I'm a poet, but I had my

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THE HIPPIE GENERATION

guitar stolen right after I arrived, and that kind of hung up my thing."

"Get your books," Deadeye orders. "Show her your books."

Gerry demurs, then goes into the bedroom and comes back with several theme books full of verse. I leaf through them but Deadeye is still talking about helping people. "Any kid that's on speed," he says, "I'll try to get him off it. The only advantage to it from the kids' point of view is that you don't have to worry about sleeping or eating."

"Or sex," Gerry adds.

"That's right. When you're strung out on crystal you don't need *nothing*."

"It can lead to the hard stuff," Gerry says. "Take your average Meth freak, once he's started putting the needle in his arm, it's not too hard to say, well, let's shoot a little smack."

All the while I am looking at Gerry's poems. They are a very young girl's poems, each written out in a neat hand and finished off with a curlicue. Dawns are roseate, skies silver-tinted. When

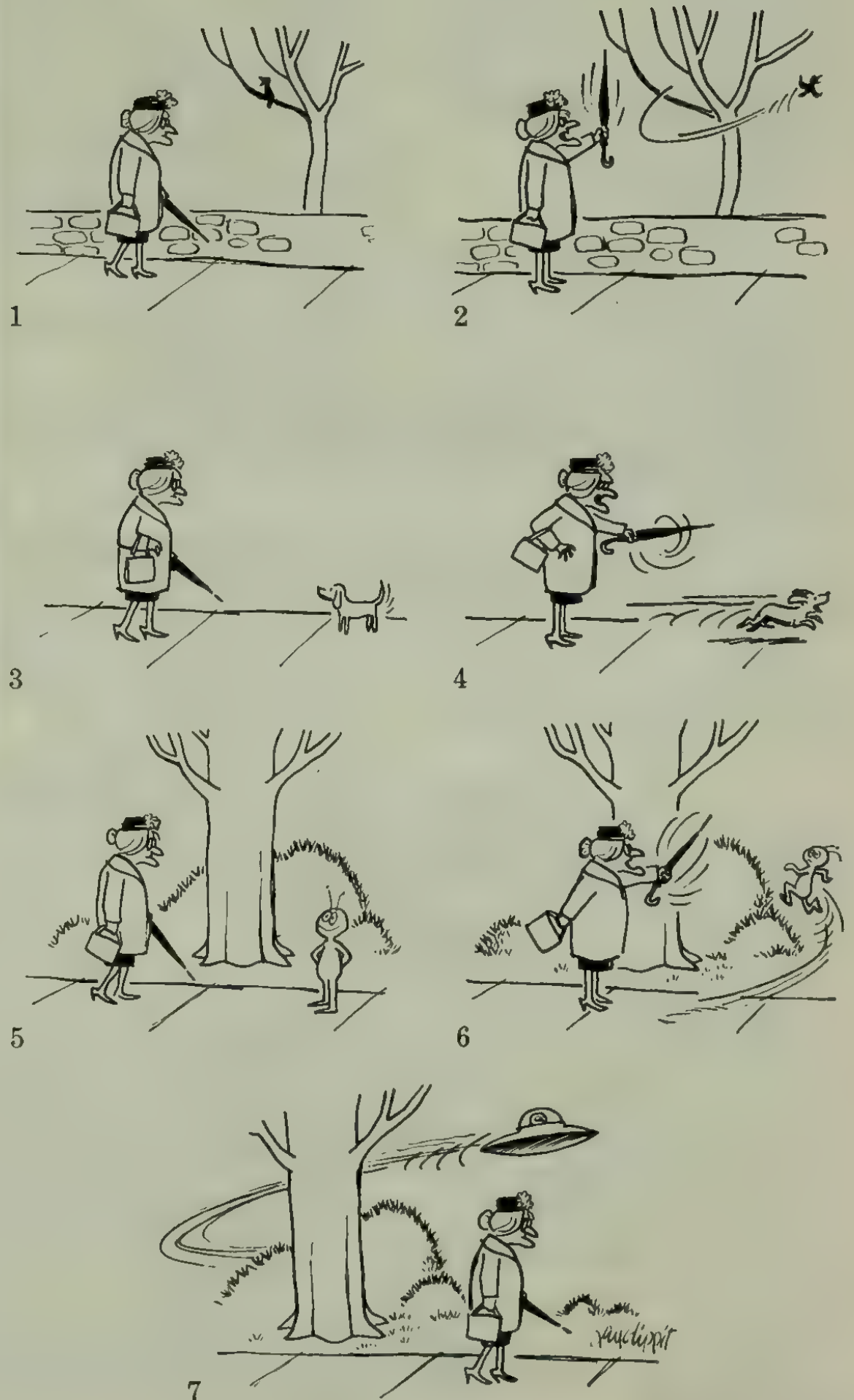
she writes "crystal" in her books, she does not mean Meth.

"You gotta get back to your writing," Deadeye says fondly, but Gerry ignores this. She is telling about somebody who propositioned her yesterday. "He just walked up to me on the Street, offered me six hundred dollars to go to Reno and do the thing."

"You're not the only one he approached," Deadeye says.

"If some chick wants to go with him, fine," Gerry says. "Just don't bum my trip." She empties the tuna-fish can we are using for an ashtray and goes over to look at a girl who is asleep on the floor. It is the same girl who was asleep on the floor the first day I came to Deadeye's place. She has been sick a week now, 10 days. "Usually when somebody comes up to me on the Street like that," Gerry adds, "I hit him for some change."

When I saw Gerry in the Park the next day I asked her about the sick girl, and Gerry said cheerfully that she was in the hospital with pneumonia.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Max tells me about how he and Sharon got together. "When I saw her the first time on Haight Street, I flashed. I mean flashed. So I started some conversation with her about her beads, see, but I didn't care about her beads." Sharon lived in a house where a friend of Max's lived, and the next time he saw her was when he took the friend some bananas. "Sharon and I were like kids—we smoked bananas and looked at each other and smoked more bananas and looked at each other."

But Max hesitated. For one thing, he thought Sharon was his friend's girl. "For another I didn't know if I wanted to get hung up with an old lady." But the next time he visited the house, Sharon was on acid.

"So everybody yelled, 'Here comes the banana man,'" Sharon interrupts, "and I got all excited."

"She was living in this crazy house," Max continues. "There was this one kid, all he did was scream. His whole trip was to practice screams. It was too much." Max still hung back from Sharon. "But then Sharon offered me a tab, and I knew."

Max walked to the kitchen and back with the tab, wondering whether to take it. "And then I decided to flow with it, and that was that. Because once you drop acid with somebody, you flash on, you see the whole world melt in her eyes."

"It's stronger than anything in the world," Sharon says.

"Nothing can break it up," Max says. "As long as it lasts."

*No milk today—
My love has gone away . . .
The end of my hopes—
The end of all my dreams—**

is a song I heard on many mornings in 1967 on KFRC, the Flower Power Station, San Francisco.

Deadeye and Gerry tell me that they plan to be married. An Episcopal priest in the District has promised to perform the wedding in Golden Gate Park, and they will have a few rock groups there, "a real community thing." Gerry's brother is also getting married, in Seattle. "Kind of interesting," Gerry muses, "because, you know, his is the traditional straight wedding, and then you have the contrast with ours."

"I'll have to wear a tie to his," Deadeye says.

"Right," Gerry says.

"Her parents came down to meet me, but they weren't ready for me," Deadeye notes philosophically.

"They finally gave it their blessing," Gerry says. "In a way."

"They came to me and her father said, 'Take care of her,'" Deadeye reminisces. "And her mother said, 'Don't let her go to jail.'"

Barbara has baked a macrobiotic apple pie—one made without sweets and with whole-wheat flour—and she and Tom and Max and Sharon and I are eating it. Barbara tells me how she learned to find happiness in "the woman's thing." She and Tom had gone somewhere to live with the Indians, and although she first found it hard to be shunted off with the women and never to enter into any of the men's talk, she soon got the point. "That was where the trip was," she says.

Barbara is on what is called the woman's trip to the exclusion of almost everything else. When she and Tom and Max and Sharon need money, Barbara will take a part-time job, modeling or teaching kindergarten, but she dislikes earning more than \$10 or \$20 a week. Most of the time she keeps house and bakes. "Doing something that shows your love that way," she says, "is just about the most beautiful thing I know." Whenever I hear about the woman's trip, which is often, I think a lot about nothin'-says-lovin'-like-something-from-the-oven and the Feminine Mystique and how it is possible for people to be the unconscious instruments of values they would strenuously reject on a conscious level, but I do not mention this to Barbara.

It is a pretty nice day and I am just driving down the Street and I see Barbara at a light.

What am I doing, she wants to know. I am just driving around.

"Groovy," she says.

This is quite a beautiful day, I say.

"Groovy," she agrees.

She wants to know if I will come over. Sometime soon, I say.

"Groovy," she says.

I ask if she wants to drive in the Park but she is too busy. She is out to buy wool for her loom.

Arthur Lisch gets pretty nervous whenever he sees me now because the Digger line this week is that they aren't talking to "media poisoners,"

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You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes. The claims I could make for this principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing," I also say "smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey Pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you are willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE HIPPIE GENERATION

which is me. So I still don't have a tap on Chester Anderson, but one day in the Panhandle I run into a kid who says he is Chester's "associate." He has on a black cape, black slouch hat, mauve Job's Daughters' sweatshirt and dark glasses, and he says his name is Claude Hayward, but never mind that because I think of him just as The Connection. The Connection offers to "check me out."

I take off my dark glasses so he can see my eyes. He leaves his on.

"How much you get paid for doing this kind of media poisoning?" he says for openers.

I put my dark glasses back on.

"There's only one way to find out where it's at," The Connection says, and jerks his thumb at the photographer I'm with. "Dump him and get out on the Street. Don't take money. You won't need money." He reaches into his cape and pulls out a mimeographed sheet announcing a series of classes at the Digger Free Store on How to Avoid Getting Busted, VD, Rape, Pregnancy, Beatings and Starvation. "You oughta come," The Connection says. "You'll need it."

I say maybe, but meanwhile I would like to talk to Chester Anderson.

"If we decide to get in touch with you at all," The Connection says, "we'll get in touch with you real quick." He kept an eye on me in the Park after that, but he never did call the number I gave him.

It is twilight and cold and too early to find Deadeye at the Blue Unicorn so I ring Max's bell. Barbara comes to the door.

"Max and Tom are seeing somebody on a kind of business thing," she says. "Can you come back a little later?" I am hard put to think what Max and Tom might be seeing somebody about in the way of business, but a few days later in the Park I find out.

"Hey," Tom calls. "Sorry you couldn't come up the other day, but business was being done." This time I get the point. "We got some great stuff," he adds, and begins to elaborate. Every third person in the Park this afternoon looks like a narcotics agent and I try to change the subject. Later I suggest to Max that he be more wary in public. "Listen, I'm very cautious," he says. "You can't be too careful."

By now I have an unofficial taboo contact with the San Francisco Police Department. What happens is that this cop and I meet in various late-movie ways, like I happen to be sitting in the bleachers at a baseball game and he happens to sit down next to me, and we exchange guarded generalities. No information actually passes between us, but after a while we get to kind of like each other.

"The kids aren't too bright," he is telling me on this particular day. "They'll tell you they can always spot an undercover, they'll tell you about 'the kind of car he drives.' They aren't talking about undercovers, they're talking about plainclothesmen who just happen to drive unmarked cars, like I do. They can't tell an undercover. An undercover doesn't drive some black Ford with a two-way radio."

He tells me about an undercover who was taken out of the District

because he was believed to be over-exposed, too familiar. He was transferred to the narcotics squad, and by error was immediately sent back into the District as a narcotics undercover.

The cop plays with his keys. "You want to know how smart these kids are?" he says finally. "The first week, this guy makes forty-three cases."

Some kid with braces on his teeth is playing his guitar and boasting that he got the last of the STP from Mr. X himself, and someone else is talking about some acid that will be available within the next month, and you can see that nothing much is happening around the San Francisco Oracle office this afternoon. A boy sits at a drawing board drawing the infinitesimal figures that people do on speed, and the kid with the braces watches him. "I'm gonna shoot my wo--man," he sings softly. "She been with a--noth--er man." Someone works out the numerology of my name and the name of the photographer I'm with. The photographer's is all white and the sea ("If I were to make you some beads, see, I'd do it mainly in white," he is told), but mine has a double death symbol. The afternoon does not seem to be getting anywhere, so it's suggested we get in touch with a man named Sandy. We are told he will take us to the Zen temple.

Four boys and one middle-aged man are sitting on a grass mat at Sandy's place, sipping anise tea and listening to Sandy read Laura Huxley's *You Are Not the Target*.

We sit down and have some anise tea. "Meditation turns us on," Sandy says. He has a shaved head and the kind of cherubic face usually seen in newspaper photographs of mass murderers. The middle-aged man, whose name is George, is making me uneasy because he is in a trance next to me and he stares at me without seeing me.

I feel that my mind is going—George is dead, or we all are—when the telephone suddenly rings.

"It's for George," Sandy says.

"George, telephone."

"George."

Somebody waves his hand in front of George and George finally gets up, bows, and moves toward the door on the balls of his feet.

"I think I'll take George's tea," somebody says. "George—are you coming back?"

George stops at the door and stares at each of us in turn. "In a moment," he snaps.

Do you know who is the first eternal spaceman of this universe?

The first to send his wild wild vibrations

To all those cosmic superstitions?

For the song he always shouts

Sends the planets flipping out . . .

But I'll tell you before you think me loony

That I'm talking about Narada Muni . . .

Singing

HARE KRISHNA HARE

KRISHNA

KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE

HARE

HARE RAMA HARE RAMA

*RAMA RAMA HARE HARE**

is a Krishna song. Words by Howard Wheeler and music by Michael Grant.

Maybe the trip is not in Zen but in Krishna, so I visit Michael Grant, the Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta's leading disciple in San Francisco. Grant is at home with his brother-in-law and his wife, a pretty girl wearing a cashmere pullover, a jumper and a red caste mark on her forehead.

"I've been associated with the Swami since about last July," Michael says. "See, the Swami came here from India and he was at this ashram (hermitage) in upstate New York and he just kept to himself and chanted a lot. For a couple of months. Pretty soon I helped him get his storefront in New York. Now it's an international movement, which we spread by teaching this chant." Michael is fingering his red wooden beads and I notice that I am the only person in the room who is wearing shoes. "It's catching on like wildfire."

"If everybody chanted," the brother-in-law says, "there wouldn't be any problem with the police or anybody."

"Ginsberg calls the chant ecstasy, but the Swami says that's not exactly it." Michael walks across the room and straightens a picture of Krishna as a baby. "Too bad you can't meet the Swami," he adds. "The Swami's in New York now."

"Ecstasy's not the right word at all," says the brother-in-law, who has been thinking about it. "It makes you think of some mundane ecstasy."

The next day I drop by Max and Sharon's, and find them in bed smoking a little morning hash. Sharon once advised me that even half a joint of grass would make getting up in the morning a beautiful thing. I ask Max how Krishna strikes him.

"You can get a high on a mantra," he says. "But I'm holy on acid."

Max passes the joint to Sharon and leans back. "Too bad you couldn't meet the Swami," he says. "The Swami was the turn-on."

"Anybody who thinks this is all about drugs has his head in a bag. It's a social movement, quintessentially romantic, the kind that recurs in times of real social crisis. The themes are always the same. A return to innocence. The invocation of an earlier authority and control. The mysteries of the blood. An itch for the transcendental, for purification. Right there you've got the ways that romanticism historically ends up in trouble, lends itself to authoritarianism. When the direc-

tion appears. How long do you think it'll take for that to happen?"

is a question a San Francisco psychiatrist asked me.

At the time I was in San Francisco the political potential of the movement was just becoming clear. It had always been clear to the revolutionary core of the Diggers, whose guerrilla talent was now bent on open confrontations and the creation of a summer emergency, and it was clear to many of the doctors and priests and sociologists who had occasion to work in the District, and it could rapidly become clear to any outsider who bothered to decode Chester Anderson's call-to-action communiqués or to watch who was there first at the street skirmishes which now set the tone for life in the District. One did not have to be a political analyst to see it: The boys in the rock groups saw it, because they were often where it was happening. "In the Park there are always twenty or thirty people below the stand," one of the Grateful Dead complained to me, "ready to take the crowd on some militant trip."

But the peculiar beauty of this political potential, as far as the activists were concerned, was that it remained not clear at all to most of the inhabitants of the District. Nor was it clear to the press, which at varying levels of competence continued to report "the hippie phenomenon" as an extended panty raid; an artistic avant-garde led by such comfortable YMHA regulars as Allen Ginsberg; or a thoughtful protest, not unlike joining the Peace Corps.

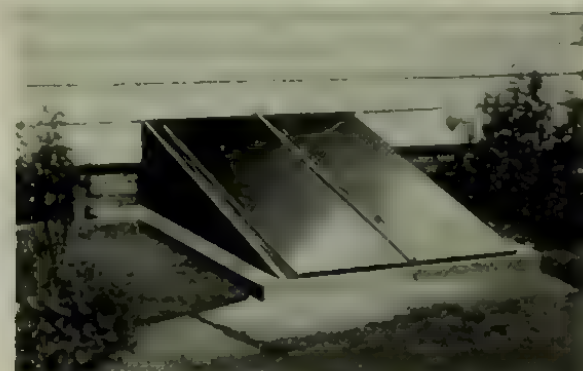
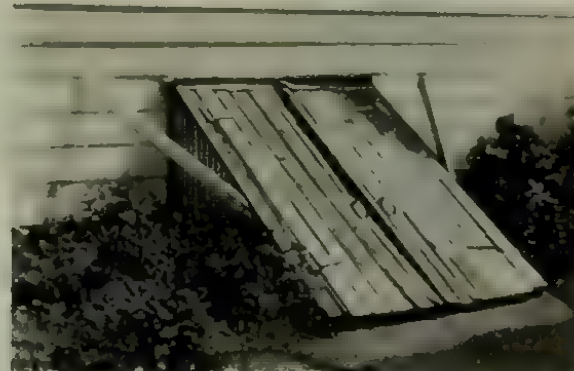
This last, or they're-trying-to-tell-us-something approach, reached its apogee in July in a *Time* cover story which revealed that hippies "scorn money—they call it 'bread,'" and remains the most remarkable, if unwitting, extant evidence that the signals between the generations are irrevocably jammed.

Because the signals the press was getting were immaculate of political possibilities, the tensions of the District went unremarked upon, even during the period when there were so many observers on Haight Street from *Life* and *Look* and CBS that they were largely observing one another. The observers believed roughly what the children told them: That they were a generation dropped out of political action, beyond power games, that the New Left was on an ego trip.



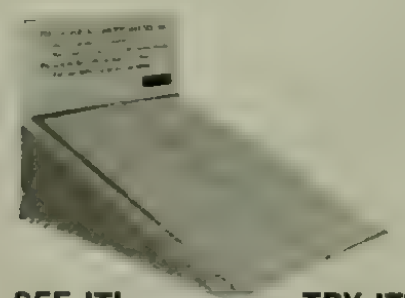
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But I don't want a veterinarian . . . it's for Harriet . . . she's inside."

Ergo, there really were no activists in the Haight-Ashbury, and those things which happened every Sunday were spontaneous demonstrations because, just as the Diggers say, the police are brutal and juveniles have no rights and runaways are deprived of their right to self-determination, and people are starving to death on Haight Street.

Of course the activists—not those whose thinking had become rigid, but those whose approach to revolution was imaginatively anarchic—had long ago grasped the reality which still eluded the press: We were seeing something important. We were seeing the desperate attempt of a handful of pathetically unequipped children to create a community in a social vacuum. Once we had seen these children, we could no longer overlook the vacuum, no longer pretend that the society's atomization could be reversed. At some point between 1945 and 1967 we had somehow neglected to tell these children the rules of the game we happened to be playing. Maybe we had stopped believing in the rules ourselves, maybe we were having a failure of nerve about the game. Or maybe there were just too few people around to do the telling. These were children who grew up cut loose from the web of cousins and great-aunts and family doctors and lifelong neighbors who had traditionally suggested and enforced the society's values. They are children who have moved around a lot, *San Jose, Chula Vista, here*. They are less in rebellion against the society than ignorant of it, able only to feed back certain of its most publicized self-doubts, *Vietnam, diet pills, the Bomb*.

They feed back exactly what is given them. Because they do not believe in words—words are for “type-heads,” Chester Anderson tells them, and a thought which needs words is just another ego trip—their only proficient vocabulary is in the society's platitudes. As it happens, I am still committed to the idea that the ability to think for oneself depends upon one's mastery of the language, and I am not optimistic about children who will settle for saying, to indicate that their mother and father do not live together, that they come from “a broken home.” They are 14, 15, 16 years old, younger all the time, an army of children waiting to be given the words.

Peter Berg knows a lot of words. “Is Peter Berg around?” I ask. “Maybe.” “Are you Peter Berg?” “Yeh.”

The reason Peter Berg does not bother to share too many words with me is because two of the words he knows are “media poisoning.” Peter Berg wears a gold earring and is perhaps the only person in the District upon whom a gold earring looks obscurely ominous. He belongs to the San Francisco Mime Troupe, some of whose members started the Artist's Liberation Front for “those who seek to combine their creative urge with socio-political involvement.” It was out of the Mime Troupe that the Diggers grew, during the 1966 Hunter's Point riots when it seemed a good idea to give away food and do puppet shows in the streets, making fun of the National Guard. Along with Arthur Lisch,

Peter Berg is part of the shadow leadership of the Diggers, and it was he who more or less invented and first introduced to the press the notion that there would be an influx into San Francisco this summer of 200,000 indigent adolescents. The only conversation I ever have with Peter Berg is about how he holds me personally responsible for the way *Life* captioned Henri Cartier-Bresson's pictures out of Cuba, but I like to watch him at work in the Park.

Big Brother is playing in the Panhandle and almost everybody is high and it is a pretty nice Sunday afternoon between three and six o'clock, which the activists say are the three hours of the week when something is most likely to happen in the Haight-Ashbury, and who turns up but Peter Berg. He is with his wife and six or

up what they can't get & how you get away with it & how come you not a faggot with hair so long & they want haight street one way or the other. IF YOU DON'T KNOW, BY AUGUST HAIGHT STREET WILL BE A CEMETERY.

Max reads the flier and stands up. “I'm getting bad vibes,” he says, and he and Sharon leave.

I have to stay around because I'm looking for Otto so I walk over to where the Mime Troupers have formed a circle around a Negro. Peter Berg is saying, if anybody asks, that this is street theater, and I figure the curtain is up because what they are doing right now is jabbing the Negro with the nightsticks. They jab, and they bare their teeth, and they rock on the balls of their feet, and they wait.

“I'm beginning to get annoyed here,” the Negro says. “I'm gonna get mad.”

By now there are several Negroes around, reading the signs and watching.

Hazel by Ted Key



“Knobby . . .”

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

seven other people, along with Chester Anderson's associate The Connection, and the first peculiar thing is, they're in blackface. I mention to Max and Sharon that some members of the Mime Troupe seem to be in blackface.

“It's street theater,” Sharon assures me. “It's supposed to be really groovy.”

The Mime Troupers get a little closer, and there are some other peculiar things about them. For one thing they are tapping people on the head with dimestore plastic nightsticks, and for another they are wearing signs on their backs: HOW MANY TIMES YOU BEEN RAPED, YOU LOVE FREAKS? and things like that. Then they are distributing communication-company fliers which say:

& this summer thousands of un-white un-suburban boppers are going to want to know why you've given

“Just beginning to get annoyed, are you?” one of the Mime Troupers says. “Don't you think it's about time?”

“Listen, here,” another Negro says. “There's room for everybody in the Park.”

“Yeah?” a girl in blackface says. “Everybody *who*?”

“Why,” he says, confused. “Everybody. In America.”

“In *America*,” the blackface girl shrieks. “Listen to him talk about *America*.”

“Listen,” he says. “Listen here.”

“What'd *America* ever do for you?” the girl in blackface jeers. “White kids here, they can sit in the Park all summer long, listening to music, because their big-shot parents keep sending them money. Who ever sends you money?”

“Listen,” the Negro says helplessly.

You're gonna start something here, this isn't right —”

“You tell us what's right, black boy,” the girl says.

The youngest member of the black-face group, an earnest tall kid about 19, 20, is hanging back at the edge of the scene. I offer him an apple and ask what is going on. “Well,” he says, “I'm new at this, I'm just beginning to study it, but you see the capitalists are taking over the District, and that's what Peter—well, ask Peter.”

I did not ask Peter. It went on for a while. But on that particular Sunday between three and six o'clock everyone was too high, and the weather was too good, and the Hunter's Point gangs who usually come in between three and six on Sunday afternoon had come in on Saturday instead, and nothing started. While I waited for Otto I asked a little girl I had met a couple of times before what she had thought of it. “It's something groovy they call street theater,” she said. I said I had wondered if it might not have political overtones. She is 17 years old and she worked it around in her mind for a while and finally she remembered a couple of words from somewhere. “Maybe it's some John Birch thing,” she said.

When I finally find Otto he says, “I got something at my place that'll blow your mind,” and when we get there I see a child on the living-room floor, wearing a reefer coat, reading a comic book. She keeps licking her lips in concentration and the only off thing about her is that she's wearing white lipstick.

“Five years old,” he says. “On acid.”

The five-year-old's name is Susan, and she tells me she is in High Kindergarten. She lives with her mother and some other people, just got over the measles, wants a bicycle for Christmas, and particularly likes soda, ice cream, Marty in the Jefferson Airplane, Bob in the Grateful Dead, and the beach. She remembers going to the beach once a long time ago and wishes she had taken a bucket. For a year her mother has given her acid and peyote. Susan describes it as getting stoned.

I start to ask if any of the other children in High Kindergarten get stoned, but I falter at the key words.

“She means do the other kids in your class turn on, *get stoned*,” says the friend of her mother's who brought her to Otto's.

“Only Sally and Anne,” Susan says.

“What about Lia?” her mother's friend prompts.

“Lia,” Susan says, “is not in High Kindergarten.”

Sue Ann's three-year-old Michael started a fire this morning before anyone was up, but Don got it out before much damage was done. Michael burned his arm, though, which is probably why his mother was so jumpy when she happened to see him chewing on an electric cord. “You'll fry like rice,” she screamed. The only people around were Don and one of Sue Ann's macrobiotic friends and somebody who was on his way to a commune in the Santa Lucias, and they didn't notice Sue Ann screaming at Michael because they were in the kitchen trying to retrieve some very good Moroccan hash which had dropped down through a floorboard that had been damaged in the fire. □

of the drug? "I wouldn't consider giving another person a drug I hadn't taken myself," says Weil. "When you're dealing with a drug that affects experience, that's one of the best ways to do it."

Weil's primary interest these days is the way in which psychedelics sometimes appear to effect psychosomatic cures (he investigates that thesis in his next book for Houghton Mifflin, forthcoming this fall). Psychoactive substances, Weil posits, give people another way of looking at their relationship to their bodies. He notes that there has never been a case of drug overdose or toxicity in the physical sense: "Psychedelics," he says, "are the safest medical drugs known."

I TAKE LEAVE OF WEIL TO VISIT DR. RICHARD EVANS SCHULTES—Weil's mentor during the '60s, now his neighbor at the Botanical Museum and one of the most highly regarded ethnobotanists in America. In his many years of field work, primarily in the Amazon, Schultes succeeded in identifying more than one hundred psychoactive plants.

Dr. Schultes, it turns out, is not as enthusiastic as some people about the use of psychedelics in our culture. "I use the word *hallucinogenic*," he says. "I leave the word *psychedelic* for Mr. Leary and his friends."

What is his objection?

"I look with a dim eye on using hallucinogens to get the mystic experience," he says. "Some people are sincere, others are not. It's a cultural difference: primitive peoples think of sickness and death as being caused by interference from the spirit world, and these few plants that have these extraordinary effects allow them to commune with the spirits. They don't have that use in our history. We lack the thousands of years of experience. We lack the appreciation of them as sacred."

Well, I ask, does he think that our culture will ever learn to use hallucinogenic plants in a sacred manner?

"I don't think so," says Dr. Schultes. "It's just not in our culture. Look at the way we treat alcohol."

AT DR. SCHULTES'S INVITATION, I VISIT THE Tina and Gordon Wasson Ethnomycol-

ogy Library down the hall. Valentina Pavlovna Wasson, a Russian-born pediatrician, and R. Gordon Wasson were the first non-Indians in recorded history to partake of the sacred mushroom *teonanacatl* ("flesh of the gods"). Their collection of material on ethnomycology—the study of mushrooms and human beings—contains over 2,500 books and a number of rare objects corroborating the Wassons' theory (put forth in a number of books) that the worship of the mushroom goes back to the dawn of human history. There are many objects from China and Japan, as well as "mushroom stones" from Guatemala, for example, and a ceramic statue from Mexico, about two thousand years old, of a goddess talking to a giant mushroom.

Recently, Alvaro Estrada, a Mexican anthropologist who speaks Maztec, recorded, translated, and published the autobiography of Maria Sabina, the traditional Mexican *curandera* (healer) who first gave Wasson the sacred mushrooms. "Before Wasson," says Maria, "I felt that the *saint children* [mushrooms] elevated me. I don't feel like that anymore . . . From the moment the foreigners arrived, the *saint children* lost their purity. They lost their force."

"These words make me wince," Wasson writes in the preface to *Maria Sabina: Her Life and Chants*. "I, Gordon Wasson, am held responsible for the end of a religious practice in Mesoamerica that goes back far, for millennia. I fear she spoke the truth, exemplifying her wisdom. A practice carried on in secret for centuries has now been aerated and aeration spells the end."

Yet, Wasson recalls, "At the time of my first *velada* [ceremony] with Maria Sabina, in 1955, I had to make a choice: suppress my experience or resolve to present it worthily to the world. There was never a doubt in my mind."

I put in a call to Wasson, now retired in Connecticut, to ask whether he sees a role for the sacred mushrooms or similar substances in our world today. "I personally see no role," he answers. And then there is a long pause, and I have the feeling that this man, now in his eighties, who years ago was somehow picked to discover a secret that had been kept for thousands of years, is looking back into

time and then forward, the corridors of space unfolding like an accordion. "But I could be wrong," he says. "After all, I don't know what our culture can develop. It changes so quickly, you know."



Reading High

The renewed interest in psychedelics is reflected in a new wave of books on the subject. Here are some of the latest and best:

Chocolate to Morphine: Understanding Mind-Active Drugs by Andrew Weil, M.D., and Winifred Rosen (Houghton Mifflin, 1983): Written for young adults, this reliable, straightforward guide is equally informative and useful for old adults.

Flashbacks: An Autobiography by Timothy Leary (J. P. Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, 1983): High adventure and revealing gossip about what it was like to turn on the world.

LSD—My Problem Child by Albert Hofmann (J. P. Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, 1983): A charming introduction to the discoverer of LSD, who emerges as a remarkably gentle and wise fellow.

Maria Sabina: Her Life and Chants by Alvaro Estrada (Ross-Erikson, 1981): A rare portrayal of the use of sacred plants in a traditional society.

Moksha: Writings on Psychedelics and the Visionary Experience, by Aldous Huxley, edited by Michael Horowitz and Cynthia Palmer (J. P. Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, 1982): A wide-ranging collection of hitherto scattered pieces on matters psychedelic.

Psychedelic Drugs Reconsidered by Lester Grinspoon and James B. Bakalar (Basic Books/Harper Colophon, rev. ed., 1981): One of those rarities—a readable scholarly work, with a comprehensive annotated bibliography.

Psychedelics Encyclopedia by Peter Stafford (J. P. Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, rev. ed., 1983): Both an essential reference work and a fascinating repository of psychedelic lore.

in the field. They contend that "almost as many people are experimenting with psychedelic drugs now as in the late '60s, but fewer are taking them habitually, trying to build a vision of the universe and a way of life on them, or suffering disastrous reactions. The novelty is gone, their limitations and dangers are better understood, and their virtues easier to put into perspective; as often happens after a new epidemic, abuse has stopped."

Even so, Bakalar tells us, a central problem remains. He begins his talk by quoting a Mexican Indian who once told anthropologist Peter Furst, "Aspirin is a drug; peyote is sacred."

"Twenty years after beginning claims of spectacular success," says Bakalar, "there is hostile incredulity. Twenty years after, LSD is a pariah drug."

Bakalar takes a cultural historian's long view of the matter. "The tendency for psychedelics to spill over into religious experiences is responsible," he says. "There is a deeply ingrained cultural attitude against it." As Bakalar points out, in our society, drugs "are either medicine or to be abused." Since that is the case, our society simply has no proper classification for psychedelics. "Psychedelic therapy," Bakalar tells the assembled psychiatrists, "is too close to religion for either psychiatrists or ministers."

The panel closes with a question-and-answer session, where a psychiatrist asks Dr. Kurland about the prospects for funding LSD research. "There are no funds," Kurland says. "It's more or less a labor of love."

Concludes the moderator: "Appropriately, love is going to be the last word."

DEATH/REBIRTH

A Primal Theory

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT FROM THE APA symposium is Dr. Stanislav Grof, the author of a number of authoritative texts on psychedelic therapy. Dr. Grof is very busy these days; in addition to giving workshops at Esalen Institute (where he is scholar-in-residence) and in Europe, he has just finished serving as technical advisor to a new movie, *Brainstorm*, the story of a scientist who explores altered states of consciousness.

Dr. Grof began his work with LSD at the Psychiatric Research Institute in 1954. "When I left Czechoslovakia in 1967," Grof told *New Age* over the phone from his home in Big Sur, "there were forty places working with LSD and only four hundred psychiatrists in the whole country. Anybody who wanted an LSD session, all they had to do was call one of the places. Nobody was controlling us."

Psychedelic therapy is too close to religion for either psychiatrists or ministers.

While the Czech researchers did not have the problems that Americans did—there simply was no possibility of illicit drug use in Czechoslovakia, says Dr. Grof—they did run into certain ideological difficulties. The results of their LSD research did not exactly fit the official Marxist version of psychiatry. "The first level people got was Freudian," he recalls. "That was bad enough. The other level was mystical, which was even worse. So people had to not talk about the research. The Russians never liked it."

Grof continued his research with Dr. Kurland at the Spring Grove Mental Hospital in Maryland. There, he worked with alcoholics and the dying, and other patients requiring psychotherapy. From observations of 3,500 LSD sessions, Grof formulated a theory that the typical sequence of an LSD experience in some way recapitulates the experience of birth: "I was struck by the astonishing parallels between these patterns and the clinical stages of delivery," he writes in *LSD Psychotherapy* (1980). "In this process, the individual has to face the deepest roots of existential despair, metaphysical anxiety and loneliness, murderous aggression, abysmal guilt and inferiority feelings, as well as excruciating physical discomfort and the agony of total annihilation." However, says Grof, with the proper guidance, these expe-

riences can also "open up access to the opposite end of the spectrum—orgiastic feelings of cosmic proportions, spiritual liberation and enlightenment, a sense of ecstatic connection with all creation, and mystical union with the creative principle in the universe."

"Psychedelic therapy involving experiences on the perinatal level," he concludes, "thus seem to represent a twentieth-century version of a process that has been practiced through millennia in various temple mysteries, rites of passage, secret initiations, and religious meetings of ecstatic sects."

I ask Grof whether the painful experiences involved in reliving birth traumas might account for "bad trips." "The whole concept of the bad trip was not based on solid understanding," is his response. "The most difficult experience can be the most transformative and healing. It's an opportunity as well as a problem. I don't share that idea of a 'bummer.' It's a word that's alien to me."

Currently, Grof and his wife, Christina, are working with a nondrug therapy—"holotropic therapy"—which uses a combination of controlled breathing, hyperventilation, music, and body work. "It's safer," says Grof. Also, of course, "you can't legislate against breathing."

Grof's most recent brush with psychedelic backlash was fairly typical: "Dr. Gordon Bell at the Drummond Institute in Toronto had done pilot studies in alcoholism and was very interested in starting an LSD research project. He invited Christina and me to give a series of lectures open to the public. We also trained some staff, about fourteen people. Then journalists picked up the story. The trustees threatened to cut off funding because of this 'dangerous venture.' Even though we had government permission, it created an incredible schism."

Grof feels that in order for LSD therapy to be successful, there would have to be better training for therapists. He is one of a number of therapists who believe that higher doses of LSD are more effective. "Being more effective, it's always more risky," he says. "That's always the case. When dealing with electricity, there is less risk than when dealing with atomic energy. The training would have to be more responsible."

All the problems and bad press notwithstanding, Grof still feels that the situation is "better than before": "These days more and more professionals are getting comfortable with the kinds of powerful and elemental states that psychedelics can produce—through gestalt, body therapy, and other 'nonverbal' therapies. Also, many of the effects of psychedelics which didn't make sense to the Cartesian way of thinking seem more comprehensible what with the New Physics, Information Theory, Prigogine, and Sheldrake. Psychedelics fit into the major paradigm shift in science.

"In ten years psychiatry should be much more able to deal with psychedelics," Grof predicts. "There should be a comeback in psychedelics."

BACK AT HARVARD

Stirrings at the Source

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 8, 1983: I CATCH UP WITH Andrew Weil, president of the Beneficial Plant Research Association, at the Harvard Botanical Museum, where he is a Visiting Fellow. The Botanical Museum is the home of the famous glass flowers, as well as the base of the best-known ethnobotany program in the country and the repository for R. Gordon Wasson's remarkable collection of sacred mushroom lore.

In 1963 Andy Weil was a Harvard undergraduate in biology, and a reporter on the *Crimson*. As a matter of fact, it is generally believed that Weil, more than anyone else, was responsible for the *Crimson* stories that attracted the national publicity which ultimately led to Leary's and Alpert's expulsion from the garden of Harvard. Weil looks back on that era with a laugh: "The people who used psychedelics thought of me as the archdemon then," he says. He admits that he used psychedelics himself at the time. So why did he break the story? "I got carried away with being an investigative reporter."

But that is all behind him now. As if to atone for his journalistic zeal, Weil went on to Harvard Medical School for his M.D., then did research with the National Institute for Mental Health on marijuana, and wrote his 1972 classic *The Natural*

Mind—a book that Alan Watts hailed as "an incredibly sane approach to the 'drug problem.'"

Sane as it might seem from today's perspective, the book—which was subtitled "A New Way of Looking at Drugs and the Higher Consciousness"—was rather radical for its time. In fact the president of Houghton Mifflin held up production until he was able to check it out with several Boston physicians. The venerable house was reluctant to put out a book that in any way seemed to condone drug use.

Weil's thesis was "that the desire to alter consciousness periodically is an innate, normal drive analogous to hunger or the sexual drive." As an example, he pointed to the fact that three- and four-year-olds "commonly whirl themselves into vertiginous stupors." We all, he asserted, need to "get high" sometimes—and drugs "are merely one means of satisfying this drive."

People have learned how to use psychedelics better—how not to take them in New York subways.

In his recently released book, *Choccolate to Morphine*, co-authored with children's writer Winifred Rosen, Weil starts out by declaring, "Drugs are here to stay," and goes on to deliver some of the most sensible and helpful advice ever published on the subject. Part of the reason for its appeal, no doubt, is the fact that Weil and Rosen are willing to talk about the pleasant and useful things that drugs can be used for, as well as the problems that may arise.

Weil is just back from an eleven-city tour to promote the book. "Psychedelic use is up, primarily because of the mushroom," he reports. "It has just been quiet. People have learned how to use psychedelics better—how not to take them in New York subways."

We're walking through Harvard Yard in the first burst of New England spring. Weil stops short next to a lilac bush in full flower, pulls a branch down to his nose, and inhales deeply. A few more steps and he spots a cluster of mushrooms growing in a patch of grass. He jumps the fence and peers down. "Inky Caps," he says with delight. "They're usually not up so soon." He picks up a handful and then, as we continue on through the Yard, tosses them onto another patch of lawn—"seeding," he laughs. Are Inky Caps psychoactive, by any chance? No, he says, but some years ago he found a new species of psilocybin on a college campus in the Northwest, and the news spread fast . . .

I ask him whether he gets the sense, as other researchers have reported, that the country has somehow come to terms with psychedelics. He agrees that in the past ten years there have been fewer "bad trips"—and that in fact, the whole idea of the "bad trip" may be a misnomer. "A bad trip is really a panic reaction," he says, and he refers me to Howard Becker's 1963 sociological study of drug use, *Outsiders*. Drugs, Becker pointed out, fit into certain societal expectations—the cultural "set" so dear to Timothy Leary and associates—and if people don't know what to expect, or if the media lead them to expect the worst, then very likely that is what they will get. During the '20s and '30s, for example, people who smoked "killer weed" (marijuana) tended to react with fear and violence—a far cry from the "laid-back" reaction that is now the norm. Becker extrapolated his findings to predict that within the next decade psychedelic "freak-outs" would decline as people learned what to expect—which, says Weil, is exactly what has happened.

Weil has an interesting take on why some therapists have had such good results with LSD therapy even though other sources consider it dangerous and capricious. "Somebody who understood how to use it would get fantastic results," he says, "and someone else who saw it as a magic bullet, just a pill that would have amazing effects, would not have very good results." In other words, the LSD therapist should have some experience

here he sounds more than a little wistful—"that I guess the world wasn't ready for us."

Alpert won't let him get away with that one. "Oh, I don't know," he says, scarcely stirring from his meditative posture. "I think everything happened just the way it was meant to happen."

IN DECEMBER, '62, FOUR MONTHS before their dismissal from Harvard, Alpert and Leary sent a letter to the *Crimson* decrying the fact that "for the first time since the Inquisition there now exists a scientific underground in the United States. What is in question is the freedom of control of consciousness..."

The two have had their ups and downs (particularly Leary), but they seem to have survived the Inquisition in style. In the aftermath of the gala reunion, they're relaxing back at the Sheraton Commander Hotel, propped up, shoes off, in two single beds separated by a night table. Outside, the spring rain falls steadily.

"I must tell you that my experience with Richard today was an extraordinary event," Leary says. "I have almost total amnesia from it. I was enveloped in a cloud of pleasure and intuitive reactivity with the audience, in harmony, and I don't have a clue as to what I said. I kind of knew it was all right. When you're making love, you don't remember, 'Well, I did this, and then I did that'—but it sure felt good, and it worked out, and everyone was happy."

Leary and Alpert, now 62 and 52, have just spent forty-eight hours with each other, mostly on a farm in Massachusetts, and they are still enjoying their time together—despite or because of their different approaches. (Leary, for example, says Alpert is a Gandhi man, whereas he far prefers E.T.)

I ask them if they've heard the same rumors we have: that there's a psychedelic renaissance underway.

"I hear it coming back in all around the country," says Leary. "I hear it in Paris, I hear it in the United States and Canada. It's starting to be talked about again. People are starting to come in with a little more interesting view now."

Would it be appropriate to ask Dr. Leary how often he uses LSD himself?

"About once a month," he says. "And I always feel that I don't use it enough, simply because I get too hung up—as

sion and so naturally they are concerned with careers. But these are temporary trends; they're surface. These kids may be working like hell from Monday to Thursday, but on weekends they're partying—they're really living it up more joyously than the generation before.

Earlier that day, at Sanders, someone in the audience had asked, "Where do we go from here?" and Leary had answered—to general applause—"Everyone is the pilot of your own spaceship. There's no reason you can't go where you want to go." Now that the scene is more reflective, I decide to try again: "Where *do* we go from here?" I ask.

Leary and Alpert look across at each other for a long moment.

"I'm going to Cohasset to see my father," says Alpert.

"I'm going to Cannes Film Festival to see my new movie," says Leary.

Well, I think, that's what you get for asking a question like that.

But Leary hasn't finished. "I think our message to the readers of *New Age* is that the voyage has hardly begun, and for God's sake, don't be frightened, and have good heart. There's no limit to

human intelligence and human vision and human creativity, so for God's sake don't settle for anything less than almost everything."

"Yes," Alpert murmurs, "for God's sake."

As our interview ends, a young reporter from the *Crimson* comes in, and Leary proposes a karmic tradeoff. Since it was the stories in the *Crimson* that led to their firing, he says, it seems only fitting that the *Crimson* should break the news of their desire to teach at Harvard again—just a temporary appointment, of course. Richard Alpert proposes a course called "Experiments in Truth," and Timothy Leary, after a moment's thought, says he wants to teach "The Evolution of Intelligence in Species and Individuals."



Jeremy Bigwood

Ethnobotanist Andrew Weil

everyone does—in the pressures of living."

How does he see the psychedelic renaissance fitting in with the new conservatism?

"This is a period of conservatism for at least two obvious reasons," he answers, lighting up a More. "Number one, the kids from the '60s are now raising families, so you just can't take off in a Volkswagen bus and up to Woodstock to take acid for a week. It's right, natural, and in every way believable, that that generation would be going through a period of householding. But I don't by any means give up on them. They preserve their sense of individuality, and they still remember the glorious and splendid world that lies within and without. And when the kids are off, they're going to bust out again like you've never seen it happen.

"At the same time, the next generation of college kids are coming along in a period when they're more than the society can handle; it's during a reces-

Association. However, only a hundred or so curious psychiatrists show up at the Madison Room for a symposium on "The Forgotten Use of LSD in Psychiatry."

The main speaker is Albert A. Kurland of the Maryland Psychiatric Research Center. Dr. Kurland is a short, balding, solidly built man with considerable energy and enthusiasm; he gives the impression of being a no-nonsense scrapper. For the past fifteen years, he has been directing the longest ongoing LSD research project in the country, focusing on alcoholics, the dying, and psychiatric patients judged unreachable by other forms of therapy.

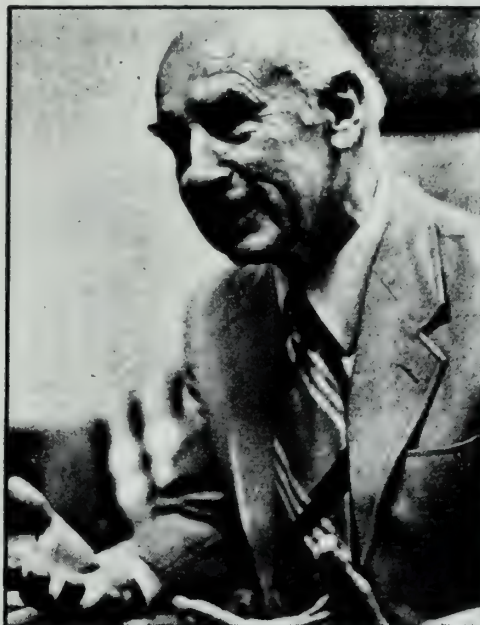
Up until recently, Dr. Kurland's project was one of the few to possess an IND (Investigational New Drug permit) from the federal Food and Drug Administration. However, when Sandoz Laboratories—apparently put off by bad press—decided to give up its patent for LSD, Kurland was forced to apply for a new IND. Much to his amazement, and that of others who follow the field, his application was refused. The reason: The FDA contended that Kurland didn't have enough experience—even though he has more than anyone else in the country at this point. The "Catch-22," to use Kurland's term, hinges on the FDA's claim that there is no accepted methodology for studying the effects of LSD—when, Kurland says, seeking the appropriate methodology was precisely the focus of his research.

"Anyone wanting to do research with LSD," he tells us with wry understatement, "must be prepared to face administrative obstacles."

Kurland feels that the FDA's scrutiny was intensified by LSD's notoriety. "There is a blurring of distinction," he notes, "between use and abuse." One of the main objections that the FDA raised—"the known problems of flashbacks alone"—in fact has no basis in clinical studies, says Kurland: "We never came across any data that would inspire doubt about the hazards of what we had done."

What Kurland did, for more than a decade, was to provide LSD-assisted psychotherapy. He evaluated his work on the basis of the Psychedelic Peak Experience Profile developed by Walter Pahnke (the graduate student who helped out on the Good Friday experi-

ment) and found that for most people, just one dose of LSD reveals that "life in general is worthwhile." The experience, he says, gives "a sense of beauty, honesty, and truth."



Greg Wong/Daily Nexus

LSD inventor Albert Hofmann

Dr. Kurland concludes his talk with a plea that we not abandon "a most promising area of research. The need," he says, "is difficult to ignore, particularly for those individuals leading lives of quiet desperation."

For most people, LSD reveals that "life in general is worthwhile."

KURLAND IS FOLLOWED BY THE LEGENDARY Dr. Humphrey Osmond, a tall, distinguished-looking Englishman currently working in the mental health department of Bryce Hospital in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Humphrey had his first experience with psychedelics with Canadian Indians who used peyote; he later had success treating alcoholics in a Saskatchewan hospital with mescaline and LSD.

Thirty years ago, Dr. Osmond tells us,

he attended another APA Association meeting, in Los Angeles. "Aldous Huxley had read a paper that I wrote on mescaline, and wondered if I might conduct a session with him," he recalls. Osmond was nervous: "I saw myself leaving LA at high speed, after having made the famous author mad. But my wife said, 'If you don't go, you'll never forgive yourself.'"

As it turned out, the two got along very well. Still, Osmond was anxious. He told Huxley that since this was to be a scientific experiment, they would need a tape recorder—and Huxley replied that he had already obtained one. Then Osmond said that it would be necessary for Huxley to have his liver-function checked—and again Huxley had already thought of it. His doctor had given him a clear bill of health.

"On a May morning, May 7, 1953, I was absolutely stymied," says Dr. Osmond. He poured some mescaline into a glass. The result was the experience which Huxley subsequently reported in *The Doors of Perception*—possibly the most persuasive argument for the "entheogenic" (that is, mystical)

use of psychedelics. Osmond recalls that later, when Huxley found out that the Ford Foundation had refused to fund a study of psychedelics, he sent a letter stating that in the future he would always buy Cheviets.

Osmond goes on to say that "the dangers of psychedelics are very minor when you consider that the roads claim 50,000 a year—or compared to the dangers of getting incinerated in a misunderstanding with our eastern [Russian] adversaries." He is also happy to share the news that "the street LSD is better quality than it was twenty years ago—which is reassuring."

Does Dr. Osmond use psychedelics now?

"If you could find me a supply in Tuscaloosa," he laughs, "I'd be extremely happy."

IT REMAINS FOR LAWYER JAMES B. BAKALAR to wrap up the symposium. Bakalar is the co-author, with Dr. Lester Grinspoon, of *Psychedelics Reconsidered* (1979), a scholarly work that is in large part responsible for renewed academic interest

Continued on page 64

reminisce. Although the event is the brainchild of a young graduate student, Joe Kasof, students are clearly a minority in the audience; for the most part these are veterans of the psychedelic '60s, come to have a reunion of their own.

over the years, "were part of a gang of very exciting young psychologists. We were going to change everything; we were going to change psychology, make it really alive and progressive, cut through the cake of custom and get on to new

meditation aimed at the mystical experience of a deeper, comprehensive reality. Such a use accords entirely with the essence and working character of LSD as a sacred drug."

As nearly everyone here knows, Alpert

went off to India while Timothy Leary went off to jail and exile, and now Alpert repeats, once again, the story of how his guru, Maharaji, tried a massive dose of LSD, without apparent effect, and then told Ram Dass that the Indians knew about this "medicine" thousands of years ago but had lost knowledge of it.

"He said it could be useful," says Alpert. "It can allow you to have the *darsban* of Christ, meaning you can come in and be the presence of the living spirit, but you can't stay there. You can only stay about two hours; then you have to leave. 'It would be better,' he said, 'to become the living spirit of Christ than to visit, but your medicine can't do that, it's not true samadhi.'"

Samadhi or not, Alpert figures that he

has never gone more than two years without taking an LSD trip—"because I always assume that I'm going to start from a different launching pad. Everything that happened in the last two years is going to give me a different space to take off—and then I also feel that I'm a member of an old explorer's club that has a loyalty to have reunions."

It's Leary's turn to talk now, and he endears himself to the audience like a seasoned talk show guest: "I've been an immigrant, a migrant, a frontiersperson on the far banks of the Pacific Ocean—a *Californian*," he says, making it sound like the most exotic calling in the world. "It's like coming back to the Old Sod to come to Boston..."

While wandering around Cambridge the past day or so, Leary says, he sud-



Rebecca Bernén

Alpert still considers LSD a sacred drug . . .

New Age "airport music" (Alpert's term) is drifting out from the speakers. Timothy Leary—wiry, silver-haired, looking very Hollywood in chocolate-colored trousers, white shoes, sports shirt open at the neck—lounges feet straight out in a swivel chair. Across from him, Richard Alpert, bald and beardless these days, sits cross-legged on top of his chair, eyes closed, exuding *inner space*.

The two men are introduced by Prof. David McClelland, a tall, thin gentlemanly fellow with a white Van Dyck beard. Twenty years ago McClelland was the head of the Social Relations Department at Harvard. It was he who hired Alpert and Leary, and he who fired them, when things got out of hand.

"Tim and Dick," says McClelland, who has remained friends with both men

worlds . . . I still think of the '60s as a great time. I mean we dreamed great dreams." The audience is with him on this one: the applause is deafening. "It was a glorious time," McClelland concludes, "and I hope we can celebrate it again today. I think it needs to be celebrated again—because we're having some kind of a throwback."

At this, Richard Alpert—who, as Ram Dass, wrote that '60s bestseller, *Be Here Now*—opens his eyes and puts in a plug for the present. "I think the '60s were great," he says, "but I think the '80s are *incredible*."

He then reads, for an opener, the concluding paragraph of *LSD—My Problem Child*. "I see the true importance of LSD," Alpert quotes Hofmann, "in the possibility of providing material aid to

denly began to realize that "there was an extraordinary tradition here, a tradition of transcendental thinking, a tradition of wondrous internal paganism, a tradition that said: Tune in, turn on"—a tradition, says Leary, that began with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Leary reminds the audience that before Emerson came to the Harvard Divinity School in 1838, he had spent time in Europe—"where he hung out with such notorious druggies as Coleridge and Wordsworth, who were expanding their minds with such substances as hashish and opium, and turning on their minds with such strange and curious and illuminating books as the *Bhagavadgita*. Emerson said: Don't look for God in temples, nor in the buildings or the pulpits. Look within. Find the divinity inside yourself. Drop out, become self-reliant—translated as 'Do your own thing.' And I believe," Leary says, gesturing out toward Harvard Yard, "that for thirty years he was not allowed back on these sacred grounds. We're back after twenty," he says,

to the audience's delight. "One piece of evidence that evolution is speeding up!"

Leary's on a roll now. He talks about another Harvard professor, William James, the father of American psychology and author of *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902)—"a book," says Leary gleefully, "which has corrupted many minds, and a book in which William James describes the glories of nitrous oxide in far more colorful prose than the most intoxicated Irishman.

"In addition to this long mainstream tradition of far-out Sufi gnostic Harvard experimentation," he continues, "there was another branch of drug research." It seems that during Leary's time at Harvard, one of the great lights of the Social Relations Department was Harry Murray, who in WWII had founded the OSS, a

precursor of the CIA. Murray, Leary reports, was very interested in mind-altering drugs—"like most intelligence men"—and he volunteered early on for the psilocybin experiments. Only recently did Leary discover, through the

as amateurs, hesitantly moving into a field that had no signposts or guidelines. There was simply no language in western psychology to describe altered states of consciousness or ecstasies or visions or terrors. The psychiatrists said



Rebecca Bernen

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Leary sees tripping as a grand old tradition

Freedom of Information Act, that the CIA had in fact been conducting psychedelic research at Harvard and other universities and hospitals for at least ten years before Leary came up with the idea. Countless psychedelic voyagers—Ken Kesey and Allen Ginsberg, for example—got their first taste of cosmic consciousness through CIA-funded research programs.

"Hundreds of Harvard students had been tripped out by answering ads in the *Crimson*," says Leary. "So when I got here, I must tell you, I was the square kid on the block."

Leary is looking back now to 1960—the year John F. Kennedy ran against Richard Nixon. "In those days it did seem almost miraculously simple," he says. "We shared these drugs as novices,

these were 'psychomimetic' experiences, but that didn't seem to tell us much. We were smart enough—and I give us this much credit—to know how little we knew."

To find out what they did not know, they took and gave psilocybin and later LSD to hundreds of people—graduate students, teaching assistants, older professors. "As a matter of fact," Leary smiles, "anyone who really wanted to take the voyage was welcome to come along.

"It did seem so simple and so wondrous," he now says again: "moving into some wonderful future, knowing that we were on some frontier . . . We kept careful records and came up with many important theories of psychopharmacology—including set and setting, and so forth. The problem was, of course"—and

who study the relationship between people and plants—believe that the use of sacred plants reaches back into the dawn of prehistory. R. Gordon Wasson, the one-time Morgan Banker who was the first researcher to taste the sacred mushroom of the Mexican Indians back in 1955, believes that a religion based on the mushroom as sacrament has been practiced for at least four thousand years. He also argues, quite convincingly, that the famous *soma*, the nectar of the gods mentioned in the ancient Vedic hymns of the Hindus, was a mushroom, and that the Eleusinian Mysteries of the ancient

Greeks were based on visions revealed through a sacred substance: ergot—from which the chemical compound LSD was later derived. LSD, of course, is the most famous—or, perhaps these days, infamous—of the psychedelic substances. It was first synthesized by Dr. Albert Hofmann at the Sandoz Pharmaceutical Company in Basel, Switzerland. Dr. Hofmann was also the first person to experience the effects of LSD. On Friday, April 16, 1943, he accidentally absorbed an infinitesimal amount through his skin. "I was forced to interrupt my work in the laboratory in the middle of the afternoon and proceed home," he recalls in his autobiography, *LSD—My Problem Child*. There he lay down and for two hours "perceived an uninterrupted stream of fantastic pictures, extraordinary shapes with intense kaleidoscopic play of colors."

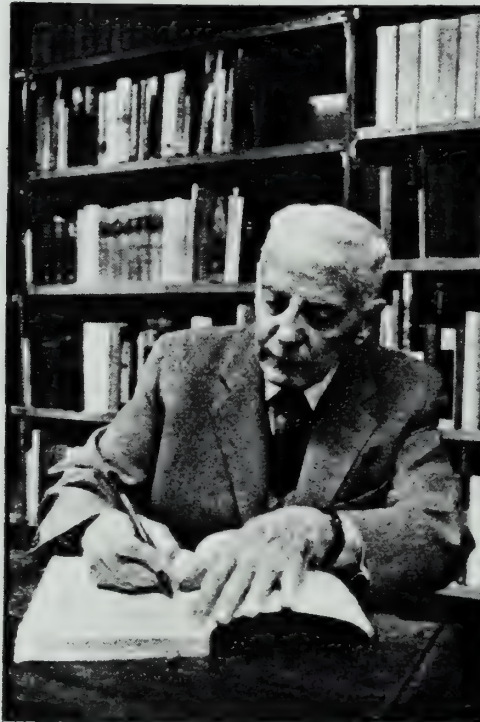
Three days later, Dr. Hofmann ingested what he felt would be a safe experimental dose—0.25 milligrams—and reported, in his lab notes, "beginning dizziness, feeling of anxiety, visual distortions, symptoms of paralysis, desire to laugh." Unable to write anymore, he asked his laboratory assistant to accompany him home. Since it was wartime, they went by bicycle. Dr. Hofmann had the impression of pedaling furiously—and not going anywhere, though his assistant later assured him that they had in fact been riding along quite rapidly. Once home, Dr. Hofmann lay down and took off on what would one day be described as an LSD trip. He felt he was going mad, he died, he came back, he had a feeling of "good fortune and gratitude," he enjoyed the marvelous colors and shapes and sounds of the world, and the next morn-

ing, when he awoke, he walked out into his garden, "in which the sun shone now after a spring rain, everything glistened and sparkled in a fresh light. The world was as if newly created."

PSYCHEDELIC RESEARCH

The Exploratory Years

DURING THE '50S AND EARLY '60S PSYCHEDELICS—the name, coined by the psychiatrist Dr. Humphrey Osmond in 1954, means "mind-revealing"—were widely, if experimentally, used in psychotherapy.



Steven Jennings

The first: R. Gordon Wasson

Taken in small doses, say, 25 to 100 micrograms as opposed to the typical "street" dose of 500 micrograms—psychedelics seemed to be of great value. As Dr. Albert A. Kurland, who used them in a London clinic during the '50s reports, "LSD therapy had three main advantages: consciousness was maintained, resistance overcome, and unconscious material brought up." Some early researchers also believed that psychedelics could induce a "model psychosis" in subjects—which could then be studied for clues to the cause of diseases like schizophrenia. In any case, the interest in LSD therapy ran high—so to speak—in the psychiatric community during

those early days, and by the mid-'60s more than one thousand papers had been published on the subject.

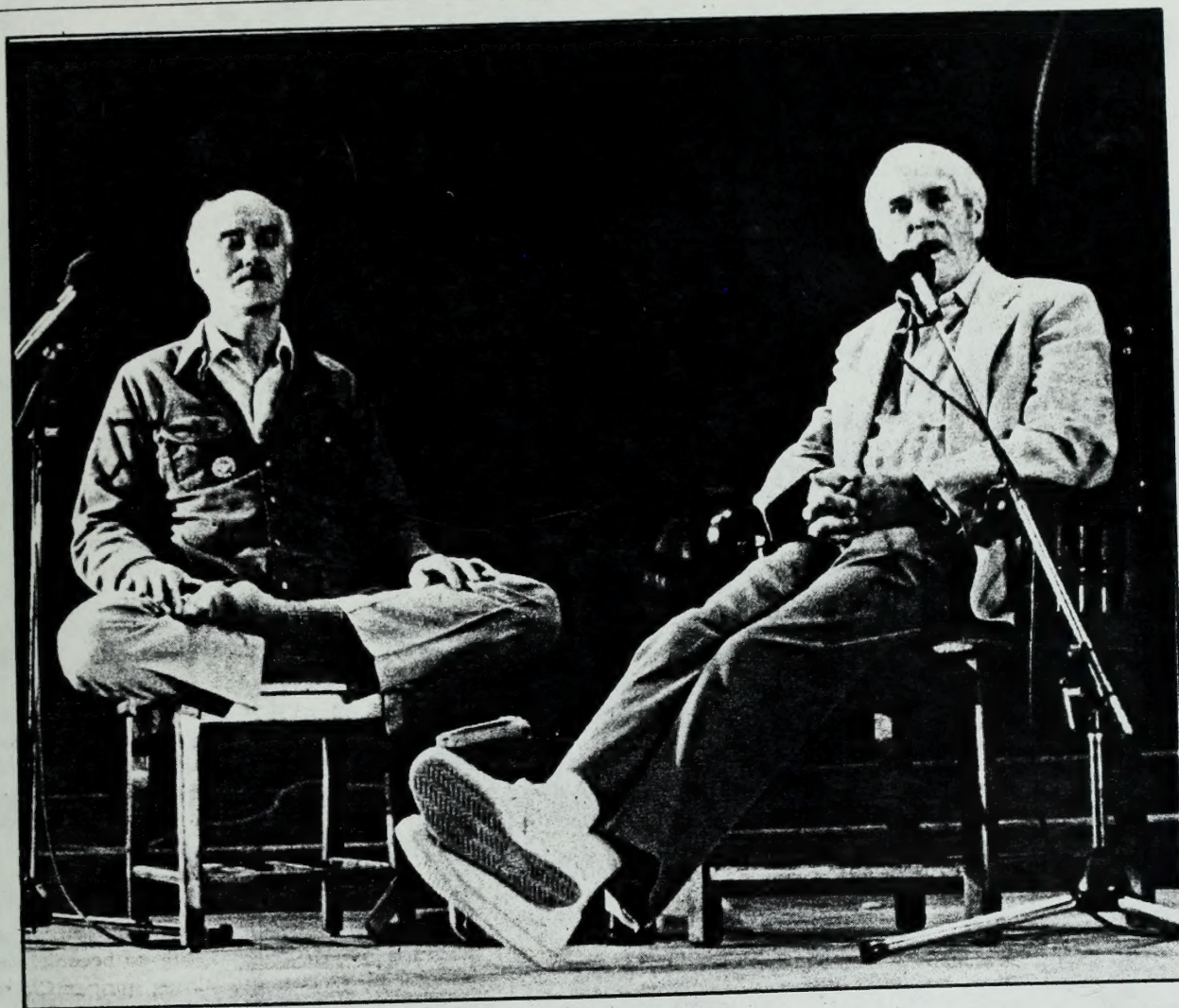
In 1960 a young psychologist by the name of Dr. Timothy Leary joined the ranks of psychedelic researchers. Dr. Leary had just started teaching in the Social Relations Department at Harvard when he tried the sacred mushrooms of the Mexicans one summer in Cuernavaca. "Like everyone else who has taken the mushroom," he writes in his recently released autobiography, *Flashbacks*, "I came back a changed man."

That fall, he and his colleague, Dr. Richard Alpert, started the Harvard Psychedelic Research Project. First using psilocybin (which Dr. Hofmann had synthesized from the sacred mushroom), Leary and his group studied the reactions of many prominent artists and thinkers to psychedelics. They also ran a Prison Project, which appeared to help criminals, in Leary's words, to see through their "cops-and-robbers game" for the first time in their lives. Though the study was inconclusive (it was suspended when Leary and Alpert were fired from Harvard in 1963), the preliminary results were impressive: the recidivism (return-to-prison) rate of the participants was considerably lower than the norm.

During that same period, Dr. Walter Houston Clark, a leader in the field of the psychology of religion, supervised the famous "Good Friday" experiment at Boston University's Marsh Chapel. Fifteen theology students were given psilocybin and fifteen a placebo before the service began. Theoretically, no one was supposed to

know who had taken which, but apparently it soon became clear to everyone. When graduate student Walter Pahnke tested the participants with Dr. W. T. Stace's criteria for mystical experience, all of the psychedelized students reported intense religious experiences.

As the members of the Harvard Psychedelic Research Project grew more and more enthusiastic—and as they began to attract many of the brightest graduate students to their department—opposition grew. The basic charge was that Leary and his colleagues had lost their scientific objectivity. They seemed to enjoy experimenting on themselves a little too much, and their habit of taking



Jeffrey B. Minkowitz

Richard Alpert and Timothy Leary: back at Harvard after twenty years' exile

the drug alongside their subjects did nothing to allay nervous administrators. Leary, for his part, insisted that it is unethical to give someone a drug without being willing to take it oneself. The dilemma facing the scientific community at this time was neatly summed up by R. Gordon Wasson: in a special issue of the *Harvard Review* on "Drugs and the Mind," published in 1963, he wrote, "We are all divided into classes: those who have taken the mushroom and are disqualified by our subjective experience, and those who have not taken the mushroom and are disqualified by their total ignorance of the subject."

On May 28, 1963, after a series of articles in the *Harvard Crimson* attracted national attention and press coverage, Richard Alpert was fired for breaking his agreement not to give drugs to undergraduates. Timothy Leary, who had

already decided to pursue his controversial research independent of the university, was also fired—for "leaving Cambridge and his classes without permission." Whatever the virtues of the actual charges, the university action was clearly just the first step in an ongoing campaign to contain and discredit psychedelic drug use.

An editorial in the same *Crimson* that headlined the firing of Alpert and Leary cautioned: "It would be unfortunate if the firing led to the suppression of legitimate research into the effects of hallucinogenic compounds. Such drugs as mescaline, psilocybin, and LSD may be of real value in scientific studies of the mind and in the treatment of mental illness."

Unfortunate, perhaps—but that is exactly what has happened. Twenty years after Leary and Alpert left Harvard to bring their message to the world, the

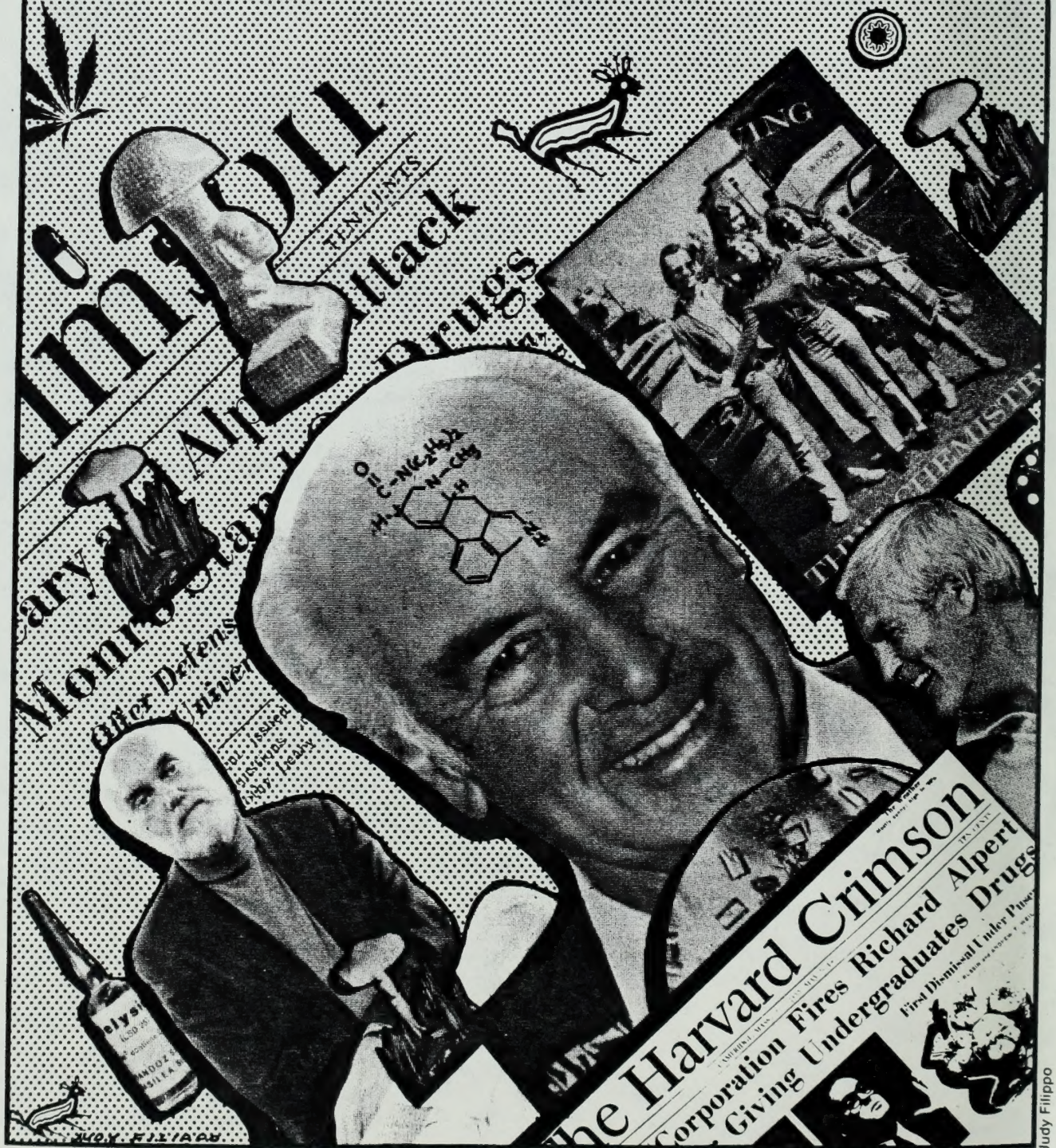
"suppression of legitimate research" is all but complete. Though a scattered underground network of therapists still employs psychedelics, and street use continues unabated, only a handful of researchers are still officially investigating those substances which Aldous Huxley hailed as revealing "the glory, the infinite value and meaningfulness of naked existence."

LEARY AND ALPERT A Meeting of Heads

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 14, 1983: Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert are back at Harvard for a "twentieth anniversary reunion." Nearly two thousand people—a sellout crowd—have flocked to Harvard's Sanders Theatre on a rainy Sunday morning to hear them

FLASHBACK & FAST FORWARD

Psychedelics in the '80s



I am lying on my back in a suburban New England livingroom, covering a story on drugs in the '80s. I find myself hurtling through corridors of space—at least, that's about all I can summon to describe the experience.

"I'm gone," I say with great effort to the friend sitting on the floor beside me. "Write that down."

The words come with great effort, and I hear them only after speaking them; the words echo cosmically down corridors of space.

"The . . . world . . . is . . . the . . . heart," I say, through rubbery lips.

The music changes from New Age trance to Scarlatti. "Thank . . . God . . . for . . . Scarlatti," I say.

I gaze up at one of the guides, who has not taken the drug, standing on two feet. It appears to be one of the most amazing feats of balance I've ever seen.

After about an hour, as the "Special-K" starts to wear off, eternity slows down to time; the corridors of space collapse like an accordion, into everyday reality, whatever that is.

I stand up, wobbly and fresh as a newborn colt, and look down the immense distance to the rug, where a young woman lies on her back, eyes closed, her mouth in a Mona Lisa smile. I feel . . . great.

I take the first step and start to come back into what appears to be my body. I look around the room: "Flashback and fast forward," I think to myself. "Here we go again."

BY RICK FIELDS



Stephen Jennings (courtesy of Harvard Botanical Museum)

A Pre-Columbian goddess embraces the sacred mushroom

This story, among others, is only the newest twist on an old, some say ancient, story: how we change, expand, contract, distort, clarify, and explore our minds with the aid of psychoactive substances, both organic and synthetic. Ethnobotanists—those

Rick Fields is the author of How the Swans Came to the Lake: A Narrative History of Buddhism in America (Shambhala, 1981) and New Age's Special Projects Editor.

